

carefully, he drew that up too, and when, having at last reached the rope, when night came on, he fastened it strongly to a ring in the wall, let himself down, and made his escape.

All this was done by a little black beetle. And as I am bigger than a great many black beetles, though, perhaps, as yet at least, I may not be much wiser even than one, I hope, dear Mamma, you will still let me be Amy's mamma, for I want to try to do all the good for her that I can; and, besides,—yes, this is a very lucky thought,—it is very likely that in trying to make her good, I may grow better myself.