

he thinks that while Papa and Mamma are away we need a great deal of comfort, for he has come very often. And to-day he took me on his knee, and told me one story after another so delightfully.

One was about the pride of a cow. When he was paying a visit somewhere in the south, he went out to walk with a large party, when they happened to pass near the place where the cows were kept, at the moment that the dairy-maid was driving them home to be milked. They all passed in, he said, quite quietly except one, who stood lowing at the door, and all the dairy-maid could do she would not go in.

The lady of the house asked what this could mean, and the woman said, It is her pride, ma'am. This answer astonished the whole