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down to the gate to meet papa when he came home, and tell him that baby could walk by herself now.

I was never tired of playing with her. I wanted neither dolls nor kittens any more, nothing but my own dear little sister Calla. She had such funny ways, and she used to make us laugh so when she began to try to talk. She could say 'pa' and 'ma' and 'Allie' very soon, and she used to call aunt Mary, 'Mamie.' Aunt Mary lived with us always after my little sister came, and she used to teach Lucy and me, which was a great deal nicer than having a governess, because she never got out of temper with us.

Baby used to be very fond of tumbling about in the garden. The summer that she was two years old, she was nearly always toddling up and down the lawn, where she made quite a pretty ornament with her little blossom-like face, and her fair hair glistening like gold in the sunshine. One day I was playing with her, and she fell right into the middle of a great cluster of bracken which grew by the sun-dial. The tall green leaves closed over her until she was nearly buried, and when I went to pick her up I could only just see a bit of pink where