

Well, Mamma, that is seven years ago, and she is still living there, for they never turned her out, and the neighbours say that sometimes, when they had only a handful of meal, or a potato to eat, they would divide it with her.

Think of that, Mamma, think of their being so very poor themselves, and yet taking in one who was poorer still, and they seemed to think nothing of all this, and so much of our promising to help them a little.

And yet, I am sure, it would have been no wonder if they had done nothing for that poor woman, and it would have been a great wonder if we did not wish to do every thing we can do for them.

I have been puzzling very much, Mamma, over some thoughts that have come into my