

"Ernest, that top you gave me's broken to bits."

"Well, Master Ernest, what a big boy you've grown."

"Ernet, 'oo mut tarry me on 'oo bat."

"How are you, all of you, I'd like to know;" said Ernest, "but *don't* all speak at once," and the last words were said in a tone of the most doleful entreaty that set them all laughing directly.

"Master Basil," cried nurse, "you've upset your broth, you naughty boy, I'll—"

O Mrs. Wilton, please don't mention it," said Ernest, "don't you see it was in his anxiety to do me welcome?"

A boy of five years, with laughing eyes, and large rosy cheeks, smiled his acquiescence in Ernest's words, and a little girl of four slipped her hand into his.

"Well, Clara, how do you find yourself this cold weather," said her brother, lifting her up in his arms.

Clara's only answer was a merry laugh,