

overspread with the fiery glow of fever. He grew more and more restless in his sleep, until at length he opened his eyes wide and began to talk deliriously. At the first sound of his voice, Adèle started from her seat, expecting to hear some request from his lips.

Gazing at her wildly for a moment, he exclaimed, "What, *you* here, Agnes! you, travelling in this horrible wilderness! Where's your husband? Where's John, the brave boy? Don't bring them here to taunt me. Go away! Don't look at me!"

With an expression of terror on his countenance, he sank back upon the pillow and closed his eyes. Mr. Norton knelt down by the couch and made slow, soothing motions with his hand upon the hot and fevered head, until the sick man sank again into slumber. Seeing this, Adèle, who had been standing in mute bewilderment, came softly near and whispered, "He has been doing something wrong, has he not, sir?"

"I hope not," said the good man, "He is not himself now, and is not aware what he is saying. His fever causes his mind to wander."

"Yes, sir. But I think he is unhappy beside being sick. That sigh was *so* sorrowful!"

"It was sad enough," said Mr. Norton. After a pause, he continued, "I will stay by his bed and take care of him to-night."

"Ah! will you, sir?" said Adèle. "That is kind, but Aunt Patty, I know, will insist on taking charge of him. She thinks it her right to take care of all the sick people."