

red, some of nearly every colour that can be thought of.

I should like very much to go and travel in the plains of Syria; and yet I do not know, I am so fond of the stars as I have known them all my life, that I am not quite sure I should like them so well when I saw them different.

When we were nearly tired of talking about the stars, Hasie and I repeated all the hymns we could remember to each other. Time about we said them, and I liked that very much; everything was so quiet round us, and no one to listen to us except God. You cannot think how lovely it all was, Mamma; the dear old owl sat hooting as usual on the top of the drawing-room chimney, and the dear little bats came sweeping past close to our heads, as if they