

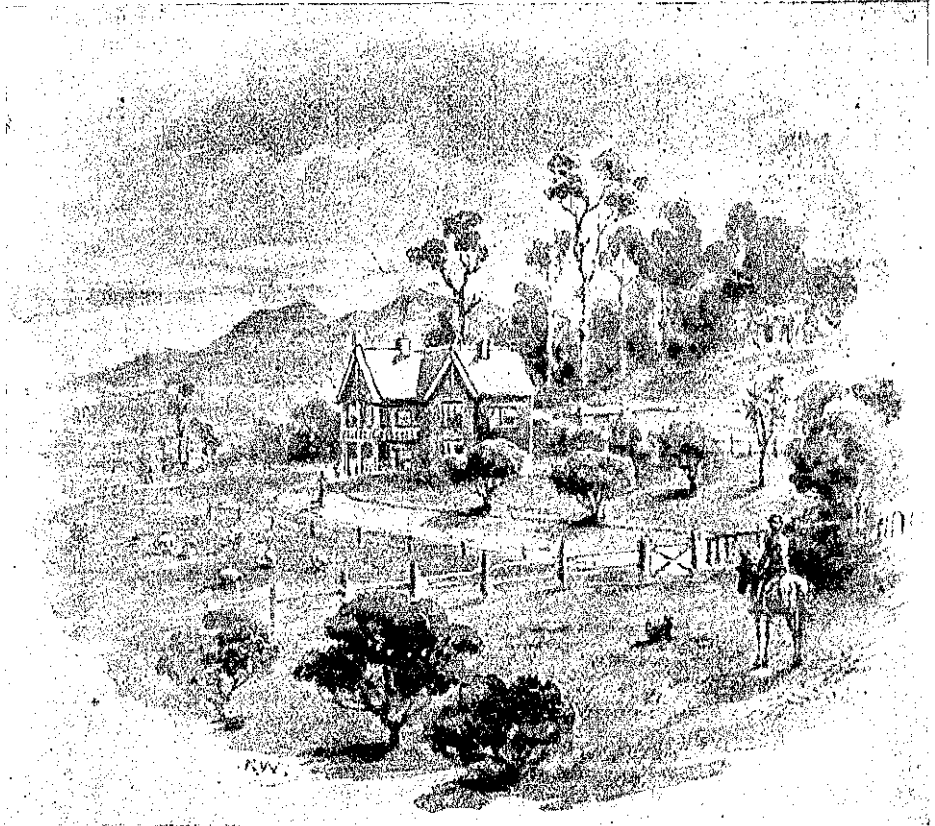
little ones—meat and to spare,” and taking up his axe, went forth to his day’s work.

I crept miserably away to a little seat I had on a log at the side of the house. Half-an-hour later my mother passed me, her eyes swollen with bitter weeping. She paused for a moment, and looked back at me with a look I shall never forget. Then she said very quietly: “Greedy boy—greedy, greedy boy!”

down the bad character I had gained in the family.

Years passed away—years which, one by one, hailed us with golden promises, and bade good-bye with every one fulfilled. Yet no miracle was performed. The path which led to success was not a golden one, all smooth and shining. Oft-times it was rough and thick with many thorns.

As soon as my elder brothers and I could



WHERE WAS THE HEAVY BUSH? WHERE THE GREAT STUMPS AND BLACKENED LOGS OF YEARS AGO?

I bowed my face in my hands and sobbed. Oh! had I not suffered enough without that look, those words? I longed to rush after her and explain, longed to tell her she was mistaken.

I was *not* the greedy boy she thought me, not so heartless to my dear father! I half rose to follow her, then fell wearily back. It was useless. How could I explain? How would she understand? No, I must hug my sorrow to my own heart, and try and live

wield an axe, we took our part in felling the bush, first the light saplings and then the heavy trees. I used to quake with fear lest my father should have all the big trees felled before I was old enough to help him. Never shall I forget how my heart swelled with pride as, with an almost human scream, a crash and a thud, my first forest giant lay conquered at my feet, and I heard my father’s hearty “Bravo!” from where he had been watching, a short distance away.