

I begin to think of it, I am afraid that, after all, I am quite as bad as Harriet.



NINETEENTH DAY.

Mamma, we have seen the old woman, the poor poor old woman; I think it would almost have broken your heart, Mamma, to have gone into her cottage, or rather her black, dark falling-down hut, and to have seen her lying with nothing but a little straw between her and the sharp boards, with only some tattered old clothes to cover her.

And then she thanked us so much for