



There is no sick-room feeling here. The coverlet, the sheets, the night-dress, with frills at the breast and wrists—everything about Katie is sweet and fresh. Every morning of her life she is sponged and dressed, and “freshed up a bit” by her mother’s loving hands. It takes an hour to do it, and there are many household cares; but what an hour that is! What talk, what gentle, tearful jokes, what tender touches! The hour is one of Sacrament to them both, for He is always there in whose presence they are reverent and glad.

We “take the Books,” and I am asked to be priest. One needs his holy garments in a sanctuary like this. After the evening worship is over I talk with Katie.

“Don’t you feel the time long? Don’t you grow weary sometimes?”

“No! Oh, no!” with slight surprise. “I am content.”

“But surely you get lonely—blue now and then?”

“Lonely?” with the brightest of smiles. “Oh, no! They are all here.”

Heaven forgive me! I had thought she perhaps might have wanted some of the world’s cheerful distraction.

“But was it always so? Didn’t you fret at the first?” I persisted.