

never have been able to use our pretty tea-things with the least bit of pleasure. Do you think you could be glad to have anything when you remembered that you had been telling tales of the person who gave it to you, even if he had been doing something that was rather wrong?

We got on a great deal better with Montem after that. We often had him for our master when we were keeping house, and he always left us plenty at the bottom of the dish, so that there was no need for us to keep any of our nice things out for ourselves.

He is a grown-up man now, very clever and kind and good. He is a barrister; but I will not tell you his other name, nor what circuit he is on, lest some day, if you met him, you might ask him about this story of the pudding, and I do not think he would like to be reminded of it. But I often talk about it when he comes to see me, and we both of us have great fun over it. He says he remembers as well as can be, how Lucy and I looked when we came in to clear away and saw the empty dish; and how he always liked us ever so much better, and determined he would never vex us in that way again, when he