Rosamond, a little girl of about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along, she looked in at the windows of several shops, and she saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them: but there were a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts, and carriages, and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"O mother, how happy I should
be," said she, as she passed a toy-shop, "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke, they came to a milliner's shop; the windows were hung with ribands and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"O mamma, what beautiful roses! won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went a little farther, and they came to another shop, which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweller's shop; and there were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.
"Mamma, you'll buy some of these?"
"Which of them, Rosamond?"
"Which? I don't know which; but any of them, for they are all pretty."
"Yes, they are all pretty; but what use would they be of to me?"
"Use! Oh, I'm sure you could find some use or other, if you would only buy them first."
"But I would rather find out the use first."
"Well, then, mamma, there are buckles: you know buckles are useful things, very useful things."
"I have a pair of buckles, I don't want another pair," said her mother, and walked on. Rosamond was very sorry, that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop which appeared to her far more beau-
tiful than the rest. It was a chemist's shop, but she did not know that.

"O mother! oh!" cried she, pulling her mother's hand; "Look, look! blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! O mamma, what beautiful things! Won't you buy some of these?"

Still her mother answered as before; "What use would they be of to me, Rosamond?"

"You might put flowers in them, mamma, and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece; I wish I had one of them."

"You have a flower-pot," said her mother; "and that is not a flower-pot."

"But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know."

"Perhaps, if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed."
"No, indeed, I'm sure I should not: I should like it exceedingly."

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase till she could see it no longer.

"Then, mother," said she, after a pause, "perhaps you have no money?"

"Yes, I have."

"Dear, if I had money, I would buy roses, and boxes, and buckles, and purple flower-pots, and every thing." Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech.

"O mamma, would you stop a minute for me; I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much."

"How comes there to be a stone in your shoe?"

"Because of this great hole, mamma—it comes in there; my shoes are quite worn out; I wish you'd be so
very good as to give me another pair."

"Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and buckles, and boxes, and every thing."

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stone, began to give her so much pain, that she was obliged to hop every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoemaker's shop soon afterwards.

"There! there! mamma; there are shoes: there are little shoes, that would just fit me; and you know shoes would be really of use to me."

"Yes, so they would, Rosamond. Come in." She followed her mother into the shop.
Mr. Sole, the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and his shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, "you don't think this shop so pretty as the rest?"

"No, not nearly; it's black and dark, and there is nothing but shoes all round; and, besides, there's a very disagreeable smell."

"That smell is the smell of new leather."

"Is it? Oh!" said Rosamond, looking round, "there is a pair of little shoes; they'll just fit me, I'm sure."

"Perhaps they might, but you cannot be sure, till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite sure, that you should, like the purple vase exceedingly, till you have examined it more attentively."
“Why, I don’t know, about the shoes, certainly, till I’ve tried; but, mamma, I’m quite sure I should like the flower-pot.”

“Well, which would you rather have, that jar, or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you.”

“Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both?”

“No, not both.”

“Then the jar, if you please.”

“But, I should tell you, that I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month.”

“This month! that’s a very long time, indeed. You can’t think how these hurt me; I believe I’d better have the new shoes—but yet, that purple flower-pot——Oh, indeed, mamma, these shoes are not so very, very bad; I think I might wear them a little longer;
and the month will soon be over: I can make them last to the end of the month; can't I? Don't you think so, mamma?"

"Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself: you will have time enough to consider about it, whilst I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs."

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure; and whilst her mother was speaking to him Rosamond stood in profound meditation, with one shoe on, and the other in 'er hand.

"Well, my dear, have you decided?"

"Mamma!—yes—I believe. If you please—I should like the flower-pot; that is, if you won't think me very silly, mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promise you, Rosamond; but when you are to judge for yourself, you should choose
what will make you the happiest; and then it would not signify who thought you silly."

"Then, mamma, if that's all, I'm sure the flower-pot would make me the happiest," said she, putting on her old shoe again; "so I choose the flower-pot."

"Very well, you shall have it; clasp your shoe and come home."

Rosamond clasped her shoe, and ran after her mother; it was not long before the shoe came down at the heel, and many times was she obliged to stop, to take the stones out of her shoe, and often was she obliged to hop with pain; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop with the large window, Rosamond felt her
joy redouble, upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her own flowers, which she had in a corner of her mother’s garden.

"I’m afraid they’ll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond," said her mother to her, when she was coming in with the flowers in her lap.

"No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon I dare say; and sha’n’t I be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot?"

"I hope so, my dear."

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expect-
ed: but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished-for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up, with an exclamation of joy; "I may have it now, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, it is yours." Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap, upon the carpet, and seized the purple flower-pot.

"Oh, dear mother," cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, "but there's something dark in it—it smells very disagreeably—what is it? I didn't want this black stuff."

"Nor I neither, my dear."

"But what shall I do with it, mamma?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But it will be of no use to me, mamma."
"That I can't help."
"But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water."
"That's as you please, my dear."
"Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?"
"That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl."

The bowl was produced, and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But what was her surprise and disappointment, when it was entirely empty, to find that it was no longer a purple vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour, merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.
"Why should you cry, my dear?" said her mother; "it will be of as much
use to you now, as ever, for a flower-pot."

"But it won't look so pretty on the chimney-piece; I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much."

"But didn't I tell you that you had not examined it; and that perhaps you would be disappointed?"

"And so I am disappointed indeed; I wish I had believed you beforehand. Now I had much rather have the shoes; for I shall not be able to walk all this month: even walking home, that little way, hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I'll give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond, you must abide by your own choice; and now the best
thing you can possibly do is, to bear your disappointment with good hu-
mour."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes; and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here: many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till, at last, she could neither run, dance, jump, nor walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see any thing, she was pulling her shoes up at the heels, and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes; and, at length,
on the very last day of the month, it happened, that her father proposed to take her with her brother to a glass-house, which she had long wished to see. She was very happy; but, when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste down stairs to her brother and her father, who were waiting at the hall-door for her, the shoe dropped off: she put it on again in a great hurry; but, as she was going across the hall, her father turned round. "Why, are you walking slip-shod? no one must walk slip-shod with me; why, Rosamond," said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, "I thought that you were always neat; go, I cannot take you with me."

Rosamond coloured and retired.— "O mamma," said she, as she took off her hat, "how I wish, that I had
chosen the shoes—they would have been of so much more use to me than that jar: however, I am sure—no, not quite sure—but I hope, I shall be wiser another time."
"What are you looking for, Rosamond?" said her mother.

Rosamond was kneeling upon the carpet, and leaning upon both her hands, looking for something very earnestly.

"Mamma," said she, pushing aside her hair which hung over her face, and looking up with a sorrowful countenance, "I am looking for my needle; I have been all this morning, ever since breakfast, trying to find my needle, and I cannot find it."

"This is not the first needle that you have lost this week, Rosamond."

"No, mamma."
“Nor the second.”
“No, mamma.”
“Nor the third.”

Rosamond was silent; for she was ashamed of having been so careless as to lose four needles in one week.

“Indeed, mamma,” said she, after being silent for some time, “I stuck it very carefully into my work, when I put by my work yesterday, I think, but I am not quite sure of that.”

“Nor I either,” said her mother; “I cannot be sure of that, because I know you have the habit of leaving your needle loose, hanging by the thread, when you leave off work.”

“But I thought that I had cured myself of that, mamma: look here, mamma, I can show you in my work the very holes where I stuck my needle; I assure you it falls out after I have stuck
it in, because I shake my work generally before I fold it up."

"Then I advise you to cure yourself of shaking your work before you fold it up; then the needle will not drop out; then you will not spend a whole morning crawling upon the ground to look for it."

"I am sure I wish I could cure myself of losing my needles; for I lost, besides my needle, a very pleasant walk yesterday, because I had no needle, and I could not sew on the string of my hat: and the day before yesterday I was not ready for dinner, and papa was not pleased with me: and do you know, mamma, the reason I was not ready for dinner was, that you had desired me to mend the tuck of my frock."

"Nay, Rosamond, I do not think that was the reason."
“Yes, I assure you it was, mother, for I could not come down before I had mended that tuck, and I could not find my needle, and I lost all my time looking for it, and I found it but just before the dinner bell rang.”

“Then, by your own account, Rosamond, it was your having lost your needle that was the cause of your being late for dinner, not my desiring you to mend your gown.”

“Yes, mamma; but I think the reason that my sister Laura keeps her needles so safely is, that she has a housewife to keep them in, and I have no housewife, mamma, you know. Would you be so very good, mamma, as to give me a housewife, that I may cure myself of losing my needles?”

“I am glad,” said her mother, “that
you wish, my dear, to cure yourself of any of your little faults; as to the housewife, I'll think about it."

A few days after Rosamond had asked her mother for a housewife, as she was watering her flowers in the garden she heard the parlour window opening, and she looked and saw her mother beckoning to her—she ran in—it was in the evening, a little while after dinner.

"Look upon the table, Rosamond," said her mother, "and tell me what you see."

"I see two plums, mamma," said Rosamond, smiling, "two nice ripe purple plums."

"Are you sure, that you see two nice ripe purple plums?"

"Not quite sure," mamma, said Rosamond.
mond, who at this instant recollected the purple jar; "but I will, if you please, look at them a little nearer."

She went up to the table, and looked at them. "May I touch them, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear."

Rosamond touched them, and tried to smell them, and then exclaimed, "One is quite hard, and the other is soft—One is a great deal colder than the other—One smells like a plum, and the other has no smell at all—I am glad I was not quite sure, mamma; for I do believe that one of them is not a plum, but a stone—a stone painted to look like a plum."

"You are very right," said her mother: "and I am glad you remembered the purple jar. Now eat the real plum, if you like to eat it."
Rosamond ate the plum, and she said that it was very sweet and good. Whilst she was eating it, she looked very often at the stone, that was painted to look like a plum; and she said, "How very pretty it is! It is quite like a real plumb—I dare say, nobody would find out that it was not a plum, at first sight—I wonder whether Laura, or my brother George, would find it out as soon as I did—I should like to have that stone plum, mamma. If you had given me my choice, I would rather have had it than the real plum, which I have eaten, because the pleasure of eating a plum, you know, mamma, is soon over; but that," said Rosamond, pointing to the plum, that was made of stone, "would last for ever, you know, mamma."

"Which do you mean, my dear, that
the stone would last for ever, or that the pleasure of having that stone plum would last for ever?"

Rosamond considered for a little while, and then answered, "I don't know, mamma, exactly, which I meant; but I mean now, that I think I should have a great deal of pleasure in showing that stone plum to Laura and my brother, and that I should like to have it for my own, because it is very pretty, and curious, and ingenious—and I mean, that I would much rather have had it than the plum which I have ate, if you had been so good as to have given me my choice."

"Well, my dear," said her mother, "as you have eaten the plum, you cannot, perhaps, tell exactly what you would have chosen."

"Oh yes, indeed, mamma, I am sure,"
almost sure, I should have chosen the stone plum. I know, this instant, if you were to offer me another real plum, or this," said Rosamond, taking the stone in her hand, "I know which I should choose."

Rosamond was looking so earnestly at the stone plum, that she did not, for some instants, perceive a housewife, which her mother placed upon the table before her.

"A housewife!—a red leather housewife, mamma!" she exclaimed, as soon as she saw it, and she put down the stone plum.

Her mother now placed the plum and the housewife beside one another, and said to her, "Take your choice of these two, my dear; I will give you either the housewife or the stone plum, whichever you like best."
"I hope, mamma," said Rosamond, with a very prudent look—"I hope I shall not take such a silly choice as I did about the purple jar—let us consider—the plum is the prettiest, certainly; but then, to be sure, the housewife would be the most useful; I should not lose my needles, if I had the housewife to keep them in. I remember I wished for a housewife, and asked you for one the other day, mamma. I am very much obliged to you for getting this for me. Did you get it on purpose for me, mamma?"

"It does not signify, my dear, whether I did or not—you need not think about that at present, but consider which of the two things, that are before you, you prefer."

"Prefer means like best—I prefer—" said Rosamond, "but stay, I
have not done considering yet—the housewife;—I should not be so apt to lose my needles, and I like to cure myself of my little faults. I was very happy when you smiled and praised me, mamma, and said, the other day, that you were glad to see that I wished to cure myself of my little faults; and I dare say, mamma, that you would smile a great deal more, and be a great deal more pleased with me, when I really have quite entirely cured myself."

"I don't promise you, my dear," said her mother, "that I should smile a great deal more, but I certainly should be much more pleased to see, that you had really cured yourself of any bad habit, than I was to hear you say, that you wished to improve yourself."

"But then, mamma," said Rosamond, "losing my needles—the habit I
mean of losing my needles—is but a very little fault; and I think I could cure myself of that without having a housewife. You know, I might, as you said, cure myself of shaking my work before I fold it up, and that would prevent the needle from dropping out, so that I think I might do without the housewife—what do you think, mamma? but I need not ask you, because I know you will say, as you did about the purple jar, ‘think for yourself, my dear.’"

Rosamond, as she pronounced the words purple jar, turned her eyes from the stone plum, and fixed them upon the housewife.

"The housewife will be the most useful to me, certainly—I choose the housewife, mamma, and I’ll cure myself of
my little faults, and you shall see, I hope, that I shall not lose my needles so often. This housewife will last and be of use to me a great while, and the pleasure of seeing Laura and my brother mistake that stone for a plum would soon be over; and, as to its being pretty, I should soon be tired of looking at it, and forget it, as I forgot—I remember—I mean as I remember that I forgot the pretty gilt coach and six, after I had had it three or four days. I hope, dear mamma, that I have considered well this time, and I think that I have chosen better than I did about the purple jar.”

“I think you have, my dear little girl,” said her mother.

Some weeks after Rosamond had chosen the red leather housewife, her brother came to her, and said, “Can
you lend me a needle, Rosamond? my father says that he will show us something, that will entertain us, if you can."

"Yes," said Rosamond, "I can lend you a needle; I have never lost one since I have had this housewife;" she took out of her housewife a needle, and lent it to her brother; and he said, "Thank you, come with me; papa said, that, if you had your needle safe, you should see what he is going to show to us."

Her father showed her and her brother several experiments with her needle and a magnet; and Rosamond was much entertained with seeing these experiments, and she was very glad that she had cured herself of the habit of losing her needles; and she said,
"Mother, I am glad I chose the red leather housewife, that has been so useful to me, instead of the stone plum, which would have been of no use to me."
THE

INJURED ASS.

"Are you very busy, mamma?" said Rosamond—"Could you be so good as to look at your watch, once more, and tell me what o'clock it is—only once more, mamma?"

"My dear Rosamond, I have looked at my watch for you four times within this hour—it is now exactly twelve o'clock."

"Only twelve, mamma! Why, I thought the hour-glass must have been wrong; it seems a great deal more than an hour since I turned it, and since you told me it was exactly eleven o'clock—
It has been a very long, long hour, mamma—Don't you think so, Laura?"

"No, indeed," said Laura, looking up from what she was doing; "I thought it was a very short hour;—I was quite surprised, when you said, mamma, that it was twelve o'clock."

"Ah, that is only because you were so busy drawing; I assure you, Laura, that I, who have been watching the sand running all the time, must know best; it has been the longest hour I ever remember."

"The hour in itself has been the same to you and to Laura," said her mother: "how comes it, that one has thought it long and the other short?"

"I have been waiting and wishing all the time, mamma, that it was one o'clock, that I might go to my brothers and see the soap bubbles they promised
to show me. Papa said, that I must not knock at his door till the clock strikes one. Oh, I've another long hour to wait," said Rosamond, stretching herself and gaping; "another whole long hour, mamma."

"Why should it be a long hour, Rosamond?—Whether it shall seem long or short to you may be just as you please."

"Nay, mamma, what can I do? I can shake the hour-glass, to be sure: that makes the sand run a little faster," said Rosamond; and she shook the glass as she spoke.

"And can you do nothing else, Rosamond," said her mother, "to make the hour go faster?"

"Nothing, that I know of, mamma. Tell me what I can do?"

"You told us just now the reason
that Laura thought the last hour shorter than you did."

"O, because she was busy, I said."

"Well, Rosamond, and if you were busy——"

"But, mamma, how can I be busy, as Laura is, about drawing? You know I'm not old enough yet: I have never learned to draw; I have no pencil; I have no paper, mamma; I have no rubber-out, mamma; how can I be busy, as Laura is, about drawing, mamma?"

"And is there nothing in this world, Rosamond, that people can be busy about, except drawing? I am at work, and I am busy. Is there nothing you can do without a pencil, paper, and rubber, and without being as old as Laura?"

"Suppose, mamma, I was to wind
that skein of red silk now, which you desired me to wind before night; perhaps that would make the hour shorter—Hey, mamma! Will it, do you think?"

"You had better try the experiment, and then you will know, my dear," said her mother.

"Is that an experiment too? Well, I'll try it," said Rosamond, "if you will be so good as to lend me your silk-winders, mamma."

Her mother lent Rosamond the winders; and she began to wind the silk: it happened to be a skein difficult to wind; it was entangled often, and Rosamond's attention was fully employed in trying to disentangle it. "There, mamma," said she, laying the ball of silk upon the table after she had wound the whole skein, I have only broken
it five times; and I have not been long in winding it, have I, mamma?"

"Not very long, my dear," said her mother: "only half an hour."

"Half an hour, dear mamma! surely it is impossible that it can be half an hour since I spoke last; since I was talking to you about the hour-glass." Rosamond turned to look at the hour-glass, and she was surprised to see the hill of sand so large in the undermost glass. "This has been a very short half hour, indeed, mamma. You were right; having something to do makes the time seem to go fast. Now, mamma, do you know, that I don't particularly like winding silk; I mean entangled skeins; and I dare say, that, if I had been doing something that I liked better, the half hour would have seemed shorter still. I have another half-hour, mam-
ma, before I go to Godfrey and the soap bubbles. Mamma, if you could think of something for me, that I should like very much to do, I might try another experiment; I might try whether the next half hour would not seem to go faster even than the last.”

“Well, my dear Rosamond,” said her mother, smiling, “as you thought of something to do for yourself when I wished it, I will try if I can find something for you to do now that you will like.” Her mother opened the drawer of her table, and took out of it a very small manuscript covered with marble paper.

“What is that mamma?” cried Rosamond.

“A little story,” said her mother, “founded on fact.”
"What's the name of it, dear mamma?"

"The Injured Ass."

"The Injured Ass;—I'm glad of it—I like the name."

"But you cannot read writing well, Rosamond."

"But, mamma," said Rosamond, "I dare say I shall be able to make this out; it seems to be very plainly written, and in a large round hand; I am glad of that; may I read it, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and, when you have read it to yourself, you may, if you like it, read it aloud to Laura and to me."

Rosamond took the little manuscript and began to read it to herself; and with Laura's assistance, she made out all the words.
THE INJURED ASS. 41

"Now, mamma, may I read it to you and Laura? I have read it all. I have not been long, have I, mamma? May I begin?"

Her mother assented, and she read the following story:—

'The Injured Ass.

'A king made a law, that, if any person had reason to complain of being treated with great ingratitude, the inhabitants of the city where he dwelled should be summoned together by the ringing of a bell, that the ungrateful man might be brought before his fellow citizens, and punished by being exposed to public shame.

'The inhabitants of this city were so virtuous that a long time passed away without any person being accused of great ingratitude. The bell became
rusty; the rotten paling, which surrounded it, was overgrown with grass and weeds; when, late one night, the unaccustomed sound of the bell was heard. The inhabitants of the city surrounded the place, and, to their utmost surprise, they beheld a grey worn-out ass, who had come there, and by chance entangled his feet in the chain of the bell, and by this means rang it. The owner of the ass was discovered: the neighbours all recollected, that it had been, in its youth, a most serviceable creature to him; by the money, which its labour had earned, his master had been enabled to purchase and enclose a bit of ground which formerly belonged to the common. The owner of the ass acknowledged that, it had been very useful to him in its youth, but said that it was of no use to him now, and
ate more than it was worth; so he had turned it loose to pick up a living in the mountains and commons, where he thought it might have found plenty of food.

'The deplorable condition of the poor creature was, however, sufficient evidence of its having been treated with great ingratitude, and the owner was condemned to pay a fine sufficient to maintain the ass comfortably for the remainder of its days; and it was farther decreed, that the part of the common, which the master of the ass had been enabled to purchase by the work of this poor animal, should be thrown open again for cattle to graze upon:

"That's the end of the story, mamma," said Rosamond; and she talked for some time about it to her mother,
and the half hour seemed to have passed away very quickly; so very quickly, that she was surprised, when her brother came to tell her, that it was past one o'clock, and that he was ready to blow the soap bubbles.
"Many a cloudy morning turns out a fine day."

"Are you getting up so soon?" said Rosamond to her sister; "it seems to be a cc'd morning; it is very disagreeable to get up from one's warm bed, in cold weather; I will not get up yet."

So Rosamond, who was covered up warmly, lay quite still, looking at Laura, who was dressing herself as quickly as she could.

"It is a cold morning, indeed," said Laura; "therefore I'll make haste, that
I may go down and warm myself, afterwards, at the fire in mamma's dressing-room."

When Laura was about half dressed, she called again to Rosamond, and told her that it was late, and that she was afraid she would not be ready for breakfast.

But Rosamond answered, "I shall be ready, I shall be ready; for you know, when I make a great deal of haste, I can dress very quickly indeed. Yesterday morning, I did not begin to dress till you were combing the last curl of your hair, and I was ready almost as soon as you were. Nay, Laura, why do you shake your head? I say almost—I don't say quite."

"I don't know what you call al-
"Most," said Laura, laughing; "I had been drawing some time before you came down stairs."

"But I looked at your drawing," said Rosamond, "the minute I came into the room, and I saw only three legs and a back of a chair; you know that was not much; it was hardly worth while to get up early to do so little."

"Doing a little and a little every morning makes something in time," said Laura.

"Very true," replied Rosamond; "you drew the whole of mamma's dressing-room, dressing-table and glass, and every thing, little by little, in—what do you call it?—perspective—before breakfast! I begin to wish, that I could get up as you do; but then I can't draw in perspective."

"But, my dear Rosamond, whilst you
are talking about perspective, you don't consider how late it is growing," said Laura; "why don't you get up now?"

"O, because it is too late to get up early now," argued Rosamond. Satisfied with this reflection, Rosamond closed her eyes, and turned to go to sleep again. "When you come to the last curl, Laura, call me once more," said she, "and then I'll get up."

But in vain Laura called her again, warning her, that she was "come to the last curl."

Rosamond was more sleepy than ever, and more afraid of the cold: at last however she was roused by the breakfast bell; she started up, exclaiming "O Laura, what shall I do? I shall not be ready—my father will be displeased with me—And I've lost my lace
—and I can’t find my pocket-handkerchief—and all my things are gone. This will be a day of misfortunes, I’m sure—and the clasp is come out of my shoe,” added she; and as she uttered these words in a dolceful tone, she sat down upon the side of the bed and began to cry.

“Nay, don’t cry,” said Laura, “or else it will be a day of misfortunes; look, here’s your pocket-handkerchief.”

“But my lace!” said Rosamond, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, “how can I be ready for breakfast without my lace; and my father will be very, very—”

“Very what?” said Laura, good-humouredly: “here’s the lace; sit up a minute, and I’ll draw it out for you.” Rosamond laughed, when she found that she was sitting upon her own lace.
and she thanked her sister, who was now sewing the clasp into her shoe.

"Well, I don’t think it will be a day of misfortunes," said Rosamond, "you see I’m almost dressed, hey, Laura? and I shall be ready in pretty good time, and I shall be just as well as if I had got up an hour ago, hey, Laura?" But at this moment, Rosamond, in her violent haste, pulled the string of her cap into a knot, which she could not untie. Laura was going out of the room, but she called her back, in a voice of distress, and begged she would be so very good as to do one thing more for her; and, as Rosamond spoke, she held up her chin and showed the hard knot. Laura, whose patience was not to be conquered even by a hard knot, began very kindly to help her sister; but Rosamond, between her dislike of the cold,
and her fears that she should not be ready for breakfast, and that her father would be displeased with her, became more and more fretful; she repeated, "This will be a day of misfortunes, after all—it tires me, Laura, to hold up my chin so long." Laura knelt down to relieve her chin; but no sooner was this complaint removed, than Rosamond began to shiver extremely, and exclaimed, "It is so cold, I cannot bear it any longer, Laura—This will be a day of misfortunes—I would rather untie the knot myself—O, that's my father's voice; he is dressed! he is dressed, and I am not half dressed!"

Rosamond's eyes were full of tears, and she was a melancholy spectacle, when her mother, at this instant, opened the room door. "What! not ready yet, Rosamond! and in tears. Look
at this cross face," said her mother, leading her to a looking-glass: "is that an agreeable little girl, do you think?"

"But I'm very cold, mamma; and I can't untie this knot; Laura, I think you have made it worse," said Rosamond, reproachfully.

At these words her mother desired Laura to go down stairs to breakfast. "Rosamond," added she, "you will not gain any thing by ill-humour: when you have done crying, and when you have dressed yourself, you may follow us down to breakfast."

As soon as her mother had shut the door and left her, Rosamond began to cry again; but, after some time, she considered, that her tears would neither make her warm, nor untie the knot of her cap; she, therefore, dried her eyes, and once more tried to conquer the
grand difficulty. A little patience was all that was necessary; she untied the knot and finished dressing herself, but she felt ashamed to go into the room to her father and mother, and brothers and sister. She looked in the glass to see whether her eyes continued red. Yes, they were very red, and her purple cheeks were glazed with tears. She walked backwards and forwards between the door and the looking-glass several times, and the longer she delayed the more unwilling she felt to do what was disagreeable to her. At length, however, as she stood with the door half open, she heard the cheerful sound of the voices in the breakfast-room, and she said to herself, “why should not I be as happy as everybody else is?” She went down stairs, and resolved, very
wisely, to tell her father what had happened, and to be good-humoured and happy.

"Well, Rosamond," said her mother, when she came into the room, and when she told her father what had happened, "you look rather more agreeable now than you did when I saw you a little while ago. We are glad to see that you can command yourself. Come now, and eat some breakfast."

Laura set a chair for her sister at the table near the fire, and Rosamond would have said, "Thank you," but that she was afraid to speak lest she should cry again. She began to eat her breakfast as fast as possible, without lifting up her eyes.

"You need not put quite such large pieces in your little mouth," said her
"and you need not look quite so dismal; all your misfortunes are over now, are they not?"

But at the word misfortunes, Rosamond's face wrinkled up into a most dismal condition, and the large tears, which had gradually collected in her eyes, rolled over her cheeks.

"What is the matter now, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"I don't know, mamma."

"But try to find out, Rosamond," said her mother; "think and tell me what it is that makes you look so miserable; if you can find out the cause of this woe, perhaps you will be able to put an end to it. What is the cause, can you tell?"

"The cause is—I believe, mamma,—because," said Rosamond, sobbing,—"because I think to-day will be a
—will be a day of—a day of—a day of misfortunes."

"And what do you mean by a day of misfortunes, Rosamond? a day on which you are asked not to put large pieces of bread into your mouth?"

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, half laughing, "but——"

"But what? a day when you cannot immediately untie a knot?"

"Not only that, mamma," answered Rosamond: "but a day when every thing goes wrong."

"When you do not get up in proper time, for instance?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And whose fault was that, Rosamond—your's or the day's?"

"Don't you think it was partly the day's fault, mamma, because it was so cold? It was the cold that first pre-
vented me from getting up; and then my not getting up was the cause of my being in a great hurry afterwards, and of my losing my lace and my pocket-handkerchief, and of my pulling the strings of my cap into a knot, and of my being cross to Laura, who was so good to me, and of your being displeased with me, and of all my misfortunes."

"So the cold, you think, was the cause of all these misfortunes, as you call them: but do you think that nobody has felt the cold this morning except yourself? Laura and I have felt the cold; and how comes it that we have had no misfortunes?"

"O mamma!" said Rosamond; "but you and Laura do not mind such little misfortunes. It would be very odd indeed, mamma" (and she burst out
a laughing at the idea), "it would be very droll, indeed, mamma, if I was to find you crying because you could not untie the strings of your cap."

"Or because I was cold," added her mother, laughing with her.

"I was very foolish, to be sure, mamma," resumed Rosamond; "but there are two things I could say for myself, that would be some excuse."

"Say them then, my dear; I shall be glad to hear them."

"The first is, mamma, that I was a great deal longer in the cold this morning than any body else; therefore, I had more reason to cry, you know. And the second thing I have to say for myself is——" 

"Gently," interrupted her mother; "before you go to your second excuse, let us consider whether your first is a
good one. — How came you to stay longer in the cold, this morning, than any body else did?"

"Because, mamma, you sent Laura down stairs, and told me, I must untie the knot myself."

"And why did I send Laura down stairs, and say you must untie the knot for yourself?"

"Because I was cross to Laura, I believe."

"And what made you cross to Laura?"

"I was cross because I could not untie the knot that the strings of my cap had got into."

"Had got into, Rosamond!" Did the strings get into a knot of themselves?"

"I mean, I pulled them into a knot."

"And how came you to do that?"
"Because I was in a hurry."

"And how came you to be in a hurry?"

"O, I see, mamma, that you will say it was my own fault that I did not get up in proper time—but now for the second thing I have to say for myself: The strings of my cap are a great, great deal too short; and this more than the cold was the cause of all my misfortunes. You and Laura might have felt the cold, as you say, as much as I did; but you neither of you had short strings to your caps—mamma," continued Rosamond, with an emphasis—"But" (pausing to reflect, she added) "I do not think that the cold or the strings were the real cause of my misfortunes. I don't think that I should have cried the first time, and I am almost sure that I should not have cried the se-
cond and third time, if it had not been for—something else. I am afraid, mamma, to tell you of this *something else*, because I know you will say, that was more foolish than all the rest."

"But tell it to me, notwithstanding," said her mother, smiling, "because the way to prevent yourself from being foolish again is to find out what made you so just now. If you tell me what you think, and what you feel, perhaps I may help you to manage yourself so as to make you wise, and good, and happy; but, unless I know what passes in your little mind, I shall not be able to help you."

"I'll tell you directly, mamma: it was my thinking that to-day would be a day of misfortunes, that made me cry the second and third time; and do you know, mamma," continued Rosamond
in a faltering mournful voice, "I don't know why—but I can hardly help feeling almost ready to cry when the same thing comes into my head again now, mamma. Do you think to-day will be a day of misfortunes, mamma?"

"I think, my dear," answered her mother, "that it will depend entirely upon yourself, whether it is or no. If you recollect, we have just discovered, that all your past misfortunes, as you call them——" 

"Were my own fault, you are going to say, mamma," interrupted Rosamond; "that's the worst of it! That makes me more sorry, and not pleased with myself, nor with any thing else, and ready to cry again, because I can't help it all now."

"Since you cannot help it all now," said her mother, "why should you cry
about it? Turn your thoughts to something else. We cannot help what is past; but we can take care of the future."

"The future," repeated Rosamond: "aye, the time to come. 'To-morrow, let it be ever so cold, I'll get up in good time: and, as for to-day, I can't get up in good time to-day; but I may do something else that is right; and that may make me pleased with myself again—hey, mamma?—There's a great deal of this day to come yet; and, if I take care, perhaps it will not be a day of misfortunes, after all. What do you think I had better do first, mamma?"

"Run about, and warm these purple hands of yours, I think," said her mother.

"And, after that, mamma, what shall I do next?"
“Do that first,” said her mother, “and then we will talk about the next thing.”

“But, mamma,” said Rosamond, casting a longing, lingering look at the fire, “it is very disagreeable to leave this nice warm room, and to go out to run in the cold.”

“Don’t you remember, Rosamond, how warm you made yourself by running about in the garden yesterday? you said that you felt warm for a great while afterwards, and that you liked that kind of warmth better than the warmth of the fire.”

“Yes; it is very true, mamma; one gets cold soon after being at the fire—I mean, soon after one goes away from it: but still, it is disagreeable at first to go out in the cold; don’t you think so, mamma?”
"Yes, I do; but I think also, that we should be able to do what is a little disagreeable, when we know that it will be for our good afterwards; and by putting off whatever is not quite agreeable to us to do, we sometimes bring ourselves into difficulties. Recollect what happened to a little girl this morning, who did not get up because the cold was disagreeable."

"True, mamma; I will go."

"And I am going to walk," said her mother.

"In the garden, mamma, whilst I run about? I am very glad of that, because I can talk to you between times, and I don't feel the cold so much when I'm talking. The snow is swept off the gravel walk, mamma, and there's room for both of us, and I'll run and
set your clogs at the hall door, ready for your feet to pop into them."

**THE ROBIN.**

Rosamond found it cold when she first went out, but she ran on as fast as she could, singing

> Good, happy, gay,
> One, two, three, and away,

 till she made herself quite warm.

"Feel my hands, mamma," said she, "not my purple hands, now—feel how warm they are. You see, mamma, I'm able to do what is a little disagreeable to me, when it is for my good afterwards, as you said, mamma."

Rosamond, who was now warm enough to be able to observe, saw, whilst she was speaking to her mother, a robin redbreast, which was perched at
a little distance from her upon a drift of snow. He did not seem to see Rosamond, which rather surprised her. "He must be very cold, or very tame, or very stupid," whispered she; "I'll go nearer to him." At her approach he hopped back a few paces, but then stood still. "Poor robin! pretty robin! he opens his eyes, he looks at me, he is not stupid, he likes me, I dare say, and that is the reason he does not fly away. Mamma, I think he would let me take him up in my hand—may I, mamma? he does not stir."

"I am afraid he is hurt, or ill—take care that you don't hurt him, Rosamond."

"I'll take the greatest care, mamma," said Rosamond, stooping down softly, and putting her hand over the little bird—"Hush! I have him safe,
mamma—his little claws stick to the snow—he is very cold, for he trembles—and he is frightened—there is something come over his eyes—he is ill—what shall I do with him, mamma? May I take him into the house and hold him to the fire, and then give him a great many crumbs to make him quite well?”

Rosamond’s mother advised her not to hold the bird to the fire, but said that she might take him into the house and warm him by degrees in her warm hands.

“How lucky it is that my hands are warm, and how glad I am that I came out,” cried Rosamond. “Pretty robin, he is better, mamma—he opened his eyes—I’ll take him in and show him to Laura.”

This poor robin had been almost
Starved by cold and hunger, but he was gradually recovered by Rosamond's care, and she rejoiced that she had saved the little bird's life. Her mother gave her some crumbs of bread for him; and whilst the robin redbreast was pecking up the crumbs, Rosamond stood by watching him with great delight.

"What are become of all your misfortunes, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"My misfortunes!—what misfortunes?—O, I had quite forgot—I was thinking of the robin's misfortunes."

"Which were rather greater than yours, hey, Rosamond?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "my knot was no great misfortune; I wonder I could think about such little things. But you see, mamma, this has not been a day of misfortunes after all. I am very
happy now—I am pleased with myself,
—I have saved the life of this poor little
robin; and, if I had cried all day long,
it would not have done so much good;
it would not have done any good. There
is only one thing I don’t feel quite
pleased with myself about yet—Laura!
I’m sorry I was cross to Laura about
the knot—what can I do to make
amends for that, mamma?—I’ll never
be cross again; I’ll tell her so, liey,
mamma?”

“No, I advise you not to tell her so,
Rosamond, lest you should not be able
to keep your promise—"

“If there should come another knot
to-morrow, mamma! but I think it
would be a good thing to prevent that.
Mamma, will you be so good as to give
me two long bits of tape, and I will
sew them on my cap.”
Her mother said that she thought it was wise of Rosamond to prevent *misfortunes*, instead of crying about them after they had happened: she gave her the two bits of tape, and Rosamond sewed them on her cap.

As soon as she had finished this affair, she returned to her robin, who was now flying about the room, and Laura was looking at him. "Laura, is not it a pretty robin?"

"Very pretty, indeed," said Laura.

"Should not you like to have such a robin very much, Laura?" continued Rosamond.

"I like to see him, and to hear him sing, and to feed him," answered Laura.

"Well, but should you not like to have him in a cage for your own?" said Rosamond; and at the same moment
she whispered to her mother, "Mamma, do you know I intend to give him to Laura?"

But how much was Rosamond surprised and disappointed when her sister answered, "No, I should not like to keep him in a cage, because I do not think he would be happy. I have heard that robin redbreasts die soon if they are kept in cages."

"Dear, that is very unlucky indeed," said Rosamond, "particularly as I was just going to offer to give you my robin. But you know you need not keep him in a cage, he may fly about in this room as he does now, and you may feed him every day; should not you like that, Laura? and should not you be much obliged to me then?"

Laura perceived that Rosamond was anxious she should answer yes, and she
was unwilling to displease her by refusing to accept of her offer, she therefore hesitated a little.

"Why don’t you say yes or no?" said Rosamond, in rather an impatient tone:—she had at this instant need of all her command over herself, to keep to her late excellent resolution, ‘never to be cross again.’—Her mother’s eye luckily was upon her, and, with a sudden change of countenance, Rosamond smiled and said, "No, mamma, I have not forgot—you see I am good-humoured—I am only a little sorry that Laura does not seem to like to have my little robin—I thought she would be so pleased with him."

"So I am pleased with him," replied Laura, "and very much obliged to you for offering to give him to me, but I do not wish to keep him; I once took

VOL. II.
care of a poor robin, and fed him almost all winter; but at last a sad accident happened to him; don't you remember, Rosamond, he flew upon the bars of the grate in mamma's dressing-room, and he was terribly burnt! and he died?"

Rosamond was touched by the recollection of this poor bird's sufferings; and, after expressing some regret at the thoughts of parting with the pretty robin, which was now upon the table, she determined to open the window, and to let the bird fly away, or stay, whichever he liked best. The robin fluttered for some time near the window, then returned to the crumbs upon the table, pecked them, hopped about, and seemed in no haste to be gone; at last, however, he flew. "O mamma, he is gone for ever!" said Rosa-
mond; "but I did right to let him do as he pleased, did not I, mamma? it was very disagreeable to me indeed to open the window; but you know, mamma, you told me, that we must sometimes do what is disagreeable, when it is to be for our good afterwards; this is not for my good, but for the bird's good. Well, I hope it will be for his good! at any rate I have done rightly."

Whilst Rosamond was yet speaking, the robin returned and perched upon the window-stool. Laura scattered some crumbs upon the floor within sight of the window; the bird hopped in, and flew away with one of the crumbs in his beak. "I dare say," said Rosamond, "he will often come back; every day, perhaps, Laura: O,
how glad I should be of that! would not you, mamma?"

"My dear little girl," said her mother, "I should be glad of it: I am very much pleased to see that you can command your temper, and that you can use your understanding to govern yourself." Rosamond's mother stroked her daughter's hair upon her forehead as she spoke, and then gave her two kisses.

"Ah, mamma," said Rosamond, "this is not a day of misfortunes, indeed."

"No, my dear," said her mother, "it is not; and I wish in all your little and great misfortunes you may manage yourself as well as you have done to-day."

Rosamond's prudent precaution, in
sewing longer strings to her cap proved successful; for a whole month she was dressed in proper time; and her father, to reward her for keeping her good resolutions, lent her a nice little machine of his for drawing perspective; she was allowed to use it before breakfast only, and she felt the advantage of getting up in proper time.

The robin redbreast returned regularly every day to the window to be fed, and when the window happened to be shut, he pecked at it with his little beak till it was opened for him. He at last grew so familiar that he would eat out of Rosamond’s hand.

"How much pleasure I should have lost, mamma," said Rosamond, one morning, when the bird was eating out of
of her hand, "if I had not done what was a little disagreeable to me on that cold day—which I thought would have been a day of misfortunes."
RIVULETTA.

In the spring, Rosamond and Laura went with their father and mother into the country; and they were very eager, the evening of their arrival, to walk out to look at the flowers and shrubs, and to visit all their favourite walks.

"As soon as ever dinner is over, mamma, I'll go out, if you please, and run down to the water-side to see the early rose-tree, that you planted last year. I remember the place exactly; and, mamma, if there is a rose blown, may I gather it for you?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother; "but I advise you not to raise your
expectations too high, lest you should be disappointed. Look at that dark cloud; I think we shall have a storm of hail.”

“O no, mamma,” said Rosamond, “it will blow over. You see we have just done dinner. There! the cloth is gone now, and I shall have time, before it hails, to run as far as the early rose-tree and back again.”

Rosamond put on her hat and ran away; she returned soon afterwards, quite out of breath, with an early rose-bud in her hand, if rose-bud that might be called, in which scarcely a streak of red was visible.

“Here, mamma, is the first rose you’ve had this year!” cried Rosamond, as soon as she had breath enough to express her admiration. “Is not it beautiful? and you see I had quite time
enough, mamma; it only just began to hail as I came in."

"I see a few hailstones melting upon your hat, however, Rosamond; and have you not been in rather too great a hurry to gather this beautiful rose? it would have been more blown, it might have been a pretty rose-bud, if you had had patience to wait till to-morrow, or till the day afterwards."

"Put that would have been a great while to wait, mamma: I can pull the red leaves open, and make it a full-blown rose in a minute."

"I think it would be better to put it in water, and leave it to blow," said her mother: "if you pull it open you will spoil it; and to-morrow will come; therefore we had better think of to-morrow as well as of to-day."

Rosamond paused—"Yes, mamma,"

RIVULETTA.
said she, "I think it will be better to wait till to-morrow. I'll put the rose-bud into water, if you will be so good as to lend me a tumbler."

Her mother poured some water into a tumbler: Rosamond put the rose-bud into it, and as she placed it on the chimney-piece, exclaimed, "I wish to-morrow was come!"

"And why should we lose to-day?" said her mother.

"Because, mamma, don't you see that it is hailing as hard as it can hail? and there will be no more pleasure to-day! the grass will be so wet, even if the storm should blow over before sunset, that I shall not be able to run upon the grass any more."

"And cannot you possibly be happy without running upon the grass? you did not run upon the grass yesterday
evening, and I think you were tolerably happy."

"Yes, mamma: but do you think the storm will soon be over or not? I'll stand at the window and watch that great black cloud."

In vain Rosamond watched the clouds; there was no hope that the evening would clear up; and she turned to Laura to ask her whether this was not very provoking; but Laura was reading instead of watching the clouds.

Rosamond though't that what Laura was reading must be very interesting, as it could fix her attention in such a moment as this; and, going up softly behind her sister, she exclaimed, as she read the title,—"Rivuletta!—Dear Laura, my mother gave you that, I remember, a whole week ago, and you
have kept it all this time; have you never read it yet?"

"No," said Laura, "because I happened to have a great many other things to do, and I kept the pleasure of reading this till the last; and now this rainy evening I have something to make me amends."

"For not going out," said Rosamond; "I should like to see whether it would make me amends too. I am glad you kept it for a rainy evening; that was very prudent, as mamma says.—Now you have only read one page, will you be so very good as to begin again and read it to me?"

Laura kindly complied with her sister's request; and, as soon as Rosamond had settled herself to her satisfaction, began to read the story.
‘RIVULETTA, A DREAM.’

“A dream! I like dreams,” said Rosamond; “but I won’t interrupt you.”

‘It happened towards the middle of June, that I rose remarkably early to take a walk through the country, before the sultry beams of the sun had yet heated the atmosphere: and wandering wherever the windings of the path led me, I arrived at the gate of a magnificent garden; the gardener, immediately perceiving me, desired that I should walk in, with which request I readily complied, and surveyed with delight the variety of shrubs and flowers which the garden produced; at length, reposings myself among the twisting branches of an honey-suckle, within full view of a large and costly
bed of tulips, Morpheus closed my eyes, and sent to me from Heaven the following dream:

‘On the tallest, largest, finest tulip that bloomed in the garden methought there settled a butterfly of uncommon beauty, between whose downy wings reclined a little fairy. Her form was inexpressibly elegant: sweetness, and gaiety, and youth were blended in her countenance, with innocence and unaffected grace, that she seemed as if she were that moment come to life; her flowing robe was tinctured with all the variety of colours, that it was possible for nature or art to conceive; her eyes were of a vivid blue; and her flaxen hair waved in ringlets upon her shoulders. Small though she was, I could distinguish every fold in her garment, nay, even every azure vein that wandered
beneath her snowy skin. As I was thus contemplating her with attention, she disengaged herself from the butterfly, whom she managed with a silken rein, leaving it to range about the garden at pleasure; and perching herself upon the stamina of the tulip, she began to diversify it with the very finest tinctures. She placed in her lap a little tablet covered with a numberless variety of different colours, which she by degrees laid on the surface of the flower with a pencil made of the softest hairs imaginable, wetting it every now and then with the dew-drops that still remained scattered up and down the leaves. Methought, as I gazed upon her, that I never in my life beheld a more beautiful picture. And now, that her morning work was just completed, she gathered a handful of farina off a
neighbouring flower, and began to sprinkle it over the yet moist tulip, to give it that velvet gloss, which is so peculiarly beautiful, when I happened to turn my head, and to my great surprise I beheld my youngest daughter running to seize hold of the butterfly, which she was just on the point of catching, when her foot slipped, and she crushed at once, by her fall, the flower, and the pretty little object of her wishes; even the fairy had but a narrow escape, by concealing herself under a shell, that chanced to be beneath the tulip.

'The beauty of the scene had now entirely vanished, and I saw nothing but the bruised flower, and the dying insect. A number of confused ideas now danced before my eyes, and my ears were filled with a variety of dis-
cordant sounds. At length, a small, shrill voice, distinctly articulated the following words:—

"He who now speaks to you,"—said the invisible being—"is the deity of the fairies; and as your curiosity has been excited with respect to the little fairy you have just now seen, it shall be satisfied. Her name is Rivuletta, and she belongs to the most delicate species of fairy that exists, to whom the care is given of the vegetable creation. 'Tis they who, every revolving season, enliven and beautify the scenes of nature with such a variety of tinctures; and, as they are continually employed in giving pleasure, they are peculiarly happy. What occupations can be more delightful than theirs?

"Yet think not, from this partial view, that they are exempted from the
universal lot of every being; they have their miseries in common with others. Are there not frosts to nip? Are there not heats to parch? Are there not rains to drown, and blights to blast the fairest of their produce? Nay, have they not more to fear than all these? Has not their sad experience taught them, that many a flower wastes its sweetness and dies neglected by mankind?

"And consider what those must feel, who are doomed to toil upon such neglected beauties. Have they not likewise learned what to expect from Man, who robs them of their choicest sweets ere they are arrived at full perfection?

"To all these various evils the little fairies are continually subject, and fortunate indeed is she, who escapes them all. And now look yonder," said the
invisible being; "observe that tulip and that insect, which formerly constituted the whole happiness of the unfortunate Rivuletta: she is now, by the folly of a child, deprived for ever of it, and rendered miserable for the rest of her life. How often have I viewed her, proudly mounted on her gilded butterfly, ascend to the higher regions of the sylphs, with them

"To sport and flutter in the fields of air,"

and then descend with equal joy upon her favourite flower, whose loss, by one of the laws of her society, dooms her to perpetual slavery."

"Methought, that the deity was just going to explain the reason of this, when my attention was unexpectedly diverted by the appearance of the fairy, who was slowly riding on a sable moth. Her robes, which but a little while
before had looked so gay, were now coloured of the darkest green; her countenance was pale and wan, and I discovered, that she really had become a slave since I had seen her; for, as she drew nearer to the remains of her butterfly, and stretched out her hand to reach them, I heard the sound of a heavy chain upon her little feeble arm.

'I here gave a deep sigh, and with the violence of my emotion I awoke, and hearing the buzzing of the bees, I suddenly recollected myself. I arose from my seat to pursue my walk homewards, painting upon every butterfly that I saw the image of Rivuletta.

'As I was thus recalling to my memory the delightful vision, which I had just beheld, I found, that what at first so strongly caught my senses now began to touch my heart, and that even in the
wildest flights of the imagination, reason can trace a moral. The familiar shape and humble species of the insect had made me look with indifference on its sufferings, though it expired in agony at my feet; whilst the fair form, graceful motion, and elegant attire of the fairy, had given importance to her imaginary distress, and had rung my heart with the tenderest compassion.'

After Laura had finished reading, Rosamond exclaimed, "Is that all? I wish there was some more of it."

"Why, Rosamond," said her mother, smiling, "you forget that the grass is wet, and that it has not done raining."

"Yes, mamma; and I was quite wrong when I said there would be no more pleasure to-day. There are different sorts of pleasure, mamma. I
was happy when Laura was reading to me; and I was happy when I was running on the grass a little while ago; and when I can’t have one thing that I like, I may still find out something else that will entertain me—Thank you, Laura, for reading ‘Rivuletta.’ I remember the pretty fairy’s name. Mamma, is it true, that somebody really dreamt this nice dream; and who was it, mamma? Do you know the person?"

"It is not true, my dear; it was invented and written by a very young person."

"The same boy who wrote ‘The Injured Ass,’ mamma?"

"No, my dear; but a sister of his."

"How old was she, when she wrote it, mamma?"

"She was just thirteen."
"Was she good, mamma? Was she like Laura; or was she vain or proud?"

"She was good: she was neither vain nor proud, though she was uncommonly beautiful and superior in understanding to any person of her age, that I ever was acquainted with."

"Was, mamma!" said Laura.

"Was, my dear: she is no more—Her parents lost her when she was but fifteen!"
THE THORN.

"Here is the rose-bud, mamma, that we put into water yesterday," said Rosamond; "look how prettily it has blown; and smell it; it has some smell to-day: I'm glad I did not pull it open. The to-morrow, that I wished for, is come—'To-day is the to-morrow of yester-day.'* May I go and gather a bit of sweet-briar, mamma, for you to wear with this rose?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "and then follow us along the west shrubbery walk. We are going to look at the hyacinths."

* The words used by a child five years old.
THE THORN.

"Hyacinths?—Then I'll make a great deal of haste," said she.

Impatient to follow her mother along the west shrubbery walk, and to see the hyacinths, Rosamond unluckily forgot that sweet-briar has thorns. She plunged her hand into the first sweet-briar bush she came to, but hastily withdrew it, exclaiming, "How sweet-briar pricks one!" She next selected, with rather more care, a slender sprig on the outside of the shrub; but though she pulled, and pulled, she could not break off this twig, and she shook the whole bush with her efforts; a straggling overgrown branch, armed with thorns, bent down, as Rosamond shook his neighbours, and caught fast hold of the riband of her straw hat; she struggled, but it was in vain to struggle; so
at last she quietly untied her hat, drew her head out of danger, and then dis-engaged her riband; and, at length, with scratched hands, and a thorn in her finger, she followed her mother to the hyacinths.

"Here, mamma, is the sweet-briar," said she; "but I don’t like sweet-briar; for I have run a thorn into my finger by gathering it; it is full of thorns; I don’t like sweet-briar."

"You do not like thorns, I fancy you mean," said her mother; "come here, and I will take the thorn out for you. Where is this terrible thorn?"

"You can’t see it, mamma, because it is gone a great way into my finger below the skin—Oh!—that hurts me very much," cried Rosamond, shrinking back as her mother touched the finger.
"I am trying, my dear," said her mother, "to find out whereabouts the thorn is."

"It is there just under your finger, mamma," said Rosamond.

"Then if you can lend me a needle, Rosamond, I will take it out in a moment."

"Here's a needle," said Rosamond, producing with an air of satisfaction her red morocco housewife; "here's a small needle, mamma; but you will not hurt me, will you?"

"As little as I possibly can, my dear," said her mother; "but I must hurt you a little."

"Then, mamma," said Rosamond, putting her hand behind her, "if you please, I had rather not have the thorn taken out at all."

"O Rosamond! what a coward you
arc," exclaimed her brother, who was standing by; and he began to laugh in rather an insulting manner; but he stopped himself when his mother said, "Had not we better reason with Rosamond than laugh at her?"

"Yes, mamma, let us reason," said Rosamond: but she still kept her hand behind her.

"Would you rather bear a great deal of pain or a little?" said her mother.

"A little, mamma," said Rosamond; "and that is the reason that I say I would rather bear to have the thorn as it is, in my finger, than bear the great pain of having it pulled out."

"But how do you know that it would give you a great deal of pain to have the thorn pulled out?"

"I don't know, mamma, but I fancy
—I believe it would,” said Rosamond, fixing her eyes upon the point of the needle, which her mother held in her hand.

“Do you remember ever to have had a thorn taken out of your finger?”

“No, mamma; and that is the very reason I am afraid of it; so I had rather bear the pain of the thorn, that I do know, than the pain of having it taken out, which I do not know.”

“But though you may have never felt, or never remember to have felt, what it is to have a thorn taken out of your finger, you have friends, probably, who could assist you by their experience — here is Laura, for instance; as she always speaks truth, you can believe what she says, cannot you?”

“O yes, certainly.”
"I took a thorn out of her hand, yesterday."

"Did it hurt you much, Laura?" said Rosamond.

"Very little;" said Laura; "the pain was not more than the prick of a pin."

"I could bear the prick of a pin," said Rosamond, holding out her hand; "but I think, mamma, the thorn is gone; I scarcely feel it now."

"If it is gone, my dear, I am glad of it," said her mother; "there is no occasion that you should bear even the prick of a pin for nothing. I only advised you to choose the least of two evils.—But why does your little finger stick out from all the rest of your fingers?" continued her mother, observing that as Rosamond rolled up her housewife, this little fin-
ger never bent along with its com-
panions."

"Don't you know, mamma," said 
Rosamond, "this is the finger that has 
the thorn in it?"

"O then the thorn is in it still!" said 
her mother; "I thought it was out 
just now—am I to believe, that it is 
both in and out at the same time?"

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, 
laughing; "but, till I tried to bend my 
finger, I did not feel the thorn; it does 
not hurt me in the least whilst I hold 
it still, and whilst I hold it out quite 
straight, so, mamma."

"And is it your intention to hold 
your finger out quite straight, and quite 
still, Rosamond, all the remainder of 
your life?"

"O no, mamma, that would tire 
me very much indeed; I should be
tired before I had held it so one day, or one hour, I'm sure; for I begin to be rather tired already."

"As long as you prefer this inconvenience to bearing the prick of a needle it cannot be very troublesome. Here is your needle, my dear; put it into your housewife, and now let us go to the hyacinths."

"Must I put my hand in my pocket again? I must use my other hand," said Rosamond, stretching across her left hand to her right pocket, in a strange awkward manner.

"And that is the way, my dear, you intend to get things out of your pocket in future?" said her mother.

"No, mamma," said Rosamond, laughing; "nor shall I have any pleasure in looking at the hyacinths till this thorn is out—I think my finger is swell-
ing, mamma, and it certainly is red all round the joint—Look, mamma.”

“ I do not in the least doubt it, my dear,” said her mother, calmly.

“But can you tell me, ma’am, what the end of it will be?”

“The end of what, my dear?”

“The end of my leaving the thorn in my finger.”

“The consequences of it, I suppose you mean. The probable consequences are, my dear, that the finger will fester, or gather—You may remember—”

“Oh, I do remember, indeed,” interrupted Rosamond, “last winter my foot gathered. I know what you mean by that—I recollect the pain that I felt then: it was much more than the pricks of a hundred pins. Mamma, will you be so good as to take the thorn out for me? Here is the needle.”
Her mother took the thorn out for Rosamond; the pain was soon over; and when her mother showed her the thorn sticking upon the point of the needle, she rejoiced, and bending her finger, exclaimed, "Now I can use my finger again! Thank you, mamma!—You see at last I did choose the least of the two evils."

"You have done prudently, and I'm glad of it," said her mother; "and now let us go and look at the hyacinths. I dare say, Rosamond, this thorn will make you remember to be more careful the next time you go to gather sweet-briar."

"Yes, that it will, mamma, I dare say; pain makes one remember things very well—And pleasure too, mamma, makes one remember things longer still, I think; for, since you gave me this
nice little housewife," said Rosamond, who had taken out her housewife to put by her needle, "I have never forgotten to put my needle into its place."
THE

HYACINTHS.

"O mamma! how beautiful they are!" cried Rosamond, running up to the hyacinth bed; "Pink, and blue, and lilac. I don't know which I like best, they are all so pretty; and they have a delightful smell, mamma. But what can be the meaning of this?" added she, pointing with a look of mournful surprise to a ridge of earth on which lay several faded hyacinths, that had been newly pulled up; they were lying with their flowers downwards, and the gardener was just going to cover them up with earth. "And must they be buried alive? What a pity! May not we
save the life of this beautiful pink one, mamma? The others, to be sure, are a little withered; but this," said she, lifting up the head of a tall pink hyacinth, "look at it, ma'am, now it stands upright. The new earth has soiled it a little; but we'll shake off the earth." Rosamond gave the hyacinth a gentle shake; not such a shake as she gave the sweet-briar bush; the earth still clung to the flower. Rosamond shook the stem a little more, and several of the pink flowers fell to the ground, so that only the bare green stalk now remained upright. "Well, that may be buried," said Rosamond; but she raised another of its companions from the earth — "A blue hyacinth; quite fresh, mamma!"

"Look at the other side of it, my dear," said her mother.
“It is a little withered on the other side, to be sure, mamma,” said Rosamond; “but it will look very well in a flower-pot with others—Why must they be buried?”

“The gardener, who has had more experience than you or I upon this subject says, that he buries them in this manner to strengthen their roots?”

“Their roots!” said Rosamond; “but what signify those ugly roots, in comparison with these beautiful flowers?”

“These beautiful flowers, you know, come from those ugly roots.”

“But why need they be strengthened any more, mamma? We have the flowers already.”

“Next year we shall have fresh flowers if we take care of these roots;
but if we were to throw them away, we should see no blooming hyacinths next spring."

"Next spring! It will be a great while, mamma, before next spring."

"Yesterday, my dear," said her mother, "you thought that to-day would never come; but you see my rose-bud is blown," said her mother, taking the early rose-bud out of her nosegay.

"Ah! very true, mamma," said Rosamond; "but a year is quite another thing."

"To look forward a whole year," said her mother, "is certainly rather too much to expect from a little girl, who has only just learned to look forward a whole day; but, however, it is possible, that Rosamond may in time learn to think of next year as well as of to-morrow. Now, Rosamond, take your
choice. You may have either those six hyacinth flowers, that lie upon that ridge, or you may have their six roots, whichever you please."

As she finished speaking, she gathered the hyacinths; and the gardener, by her desire, picked up the roots, and placed them in a heap, before Rosamond—Rosamond looked alternately at the flowers and the roots.

"The flowers, to be sure, are withered; and next year there will be fine fresh flowers, that will last a fortnight, or perhaps a month, and these will be quite gone in a few hours," said Rosamond.

Yet the idea of the present pleasure of putting the hyacinth into her flower-pot was full in Rosamond's mind; and she looked in her mother's eyes anxiously.
“Don’t consult my eyes, Rosamond,” said her mother, smiling: “you shall see nothing in my eyes;” and her mother turned away her head. “Use your own understanding, because you will not always have my eyes to see with.”

“Look at me again, mamma; and I will use my own understanding.—Do you mean, that, if I choose the roots, you will give me leave to keep them in your ground? You know, if I have no ground to plant them in, they would be of no use to me; and I then had better choose the flowers.”

“Very true, Rosamond,” said her mother; “I am glad that you are so considerate—I do mean to give you some ground to plant the roots in, if you choose the roots.”

L 3
"Then, mamma, I do choose the roots—Are you pleased with my choice, mamma?"

"My dear," said her mother, "I hope you will be pleased with it; for it is your affair, and not mine."

"But don't you think I have made a wise choice, mamma? A little while ago, when I chose to have the thorn pulled out rather than to have it in my finger, you said, that I had done very prudently to choose the least of two evils, and that you were glad of it—And now, mamma, I have chosen the greatest of two pleasures, and that is prudent too; and are not you glad of it?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, mamma. And when shall I plant the hyacinths? To-morrow, mamma?"
"No, my dear, not till next spring: leave them here, and the gardener shall take care of them for you till it is the proper time to plant them next year."
Many agreeable things engaged Rosamond’s attention during the year that elapsed whilst the hyacinth roots lay buried in sand. Her mother gave her a little bit of ground for a garden; and, as it was in vain to think of having hyacinths before the proper season, Rosamond begged that her mother would be so good as to give her some seeds, which she might in the mean time sow in her garden.

“What sort of seeds do you want, Rosamond?” said her mother.

“Any sort, mamma; all sorts, if you please.”
"Have you room to sow all sorts of seeds, Rosamond, do you think, in your little garden? for instance, turnip, carrot, cabbage, and cauliflower seeds, and peas, and beans, and——"

"O no, mamma; all those would take up a great deal too much room—I can't have all sorts of seeds, to be sure; therefore, if you please, I will have only flower seeds."

"All sorts of flower seeds?"

"No, no, ma'am; you know I have not room for all; but I should like to have those which will come up the quickest, and which will be the prettiest."

"Perhaps you cannot have both those at once; for instance, pinks and carnations you think pretty."

"O yes, mamma! I must have pinks and carnations in my garden—(I
mean if you please), for they are beautiful."

"But I cannot please to make them grow as fast as you perhaps expect, Rosamond."

"If I sow pinks and carnations this very day, mamma, how soon shall I have a nosegay of them?"

"Probably next year."

Rosamond sighed; and said, that, if carnations were so long in growing, she would rather have sweet peas, or any thing else; and she asked her mother, what would come up soonest of any thing she could plant.

Her mother told her, that she believed mustard-seed cresses would be the most likely to answer her purpose, if she was determined upon having what would grow with the greatest expedition.

Mustard-seed, compared with pinks,
carnations, sweet peas, or sweet williams, did not quite suit Rosamond's fancy. She now also called to mind the dishes of peas and beans of her brother Orlando's raising, of which she had eaten last year; and she wavered long between the useful and the beautiful, between the slow and the quick growing vegetables.

"When you have decided, my dear," said her mother, "ask your sister Laura to write down the names of the seeds, that you wish to have: but do not talk to me any more about the matter, because I am going to read. I have listened to your changes of opinion now for nearly a quarter of an hour."

"I have decided entirely now, mamma," said Rosamond; "only I am sorry I can't have every thing I wish."

"That you cannot, indeed, my dear,
nor any body else, I assure you; therefore begin by deciding what you wish for most; then let us see, if it be possible to get it; if it can be had, so much the better; if it cannot, then you must consider what you like next best, and so on. Take a whole day to consider about it, I advise you: for, as soon as you have given me your list of seeds, I shall not listen to any changes of opinion afterwards."

Rosamond's list was written and rewritten, by Laura, many times during the course of this day; sometimes Rosamond attended prudently to the sober counsel of her elder brother, the experienced gardener, Orlando; at other times she more eagerly listened to the brilliant ideas of her younger brother Godfrey. He talked of cucumbers, and melons, and grapes, and peaches, and
nectarines; whilst Orlando represented, that hot-beds and hot-houses would be necessary for these; that Rosamond would not know how to manage them; and that it would be safer to begin with things, that would require less care and skill. He showed Rosamond a little journal of all that he had done in his garden the last year, and an account of all that it had produced. She had now the means of judging what she could do herself; and she made out her list of seeds from Orlando's journal."

"This is a very reasonable, sensible list," said her mother; "I am surprised that you, Rosamond, who have had no experience in gardening, could judge so well as you have done."

"Mamma," said Rosamond, "I judged by Orlando's journal. Here it is; it tells me all that he did, mamma; it
is an exact history, he says, of his garden; and from this I can learn, mamma, what I should do, and what I should not do, in my garden; and it will save me a great deal of trouble, and save me from making mistakes. So, though I have had no experience, as you say, myself, I can learn by Orlando's experience, mamma."

Rosamond made such good use of her brother's history, that her little garden was soon brought into good order; and she did not expect that her seeds and her flowers should grow faster than any other person's. She made, to be sure, some few mistakes, and suffered some few disappointments; for there are things, which are to be learned only by our own experience: the advantage of perseverance, perhaps, is one of them.
Rosamond was apt to vary her plans too often to bring things to perfection. Sometimes her walks were all to be straight, sometimes serpentine. She "changed round to square, and square again to round." Every new visitor found some new fault, or suggested some new improvement; and Rosamond wearied herself with perpetual endeavours to please every body, till, at length, convinced, that this was impossible, since people had such different tastes, she resolved to abide by what should be decided to be best by the best judges; and one evening, when her mother came to look at her garden, she appealed to her. "I am determined, mamma, to make my garden exactly what you think the prettiest—Do you like my mount, mamma? Godfrey does not like my mount, though I have worked a whole week at
it mamma; and I should have had a salad, by this time, in that very place, if I had not dug up the seeds in making the mount—But, dear mamma, come now and look at my labyrinth—Godfrey told me about the labyrinth of Crete, mamma; and this is to be the labyrinth of Crete; he showed me how to make it. It is but just begun, mamma—I’m afraid you can’t understand it: it is to go zig-zag—zig-zag, through this border.”

“But what are these little green things?—Here seems to be something coming up here.”

“Only minionette, mamma. But, if you don’t think you shall like our labyrinth, mamma, I won’t finish it—Indeed I believe it will be too narrow to walk in; and I had better not spoil the minionette: I can give you nice nosegays of minionette—But, mamma, here’s
another thing—We are thinking of digging a pond here."

"What! in the midst of your fine bed of turnips? And where will you get water to fill your pond?"

"When it rains, mamma; and then you know it will be very useful to have a pond full of water, with which we can water the turnips and everything."

"But the turnips must be pulled up to make room for the pond."

"True, mamma," said Rosamond; "but still I shall have minionette, since I mean to give up the labyrinth; and minionette must be watered in hot weather."

"And do you think that your pond will be full of water in hot weather? Do you think the rain will never dry up in your pond?"
"Ah! that is what we are sadly afraid of, mamma: but then, in rainy weather, the pond will be quite full and very useful."

"Very useful! what, to water your minionette when it is raining? Will not the rain do as well as the rain-water out of your pond?"

Rosamond confessed that she had not made this reflection; and she gave up the scheme of the pond.

"And now, mamma," said she, "lay out my garden for me, as Godfrey says, exactly to your own taste; and I will alter it all to-morrow to please you."

"I advise you, Rosamond, not to alter it," said her mother: "wait till all the things you have planted come to perfection, and don't give up what is useful for what is useless. As to the rest, please your own taste."
"But the thing is, mamma, that, if I don't alter and alter continually, I have nothing to do, and I am tired of my garden, if it looks ever so nice."

"You are in the right, my dear little Rosamond, to try to find out the cause of your own actions—So, then, you change your plans continually for want of something to do—Look at all those weeds in that shrubbery," said she; "those are easily pulled up, especially the groundsel."

"Yes, mamma."

"Well; employ yourself in weeding that shrubbery for me—Here is a basket—Bring your little hoe."

"I can pull the groundsel up with my hand, mamma," said Rosamond; and she set to work with great alacrity.

"Rosamond!" said her mother,
“when you have weeded, quite clean, this piece of the shrubbery, from this variegated holly to that larch, I will give you three of those little laburnums, that you wished to have a few days ago.”

“Oh! thank you, mamma,” said Rosamond; “but I’m afraid I shall be a great while doing this; for I see a great many weeds.”

She worked hard that day, and filled her basket quite up to the top with groundsel; and she calculated, that, if she filled this basket full of weeds every day, she should have cleared from the variegated holly to the larch in the week.

For some rainy days, and some accidents, she had not allowed; but, at the end of a fortnight, the work was completed; and her mother gave her the three little laburnums. Rosamond
transplanted them immediately into her garden. She was surprised and rejoiced to find, that her minionette and her turnips during this fortnight of tranquillity, had come forward finely—A few weeds had made their appearance, but those she soon pulled up; and, resolving to make no useless alterations in her garden, she returned to her mother and asked her for fresh employment.

'Go on weeding the shrubbery, from the larch to the large laurel,' said her mother; "that will be a month's work; and, if you do it well, I will give you the little laurel that grows near your garden."

Rosamond, in due time, earned the laurel; and she had now acquired the habit of regularly employing herself, so that she liked the work, even without thinking of her promised rewards—She
earned several pretty shrubs; amongst others, a fine damask rose-tree, by her summer and autumn's work; *earned*, perhaps, we should not say, for the rewards her mother gave to her were certainly above the value of her work, but her mother said, she thought that a few shrubs were well bestowed in teaching her little daughter industry and perseverance.

"The same industry and perseverance, Rosamond," said she, "that you show in weeding this shrubbery, may be turned to a great many other useful things."

"Yes, mamma—I hope, when winter evenings come," said Rosamond, "you will be so very good as to teach me to write—I wish I could write the history of my garden as nicely as Orlando wrote his journal."

The history of Rosamond's garden
was this year much to her credit—She had
4 dishes of radishes,
6 dishes of tongue-grass,
1 dish of turnips.

Peas failed for want of room. She had several noscgays of pansies, sweet peas, and minionette. The three laburnums, which she transplanted in the spring, and which she had the courageous patience to leave in peace all summer, flourished beyond her most sanguine expectations; and Orlando gave it is his opinion, that they would bear fine yellow flowers the ensuing spring. But alas! early one hot morning in August, when Rosamond went with her little green watering-pot, to water her favourite laburnums, she found the two finest of them broken, and the other was stripped of its leaves—She ran to her brother
Orlando, and asked him to come to her garden. He came—he saw the poor laburnums—but he could do them no good.

"Who can have done all this mischief?" cried Rosamond; "and why should any one do me mischief? I never do mischief to any body or to any thing! Who can have done all this?"

"I'll tell you who has done all this mischief," said Orlando, after he had closely examined the little laburnums—"I'll tell you who has done all this mischief—A rabbit—Look! here are the marks of his nibbling teeth. Look at these bitten leaves."

"Mischievous rabbit! good for nothing animal!" exclaimed Rosamond.

"However, for your comfort," continued Orlando, "here's one of your laburnums, that may do very well yet."
"Oh, but the rabbit will come again!" said Rosamond. "What can I do? how shall I keep him away? he'll eat every thing I have in the world," added Rosamond, in whose imagination this rabbit now appeared an unconquerable wild beast.

"He will not eat every thing you have in the world," said Orlando, soberly; "but, to be sure, there is some danger of his eating your laburnums; because, unluckily, rabbits happen to be fond of laburnums; and he does not know that there is any harm in eating them."

"I wish he would only be so good as not to eat mine," said Rosamond.

"Nor mine," cried Orlando; "you would not have him eat mine! He'll come to me next, I'm afraid, as soon as he has done with you."

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"Done with me! so then, you think he'll go on eating!"

"To be sure, he will eat as long as he is alive, I suppose," said Orlando, with calm gravity; "and we have no right to kill him for eating, even your laburnums—Hey?"

"Kill him!" repeated Rosamond, shrinking back; "no, I would not kill or hurt any animal; you know, that would be cruel—Poor rabbit! I don't want to hurt him, though he has eat my laburnums—He did not know, as you say, that he was doing any harm—I only want to hinder him, if I can, from doing me more mischief; but I'm sure I don't know how; for I can't build a wall; and I've nothing of which I can make a hedge—I don't want to hurt the rabbit, but to hinder him from hurting me—Poor fellow!"
Orlando was much pleased by the humanity with which Rosamond spoke of her enemy, the rabbit; and he knew by experience, how provoking it is to see the fruits of one's own labours destroyed—"I'll see about it for you, Rosamond," said he, after musing for some time. "I don't say I can do it; but we'll see what can be done—I think I can save your last laburnum."

The next morning, all the family were at breakfast before Orlando appeared. This was an unusual circumstance; for he was generally as punctual as the clock; "I know where he is," said Godfrey; "he has just run down to Rosamond's garden to look at something."

"I am sure that's very good of him—I know that you mean my poor aburnum," cried Rosamond; "but,
mamma, had not I better go and tell him it is time to have his breakfast?"

Rosamond had just slid down from her chair, when Godfrey stopped her with an eager hand—"The *something* is not a laburnum, Rosamond, and you are not to know any thing about it—I am sorry I happened to say *something*; for I was desired to say nothing."

At this instant Orlando made his appearance, with a wooden box in his hand, of about two feet long, sixteen inches broad, and nine inches high.

"What is that?" cried Rosamond.

Orlando placed the box on the table before her—"It is nothing," said she, "but an old box, as far as I can see;" But Rosamond had not looked far; she had only looked at the sides next her. At length, observing that every body smiled, she went round to the place
where Godfrey, who seemed to see farther than she did, was standing.

"Ha!" cried she, "here's a glass on this side of the box!" There was a small hole cut in this side of it about the size of a card; and this hole was covered with glass. "I see something white behind the glass," said she.

"No, its brown, not white," cried Godfrey.

"It was white just now," replied Rosamond: "it has changed—it moves!—It must be something alive."

Rosamond put her face closer to the spy-hole; and, looking in, she saw a brown and white rabbit, crouching down, in the farthest corner of the box. "Dear Orlando! the rabbit! how did you get him! Is he hurt?" cried Rosamond.

"He is not in the least hurt," said
Orlando; and he showed Rosamond how he had caught the rabbit.*

"I'm glad we have caught him, and that he's not hurt," said Rosamond.

"But now what shall we do with him?" said Orlando.

"Pretty little animal! what nice white ears and feet he has!" said Rosamond, still looking at him through the glass; "but he keeps himself squeezed up, and moves his quick eyes and his long ears continually—I wish he would come out of that corner."

"He dare not; he dare not move," said Orlando; "he's frightened almost out of his wits."

"That's a pity," said Rosamond; "for if he was not so foolish as to be

* A description of this trap may be seen in Emerson's Mechanics, Plate 23, Fig. 262.
frightened, he might be very happy in this box—it is quite a room to him."

"But he is not used to live in a room," said Orlando; "and may be that's one reason he does not like it."

"Well, he'll grow used to it, and then he'll like it," said Rosamond.

"Grow used to it!" said Orlando; "why, do you mean to keep him a prisoner in this box, all his life?"

"Not a prisoner," said Rosamond; "but I should like to keep him in this box; I'd call it his house, and I would feed him—not with my laburnums, but with any thing else that he likes; and I would make him the happiest little rabbit in the world, if mamma likes it."

"You had better consider how the rabbit would like it first," said her mother.
"But I mean to do every thing for his good," said Rosamond.

"I have heard my father say—have not I, father?" said Orlando, "that it is contrary to the laws of England, to do any body good against his will."

"But this rabbit is not any body," interrupted Godfrey.

"It may not be against the laws of England, then," resumed the grave Orlando, "to keep him in this box; but I think it would be cruel."

"Cruel!" cried Rosamond; "I would not be cruel. I tell you, I mean to make him as happy as the day is long."

"But he'll never be happy—you can't make him happy, Rosamond, in this box," said Orlando; "you don't consider, that rabbits like to run about; and he can feed himself better than you can feed him."
"Aye, with my laburnums," said Rosamond, changing her tone; "am I to let him loose again to eat my poor laburnums—laburnum—for I have only one left!"

At the recollection of the mischief he had done, Rosamond, notwithstanding the rabbit's pretty white ears and feet, looked at him with dislike; and Orlando seemed at a loss what to advise—He leaned his elbows upon the top of the box and began to meditate.

After some minutes' silence, he exclaimed, "I never clearly understood what was right to be done about animals; what is cruelty to animals; for if animals hurt us, or hurt our property——"

"Yes, our laburnums, for instance, interrupted Rosamond.

"We must defend them, and we
must defend ourselves,” continued Godfrey.

“And,” resumed Orlando, “how comes it, that we think so compassionately about this one rabbit, under my elbows” (knocking his elbows upon the box, which made the rabbit within start)—“yet we eat rabbits very often at dinner, without thinking at all about the matter?”

“That’s very extraordinary,” said Rosamond; “but then the rabbits, that we eat at dinner, are dead and cannot feel; so we are not cruel in eating them.”

“But,” said Godfrey, “they are killed on purpose for us to eat.”

“Then the people who killed them are cruel.”

“But those people would not kill them, if we did not want to eat them.”
"I don't want to eat rabbits," said Rosamond; "so I hope nobody will ever kill any for me."

"But you want to eat beef and mutton," said Orlando: "and then sheep and oxen are killed instead of rabbits."

"The best way, then," said Rosamond, "would be to leave off eating meat."

"Yes," said Godfrey; "let us begin to-day."

"Stay," said Orlando—"Consider—How should we manage, if all sorts of animals became so numerous, that there would not be food for them and for us? There would never be wild vegetables enough; and the animals would grow bold with hunger, and eat the vegetables in our gardens."

"Aye," said Rosamond; "and
would not it be very unjust indeed, that we should work for them all day?"

"And, perhaps at last," continued Orlando, "if we did not eat animals, they might eat us."

"I think we had better go on eating meat," said Rosamond; "but I am glad I am not a butcher."

"Sheep and oxen do not eat men; but, if they increased so much as to eat all the vegetables, they would in the end destroy men as effectually by starving them as if they eat them," said her father.

"I don't think we have gone to the bottom of the business yet," said Orlando.

"Nor I," said Godfrey; "I'll think more of it, and write an essay upon cruelty to animals."
“And, in the mean time, what shall we do with this rabbit?” said Orlando; “we have got a great way from him.”

“Poor fellow!” said Rosamond, looking into his prison; “you little think we are talking about you. Orlando, I wish we could carry him to some place at a great distance from our gardens, where he might live happy, and eat what he liked, without doing us any mischief. Papa, could this be done?”

“My dear,” said her father, “there is a place about six miles from hence, called a rabbit warren, where great numbers of rabbits live.”

“O father! could you be so good,” said Rosamond, “as to have him carried there and set at liberty?”

“My dear little girl,” said her father, “I am glad to see that you are so hus...
mane to this animal, who has done you mischief; it is very reasonable, that we should endeavour to prevent him from doing you any farther injury; and I think what you propose is sensible. I know Farmer Early, who lives near us, goes to-morrow morning, with his covered cart, to market; he passes by the rabbit-warren; and perhaps he will take charge of Orlando's box, and carry your rabbit and set him at liberty in the warren. We will walk to Mr. Early's house, Rosamond, and ask him to do so, if you please."

This proposal was received with joy by the whole assembly; and, as soon as Orlando had eaten something, they proceeded to the farmer's.

Mr. Early was out in the fields, with his labourers, when they arrived at his house; but they were shown into a
neat little room, where a woman, who looked pale and ill, was sitting at work; a little girl was standing beside her, holding her pin-cushion and scissors—The woman folded up her work, and was going out of the room; but Rosamond's mother begged that she would stay, and that she would not disturb herself. Orlando put his box upon the table. The rabbit had been very restless during his journey; he had nibbled incessantly at his prison walls; and his operations engrossed the attention of Rosamond and her brothers till Farmer Early's arrival. It had been agreed, that Godfrey should, upon this occasion, be the speaker; and, as soon as Farmer Early came into the room, he began his speech:—

"Sir, you are very hot—I am afraid you have hurried yourself—We are very
sorry to have given you the trouble of walking home so fast, especially as you had men at work; but, sir, in this box there is a rabbit."

The farmer stooped down, to look into the box, and exclaimed—"Why! Anne! if this is not your tame rabbit, that I brought home for you from Mr. Burrows, of the warren, as a present, on Monday last."

At these words, all eyes turned upon the little girl, who was holding the pin-cushion beside the pale work-woman. Anne (for that was this little girl's name) now came forward modestly, and, with some emotion, said, as she looked into the box, "Yes, indeed! this is my poor little rabbit—I could not find him since yesterday morning—I wondered what was become of him."
"And how he found his way into this box is altogether wonderful to me," said Farmer Early; "unless, so be, that this here box be in the natur of a trap, which, I take it, is what it can't well be neither, as I never see no traps like it; and how, seeing it is not a trap, your rabbit, Anne, could be 'ticed into it, any how, is a thing I verily can't take upon me to understand."

"Sir," said Orlando, "it is a trap."

"Indeed, sir; then it is a most curious new-fashioned one; for I've seen a many rabbit and rat traps, and all sorts, but never one like this."

Godfrey then explained to the farmer, that this curious trap was of Orlando's making; and he gave an account of the damage that had been done to Rosamond's laburnums; but he thought, that it would not be right to ask the
farmer to take the rabbit to the warren, and let it loose, because he had just heard, that it belonged to the little girl; therefore he stopped short in his speech, and looked at Rosamond first, and then at his father. "Anne," said Farmer Early, "this is a sad thing, that your rabbit eats and spoils the young lady's laburnums."

"I wish we could keep him at home; but that there is no doing," said Anne, sorrowfully; and after a pause, with a great deal of good-nature in her countenance, she added, "but, since he does mischief, we had better carry him to the warren again, and give him back to Mr. Burrows."

"The very thing," exclaimed Godfrey, "that we thought of; but we did not ask it, because we were afraid you would not like to part with the rabbit."
"Anne's very fond of him, that's certain," said Mr. Early; "therefore, the more I look upon it to be well thought of in her to carry him back to the warren: for you must know a live rabbit is, as one may say, quite a sight to her; for she’s a Londoner; and every thing in the country, that we think nothing of, seeing it as we do every day, is quite strange to her, and a treat like —Wherefore, though I don’t mean to praise her, by reason she’s in a manner related to me, and one should not praise one’s own if one can help it any ways, yet I may make bold to say, I like Anne the better, and think the more of her, for being so ready to part with her rabbit, at the first word, when it does mischief, you see."

Rosamond, and all who were present, seemed perfectly to agree in opinion
with the farmer; and Rosamond thanked the little girl several times "for her being so good-natured."

Farmer Early promised to carry the box and rabbit, in his covered cart, to the warren the next morning; and thus the affair was settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, as they were walking home, "did you observe how attentive that little girl was to the pale woman, who was at work? She picked up her thread-paper, she threaded her needle, she gave her pins as fast as she wanted them, and watched her eye whenever it turned to look for anything—just as I should do, mamma, if you were ill, and at work, and I was standing by. Mamma, I think, that little girl was very fond of that woman, who, I suppose, was her mother."
Mamma, I saw you speaking to the woman, whilst we were going on talking about the rabbit—Do you know who she is, and any thing more about her?"

"She is a mantua-maker, my dear; and she told me, that she had been forced to work so hard to maintain herself and her little girl, that she had hurt her health very much: she was obliged to sit in a close room, in a narrow street in London, all day, and often worked whole nights as well as days—She was invited by this Farmer Early, who is her cousin, to pass some time with his family in the country, in hopes that the fresh country air and exercise might restore her health."

"That was very good-natured of the farmer; but she was at work still, mamma; I am sorry for that."
“She was making a gown for the farmer’s wife; for she said that she was glad to be able to do any thing for those who were so kind to her.”

“Oh, that’s very right,” cried Rosamond; “that is being grateful. Mamma, I wish I could be grateful to the little girl, who was so good to me about the rabbit. I have a damask rose-tree, mamma, in my garden; the roses are not blown yet; but when they are blown, mamma, I can give them to her and my minionette—How glad I am, that I did not dig it up, to make the labyrinth of Crete! I shall have a fine nosegay for her, mamma, and you know the farmer said, that every thing in the country is a treat to her; so I dare say she will like my flowers.”

Rosamond’s damask rose-tree was
from this day forward watched with anxious eyes: as it had been transplanted rather late in the spring, it was not quite so forward as the other roses. When all the rest of the roses were gone, however, this tree was in full blow. Rosamond gathered the last roses of the year; and these, with some sweet-briar (which she got without pricking herself), and some fine minionette, made a charming nosegay.

"I'm glad, Rosamond, to see, that you do not forget your gratitude," said her mother; "your roses and your minionette smell very sweet; and I hope the little girl will like your nosegay."

It was a fine evening; and Rosamond had a pleasant walk with her mother to Farmer Early's; but what was Rosamond's disappointment, when the
farmer told her, that Anne was gone! that she had that morning set out in a stage-coach, with her mother, to return to London.

"And so, mamma," said Rosamond, "it is all in vain! I might just as well have forgotten my gratitude."

"Have patience, Rosamond," said her mother; "remember it a little longer; perhaps next winter, when we go to town, we may have some opportunity of obliging this little girl, or her mother—I have her direction; and if she is a good mantua-maker, as well as a good woman, I shall be able to be of some service to her."

"You! yes, mamma!" said Rosamond; "but what can I do? You know I have nothing in this world to give but flowers; and I shall have no damask roses in London—You know,
mamma, our new house in London has no garden—But, dear mamma," said Rosamond, changing from a lamentable to a joyful tone—"I have thought of a charming thing; my hyacinth-roots! Will you give me leave, mamma, to take them to London, when we go? and I'll show you something, that Orlando showed me in the little Gardener's Pocket Calendar, mamma, as soon as we get home."

"Here it is, mamma," cried Rosamond, as soon as she got home; and showed her mother, in the Gardener's Pocket Calendar, 'An improved method of blowing bulbous rooted flowers with less trouble and expense than in glasses.' "May I read it to you? Pray, mamma, let me read it to you—It is not long; and I'll miss all the useless words."

"You may read it whilst we are
drinking tea, Rosamond," said her mother; and at tea-time, Rosamond read some very minute and distinct directions for blowing bulbous rooted flowers. "Hyacinths, mamma, you see," said she, "are particularly mentioned; and I think, that if I had such a little box as the man describes in the book, I could do exactly as he desires; and I should have hyacinths in full blow in winter or very early in spring, when we shall be in London: and then, mamma, I should have something to give to the little girl—She gave up her rabbit, which was a great amusement to her in the country; and I should be very glad if I could give her something that would be an amusement to her when she is in that close room, in that narrow street, which you talked of, mamma."
Rosamond observed, that the Gardener's Calendar said that these boxes for hyacinths were peculiarly fit for the use of people who love flowers, and who have only a little yard, or perhaps a window-sill, for their garden, in London.

Her mother was pleased to observe her eagerness to oblige the little girl, who had obliged her; and she told Rosamond, that, if she remembered her gratitude and the hyacinth roots at the proper time she might carry them to London.

Winter came; the hyacinth-roots were remembered in proper time—they were carried safely to town; and, in due season, they were planted carefully by Rosamond, in a little box which her mother gave her for this purpose.

Rosamond, before the hyacinths ap-
peared above ground, often asked her mother, whether she had heard any thing of Anne: but when the hyacinths, at first, like white almonds, appeared through the black mould, Rosamond grew so fond of them, that she almost wished to keep them for herself.—At length their green leaves and stems grew higher and higher; and the clusters of pink and blue flowers seemed to Rosamond more beautiful even than those she had seen, the preceding spring, in her mother’s borders. She was one morning standing at the parlour-window, contemplating her hyacinths with great delight, and smelling, from time to time, their delicious perfume, when Godfrey came eagerly into the room—“I’ve news to tell you, Rosamond,” cried he; but observing how intent she was upon her hyacinths, he hesi-
tated—"I don't know," continued he, "on second thoughts, whether you will think it good news, or bad: I only know you would have thought it good news some time ago."

"Tell it to me, however," said Rosamond: "and then I'll tell you whether I think it good news or bad."

Godfrey, without speaking, went up to the window where Rosamond was standing. The sun shone bright—He first smelled her hyacinths, and then hooked his fingers, and held them up in a significant manner: but Rosamond did not comprehend what this was to signify, till he placed them closer to the white wall, upon which a shadow, the striking resemblance of a rabbit's head, was now visible.

"Anne's come then, I'm sure!" exclaimed Rosamond.
"Yes, Anne is come," said Godfrey; "but you are not obliged, you know, to give her your hyacinths, unless you choose it."

"I do choose it, I assure you, brother," said Rosamond, proudly; "I assure you, I have not forgot the rabbit, nor my gratitude—Where is Anne?"

"In the next room, with my mother."

"Help me to carry the box then, will you, dear Godfrey?" said Rosamond; and she took hold of one handle of the hyacinth-box, and he of the other.

"Mamma," said Rosamond, as she carried in the box: and she whispered in her mother’s ear, "Would you be so kind as to have the box carried home for her, because it is heavy, and she cannot well carry it through the streets her-
self: it is a great deal heavier than our rabbit box; and I remember I was
tired with carrying that, part of the
way, last summer, to Farmer Early’s."

"I will, my dear," said her mother,
"desire a servant to carry it, if Anne likes
to accept of the box of hyacinths; but
you have not asked her yet, have you?"

"No," said Rosamond; "because it
is impossible but what she must like
hyacinths."

Rosamond, rather startled, however,
by her mother’s doubtful look, went up
to Anne; and, after thanking her for the
affair of the rabbit, asked her eagerly
whether she liked hyacinths.

Now poor Anne had never in her
life seen a hyacinth; and she modestly
answered, "I don’t know;" but she
looked at the box an instant afterwards
and smiled, as much as to say, "If those
are hyacinths, I like them very much indeed."

Rosamond immediately lifted the box nearer to her—"I am glad you like them," said she; "mamma says I may give them to you: and when the flowers wither, I advise you to take care of the roots, because if you do, you will have new flowers next year. I'm sure, mamma," added Rosamond, turning to her, "I am glad I took care of the roots; and I'm glad I chose the roots instead of the flowers."

She was going on to give Anne some particular directions, which she had learned partly from 'The Gardener's Pocket Calendar, and partly from experience, concerning the management of hyacinths, and the blowing of bulbous roots—when she was interrupted by the entrance of a woman, whom she
immediately recollected to be the pale woman, that she saw at work, formerly, at Farmer Early’s. This poor woman had been resting herself in the housekeeper’s room: for she had had a long walk this morning, from a distant part of the town; and she was not yet strong enough to bear much fatigue.

“Well,” said Rosamond’s mother to her, “have you removed yet from that close unwholesome street, where you formerly lived? You promised to let me know when you heard of any lodgings, that would suit you; but I have waited from day to day, and you have never sent to me.”

“No, ma’am.” answered the poor woman; “because we have not been able yet to agree with a man, who has a lodging that would suit us exactly; but he has other offers, ma’am; and
I'm afraid he won't let me have it—He's a gardener, ma'am, at Hampstead, where I could get plenty of work, and should breathe good air, and be in quiet, and, may be, get well."

"The hyacinths!" exclaimed Rosamond; but she suddenly checked herself; for she recollected that she had already given them away. No one understood her exclamation, except the little girl, who immediately smiled, and, in a timid voice, asked Rosamond, whether she could give her leave to part with the hyacinths, in case the gardener should take a fancy to them, and in case he should be willing to let her mother have the lodging.

"Oh yes: do whatever you please with them," said Rosamond; "they are yours."

"And," added her mother, "you
may, at the same time, that you give the hyacinths to the gardener, my good little girl, tell him, that I will answer for your mother's paying the rent punctually."

The gardener thought well of lodgers who had hyacinths, and better of those who offered him good security for his rent. He thanked Anne, but said he had abundance of hyacinths, and he gave Anne and her mother leave to walk in his garden whenever they pleased. Anne had the hyacinths for herself; and Rosamond had the pleasure of seeing Anne and her mother settled in their airy lodgings.