

“O papa! what a shame! what a cruel shame!”

“I don't think it is kind, certainly,” said Mrs. Leslie, who was standing by, “but it is tea-time. Where is Mr. Barnett?” For he had suddenly left the room.

It was not long before he joined them again, but there was a cloud on his face; it wore an anxious and troubled look, and Mr. Leslie remarked that he feared the children's mirth was too much for him.

“No, no, my friend, it is not that,” said the old gentleman, “but I am thinking of all the Christmas times I have wasted, when I might have been making others happy as your dear children are doing.”

