

"Poor old Shot," said Sisie so tenderly, while her eyes filled with tears. "He has been a faithful dog."

"Are you feeling better, love?" asked Mrs. Miles, as she came in the room and brought him a cup of tea and some buttered toast.

"Yes, mother." And a faint smile crowned his face, but only for a moment.

"We will soon have you quite well again, love," said she cheerfully, "Won't we, Sisie?"

"Very soon," said she. But nevertheless she thought it would be a very long time before he would be himself again, the cheerful, happy and bright boy.

"Ah! Sisie," said he when his mother had left them, "if it was not through you I would surely have died. But perhaps it would have been better if I had," said he sadly, looking at her.

"No, dear Jim, do not say that. Think how you are getting on, still look upwards, and persevere, never for one minute falter and lose courage, for surely you will then have your reward."

Jim slowly shook his head but said nothing. But he thought how tender, how good she was, and when the last day comes surely those words, so sacred, will be said to her, "Well done."

Sisie tenderly looked at him, and then, turning around, began to play the music from the "Elijah." What soothing effect it had on him, bringing back tender remembrances of days long past.