

24 turned the handle, having seen Father + cutting the chaff for the horses Maggie put her hand forward to pull the pieces out, when somehow the wheel moved forward & cut <sup>off</sup> three of her little fingers & <sup>also</sup> the thumb ~~off~~. She was taken to the doctor as quickly as possible. The doctor was not as clever in those days as they are now, and the fingers might have been replaced, but as she grew up, she was not greatly inconvenienced & learned to write well with her left hand & also to do all sorts of needle work.

With this chaff-cutter, were several extra parts which might be required, should breakages occur. These for safety were put what we called up-stairs, where Lance & I used to sleep. It was the rule of father, that we had to go to bed at eight o'clock or thereabouts. Should we be making too much noise, father would say "Up them steps" and up we went to bed, but not always to sleep, for we sometimes got these odd pieces of the chaff-cutter & would play with them unconsciously to ourselves, making a good deal of noise, and eye & eye Father's head would

25 appear at the top of the stairs, & sometimes after a short spell the noise would cease and then off to sleep.

We never went to bed however, before we knelt at mother's knee, & said our evening prayers. "Gentle Jesus meek & mild, Look upon a little child, pity my simplicity, Suffer me to come to Thee". And then there would be the kiss all round, & father would say "Good night Honey." <sup>"God bless you"</sup> Even now, when I am old & grey headed I have never forgotten.

"In dreams I see my mother now, her locks were silvered gray, I see upon her placid brow the cares of many a day". And now that I been through, the like experiences as theirs. One could almost wish, that it were possible to revert to the early times. "Backwards, turn backwards O Time in your flight, make me a child again just for to night." But yet there were our own children & now theirs, & we can live again in the enjoyment of their young lives.