

come to settle in the place? Think what can be done."

So Minnie's little brain was set to work puzzling out a way. She was not idle all this time. There was not a new family that moved into the village but who soon knew her by her little acts of neighbourly kindness. A word to the children, the loan of a cup of meal, the pleasant morning salutation, all made her known and liked there. The new room was her pride, and she kept it in the best of order. It was used as a sitting-room in the day-time, and her own sleeping-room at night.

It was into this room that she went one day when her father was in the forest, and when she had fastened the door she knelt down to pray. The prayer was long and earnest, the room was perfectly still, and not a sound was heard, yet Minnie still knelt beside her bed. At length she rose, and going to her trunk, took from it paper and pen and ink. Writing letters was an unusual occupation for Minnie, and she went about it rather awkwardly, but her heart was in what she wrote, and that made the task easier.

"DEAR MISS DAYTON,—You were so kind