

ABOUT MY CHILDHOOD.

WHEN I was a child I often crept about the floor with my knees and hands. I trailed on it with the knees of my trousers, and spoiled them. My mother mended them sometimes. In a few years I grew up to be a little boy. I always played about the floor. My mother told me that she should not let me make a noise in the house. She said that I should go and play in the yard. I liked summer. I walked in a field with my brother. I asked one of my brothers if he would go with me to visit my friends, and he did so. We were glad to see them. They were very much pleased to see us, and invited us to dinner. We got our dinner and thanked them for their kindness. When we had seen them we bade them good-bye, and went away home. We spoke to my parents about my friends. One day, when I struck one of my brothers on the cheek with my hands, I ran and hid myself among the trees. I thought my parents would be angry with me for striking my brother. In an hour afterwards I came back to the house, and they punished me. One day when I was driving my father's flock of cows from a field to the woods, with a whip, he saw me whipping them too much. I returned to the house. He was angry with me for whipping them too much. One day when my mother sent me for the cows, I went and looked a long time for the cows, and found them in the woods. I brought them from the woods to a field. My mother and one of my sisters helped me to milk them. After we milked them we carried the pails of milk home. My mother told me to drive the cows into the woods every morning. I drove them out. They ate leaves of trees and bushes, and they were satisfied. They sat in the woods for a few hours. One day I accidentally struck my father's window and broke it with a last. I was very sorry. My father pulled my ears and whipped me. One night several years ago, we were sleeping in our beds in the house. Some of our own sheep jumped over a fence, and ate the corn in a field. Next morning they walked away from the corn. My father got up and dressed himself. He went to look at the corn. He saw that some of the sheep had been eating it, and he was very angry.

W. R.

ON THE SAME.

(By another of the Pupils.)

WHEN I was a little boy at home, I played with my brother sometimes. One day I walked about the woods with him, and I played and hid under some bushes from him. He lost me. He

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