

We were so pleased, looking at the eggs and hearing Tommy's stories of how he got them, that we almost forgot about Skinny, until aunt Mary came home. She said she had told the poor little girl all about coming to live with us, and asked her if she should like to do so, and learn to be a servant, instead of going to the workhouse. Skinny was so glad. She said she would try to be a very good girl indeed, and learn as quickly as ever she could, and not give any trouble at all, more than she could help. So it was all settled that she was to go back with us when we returned home.

Poor Mrs. Brown was buried next day, in the same grave with her husband. Aunt Mary went with Skinny to the funeral, and brought her to the farm-house for a little while afterwards, and then took her to a neighbour, who was to have a few shillings a week for boarding and lodging her until we were ready to go home.

Now, don't you think it was a very fortunate thing indeed that we happened to go to the children's treat that day, and sit close to the churchyard wall, and hear poor little Skinny crying