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half full, and I was just going to drink, when Aunt Nancy pulled me away. "No, honey!" she said; "he mustn't drink outen aunty's clean pail. Wait till I fetches de basin."

I was a little provoked at this, for at Mrs. Jimmy's they did not care what we drank out of; but when she brought a beautiful bright basin, that looked much cleaner than the wooden pail, and poured me out a nice drink in that, I forgot to be provoked any longer. Although my supper had tasted so very good, it seemed to me that that drink of water was the best thing I had ever had in all my life. And then all at once I was so tired and sleepy that I almost fell down; I just heard Aunt Nancy say, "Poor little thing! he's all done out," and felt her lay me on a soft rug; and I never knew another thing till she came to light the fire in the morning.

That was the beginning of my happy life at Ladysmede, and from that time to this I have never known a trouble that was not caused by some foolishness or naughtiness of my own—never but once; and, although that once was the very saddest one of all my life, they did so much to make up to me for it that if I could only forget that one day I should not be sorry that it happened. But, somehow, I cannot forget it, and so I am sorry. However, it is not time to tell this just yet: it will come in the right place.

The next morning Aunt Nancy gave me my breakfast as soon as she had made the fire, and I licked her hand when she