

# SEE THE GLORY

by

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## CHAPTER TWO

### SMALL FOOTPRINTS

GRAN, WILL IT BE ALL RIGHT if I Start to School?" Adelaide's brown eyes searched Mrs. Cain's face. "You see, I liked school today."

The slim little girl had had misgivings about school life. She had been persuaded to venture for a trial, but had only agreed to continue if she liked it.

"So you think you'll attend every day?" asked Mrs. Cain, humor glinting in her eyes.

"Yes, Gran, but will it be all right? You might be afraid to be alone. Would you be too lonesome without me?" This was a real problem to the earnest child, concerned for her grandmother's well-being. Then she suggested, "You know you will have Dee and little brother Calvin. Will that be all right?"

The diminutive but energetic Mrs. Cain reassured her warm, childish heart. "Why, yes, dear, I'm sure I shall be all right."

That settled the matter; so when Adelaide was six she started to school.

At that time the family had moved to the "Little House under the Hill," the Cain's country home at Alta, a few miles from Auburn. They usually spent the brief winter months in town because infrequent snows render the roads impassable at times in those California mountains. When, however, the March sunshine called for the return of fruit blossoms, it also called the Cain's and their grandchildren back to that bright countryside.

Across the road from the house a path began. It started in a fern-floored grove and joined the road over the hill. Then it cut through an orchard and skirted the swimming hole. Finally, after about a mile, it reached a white two-roomed schoolhouse.

By the time the school door was gained, Adelaide's long slim fingers had selected an offering of flowers for her teacher. For many years three pairs of childish feet daily traveled that alluring path.

Marian was the oldest, studious and quiet; Calvin was the youngest, bright and roguish; Adelaide, who was between the two in age, bore a self-imposed responsibility for both the others. She felt she must defend her sister from teasing pigtail-pullers, and Calvin from big-boy bullies.

One day, when Calvin was being abused, Adelaide, usually considered a timid child, grew suddenly lion bold. Fiercely swinging her lunch box at the tormentor, she drove him away. She could dare almost anything for those she loved, and Calvin was her heart's very center.

There was one occasion, however, when the boy thoroughly disgraced his sisters. That was long before he started to school. The two sisters proudly took him to Sunday school for the first time. As a new boy he was asked to sing a song. Totally unfamiliar with what was expected of him, but grinning and exuberant, he produced a ditty so out of harmony with the environment that Adelaide and Marian, inwardly groaning, led him home. The girls, even then, had a strong sense of the fitness of things and felt themselves shamed for life. No wonder the family never allowed Calvin to live down the song about "Mrs. Murphy's Chowder!"

This incident occurred during a year when they lived in Auburn. Adelaide herself later described another quite different experience she had about that time.

"When I was in the fourth grade, we lived near a Congregational minister who had a very kind, almost saintly expression on his face. I can remember crossing to the other side of the street if I saw him coming because I knew if he got a close-up look at me, he could tell how bad I was inside." Then she added, "I have often recalled this incident and thought that my feelings at that time were much the same as will be experienced by everyone outside of Christ who comes to stand in judgment before our God, who is absolutely pure and holy."

Adelaide had little familiarity with the Bible. "Gran did what she could to further our religious education," wrote Marian. "She read to us stories from what we called "The Jesus Book" which we all remember well; and she taught us the hymns which she had learned as a child and loved to sing." But the Bible had no significant place in Adelaide's home or school life; and usually there was no opportunity to go to Sunday school, since there was no church at Alta. Not until she was in the seventh and eighth grades was it possible for her to attend with regularity. At that time a neighbor took the children to church at "Dutch Flat" about three miles from their mountain home. Several years had to pass before this spiritually sensitive girl, conscious that all was not right between her and God, came into the grand relief of knowing that "**Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God**" (I Peter 3:18), and "**that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by him all that believe are justified from all things**" (Acts 13:38, 39).

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