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out the meaning by yourselves, I have made a place for it to tell itself, a kind of little hole in the egg for the bit of advice to drop out when you are ready for it.

You remember the oriel window I told you about, where Lucy Walters and I used to play at keeping house on Saturday afternoons. Close to this oriel window was a door leading up a narrow stone staircase into a room which was hung all round with very ugly, faded, worn-out tapestry. The tapestry represented the meeting of Isaac and Rebekah; but Rebekah was not 'fair to look upon,' by any means, and Isaac was quite frightful. I am sure I don't wonder that the poor maiden put on her veil when she was going to be introduced to him. If you lifted up one corner of this tapestry, you found a doorway with no door to it, and this opened into a queer little closet, cut out in the wall, and lighted by an arrow slit, through which the sunlight came sometimes like a golden ribbon. People said the closet had once been used as a prison, because there were iron rings in the wall to which chains could be fastened. We never kept any prisoners in it, though, except two great iron-bound oaken chests, into one