

‘Oh! Alice, I have thought of something. Wouldn’t it be nice if we could make it to-night and get it all finished, and ask aunt Mary’— Lucy always said ‘aunt Mary’ too, just the same as I did,—‘and ask aunt Mary to have a feast with us on her birthday, to-morrow? We won’t say anything about it, but let it be a surprise for her.’

That was beautiful. I had been very busy for a whole week, making a book-mark for aunt Mary’s birthday, but this idea of building a little house and inviting her to have a feast in it, was ten thousand times better. In my delight at Lucy’s happy thought, I jumped quite out of the water, and hurt my bare feet very much by coming down again with a great thump on the pebbles, but that was not a bit of consequence. It would be such fun to do everything quite by ourselves, not even telling Montem or his schoolmates anything about it, but keeping it a very great secret until next morning, when we would write a little note to aunt Mary, wishing her many happy returns of the day, and asking her to come and have a feast with us in our new house. How surprised she would be, and how she would wonder what house we meant!