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So I went to my own room and sat there by the casement, looking out into the cold and dark. All seemed strange to me. It was the first time in my life that I had felt really unhappy, except for doing wrong. The Minster clock struck eight. Last night, when it struck eight, how different everything had been!

But then last night was such a long time ago. I felt ever so much older and sadder and more thoughtful. I wondered if I should ever feel like a real little girl again, and romp and play about with Callie. And yet Callie had not seemed so very ill. Her face was not half so much changed as mamma's.

Skinny came to tell me it was time to go to bed. I asked if mamma was not coming to hear me say my prayers. Though I was eleven years old, I used always to say my prayers aloud, by mamma's side, or if she could not hear me say them, aunt Mary used to come. I never said them by myself at all. Skinny said she thought I should have to do so to-night, but I said I would lie awake until mamma came.

By-and-by a stream of moonlight poured in through the ivy leaves about my casement window, and lay