

‘Doesn’t it look good?’ said Lucy.

I nodded. I never could give expression to my feelings when anything stirred them so profoundly as that pudding did.

‘Don’t you think we ought to taste it?’ said Lucy again; ‘grandmamma’s cook always tastes the puddings after she has made them, to see if they are all right. You know sometimes they want a little more sugar.’

‘But we haven’t any more, if it did,’ I replied. ‘We have put every bit of everything into it.’

‘Never mind. I think we ought to taste it, all the same. I should like to know what it is going to be like.’

And Lucy picked out two raisins, one for each of us. They were all over sugar and sweet biscuit, and they did taste so good. They made us feel as if we should like to have some more.

‘Don’t you almost wish,’ said Lucy, after a solemn pause, during which we had been munching our raisins and watching our pudding swing to and fro in the little tin pan,—‘don’t you almost wish we hadn’t asked Montem to be the master?’

I shook my head, and whispered indignantly,—