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back, and they had plenty of clothes, and went to church regularly, and her father sang in the choir; but Mr. Aidel was not the clergyman then; he had only come to the village about two years ago.

We asked her if she had any brothers and sisters, but she said 'No, not now,' and then she began to look very sad.

'Not now, miss,'—I will try to tell you the rest of her story as she told it to us, to Lucy and me, that summer morning,—'not now. I had a brother once, but he went away a long time ago, and we've never heard no tell of him since. I was a very little girl, only six years old, when he went away, and he was a great deal older than me, he was over fifteen then. He had had a deal of schooling, and he was very clever, and father looked for him to be head forester, or maybe under-steward to the Squire some day, which would be a grand thing for us all.

'He was a bit fierce in his temper was Jim, and father was a bit fierce too, and mother often had to stand between them to keep things quiet, but they always made it up again and was good friends afterwards, until one day when father scolded Jim very bad for measuring some wood wrong. Jim said he