

patched all over, and she scarcely seemed to have anything on underneath it; but she was quite clean and tidy, except where the tears had stained her face. We felt very sorry for her, because she was crying so patiently, not as if she was angry or in a passion, like the little girl who had been sent away from the treat.

Aunt Mary stooped down and asked her what she was crying for. She began to sob worse than ever then, and said it was because she was too late for the treat. No one was allowed to come in after grace had been sung. Her mother was very ill in bed, she told us, and there was no one in the house but herself to wait upon her. One of the neighbours had said she would come in and stay for an hour whilst the children were having their tea, so the little girl had washed herself and got ready to come, but the neighbour had forgotten her promise until quite half-past three, and the little girl did not like to leave her mother alone, she said. As soon as she could be spared she set off and ran all the way to the Rectory garden, but it was too late. The gates were shut, and the servant who kept them would not open them again, for it was against the rules for any one to be admitted after grace was sung. So she had turned