

die!" she said, sweetly, when they helped her from the carriage, on the evening of her arrival.

"Do not say so, cousin," Donald Wilson replied, as he helped her up the steps; "the country air may revive you. I cannot give up all hope yet."

"Don't delude yourself with false hopes, Donald," Bertha replied; "I will never be well again."

"How delightful this is," she said, when comfortably established on the sofa in the parlour; "I am so glad that I was able to reach this dear place once more. If I could only see Tommy now."

"You are too tired, Bertha," her father answered; "in the morning, when you are rested, we will send for him."

Tommy had been her constant thought. All through the winter she had expressed an anxiety to see him, and now that her