

minute; and to-day, as she knew of nothing else, she made such a pretty little toy for poor Susan. It was the week before you went away, you know, that her leg was broken, and she has not been able to sit up in bed yet.

Her mother says she is so patient, and so afraid of giving trouble, that she never says she is tired; but when, the other day, we took her some story-books to read, her eyes danced so, and she looked so happy, that I am sure she must feel the time very long when she has nothing to do.

The toy Miss Hayward made was with an egg. She laid it into vinegar till it got soft, and then cut it into the shape of a little cradle. She pasted a small rim of gold paper for an edge, and painted a wreath of flowers round it.