

FIFTEENTH DAY.

Fifteen days since Papa and Mamma went away. Fifteen days before Mamma, and Papa, and Amy can be here. Fifteen days, that is a long time ; a very long time either for doing good, or doing harm. I am afraid I have done very little good in the fifteen days that are gone. I cannot even remember *one* good thing. And how many I might have done. Oh, Fanny, Fanny, naughty Fanny, I know Mamma will say, what a poor account you have to give of a whole month. Your own sorrows, and your own joys, with those of Miss Hayward, because she was before you, and you could not help seeing them, have filled up all your thoughts ; and for fifteen