

SECOND DAY.

Yesterday was a holiday, and yet I was not at all happy. I suppose if Papa and Mamma had been at home, I should have been happy.

I am afraid I was discontented; and to be discontented, Mamma says, is to be ungrateful. I did not want to be ungrateful, yet I felt cross and angry; and could do nothing but wish all day that Papa and Mamma had not gone away.

I knew it was of no use, still I could not help it; so this is all. I have made my great resolve to begin to grow good. And now I have had to write all this down, and Mamma will see it when she comes home.