

never did it again, unless she forgot; of course she could not help forgetting, sometimes. She was very fond of setting her little feet on the box edgings of the flower-beds, and feeling the leaves crush under them, and mamma told her she must not do so,—it was naughty to tread on the box. So next day she came running into the room in a state of great indignation, and caught hold of mamma's dress and pulled her to the window, and said,—

‘Naughty ’parrow! ’Parrow tedd’n a box.’

A little sparrow had hopped on the box edging, and Callie thought, if it was naughty for her to tread on it, it was naughty for him too. Oh! how we did laugh at her.

She used to like me to dance with her very much. Always before she went to bed, aunt Mary used to play a tune for us, and I jumped her about the room in time to it. Her eyes would brighten then, and her cheeks flush, and she did look so pretty. Whenever I stopped, she said, ‘Pease go on;’ and if I said, ‘Oh Callie, I’m so tired!’ she used to put her little head on one side, and look up into my face, and say, so coaxingly,—

‘Never mind; it a do dee good.’