

You may be sure I was very anxious to go home and see my new little sister. I could talk about nothing else, and Lucy was as pleased as I was. At last, Friday came, and all our things were packed up, and we said good-bye to Mrs. Tubbs, and Tommy, and our new house by the brook side, and the calves, and the ducklings, and the geese, and the pigs, and everything else, and set off home—aunt Mary, Lucy, Skinny and I,—home to papa and mamma, and Mrs. Walters, and Watson, and, best of all, to the dear little baby who was to be my pet and plaything always now.

I was rather disappointed at first, because she would neither laugh nor talk nor play, nor indeed do anything but cry and knock her hands and feet about. Mamma said I should only have to wait a little while, though, and she would be able to do everything that I wanted. Nurse would not let me take hold of her at all, for fear I should let her fall, and though I promised I would hold her as fast as could be, and clutched one of the sofa cushions tight round with both my arms, to show how fast I *could* hold, she only laughed and said baby would not like being nursed in that