

"I think I'm lucky," she said. "I feel I'll learn a lot and if I'd had my choice of all the girls in the room I certainly would have chosen her. She is so bright and intelligent looking. I think we're going to be great friends."

And so it seems Tennyson was right when he said:

"The thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

The leaven of kindness has never lost its power and all though that vast north country it was working, in ever-widening waves of influence. The vibration even penetrated to an overworked, unhappy little girl, twelve-year-old Susie, whose widowed mother had unfortunately married a hard old curmudgeon. Susie's life became unbearable and her mother was unable to help her. There was no use sending Susie to one of the mission schools for her step-father would bring her back. The neighbours were powerless to help for they were frightened of old Mike's rages, but Susie and her mother had heard that there was a place in Edmonton where a little girl would be made welcome and have a chance to go to school and be well-dressed and well-fed. But neither Susie nor her mother knew just where Edmonton was. They only knew it was far away and it was a great city, for someone had told them that the bright lights could be seen for a long distance, shining in the sky. They did know the direction. It was over there!

There was no one they could ask, for Mike had forbidden his womenfolk to talk with the neighbours and Mike had evil ways of enforcing obedience. Susie and her mother decided that Susie would run away. A pitiful little bundle of clothes, a tin pail full of cracked wheat bread and a tin cup made up her luggage and Susie departed one night when old Mike was sound asleep, so she had many hours start before he missed her. It was in