

'Be sure you do.'

'But it is very difficult, Nina. My eyes feel so heavy, and I am quite comfy,' said Rosaleen. 'I have no pain now, and I am not angry with anybody now. Do you think God will forgive me, Nina? I have been an awfully wicked girl.'

'I think He will. I knew He will,' replied Nina. 'But don't go to sleep, Rose; for if you do you may never wake again.'

Rose looked at her without quite comprehending. Nina got up trembling.

'I must do something,' she said to herself. She ran up to the top of the quarry, waved her lantern, and shouted as surely no girl ever shouted before. She then laid the lantern where it could be seen by anybody walking across the moor; but was anybody likely to cross that desolate moor on so bleak and terrible a night? She dared not leave Rosaleen another moment; she ran back to her. Alas! and alas! when she did so the child was fast asleep. Nina clasped her in her arms, shook her, whispered in her ears, breathed upon her, but all in vain; and then, overcome by a strange sensation which she had never known before, the elder girl clasped the younger tightly in her arms, and began herself to yield to the seductive and sleepy influence of the snow.