

missing the baker, she retracted her consent, Miss Nettie Fanshawe graciously accepting her apologies.

Arrived at Mr. Jones' house, it was with a flutter of the heart that Clara rang the bell and handed in her missive. Her trepidation arose from the fear that she might be sent away with promises instead of money, for she was old enough to appreciate the importance of the situation. While waiting in the hall, she instinctively uplifted her heart, as her mother had done, with a swift glance of supplication to Him who sympathizes with our difficulties however small they may appear to others. Then—*Deo Gratias!*—the room door opened, and Mrs. Jones, money in hand, invited Clara to enter and receipt the bill, which she did.

With a light heart she turned homeward, not forgetting the sugar; she entered and closed the front door just as the baker drove up; then passing through the rooms, she received him at the kitchen door, deposited her bread on the table, and taking out her purse while he counted out its tickets, paid him his dollar, a heavy gust of wind sweeping, meanwhile, over the fence, and whirling the heaps of dead leaves into a mad dance. The girl stuffed the purse and tickets into her pocket, and hastily closed the door.

III.

"When will mother be home?" asked Archie, as they sat at their quiet tea.

"Not till ten o'clock," answered Clara.

"And shall we not see her?" exclaimed the two boys in a breath, and very dolefully.

"Not to-night," replied their sister. "You know mother does not like you to be up after eight o'clock. But if you rise bright and early in the morning you will see her, and bid her good-bye, and send lots of kisses and kind love to father."