

stone mouldings, and climbed to the tops of the crooked chimneys, and crept along under the eaves, and twisted round the tall pointed gables, and even had the impertinence to peep in at us through the lattice casements and queer little dormer windows which were stuck about all over, wherever there was a convenient place for them. I daresay it would have liked to come quite into our rooms and see what we were doing there, but of course we could not allow that; and so, when it had played all the pranks that it could play outside, it stole away behind a crumbling old balustrade on the terrace-walk, down to a ruined fountain in the corner of the garden, and there amused itself by covering the arms and legs of three very fat little stone boys, who for as many centuries had been holding up a large moss-grown urn amongst them. In very wet weather this urn filled with water, which came splashing over into a basin underneath, amongst a lot of flag flowers and forget-me-nots. It ought to have stayed there, but it never did, for there was a crack in the basin which let it run through. I wish it had stayed, because then I could have sailed my boats in it, instead of launching them in the nursery bath,