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remembered this old trick of my youth; and the very next time I saw a letter in Helen's hand I begged for the envelope, as I used to do. She laughed, and gave me the whole thing, and there was a nice blank page, besides the inside of the envelope. In this way I soon accumulated quite a stock of paper, which I stored away in a safe, dry place, of which I only know, up in a corner of the haymow. I find it rather hard work now to get up and down the ladder, but the old habit of going to the haymow to think is too strong for me to break it; and it is here, in this quiet corner, that I have written these pages. But I was not obliged to write them on my scraps and envelopes, as you shall hear.

A few days after I had begun collecting Helen said to Madame, "Mamma, you know I told you that Jock had taken up his old trick of begging for paper, but he does not tear it up now; he carries it away: I do wonder what he wants with it?"

Madame laughed, and said, "Why shouldn't he be writing a book as well as you? I am sure he knows enough and thinks enough to write a very good one."

That afternoon, when we were quite alone, Helen opened a drawer in her desk and took out some paper—quite a good deal—like that on which she was writing her book. "Jock," she whispered, "if you really *are* writing a book—and I quite believe you could do it—you can have this; it is much nicer than old envelopes."

I kissed her hand and thanked her, and then I carried it carefully away to my corner in the haymow; and that is how I came to