

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

This has been another rainy day, so we could not go to see the old woman.

Mrs. Grey has been so kind as to lend me a great many pretty books to read, and one that I have just finished is, I am quite sure, one of the very best little books that ever was written for children. Its name is Lucy Seymour. I am going to keep up all my pocket-money, that I may buy it, and have it to read to Amy whenever she comes. I do not think that any one could read that book, and not grow better; not learn at least a little of what it says, "to live for others, and not for ourselves." I should