

anything about it. And all that had looked so difficult before, seemed quite easy now, for I felt quite sure that Hugh would give me the cart again, and that the rock would be finished, and that Amy would think her garden pretty.

You cannot think, dear Mamma, how happy I felt, for then for the first time I remembered how ashamed I should have been to write down in my Journal, that I had decided on going for the stones; and now, too, I remember how ashamed I ought to be, at this moment, for having taken so long to decide on doing what was right, instead of what was wrong.

I ran away to the school-room as merry as a bird, and there was Miss Hayward before me. I was going to tell her what I had de-