

THIRTEENTH DAY.

This is Sunday, the second Sunday since Papa and Mamma went away. We went to church in the morning, and to-night Miss Hayward and I sat so long by the dear old fir tree, repeating hymns to each other, that now I have only a very few moments to write in my Journal, before Ellen comes: and when she does, I must go off to bed at once. I do not forget that, Mamma, you see, though you are not here. I remember very well, all your loving lectures, or your good advice, or whatever I should call it, about dawdling, losing Ellen's time and my own, and not getting into bed at a regular time.