

how you may feel, I am certain you will find some happiness in the consciousness of having done right."

"That's what Mr. Marvin tells us boys," interposed my brother William, as he stood in one corner of the room playing with his top.

Turning to my brother, I provokingly frowned upon him for acquiescing in my mother's remarks; for although I felt the truth of them in my inmost soul, yet my pride forbade an acknowledgement of it.

But William, as if urged on by my cross looks, continued,—

"And Mr. Marvin said that he knew of a boy who had lost two good situations in stores, because he was not punctual, and that now he was without money or friends;" while, by way of conclusion, he added, "I shouldn't wonder if Fanny was a little like him."

My face flushed. "You're no better yourself, Mr. Preacher," I retorted.

Here a quarrel would have ensued, for you may imagine I was in no very pleasant mood; but my mother, calling me to her side, quietly said,—

"Here, Fanny, is your dress; I wish you to mend it immediately."

I pulled the dress rudely from her hand. In