

whole days you have never looked about to find whether there are not many many sorrows all round you, which God has, perhaps, given you the means of removing, had you taken the trouble of finding them out.

These are the very words, I know well, that Mamma would say, were she here at this minute. And I know, too, it would all be true.

I have been happy, and, like the little silver trout, have not cared who was in sorrow. I have fared sumptuously every day, and have never thought whether some poor Lazarus might not be laid at Papa's gate, starving of hunger.

One of the things Mamma told me particularly to put in my Journal, was all the visits we paid to the poor people. And we have not paid one.