

a book, and now I send the little venture forth, as children in holiday afternoons launch their paper boats on some swiftly-running mountain stream, not knowing how they shall fare, or whither wend. This I hope, that such cargo of interest and amusement as I have been able to gather into my tiny craft, may win safely to the haven of some pleasant English home, and in the storehouse of its children's memories be lodged, side by side with many another better and wealthier freight, which in days gone by has been unladen and welcomed there.

For the children only have I filled my hold this time, and spread my sails, and hoisted my colours. And towards the Fortunate Isle of their good-will may fair winds and favourable tides speed this little Christmas ship!

COUSIN ALICE.