

a good little girl. Still, you see, you can't always be going about the country with me."

"But why not, grampa?"

"Well, my dear, because great girls can't go about the country like men; it wouldn't be right and proper they should."

"Why shouldn't it be, grampa?" the child persisted.

"Well, Aggie, I can't exactly explain to you why, but so it is. Men and boys have to work; they go about in ships, or as soldiers to fight for their country, just as I did. Girls and women have to stop at home and keep house and nurse babies and that sort of thing. God made man to be hard and rough and to work and go about; he made woman gentle and soft to stop at home and make things comfortable." Aggie meditated for some distance in silence upon this view of the case.

"But I have seen women working in the fields, grampa, and some of them didn't seem very soft and gentle."

"No, Aggie, things don't always go just as they ought to do; and you see when people are poor, and men can't earn enough wages, then their wives and daughters have to help; and then you see they get rough, more like men, because they are not doing their proper work; but I want you to grow up soft and gentle, and so for a time I want you to live with that lady with the nice boy who pulled you out of the water, and they will make you very happy, and I shall come and see you some time."

"I like him," the child said with a nod; "but I would rather be with you, you know."

"And the lady will teach you to read, Aggie; you have learned your letters, you know."

Aggie shook her head, to show that this part of the programme was not particularly to her liking.

"Do you think the boy will play with me, grampa?"

"I dare say he will, Aggie, when you are very good; and