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and I covered it all over with that, except just its little pink nose and eyes; then I tied a bit of paper round its neck and wrote 'Callie' upon it, and put the kitten safely away until our tree was ready.

Papa let us have a tall, beautiful young fir out of the garden. It was set in a great pot and put in the oriel window, and mamma and aunt Mary and Mr. Ballantyne and I were busy all the morning of the party hanging the things upon it, whilst Skinny took care of Callie, and kept her safely out of the way. Poor little Callie! she could not think why she had to stay up in the nursery all the morning, and she asked Skinny, in such a pitiful voice, where everybody had gone to. She did not know what a treat was in store for her. Our tree did look so beautiful when it was quite finished. Some of the branches were lightly sprinkled with salt, to look like snow, and Christingles were put up ready for lighting, and the toys and presents, which we had made, suspended by gay-coloured ribbons. Everybody had something,—Skinny and Watson too. Watson's present was a leather pouch full of tobacco, with a five-shilling piece stuffed in amongst it; and Skinny's was a linsey frock,