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yet, for we did not make it until I was seven years old, and many other things happened before then.

I think, however, the greatest treat of all, greater even than looking at the Indian cabinet, or keeping house with Lucy in the oriel window, was having aunt Mary come to stay with us.

Aunt Mary was mamma's sister, but she was a great deal younger than mamma, so that she was more like a sort of cousin than an aunt. She generally came in the summer, and then she used to take Lucy and me out for our holidays. Before I finish this book I shall tell you of some very, very pleasant visits which we had with aunt Mary in the country. Sometimes, however, she used to stay at home with me whilst papa and mamma went away, for mamma was very delicate, and often had to go abroad to places too far off for a little girl like me to go with her. But I never murmured at being left behind, if only I could have aunt Mary to take care of me.

Everybody loved her. She was not very pretty, and she was neither rich, nor clever, nor accomplished, nor anything of that sort, yet she had almost more friends than she knew what to do with. They used to cluster round her as bees cluster, not round