

The sound attracted the attention of Donald Wilson, who entered from an adjoining room—his eyes red with weeping. Tenderly raising Tommy from the ground, he led him from the room, and taking him out to a quiet place in the shady garden, told him Bertha's last message.

"I thought I'd see her again! I wanted to see her once more," Tommy answered, sobbing violently. "There never was any one so good to me as Miss Bertha was."

"She was good to every one," Donald answered. "None could help loving her."

Tommy grieved long and sincerely for his friend. Months went by, ere he took his accustomed interest in his pursuits.

It seemed to him useless to take any interest in his garden or his studies, when there was no Miss Bertha to approve or encourage. By degrees this feeling wore off, and he began to do as he thought she would wish him to were she yet alive.