

by herself,—mamma was taking care of her. She had been lying on mamma's knee ever since one o'clock in the morning, except when she was lifted off sometimes to be put into a warm bath. And it was no use my going to amuse her, for she was too ill to be amused. Then aunt Mary went quietly away, and I was left alone.

I wished they would have let me go to her, even if I could not do her any good. I thought she must be very ill indeed if she did not want me to play with her. I had been poorly sometimes, and so had Montem, but we had always liked to look at picture-books and have stories told to us. Indeed, it seemed almost a pity to get well again, for it used to be so nice sitting close up by mamma and papa, and having no lessons to learn, and eating sweet biscuits, and drinking sago with wine in it; we never wanted to get well in a hurry. Was Callie worse than ever we had been then?

I felt as if I must be near her, so I went and sat on the mat at the door of mamma's dressing-room. By-and-by papa came out of it. I wondered why he had not gone out as usual. He always went out in the middle of the morning, and now it was just