

72 with my Brother William. Early on the Sunday morning, after the milking had been done I was trying to feed a very young calf, and like a good many calves even at the present day, are a bit obstinate. I tried the usual method which I have often since seen done, of holding the calf's head in the bucket and ^{trying to} forcing it to drink, this only resulted in a bubble and noise in the bucket, and a fierce jump to get breathing again. On this occasion I gave the calf a kick on the nose for its pains. I did not know then that the minister was at this time looking through the window of the bedroom. When I came to the house afterwards, and he had come outside, he said "Put your nose down Tommy and let me kick it" I don't remember anything else being said, but I wasn't slow in the intake & knew well what was implied. There must have been nearly fifty children attending the Sunday school, which was held at two o'clock in the afternoon. After the morning service the older folks went home

73 and we children played about for about two hours until the teachers returned having had dinner. Occasionally we rambled about a good deal, no one having charge of us, and followed the creek, before mentioned around. One boy ^{started} sucking the nectar out of a flax stick which was then in bloom. It happened that at this same time a bee which had arrived earlier, and was engaged on the same job, and stung the boy on the lip. This swelled up very considerably and was very noticeable when back in the Sunday School, the Superintendent at that time a Mr. Moor spoke upon the sin of Sabbath breaking. Yes, they were stern times and the big stick was a great incentive to proper conduct. Not that the cane was ever used in the Sunday school. There comes to mind one being told by a boy attending the Presbyterian Sunday school that for something or other that he had done, the teacher warned him, ^{and others} that if they were not good, they would go to some