

me sit up till a quarter to ten, a whole hour and a quarter later than I ever did before; but she said the night was so lovely she could understand quite well my wishing not to go to bed, and to shut out the stars and the moon that were shining so beautifully. So we took out Papa's long plaid, and laid it on the grass, and sat looking up into the skies till it seemed to grow more and more lovely, and the longer we looked, more and more stars seemed to come out.

Miss Hayward told me what I never knew before, that the stars are not, as they seem to us, all of the same colour, pretty little twinkling lights, each exactly the same as the other, but of different colours, some red, some quite white, some of a fine dark purple, others of a