

8. The Harebell shivered as she touched the ground, and cried, "Oh! oh! I am so faint! Come, dear Wind, blow upon me." The Wind, glad to help her, blew softly upon her, and kissed her pale cheek; but it was too late.

9. "Sun," she cried, "dear Sun, I am very cold!" The Sun sent a sunbeam to comfort her; but still she drooped her head.

10. O Rain, I am dying! All the blue is fading out of me. Come—please come!" The Rain came down as fast as he could; but she was so weak, he could do her no good.

11. She grew weaker and weaker. At last she said, faintly, "Thank you all." Then she died.

