

looked a long time for me, and found me under the bushes. I laughed at him looking a long time for me. He chased me fast, but he could not catch me. I ran and hid under some logs. I thought that he was glad to catch me. I laughed at him looking. He heard me under the logs. He thought that I hid under the logs. He ran to the logs and found me, and I was disappointed. I came out from under the logs. I told him that he could not catch me. Also, I played about the woods with him for 2 or 3 hours. I called him home for dinner. Also, I quarrelled with him. One day my father saw me quarrel with him. My father came to us, and he was angry, and punished us with a stick, and we were very sorry. When we grew up, in a few years, I was wild and played with my brother about in the room of the house. My mother heard a slight noise there for a few minutes. She came to us, and then she was angry with us. We ran out of the house, and went to my father's barn. We were wild about there. My father heard a great noise there. We did not see him coming there. He came into the barn and called us to come to him. He told us that we must not make a great noise there. We were very much afraid. He punished us with a thin stick. He told us that he had forbidden us to make a great noise. He sent us out of the barn into the house. We sat and stood about in the house. My mother told us to go to bring water. We went to the brook with the pails. We carried the water in the pails to her. One day I threw a stone to the pane of the window and broke it. I was very sorry that it broke. I was very much afraid that my father would punish me. He came and saw the pane of the window broken. He asked my sisters who broke it. They told him that I struck it with the stone. He told me that he had forbidden me to throw some stones. He punished me, and I cried very much. When I was a little boy I used to build mud-dams and little houses of mud, snow, wood or stones. Also, I used to love to ride down hill, on a little sled, and I used to love to slide on smooth ice. When I was thirteen years of age I used to go to Church on Sunday. I loved to go there. I was very sorry that I could not hear the minister preaching to the people about God, because I was a deaf and dumb boy. My father sent me to school at Pictou. I learned to count slow, but I did not understand it. I did not like the school. I thought that I did not get more education. I knew that many boys and girls were more clever than I was. I said to my father that I must not go to school, but he sent me to school. I was very unhappy. I was sorry to go there. I did not go there sometimes. In a few years my father asked me if I would like to go to school in Halifax for more education, and I