

So Constance wrote on a sheet of paper. "Please, come home to your sister for Christmas," and put the five pounds into it, and then Mr. Barnett directed it.

"I say, Connie, this *is* fun," said Ernest.

"It is; isn't it? Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Barnett."

"You must do something for me in return, little maiden."

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear you call me Uncle Ambrose."

"Then, thank you, Uncle Ambrose," said Connie.

"Bless you, my child," and the old man's head was turned away, for it was long, long since any one had used that name to him.

"My children," said Mr. Leslie, entering the room at this moment; "here *is* a disappointment. Mrs. Dixon won't let the little Forrester boys come; a most decided refusal has just arrived."