

Somehow we could not dance and skip about as we had done only the day before. We kept thinking of the poor little girl with her white face and her sharp elbows and her hollow cheeks and her hungry eyes, and we wondered why God should have made us such a great deal happier than she was, and why we had plenty of everything that we wanted, and nothing to do but play and amuse ourselves, whilst she was half starved to death, and had not time to play at all. It seemed so very strange. We had never thought about it before.

In the evening aunt Mary went out again. She said we had better not go with her, for perhaps she should stay a long time. She had asked Tommy Tubbs to take some coals to the cottage, and a kettle full of clean water, and she was going to get some tea ready for the poor woman.

Lucy and I took hold of each other's hands, and walked about in the field nearly all the evening. We wondered if mamma and Mrs. Walters would let us spare some of our clothes for little Skinny. We were quite sure we could do without them, and though she was so much older than ourselves,