

gave her a little Testament, probably the first gift the child had ever received. She was very proud of her Testament, exhibiting it on all occasions with the delighted exclamation,—

“That’s my little testament—my own.”

She would take it with her at night, clasping it in her hands till she fell asleep on the wretched rags called a bed. The child was taken ill. The doctor provided by her benefactors declared she would die.