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that I liked to go and see Mrs. Walters *only* because she gave me something to eat. I should have loved her just as much,—no, I don't think I should have loved her *just* as much, but I should have loved her very much indeed,—if she had never given me anything at all; she was so gentle and kind, and always made me feel as if I had been saying my prayers. Still, you know, the sugar biscuits were very good.

When I went to have tea with Lucy on Wednesday afternoons, Mrs. Walters used to read us stories out of the Bible. She had a very large Bible, the largest I have ever seen, with a great many pictures in it, and we sat close up to her, one on each side, so that we could look at them whilst she was reading to us. Sometimes we had to read ourselves, one verse at a time. When the story was finished, Mrs. Walters used to ask us questions about it, and for each question that we answered correctly we had a little white counter out of a box which stood on the table. When we had won ten of these white counters each, they were changed for one red one, and then we were allowed to look into the Indian cabinet.

That was a great treat. The Indian cabinet was the funniest old box you ever saw, made of dark