

and made as smooth as possible, while his little muslin sleeves were tied up with blue ribbon.

I stood speechless at the sight.

"Don't he look nice?" said Euphemia, standing him up on her knees. "It shows what good clothes will do. I'm glad I helped Pomona make up so many. He's getting ever so fond of me, ze itty Patsy, watsy! See how strong he is! He can almost stand on his legs! Look how he laughs! He's just as cunning as he can be. And oh! I was going to speak about that box. I wouldn't have him sleep in that old packing-box. There are little wicker cradles at the store—I saw them last week—they don't cost much, and you could bring one up in the carriage. There's the other baby, crying, and I don't know where Pomona is. Just you mind him a minute, please!" and out she ran.

I looked out of the window. The horse still stood harnessed to the carriage, as I had left him. I saw Pat's old shawl lying in a corner. I seized it, and rolling him in it, new clothes and all, I hurried down-stairs, climbed into the carriage, hastily disposed Pat in my lap, and turned the horse. The demeanour of the youngster was very different from what it was when I first took him in my lap to drive away with him. There was no confiding twinkle in his eye, no contented munching of his little fists. He gazed up at me with wild alarm, and as I