

---

two, the clergyman standing at the gate to give them tickets for the games in the field. No child was allowed to go into the field who had not a ticket from Mr. Aidel. They were to go home with their mugs, though, and rest for a little while before the games began.

Several times whilst the tea was going on, Lucy had pulled my sleeve and said she believed she heard some one crying; and we had looked about, but we could not see any one. After the clothes-basket had been uncovered and the children had hurrahed for the cake, we both of us heard the sound again, only louder this time. We were quite sure, then, somebody *was* crying. The bench where we sat was close to the low, ivy-covered wall which separated the Rectory garden from the churchyard, and as the crying seemed to come from there, Lucy and I peeped over and saw a little girl sitting on one of the graves, just under the wall, crying as if her heart would break. We did not know what to do ourselves, so we asked aunt Mary to speak to her.

She did not make a great deal of noise, but the tears came falling so thick and fast. She was evidently a very poor little girl, for her frock was