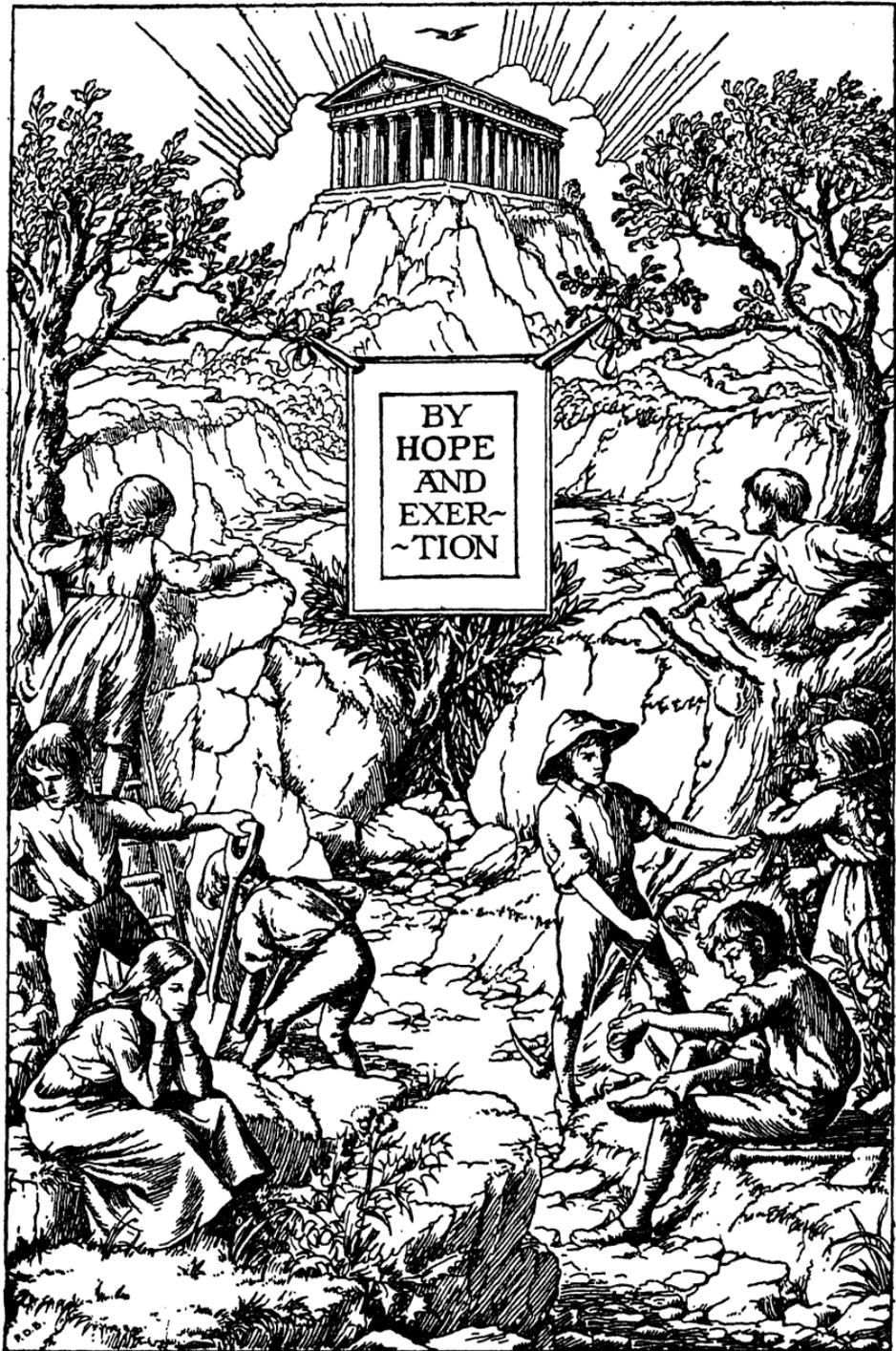


# WHEN THEY WERE CHILDREN



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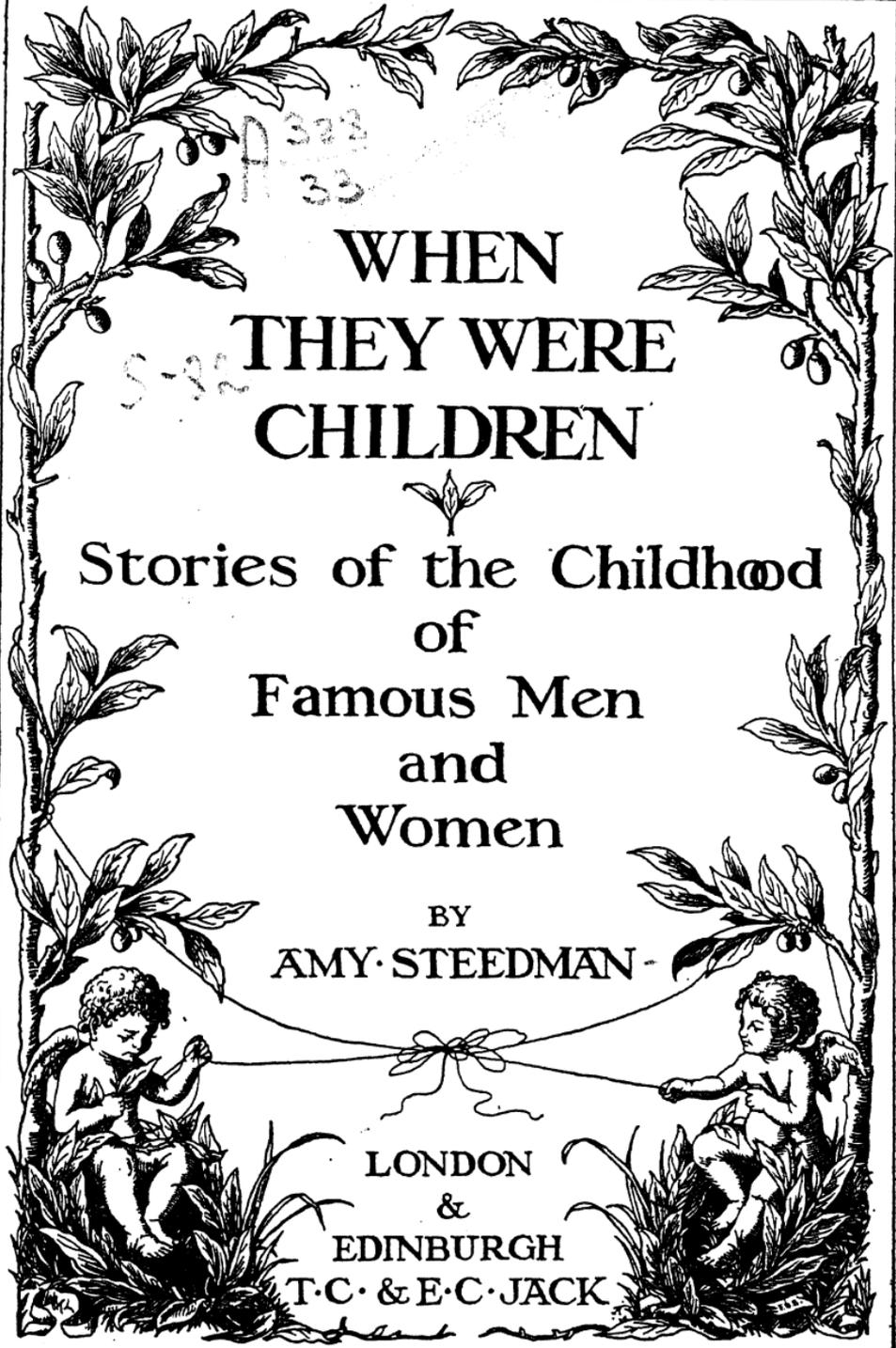
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# WHEN THEY WERE CHILDREN

Stories of the Childhood  
of  
Famous Men  
and  
Women

BY  
AMY STEEDMAN

LONDON  
&  
EDINBURGH  
T.C. & E.C. JACK



## ABOUT THIS BOOK

THE world has many stately palaces and great cathedrals that tower in their loveliness high above the humble dwellings around them, and their beauty and wonder are the delight of our eyes. We look up at their high walls, their gilded roofs, their slender spires pointing to the sky; we admire the great strength and delicate tracery of their stonework, and whether in the sunshine or under the stars, they stand out as splendid monuments of what the mind of man has power to plan and his hands have skill to fashion.

But the foundations on which these buildings rest are hidden from our eyes, buried deep down in the darkness. Yet though unseen and seldom thought of, in every case there has been the patient laying of stone upon stone, without which the stately building could never have been reared.

It is much the same with the great lives which tower above the ordinary ones around us. Here and there we note them; we mark the noble deed, the courage, the heroism, the flash of genius, the habit of self-sacrifice, but we are apt to forget that all this did not come into being suddenly, that in each case there was a long time of preparation, a patient laying of foundations in the years of childhood, act by act, as stone is laid upon stone, before it was known what manner of life would be built up.

## WHEN THEY WERE CHILDREN

So whenever it is possible it is well to consider the time of preparation as well as to admire the finished work, and we shall learn to know these great men and women all the better for hearing something of what they thought and did when they were children.

“Souls are built as temples are—  
Sunken deep, unseen, unknown,  
Lies the sure foundation stone;  
Then the courses framed to bear  
Lift the cloisters, pillared fair;  
Last of all the airy spire,  
Soaring Heavenward, higher and higher,  
Nearest sun and nearest star.”

AMY STEEDMAN.