

silver-white upon the pillow where Callie's head had so often rested. Last month when the moon was at the full, we had both of us lain awake to watch it, and she had dabbled her little hands in its light, and tried to catch the shimmering rays as they quivered round her, amongst her golden hair, and shouted with joy as the great yellow face peered slowly out upon us from behind the Minster tower, then dipped into a black cloud, then came up again, round, bright, silent as ever. It was creeping out from behind the Minster tower now, and a great black cloud was waiting to catch it, but no Callie laughed to see it any more, and no soft little fingers dabbled in its light, and the sheen of its silver whiteness rested on no bonnie golden locks this time.

But the black cloud kept rising higher and higher, until the moon was quite hidden, and all was shadow, but not darkness. The door was opened. Some one came quietly in. I could not see, but I felt it was mamma, who had come to hear me say my prayers. Without a word she knelt beside me. I clasped my hands. She laid hers upon them, and bent her head very low.

'Pray God, bless dear papa and mamma, and let