

of candies, bags of fruit, a tin of cocoa, some sugar and heaven knows what—and the strange thing was that every package bore somebody's name.

It was perfectly marvellous, for in that Christmas box was just exactly what every single one in the family wanted most on earth. The minister himself could not have persuaded the little Lovedays that it wasn't St. Nicholas who had come in by sea instead of on his reindeer—and I'm not sure they weren't right.

All the same, Jeannie has her suspicions that some rough sailor men from the crew of a certain ocean tramp could have thrown some light on the subject had they wished.

THE END