



FANNY BURTON.

CHAPTER I.



“FANNY,” said my mother sadly, “this habit of neglecting to perform your duty at the proper time will yet be the ruin of you!”

“But I can mend my dress just as well to-morrow as to-day. I don’t feel inclined to do it *now*,” replied I petulantly.

“I fear you will never feel inclined to do it,” replied my mother. “Sunday will come, and a torn dress prevent your attending church. Were this the only instance of your neglect, I should not feel so anxious as I now do.”

I raised my eyes to my mother’s face; she was looking pale and sad. My heart momentarily condemned me; then, as I glanced into the