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returns of the day, and we want you to come and have a feast with us in our new house, which we have made for you. If you will only say yes, we will come and fetch you at ten o'clock, for you do not know where our house is.—Your loving little girls,

‘LUCY AND ALICE.’

I daresay you will wonder how I can remember so exactly what there was in the note, when so many years have passed since we wrote it. I should have quite forgotten about it, but only a few months ago I went to see aunt Mary, and she showed me the little note itself, which she had taken care of since her birthday at Linwick. Lucy and I never thought, when we made it up and wrote it, that it would last half so long.

First thing after breakfast next morning we gave it to Tommy Tubbs, to give to aunt Mary. We stood behind the kitchen door, waiting for him to come back. We heard him knock at the parlour door and say he had brought a note for the lady, and was to wait for an answer; and then, after what seemed to us a very, very long time, he came back with a little pink envelope, addressed to both of us. Aunt Mary said that she should be very