will be cut down toless than my expenses, small as they are.

Presently Sadie said, "I came to ask you to spend the day with us to-morrow in the woods. Don't answer till I tell you about it. place, where their is thick shade and green grass and cold water—an ideal spot for a picnic. We went there often last summer, but we haven't been this year. We'll go in our carriage early in the morning, papa will go out in the afternoon, and then we'll come home by moonlight. Can't you go? Please say yes.

Miss Murray, relieved of her fears, answer pleasantly, "You are very kind, but I don't go into society at all, you know.

"Bless you, this isn't soctiety--it's just our own family. Mother and you, Helen and I in the carriage, with John and Allen on their bicycles. That's every soul except our good driver. "

"It would be delightful, Miss Price. but -

"Excuse me for interrupting you. Of course you are not to think of preparing my lunch, for we always take the hamper full, and you are to be our guest.

"Your lesson will have to be omitted?"

"Yes, I forgot to tell you that mother said I might be excused from my lesson because papa can go tomorrow better than Friday; but of course you will enter it on the account just the same, for it isn't your fault I'm to miss it, so you mustn't be the loser. Please, Miss Murray, say you'll go. I'm sure you will enjoy it, and we'll be very much dissappointed if vou don't.

Miss Murray's eyes shone softly. "Thank you, dear, I think I may say I can except your kind invitation. Yours was my only lesson for tomorrow, and my other Thursday duties can wait.

"Ob, thank you so much. We'll be here at half-past eight. Mamma sent her love and hoped you could go, but you're my company, and I shan't let anyelse else claim even a piece of you. Good-Sadie flew down to the carriage, bye." where her mother waited, exclaiming, "She's going, mamma, and she called me ' dear.

Miss Murray, left alone, gathered up her shoe from its hiding place in the coal vase, and proceeded to finish her mending; but a snatch of song set the canary warbling again, while nis mistress' cheeks flushed pink and her lips smiled happily.

Such a day as that Thursday was ! Nothing had been forgotten that would add to its pleasure. Croquet set and hammocks a freezer of ice cream and the great hamper of lunch had been sent in advance. It seemed to the weary, homesick woman that never were hammocks so restful, nor viands so delicious. But far better was the sweet and gracious friendship, so sincerely and delicately proffered that she could not help yieldind herself to its influence.

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She talked and sang, played croquet with the boys and dominos with their father, and vanquished them every one. They were charmed with her, as she was with them, and the day was a stepping stone to happier times for poor Miss Murray.

It came to an end at last, and Sadie left her at the door of her own room with

a cherry goodnight. But Miss Murray detained her an instant while she kissed the glowing cheek and whispered, "I can never thank you as you deserve. It

isn't so much the day, though that has been beautiful — beautiful. But better than all is the happy thought that some-Christian Observer. body cares.

