

industriously, a great tear would come splashing down on her work. But she was very fond of us all, and often said what a good girl she would try to be, and how glad she was that she was going back with us, to learn to be a servant, instead of going to the workhouse, which was the only other place for her.

One morning she had come as usual to help us, but when we had been sitting a little while, she turned so pale that aunt Mary said Lucy had better take her out into the field for half an hour; the fresh air would do her good. And I was to stay behind, to hold a skein of cotton.

Now, I liked holding skeins of cotton for aunt Mary very much, because she always told me pretty stories whilst I was holding them. I hope your mammas and aunt Marys always tell you stories whilst you are holding skeins of cotton. It makes them go on so much more pleasantly, just as eating a raisin now and then whilst you are stoning them makes the stoning of the raisins quite an agreeable employment.

I had brought my stool close up in front of aunt Mary, and we had got the end of the skein unfastened, and a bit of paper ready to wind it upon, and I looked