

of which, every year, as soon as the warm weather came, my woollen frocks and things were put away, because I should not want them any more until next winter.

Now, next winter seemed much farther away from me then—for I was only five years old—than the next world does now. Indeed, I never thought about it at all, never looked forward to it, never made any arrangements for it. When I saw my woollen frocks, petticoats, comforters, tippetts, hoods and stockings, gathered together into a large heap, mended, sprinkled with pepper to keep the moths from them, carefully folded up and put into that oaken chest, with the understanding that neither they nor the chest were to be disturbed until the cold weather came again, I considered them as quite banished out of my life. So much must happen,—the currants, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries had to ripen, be gathered and made into preserve; the apricots and peaches on our south wall, which were only like green woolly balls when my warm frocks were put away, had to grow large and yellow and soft and sweet; mamma's birthday, and papa's, and aunt Mary's and mine had to come; the hay had to be cut down and