

Next morning after school-time, when I was showing Lucy the grave which I had made for my little cripple-doll, Montem came running up to us and thrust something into my hand. Then he said very quickly indeed, so quickly that we could scarcely understand him,—

‘I tell you what,—I think I was no end of a donkey to eat up all your pudding, but I don’t mean to do it again, and so you needn’t be afraid to ask me to play with you next time.’

Then he set off away from us as fast as ever he could, and, almost before we had time to say a word, he was out of sight, down the road which led to the grammar-school.

When we had opened the box which he thrust into my hand, we found the prettiest little set of tea-things, a coffee-pot and tea-pot, and four cups and saucers, and half a dozen tea-spoons. We wanted to go and kiss him for them, but he had gone too far away. Oh! how glad we were then that we had not told aunt Mary about his eating the pudding. Because, if we had, we should have felt so dreadfully uncomfortable when he told us, of his own accord, that he was sorry for taking it all; and we should