

mised, and was taken to Bertha's room, where she reclined on a couch.

"I'm glad you've come, Tommy," she said, reaching out her hand to him when he entered.

"Are you sick, Miss Bertha?" he asked, with the ready sympathy of a child. He saw that the bright colour, which had given her cheeks the appearance of perfect health the morning before, was now all faded, leaving them almost as white as her spotless wrapper. Her golden hair fell back from her face in loose masses, showing the blue veins on her brow so plain as to be almost palpable.

"I am not well, Tommy; but I hope soon to be better. When I get home to my Father's house I will not suffer any more pain or sickness."

"Are you going away, again Miss Bertha?" Tommy asked sadly; for he did not understand the meaning of her words.