

"I fear she will not recover very rapidly," said the doctor. "She has a delicate constitution, and will require the best of care."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Turner, "I do not wonder she is nearly dead; but who can she be? Some terrible accident must have occurred at sea."

"You had better examine her clothing," said the doctor; perhaps you may find some clue to her relations."

Mrs. Turner lifted the gossamer white dress, and turned it over and over. The square and compass placed there by Mr. Durant flashed upon the eyes of all at once. The doctor and Mr. Turner looked at each other, but neither spoke, and Mrs. Turner did not notice the tear that glistened in her husband's eyes.

The doctor's fears that Eva would not recover rapidly proved to be well founded; days and weeks of fever succeeded in awakening her to life, during which she talked incoherently of "papa" and "poor mamma," and of the "burning ship," and of "hunger." She finally awoke to consciousness, and asked many questions as to where she was and how she came in the dark room, and who were those who attended her, but Dr. Hunt forbade her being questioned until she was stronger.

How interested were all in the little convalescent, whom the elements had cast into the little seaboard town! The ladies declared that never before did a child possess such lovely eyes or such beautiful curls, while the gentlemen seemed no less interested, and brought her gifts of everything that might please her childish fancy.

"My dear little girl," said Dr. Hunt, when Eva was at length able to ride out, "will you tell me your name?"

"Eva," said the child; "I thought you knew it."

"Yes, I know your name is Eva, but I want to know the rest of your name—your father's name."

"Eva Durant. Mr. Durant is my papa."

"Yes, I want you to tell me all you can remember about you father and mother."

Eva's eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, sir, my mamma died and went to live with the angels, and I do not know where papa is. He said if I never saw him again I must know he had gone to mamma."

"Where were you when he told you this?"

"On the ship; and oh, the fire burned me so; and papa held me in his arms until a strange man took me and tied something under my arms and threw me into the water, and I have not seen papa since. Oh, sir, can you tell me where he is?"

"No, dear child; but perhaps we may yet find him."

And this was all that Eva's new friend could discover. It was plain she had come from the ship which had been burned a few weeks before; that she had been cast upon the sea, and floated to the shore; but where was her father? Had he been saved, and was he searching for his child?

Every possible effort was now made to find him. The circumstances of the case, with the statement of the child, was published fully in the newspapers of the neighbouring cities, but the grief-stricken father, believing his child to be lost, had sailed a week before for Europe, and it soon became settled in the minds of Eva's protectors that he had perished. But the little one still prattled about her "papa" and said