

strength was failing so fast this feeling increased.

"It is strange what an interest you take in that child," said her father to her one day.

"It is," said Bertha, "I am often astonished at it myself; but from the first time I saw his little brown face I liked him. I believe he is destined to be a great and good man, if his life is spared."

"You always have very sanguine expectations of every one, Bertha," said Donald Wilson; "are you not often disappointed?"

"Not very often, Donald," Bertha answered, slipping her hand in his. "I know one who has more than come up to the mark I set for him."

"Then your mark was not placed very high, if I am the individual you refer to," Donald replied, smiling, and caressing the soft white hand that lay in his.