

heavily laden stone-boat so that he could not bolt. Mabel screamed a little weak "Oh!"

"Go into the house, daughter," said the Canon.

"But father," she began. She got no further when slash came the whip about her poor little legs.

"Into the house," the Canon shouted. A boy standing by with every expression of rooted horror upon his face was suddenly discovered.

"What are you gaping at, you silly little ass?" said the old man. At the same instant he struck him on the side of the head with his open hand a blow which nearly felled him. I was the stricken boy.

The rod was never spared in this school, with the result that every one lied and deceived systematically.

Sundays under the Canon were a horror. We rose at eight o'clock and went to prayers before breakfast. After breakfast we had time to dress and to go to Bible-class. Bible-class ended just in time for church, and immediately after church we dined. The Canon offered up a particularly long blessing before Sunday dinner. It always spoiled what little appetite I had. His voice at any time was not a pleasant one, but his hypocritical Sunday tone was exasperating. After dinner we sat in the schoolroom and studied the lesson and collect for the day. At three we went to Sunday School, which lasted till nearly five. From five to six we walked with a teacher—a pusillanimous wretch without a soul. We had tea at six and went to church at seven. I doubt if a more perfect programme could be elaborated for the purpose of disgusting children with religion.

The Canon's favourite hymn was "Abide with me." Perhaps he was aware that the more foolish parents there were who would send poor, helpless children to