

going to try to put down only what ought to be written on a Sunday.

Ellen took me to church, as Miss Hayward could not. Our own clergyman did not preach, and I was very sorry at first, for I long to hear his clear old voice, and to see his white head and kind face, and I was afraid I should not be able to attend to any one else half so well.

But I knew, Mamma, that this was a very bad thought, so I remembered what you have so often told me, and prayed to God to take it out of my heart. And I really do think God must have heard that prayer, and, because He knew I was quite in earnest, He granted it; for, when I came home, I