

their tangled hair. I was in one of the strongholds of poverty and ignorance, yet even here, hope and the love of beauty were not dead. In that fetid atmosphere, in the dim light that fell through the filthy window, a cherished geranium had put forth a sickly flower. I learned that these two little girls spend the dark winter days alone in that hovel, while their fourteen-year-old brother and widowed mother cut cordwood in the bush. Having no clothes, they were prisoners except for short dashes in their bare feet to the stable near by. With the help of friends these two little girls were made ready for school, and I have never known two brighter, happier children. This was an extreme, but not an isolated case, as similar conditions existed in a degree in a number of the homes. Going in and out of these places and seeing little children, who had died for lack of intelligent care, laid in the grave without the tenderness of any religious service, it seemed to me at times that I was living among a people who were outside the humanities of life. Yet this was only seeming, for out of these poor homes come children of great natural ability, a passion for learning, and nice moral perceptions; while the patient courage of the women is a thing to wonder at."

A night school for the older boys and girls brought excellent opportunities for discipline