

as a rule, should not be denied of this attention ; for if they are, it sours them. While she was sucking the last of the tail, and telling me excellent scandal, my little lady marched in straight, having finished her breakfast long ago, and bearing her new doll pompously. The fly-away colour in her cheeks, which always made her beautiful, and the sparkle of her gleeful eyes, were come again with pleasure, and so was the lovely pink of her lips, and the proper aspect of her nose. Also she walked with such motherly rank, throwing her legs with a female jerk—it is enough for me to say that any newly-married woman would have kissed her all around the room.

Now mother Jones, having ten fine children (five male and five female) going about with clothes up to their forks, need not have done what she did, I think, and made me so bashful in my own house. For no sooner did she see this doll, than she cried, "O, my !" and covered up her face. The little maid looked up at me in great wonder, as if I were leading her astray ; and I felt so angry with Mrs. Jones, atter all the things I had seen abroad, and even in English churches, that I would not trust myself to speak. However, to pay her out for that, I begged her to cure the mischief herself, which she could not well decline ; and some of the green blind still remaining, Dolly became a most handsome sight, with a crackle in front and a sweeping behind, so that our clerk, a good-natured man, was invited to christen her ; and "Patty Green" was the name he gave : and Bunny's doll was nobody. Such a baby-like thing might seem almost below my dignity, and that of all the rest of us ; only this child had the power to lead us, as by a special enchantment, back to our own childhood. Moreover, it was needful for me to go through with this doll's birth (still more so with her dress, of course, having her a female), because through her I learned a great deal more of Bardie's history than ever our Bunny could extract.

Everybody who has no patience with the ways of childhood, may be vexed, and must be vexed, with our shipwrecked maid for knowing many things, but not the right ; but I think she was to blame,

only for her innocence. In her tiny brain was moving some uncertain sense of wrong ; whether done by herself, or to her, was beyond her infant groping. If she could have made her mind up, in its little milky shell, that the evil had befallen without harm on her part, doubtless she had done her best to let us know the whole of it. Her best, of course, would be but little, looking at her age and so on ; and perhaps from some harsh word or frown, stamped into the tender flux of infantile memory, a heavy dread both darkened and repressed much recollection. Hence, if one tried to examine her, in order to find out who she was, she would shake her head, and say "No ! sompfin ;" as she always did when puzzled or unable to pronounce a word. The only chance of learning even any little things she knew, was to leave her to her own way, and not interrupt her conversation with wooden or crockery playmates. All of these she endowed with life, having such power of life herself, and she reckoned them up for good behaviour, or for bad as the case might be. And often was I touched at heart, after a day of bitter fighting with a world that wronged me, by hearing her in baby-prattle tell her play-things of their unkindness to a little thing with none to love her.

But when I had finished Patty's face up to complete expression, with two black buttons for her eyes, and a cowl for her mouth, and a nose of coral, also a glorious head of hair of crinkled seaweed growing out of a shell (toothed like an ivory comb almost), the ecstasy of the child was such, that I obtained, as well as deserved, some valuable information.

"Patty Geen, 'e's been aye good," I heard her say in my window-place, one morning after breakfast ; "and 'e is the most boofely doll ever seen, and I tell 'a sompfin ; only 'e mustn't tell anybody, till my dear mama comes. Nat wasn't ickle bother, Patty."

"How do you know, Miss ?" Patty inquired, by means of my voice in the distance, and a little art I had learned abroad of throwing it into corners.

"I tell 'a, Patty, I tell 'a. I 'ouldn't tell 'e nasty man, but I tell old Davy some day. Ickle bother not like nat at