

O, what a number of steps there were for those little legs to climb before she reached her papa!

They went up by the side of a garden, which was itself like a lot of wide steps, and on each step there was a row of vines, not trained against a wall as we train our vines in England, but growing on the ground like bean plants.

Rosy saw lots of such nice grapes that her little mouth quite watered, and she would have liked to have stopped to pick some; but then she knew that would be stealing, because they were not hers. And I hope that Rosy would not have stolen even if nurse had not been