

"The dear old man," said Reginald, "we'll ask papa to let us have some roast beef and plum-pudding for him and his wife on Christmas day."

"Yes, yes, we will," said Connie; "well, Reggie, then we went to see Jamie White, poor little boy, he was so weak and ill, but his face brightened up when we talked to him, and Ernest promised him a book with pictures in it, about animals, and then when we were going away, Jamie said, 'Please, master, there be one thing I want very bad,' and what do you think it was?"

"Probably something to keep him warm," said Reginald.

"No; much queerer than that. 'Please, I do want a bit of Christmas to put up here; last year I had plenty, because I could go out and get it; but I haven't got none this time, and it don't seem *like* Christmas without a bit of holly and red berries.'"

"So, Reggie, I'm going to cut him a lot,