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away and gone into the churchyard, and was watching the treat through a little gap in the wall. Was not that an uncomfortable way of watching it? And when, too, if the neighbour had only come in time, she might have been standing in the ring with the other little girls, enjoying the bread and butter and cake as much as any of them.

More than a great many of them, I daresay, for she did look so thin and hungry. She said she had only had a bit of bread for breakfast that morning, and nothing at all for dinner, so it must have been a very, *very* sad disappointment to her to miss the tea. I don't wonder she cried so much about it. I am quite sure she never got enough to eat at home, or she would not have looked so white and wan. We asked her name, and she told us it was Phebe Brown, but the neighbours never called her anything else but Skinny, because they said she was all skin and bone. She said she was so accustomed to be called Skinny that she had almost forgotten she had any other name. I had never heard of a little girl being called Skinny before, but I am sure it fitted her exactly.

Just then Mrs. Aidel came up, and aunt Mary told her all about it, and asked if poor Skinny might