

CHAPTER IV.

A BABY KITTY.

MY little daughter was now six years old. I had tried earnestly, day by day, to teach her just as my mother would have had me do, and just as I felt it was my duty to do with a young life that it might not grow up with false beliefs and ideas of things. She had learned much that is generally kept from children of her age; yet I knew that I must keep right on unveiling the wondrous work of God's creation, if I would forestall all those tainting stories which are too often whispered from one school child to another.

She was going to enter school in September, so I had left just the two months' vacation in which I would have my little one wholly to myself. I had been her constant companion from babyhood; not that she had no little friends, but they had been of my choosing, and little ones who were not allowed to mix commonly with all children. So I knew that my darling's mind was still as pure as the dewdrop. But, when two months more were gone she would be to a certain extent beyond my control. I could then no longer listen to every word which would drop into her ears; but I felt that in the six years of close friendship with my daughter, I had so fully gained