

And I did know, but I wish I could have kept him indoors that Sunday morning, for it was a cold, damp day and, somehow, I felt low and miserable and I wanted him to myself. But I knew, too, that, when he spoke like that, not even his little dog could stop him. He is always very kind, but he's always Master and no one ever thinks of disobeying him.

I saw him off at the door. I suppose I looked pretty down, for I remember he turned back and gave my ear a pull and promised he'd take me for a