

"There's a good fellow,—and here's Freddy!"

Constance came in at this moment with Freddy in her arms. He was Reggie's god-son, and a great delight to the poor invalid.

"Strike a light, Ernest, please. Come, Freddy, my man."

"'Eggie, me dot somefin' for 'oo," said the little boy, tossing back his golden curls, which nurse had been arranging with much care before sending him down.

"What is it, little one?"

"A 'Kismas present," and Freddy's eyes sparkled with pleasure, at the look of surprise Reggie assumed.

"What is it, then?"

"O Reggie!" exclaimed Constance, "the children have been to the village shop this afternoon to get their presents, and there's such mysterious work up in the nursery; and Basil and Clara have told each other what they are going to give, and told me