

C. Yes, the Lord's prayer, and two other prayers ; but there is nothing in them about Susan's being sick.

D. And can't you make a little prayer on purpose.

C. I don't know ; I never tried.

D. Then go up into your chamber, my dear child and kneel down, where you always say your prayers every night, and pray to God just as if you could see him in the room with you. You may depend upon it He is there.

C. Shall I ask him to help to cure Susan ?

D. Ask him to cure her, if it is best she should get well.

C. Why, it is best certainly. And will it be wrong to tell him how sorry I am that I forgot the window, and ask him to forgive me ?

D. No, it will be quite right.

C. Then I will go this minute. You must come again before dinner—won't you ?

D. Yes, I must indeed.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

*Charles comes softly into his Mother's chamber, half dressed.*

C. Mother, are you here ? it is so dark I cannot see you.

M. I am here, sitting by the bed, my son.

C. The fire is out, and the candle is just going out ; may I open the shutter a little way, so that I can see the baby, mother ? I won't wake her.

M. She is not asleep, my dear boy. But what made you wake at day break ?

C. I kept thinking of Susan when I was asleep, mother. What makes her so still ? is the pain better ?

M. It is all gone, Charles ; she will never feel it again ; open the shutters wide and come here.

C. O, mother, mother ! (*burying his face in her lap.*) I do not wish to look at her.

M. What is the matter, Charles ? tell me.

C. She is dead—she is dead! the tears keep rolling down your cheeks,—and she is lying just like my little canary bird—and I do believe she is dead !

M. Yes ! my baby is dead, Charles ! and—

C. Don't cry, don't cry ! dear mother ; you did not cry when I came in—I will leave off crying if you will, mother.

M. Look at her little pale face, Charles ;—why are you unwilling to look at her ?

C. I do not know. Will you take her off the bed ? Are you afraid to hold her in your arms ?

M. O, no ; I have held her a great while to-night, Charles, and she died in my lap.

C. And were you all alone ?

M. No, there were two or three people with me then, and they were very kind ; but I sent them all away at last.