

CHAPTER IV.

OUR PUDDING.

I WAS seven years old, and Lucy was helping me to keep my birthday. She had brought me for a present a pincushion, made of pink silk, with a forget-me-not on each side, worked in beads. Papa had given me a slate and pencil, and mamma a box with six paints and two brushes inside. Montem said he meant to have given me half-a-dozen little spoons to keep house with, but only the day before he had lost a penny through a hole in the school-room floor, and so he could not afford to buy me them. I was very sorry, for the only spoons I had were made of cardboard, and they always began to melt away when I put them into the tea. I had to have a fresh set nearly every time Lucy and I played at keeping house, and it was a great deal of trouble to cut them out nicely.

However, mamma said, as I had been disappointed about the spoons, we should have something extra to make a feast of. So in addition to our usual allowance of seed-cake and currants, and raisins and sugar,