while she was at her ease and appeared to want to say something to me: she had neither hat nor coat on; her little chum Johuny had a cap, but no coat or rubbers, his knees and toes were both out, and both seemed very interested in the proceedings: it was the first time Nancy or her friend had ever been to a Mission or Church as "their Mas and Pas had no use for religion, it doned them no good," and had it not been for the fact that Nancy was a stranger in the neighbourhood and went on a tour of investigation on her own account and having been attracted by the music and songs of the Mission; the chances are that I should never have had the pleasure of knowing her and my life at least would have been that much less the richer.

I was in the midst of giving a lesson on cleanliness, and as I looked at these two late beautiful
but dirty additions I could not help appreciating the
situation and realise how appropriate and opportune
the moment. I was impressing the fact upon them
"that all children were like beautiful flowers but
that only the roots of the flowers were in the earth
or were dirty or soiled; the flowers themselves were
like the children—above the earth, and were always
bright, clean and beautiful; to which Nancy seemed
to agree with a vigorous shake of the head, sitting
all the while with eyes and mouth wide apart,
drinking in every word. Towards the close of the
lesson I was holding out various bribes to induce
the children to come always with clean hands and