

seems to me I wouldn't be easy to have a dozen things around at once."

"Oh, I don't mind it," I replied; "besides, I get sick and tired of working, and what shall I do?"

"Why, I don't think anything about it," continued Mary. "I know I ought to sew, and do what I have to do in the present, so I sit down and go through with it. Sometimes I get tired, and would like to put it away; but then I think how happy I shall be when I can see my work really done, and feel that I have denied myself, and not run away from my duty. Do you ever feel so, Fanny?"

"Oh dear," replied I despondingly, "I never did my duty, and I do not know whether it makes any one happy or not."

"But I am a little older than you, and ought to do better," replied my kind friend Mary, as if to excuse my neglect. I did not reply, although I knew that a few months could make but little difference in one's character.

"Fanny is always cross," cried a voice near us. We looked around, and espied my ever-present brother Willie perched upon an apple-tree just above us.

"How provoking," I exclaimed, "that he should have heard what I said; he always torments my life out of me."