

"It has been brought in," she says—"Now go back to your bed, like a good little girl, and you will see your kitty in the morning."

Being but four, I go back to my bed to dream of a kitty, and the coming of the day.

Early in the morning I am taken to my mother's room to see the kitten, and find instead, a little red-headed baby, snuggling close to my mother's side.

"This is your little boy to keep" — said my mother.

From that moment I was truly alive. Every happening of my life dates from that night of storm and its morning of joy. I am going home.

When I was five, Maria dressed me very carefully one morning, and my only sister, older than I, took me to school.

"She is such a little thing, take her home till she grows bigger"—said the teacher.

"She is five" — said my sister, "and the worst chatterbox, she wakes the baby, and mother wants to get rid of her."

"Keep the little thing, and do the best you can for her," said Mr. Douglas, a trustee, who was visiting the school, "I know her mother."