

I did not mind this, for I knew he did not really mean it, but was thinking of the little sick child that Master went to see. They gave me a sugar-plum for a pill, and put a piece of paper on my neck, under my collar, for a mustard-plaster, and Helen said I had so much fever that they must take the shawl off—it was because she saw that it made me too warm that my Helen said that—and put on one of the sheets from Bess's doll's bed instead. I did not mind this at all, for it only covered about half of me.

They played very happily until it was their dinner-time, and then Madame came in and put her hand on Helen's forehead, and said, "Dear child, I am afraid the children have tired you. You ought to send them away when they stay too long."

"I like to have them here, mamma," said Helen; "you know I can't read long at a time, and they make me laugh and keep me from thinking." She was quiet for a few minutes, and then she said, "Mamma, has papa written for that other doctor—the one in Richmond who knows so much about spine disease?"

"Yes, darling," said Madame, "but there has hardly been time for an answer yet."

"Do *you* think I shall ever be well again, mamma?" she asked.

Madame bent over her and kissed her; then she said, "I hope so—I pray so, my precious; but I am afraid that even if you get well, you must lie still for a long time to come. But you know in Whose hands you are: you can trust Him?"

"Yes, mamma, I can—I do," said Helen. "But you know I am