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flowers which are brightest and gayest and showiest, but round those which, like the sweet wild thyme or purple heather, have most honey inside them. I think unselfishness was the honey which made every one cluster round aunt Mary. She never seemed to think about herself, or expect that other people should make a fuss over her, and so she was always cheerful and happy and contented. And although when I was a little girl I did not half know how good she was, yet, since I have grown older and wiser, I have learned many a lesson from the remembrance of aunt Mary's example, the noble, generous way in which she tried to put happiness into the lives of every one around her, without ever calculating whether they were likely to repay her for it or not. If I were you, little girls, I would lay up a good store of that sweet honey of unselfishness, and then see whether friends won't cluster round *you*, like bees round the wild thyme or purple heather.

One little room in our house was called aunt Mary's room, because, when she was staying with us, she always went there if she wished to be alone. It was very pretty and tasteful. Indeed, everything about aunt Mary *was* pretty and