

You will wonder, perhaps, how I can remember all these little things that happened so many years ago. You know I mentioned in my first chapter that I learned to write when I was quite young; it was early in the spring of this my first year at Ladysmede. As soon as I knew how, it occurred to me that before I forgot about my youth and all the first things I could remember it would be a good plan to write them down, and that when I grew old I should like to read what I had written. I did not dream then of ever making a book of it, and I am only taking pieces of it now: there is too much of it, considering that it is all about one dog, to make a book of it just as it is; and besides, my ideas as to what is interesting and what is not have changed a good deal since I first began to keep my journal.

This is a good place in which to explain, too, how it is that I can tell Mr. Rob's stories word for word. We have them all in papers and books, and, by great good luck, the children keep leaving them where I can get at them, and so I have copied the ones I thought would be liked best. I have taken those that the children asked him to tell them a good many times over; for he always "tried them on" the children, as he said, before they were printed.

We had such a good time the next day that I don't think I should ever have forgotten it even if I had not written it down. In the first place, I made up my mind to be friends with Snowball. I had never seen any cats before: I don't know why the Jimmys