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a master; and besides, there would be so much more enjoyment in making the pudding when we had some one to help us to eat it.

Lucy did not appear to see the subject exactly in that light. She thought we could enjoy the pudding quite sufficiently without having any one to help us. At the same time, she was fully alive to the additional importance which we should gain by the possession of a master of the house. It certainly would be more like grown-up people, and perhaps Montem would not take more than just a spoonful, perhaps he would only pretend to taste. So at last we decided that he should be asked, and, after having peeped through the curtain to see whether he looked good-tempered enough, I went up to him, and meekly offered my request.

‘Please, Montem, we want to know if you would like to be our master; because, if you would, you shall sit in our parlour, and we will lay the cloth for you, and wait upon you, and bring you our pudding that we are making.’

I was half afraid of my own boldness when I had said this, for it seemed such a very great favour to ask. However, to my infinite delight, Montem did