

“You’ll take the dog to begin with, sir,” said Mr. Jimmy severely, “and you’ll see that the rest will coom.”

Mr. Rob saw that this family was not to be trifled with: it had made up its mind before it came down stairs as to what it was going to do; so he laid me down on the foot of his bed, and then he insisted on shaking hands with every one of them, and on kissing the baby. When he kissed that baby—which he did, I noticed, very much as if he were afraid it would bite him—Mrs. Jimmy’s face shone like a new tin pan, and I heard her murmur to herself, “To think of that, now! and he the ilegant young man that he is!”

Then they all wished him “A Merry Christmas, and many of them,” and “Good-night,” and trooped off up stairs; and Mr. Rob and I were left quite alone. He took me in his arms, sat down by the fire, and said softly, “Jock! little Jock!”

Nobody had ever spoken to me like that before. I felt that I must kiss him again, and put up my nose to do it; and—what *do* you think?—a great tear rolled down his nose and fell right on mine; he really was crying this time. I comforted him until I made him laugh, and then we went to bed, he under the blankets and things, and I on the outside about where his feet were, with a large tidy spread over me to keep me warm. He took it off the back of his chair on purpose, and did not seem to care a bit that taking it off showed a great hole in the cover of the chair where its stuffing, or whatever you call it, was all coming out.