

ELEVENTH DAY.

A letter from Mamma at last, a very long letter, so it quite makes up for my being disappointed yesterday. She asks me a great many questions that I am to answer, she says, in my Journal.

Have I been good? I think, indeed I am quite sure, I may say that I have at least tried to be good.

Have I been gentle in my manner to Miss Hayward? Dear Hasie has been in so much sorrow that I could not help being gentle, so I do not deserve any credit for that.

Have I fed all Mamma's birds, and my own, regularly every day at the windows? Yes, regularly every day.