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wanted, she sneaked away down a narrow back walk, for of course, when her pockets were stuffed out with cake, she dare not come into the front; and so she got safely home, nobody being any wiser for her naughty tricks.

In the evening she came to the field with the other children to join in the games, but as she had no ticket the keeper of the gate would not let her in. She screamed and made such a noise about it—for you know the games and the presents were almost the best part of the treat—that Mr. Aidel came to see what was the matter. He asked her why she had not gone out of the Rectory garden with the others, and then she would have had a ticket given her. Of course she could not tell him why, without confessing about the cake and bread and butter, and she was ashamed to do that, so she had to tell ever so many falsehoods to cover it up and make everything seem right. And, after all, everything did not seem right, for when Mr. Aidel saw her turn red and look awkward and uncomfortable, as little girls generally do look when they are saying what is not true, he was sure something was amiss, and he said she must not come into the field. Oh! she was so