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we used to do when Callie was a very little baby and had gone to sleep, into mamma's room.

How well I remember everything, even now! It seems to be only yesterday, and not years and years ago, that aunt Mary led me into the curtained, silent chamber, where I scarcely dared breathe, all was so solemn and so still. Mamma was sitting in a great easy chair before the fire, with Callie on her lap; papa was there too, standing at the window, but he never turned round or took any notice of me this time, and I could not see his face. Mamma looked very grave, almost stern. I had never seen that look in her eyes before. It frightened me, and made me feel as if I had been doing something naughty. She scarcely seemed to know that I had come into the room. It was aunt Mary who moved the shawl aside that I might see Callie's face. She was lying very quietly and peacefully, with her little hands folded on her breast. She might have been only sleeping, but then mamma need not have looked so grave. I wanted to stay a long time, but aunt Mary drew me gently away. When I looked up to her, she was crying. Mamma did not cry at all, nor speak a single word.