

afraid; and then I get angry at the very things I know I ought to be obliged to her for; and in my very heart I think her unjust, and cross, and cruel; though I know very well she is none of these. This does not look as if I had a kind heart; and yet she sometimes says I have. It is very easy to be *sometimes* kind, but very difficult to be *always* kind. This must be what Mamma means, when she says so often, that the heart is naturally wicked. I remember a story of a good clergyman, who, when he was going out to India to teach the poor heathen that they must not bow down, and worship gods made of wood, and stone, and gold, and silver, but must pray only to the real true God of heaven, he went for the last time to see all the little children he had taught at his Sunday school, and told