for I fancy by this time dinner is nearly ready, and my husband and sons are about coming home.”

Mrs. Benson was a little tired with her ramble, and was really impatient to see Farmer Wilson and the rest of his amiable family. When she drew near the house, she was met by the worthy man, who gave her a most cordial welcome, and said he was proud to see so much good company. Nancy, the eldest daughter, to whom the mother had entrusted the care of inspecting the additional cookery which she had ordered, and who, for that reason, was not to be seen in the morning, now made her appearance, dressed with the most perfect neatness; health bloomed in her cheeks, and cheerfulness and good humour sparkled in her eyes. With this engaging countenance she easily prevailed on Frederick to let her place him by her at the table, round which the two other visitors, the master and mistress of the house, and the rest of their offspring, consisting of Thomas, a fine youth of eighteen, four young boys, and little Betsy, were soon seated.

The table was covered with plain food, but, by the good management of Nancy, who had made an excellent pudding, an apple pie, and some delicious custards, it made a very good figure; and Mrs. Benson afterwards declared that she had never