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tasteful, because she always knew how to make the best of things. This room looked out over the mossy old fountain urn. It had a green carpet and green curtains, and ivy leaves clustered all round the lattice window, and on the panelled oak walls there were many sweet pictures of forest glades and mountain streams, and little bits of English landscape done by mamma and papa, who could both of them paint very nicely. There was a work-table with a deep drawer in it, full of odds and ends, coloured silk and ribbons, and fancy cards, and patches and wools, out of which I was sometimes allowed to choose a little parcel for myself; and there were two brackets for flowers, and an easy chair and a footstool, and a tiny table, just big enough for a couple of people to sit at.

My greatest delight was to have tea with aunt Mary in this room of hers. She always invited me just as if I had been a grown-up person, which made it ever so much better. The housemaid used to bring me a little note in a pink envelope, and say she was to wait for an answer. I knew well enough what the little note in the pink envelope meant. It meant that aunt Mary had