

hardly remembered her; indeed, I was only an infant in arms when we went away, and the two younger children were born in Edinburgh, but Mary kissed and hugged us all with great fervor, saying, as she bade us good-bye, that she had been keeping something nice for each of us, and that she would return with her presents in a few days.

Mamma was teased to distraction, as soon as Mary was gone, to guess what the promised gifts were likely to be, for the suspense to us was terrible. "Cakes of maple sugar, most probably," was the suggestion made, and as this was something in the sweetmeat line which we had never seen nor tasted, we looked daily for Mary's return with the greatest eagerness.

Well, one fine bright winter morning we spied Mary coming slowly up the avenue, and on her arm she had a large covered basket.

We quickly and secretly came to the conclusion that if the presents were in that huge basket they could not be little cakes of maple sugar such as Mamma had described to us, for there were *only*