

and bidding good-bye to her black nurse ; and ever since that they had lived in poor places, and people spoke harshly to them ; and though her mamma never answered them back, she sighed heavily, and sometimes leaned her head on her hand and wept.

And one night it snowed in on the bed, and Cicely caught cold and had a fever, which left her with the dreadful lameness that I told you about ; and then Cicely's mother groaned because she had no money ; for she thought some of the great doctors, if they were well paid for it, might think it worth their while to try and cure Cicely.

Cicely's limb was less painful now than it had been for two years, although it was quite useless ; but her mother, as I told you, helped her to limp to school. Cicely kept hoping it would get quite well, and she wanted to learn as fast and as much as she could ; because she thought if she got all the medals, the Committee might say, "Cicely, we must have you for a teacher here, some day."

Yes ; why not ? Stranger things than that have happened ; and then, perhaps, she could earn enough to (and here Cicely had to stop to think, because there were so many things they wanted,)—earn enough to buy a warm pair of blankets for their bed ; and enough to have a cup of tea Sunday nights ; and enough to keep a fire and a light through the long winter evenings, and not have to go to bed because they were so cold, and because candles were so dear.

Yes ; Cicely was looking forward to all that, when she limped along to school. She thought it would be so delightful to empty her purse in her kind mother's lap, and say : "Dear mother, you needn't work any more. I will support you, now."

Oh, what a nice thing hope is ! Sometimes, to be sure, she leads us a long dance for nothing ; but I am very certain that