

my ill-humour, I pulled away for a long time at the piece which she had nicely inserted, until it was entirely out of place, nor could I possibly replace it; and, getting out of patience, I cried,—

“Oh dear, I never can get this hateful thing right!” and throwing it upon the floor, burst into tears. After waiting a proper length of time, and discovering that my mother intended taking no notice of me, I caught up the garment, and after renewed twitchings, which I found at last to be but dull sport, I resolutely set myself about accomplishing my task; and I could not but acknowledge that the mountain I had so much dreaded, by a little application soon dwindled into a veritable mole-hill.

I was now thoroughly ashamed of my conduct; and carrying the completed dress to my mother, I could scarcely forbear smiling.

My mother looked approvingly upon me, and, taking me by the hand, said,—

“How much better, Fanny, if *you* yourself had only felt that your dress must be mended, and cheerfully sat down to it. I cannot now bestow upon you that commendation which I should have been happy to have done. My child, there are some people whose work is never done. Does Fanny Burton intend to be one of these? If not, never procrastinate. Life is too