

‘Oh! hush, hush,’ cried Lucy, putting her hand over my mouth, ‘aunt Mary will find out. You are telling her all about it. Promise you won’t ask any questions, aunt Mary.’

Aunt Mary laughed and promised, and then said she thought we had better go to bed, or we should not be able to keep our secret any longer. So she went with us to our little room and helped us to undress, and heard us say our prayers, and gave us our good-night kiss. As soon as she had gone away, we got out of bed again, for it was still quite light, and found a pencil and paper, and began to write our note of invitation to aunt Mary. We intended to ask Montem, too, but next morning would do for that,—there was no need to write a note to him.

Perhaps you will like to know exactly what the note said. I made it up, and Lucy wrote it. Lucy could write very neatly, but she had very great difficulty in thinking of anything to say. I could make up notes by the dozen, but when it came to the writing out of them, I used to get into a dreadful mess. This is what we said:—

‘Please, dear aunt Mary, we wish you many happy