

was too good for that, and she thought it better to make it last a little.

But some of the yellow would stick on Rosy's lips; so mamma wiped it off, and then Rosy put her arms round her neck and kissed her, and said, —

“So nice, dear mamma.”

Then mamma said, —

“At the end of the garden, Rosy, there lives the good hen that gave us this nice egg, and a great many other hens, and very fine cocks too, — the cocks that you heard crowing this morning. Shall we go and see them after breakfast?”

“O, yes, yes, yes!” cried Rosy,