



Written for MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED.

How Daisy brought her Father home. A Christmas Story.

BY ANNIE TAYLOR, TORONTO.

MOLLIE, where's Daisy?" "Eh, marm?" said Mollie, suspending her scrubbing and looking up at her questioner with a face in which good nature largely overbalanced intelligence.

"Don't you know where Daisy is?" repeated Mrs. Trovey, as she wiped the flour from her hands. "She was talking with you not half an hour ago, and now you look as surprised as if you didn't know what I asked you. Oh, Mollie, Mollie, I really shall have to get you some memory powder."

"Yes, marm," said Mollie, looking at her scrubbing brush with a deeply studious expression. Then her face brightened. "Yes, marm; Daisy is gone out. She came to me for some bread and butter, and to have her hood tied. Then she went down to the shore, marm. Britain was with her."

"She must have gone to grandpapa's," said Mrs. Trovey, as assuring herself that the Christmas pudding was boiling in a highly satisfactory manner, she turned her attention to the turkey. "I wonder what the child wanted bread and butter for?"

"Eh, marm?" said Mollie.

Then the scrubbing was resumed, and Mrs. Trovey's brisk movements told that the hundred and fifty indispensables for Christmas were making fair progress.

For it was Christmas Eve, Christmas Eve in Cornwall. Within, the fire roared and crackled in a joyous way, as it always does or should do at Christmas tide, turning the dainty pink in Mrs. Trovey's cheeks to a deep red as she bent over her cooking. Without, the sun shone joyously, the wind blew—it



always blows on that coast—joyously—the long Atlantic waves rolled on the shore in a joyous way, tumbling about in a state of joyous confusion—all seemed to join in joyous tribute to Christmas tide.

Mrs. Trovey gave some finishing touches to her little parlor, a veritable bower of evergreen, where the bright

too excited at the thought of her father's return, to sleep any longer. She resolved to be very good and not hinder her mother, so she ate her bread and milk without asking for more sugar, looked at the Christmas dainties on the pantry shelves with her hands behind her, saying softly, "Daisy must not touch," then wisely took herself out of the way of temptation.

A bright idea. She would go and meet him. She knew just where he would be. Had she not stood by mamma and seen him sail away into the sunset. Yet there was something that sent her to Mollie instead of mamma, to be made ready, and get provisions for her voyage. Then she trotted down to the beach with Britain.

"Britain," she said, as they got into the boat, that was moored at the little wharf, "we are going a long voyage. I am the captain and you must do just what I tell you. Do you hear?"

Britain in response wagged his tail.

"There is no place so lovely as the Spice Islands," said Daisy, as she strove to undo the fastenings of the boat. "That is where cocoanuts grow and monkeys live. Oh, Britain, we must get a monkey. I have wanted one for ever so long. I asked papa to bring me one, but he said one monkey in the house was enough, if there were two he should have to run away. Britain, do you think he meant me?" Britain looked meditatively at the rudder.

There was a little jerk, and they were off. Daisy clapped her hands with glee. Britain looked at her, and then at the fast increasing stretch of water between them and the shore, for the tide was going out, and the boat was carried swiftly out to sea. To the left a ledge of rocks ran out some distance and at the extreme end the boat jarred against them and stopped. The dog turned to spring on the rocks, then caught Daisy's cloak firmly with his teeth, and, regardless of a succession of slaps from her fat little hands, strove to drag her off the boat, but in vain.

"Bad dog! Naughty Britain!" said Daisy, struggling desperately.

Again the tide carried them on. Britain let go his hold and remained in the boat, barking loudly: but the wind carried the sound out to sea.

Slowly the sharp outlines of the cliffs grew misty. With a low howl the dog had laid down in the boat.

"You wicked, wicked dog," said Daisy, who was munching her bread and butter with great satisfaction. "I'm sure you have gone mad—barking like that and trying to bite me. I'm never going to speak to you again, and," she added, severely, "I will not give you one bit of bread and butter. I wonder," she continued, after a short pause, "how many monkeys this boat will hold. Britain, you must catch them for

