

to examine our nosegay and the presents we had made for her, and to look at the flowers which were growing out of the mossy rifts in the walls of our little house. After a while she said she thought it was time for the feast to begin, so Lucy served the biscuits and I served the strawberries, and we enjoyed ourselves very much. We did not quite finish everything, but left a few strawberries and a biscuit for Tommy Tubbs, who had helped us to carry the stools out. He was a very fat boy, and was very fond of anything to eat.

I could tell you a great deal more about what we did on aunt Mary's birthday, but this book is growing larger already than I meant it to be at first, and I have not nearly come to the end of my stories. I am in a hurry, too, to tell you more about poor little Skinny, the little girl who was so very near not having anything to eat at the children's treat, because she could not leave her poor sick mother.