

Mary had made. Oh! how the children did dance and jump and caper, but none so merrily as Callie, who thought all the things had grown there, just as apples and pears and plums grow on the orchard-trees. Then the servants came in, and Watson and Skinny; and papa took down the presents one by one, and read the names on them, and gave them to the people to whom they belonged. Pansie's brother got a dancing dragoon, and Pansie a little black doll with red lips and woolly hair, and Lucy a workbox, and I a bag full of coloured silks and ribbons, and aunt Mary a ring with a ruby in it. Callie was very pleased with her pussy-cat; she hugged it so close to her, and laid her fat little cheek upon its soft fur; but oh! how surprised she was when pussy's head tumbled off, and she saw all the pretty bon-bons inside. She looked very grave, just at first, for she thought pussy was quite spoiled, but when I stuck the head on again, and told her she could pull it off and take a bon-bon whenever she liked, she was satisfied.

Then we began to dance. Aunt Mary played for us. I daresay grown-up people would have laughed at what we called dancing, but we enjoyed