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such as no dog ever had before, a host of kind human friends, and another host of dog and cat and horse friends. The children have all grown up a good deal—even Phil, the very youngest, is as large as Roland was when I first came here—and instead of teasing me and pulling me about, as they did when we were all young, they call me to put my head on their knees and have it stroked and patted; and this is a real mercy, for, although of course I should try to put up with it if they still wished to treat me as they did when they were little, I should mind it a great deal more now than I did then, for there is a curious sort of stiffness in my legs, and, in fact, all over me.

Helen still has the down-stairs room which Mr. Rob furnished so beautifully for her, but she has a delightful desk, which he gave her, there now, and she sits writing at it a great deal; and sometimes she smiles, and even laughs aloud, and sometimes she looks as if she were going to cry. She has put a soft sheepskin rug under her desk, where her feet go, and on this I love to lie when she is writing.

When I was quite young I had a trick of tearing up bits of paper—I don't see why, for it seems to me now an exceedingly foolish amusement—and when any of them received a letter I would beg for the envelope to tear up, and sometimes, when it was just a note or something they did not care for, they would give me the whole letter. So, not long ago, when I was wondering how I could possibly get the paper for writing my book, I suddenly re-