



IV.

The next day Mary said to herself, "How can I show myself a fairy to some one to-day who needs help?"

Then she remembered that her cousin, poor Walter Young, had long been confined to his room by sickness.

"I will take my Christmas-book of stories to Walter, and read to him," thought Mary. So, after asking her mother's permission, she ran off to her aunt's, and there sat a whole forenoon, reading to Walter, and entertaining him.

When the hand of the clock pointed to five minutes before one, she rose, and said, "It is time for me to go home."

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Walter. "Why, what a fairy you must be to make time pass away so! I haven't had such a happy forenoon these six months."

Mary bade him good-by; and, as she walked home, she thought of all that the old woman had told her, and made up her mind never to seek for fairies again, except in her own heart.