

saw her patiently replace the articles within the basket, my heart misgave me, and I would have asked her forgiveness; but *something* within my wicked breast withheld me from making a confession of my error. I have often thought since then that it is this same wicked *something* which keeps children from seeking the forgiveness of their Saviour, when they have committed sin.

“Fanny, if you do not mend your dress *now*, when will you do it?”

“There’s plenty of time, I should think, between this and Sunday,” replied I.

“To be sure, there are four days before Sunday; but what if something should occur in the four days to prevent your doing as you intend? Remember, my child, business before pleasure. This habit of procrastination which you have acquired will, unless corrected, cause you to go through life with a heavily-burdened heart. What if I should neglect my household duties? In the morning, instead of taking care that everything in the kitchen goes on in order, I should follow my own inclination—read, or go to walk, or visit my neighbours, leaving the dishes unwashed, the floors unswept, and dinner unprepared, until I felt inclined to do it. My child, when you have a known duty to perform, the sooner you perform it the better. No matter