

sunshine than was good for me was being poured into my childish days. He need not have been afraid. It was not going to last so very long, after all. And besides, he might have remembered that One a great deal wiser than himself gave me all that I had.

‘You’re such a little girl for play, Miss Alice,’ he said one day, when, after a romp with Callie on the frosty terrace-walk, I came to a stand-still in front of a very uncomfortable-looking flower-bed, all black and rough and dug-up, which he was marking out with box edging,—‘you’re such a little girl for play.’

‘Well, Watson,’ I replied, ‘play is a very nice thing, isn’t it? Why shouldn’t I have plenty of it? I don’t think it does me any harm.’

‘No, Miss Alice,’ said Watson, shaking his old grey head very slowly, ‘may be it don’t, just yet a bit. But then there’s the thinking. You’ll have to do the thinking some day, Miss Alice.’

‘Oh! never mind the thinking, Watson;’ and I skipped over the black flower-bed two or three times and then came back to him again, ‘I’ve nothing to do with thinking just now.’

‘No, Miss Alice, you haven’t, but it’ll have some-