

---

remember she was more than eighty years old—to a cupboard on one side of the fireplace, and took out a little white china plate. Then she shut the door carefully and locked it, and went to another cupboard on the other side of the fireplace, and unlocked that, and opened a japanned tin box, and put two round sugar biscuits on the plate and gave them to me. It took a long time to get them out,—Mrs. Walters walked so slowly and her hand trembled so; but I used to feel so happy all the time, because I knew the biscuits would be so nice when I *did* have them. I wonder how it is that biscuits don't taste so nice now as they did when we were little girls. Sometimes I go to call upon ladies, and they offer me some, and I really don't care whether I take them or not. It was never so when I went to Mrs. Walters. I never said, 'No, thank you,' when she brought the little white plate to me with the two sugar biscuits upon it. For she smiled down upon me so kindly, and sometimes, when I had taken them, laid her trembling hands on my head and said,—

‘Bless you, my dear little girl!’

I believe she said that to me because she loved mamma so very much. You must not think, though,