

Have I kept my thoughts better from wandering, while Miss Hayward reads prayers? Ah, Mamma, I wish I had not to answer that question. No, I am afraid not. Strive as I will,—for indeed, Mamma, I do strive,—my thoughts will go wandering away. Twenty times I call them back, and still it is of no use.

I know what I will do, I will make a promise to Mamma, and to myself, every day to say a prayer without asking for anything else but this,—To be able to keep my whole thoughts fixed, not only at prayers, but at all times when any body reads to me of God. I remember one day, a long time ago, Mamma reading aloud to Papa a sentence from an old book, and I have never forgotten it since.

It was, “Remember we make a great