

school was a delight; To hear the bellows blow & the fire roaring, & then the sparks to fly when the iron was taken out, was a real pleasure. The clang of the hammer on the anvil was lovely music. But not because of these things was it so deeply impressed on my mind, ^{because} but what still lingers with me a very cruel joke played on me. This particular afternoon, just as I was going in ~~the~~ he, (the blacksmith) had just taken a piece of iron out of the fire and had cut off a small piece. I did not see this done, nor know about it, but when I got beside him at the anvil, He said, pick one up that little piece of iron of the ground. So immediately doing as I was asked, I picked it up to give to him, but I did not know until I had it in my fingers that it had just come from the fire. My little fingers were badly burned. But the man laughed at seeing me drop it so quickly, told me in future ~~too~~ to be sure as and put on it first. I sometimes think of the saying of one who said. "See that ye offend

not one of these little ones".

It was somewhere early in 1871 when a new teacher came to the school, A man called Mr. Grossman. From what I learned from others & also my own experience, he had no special ability as a teacher or a scholar. But in those times there was not the facilities for educational training as there is now, & teachers were appointed as they could be procured. Under this teacher we had rather a sorry time, & he seemed to have no control over himself when things went wrong, & his methods were to drive it in instead of shewing us how things should be done. The cane was in constant use, & sometimes for very trivial things it was a flogging. One I received myself, & a terrible one it was but I was marked all over, black and blue. I did not go back to school for a fortnight. Another victim was Henry Tabling, who for making some small mistake in the writing was ordered to come forward & receive some punishment. He did not respond immediately and protested that the mistake was only