same time bringing to light not less than half-a-
dozen towels, which I blushingly confessed to
having thrown there all in a heap, intending to
wash them at some future time, when I should
feel inclined.

"This will never do, Fanny," said she chidingly; "you'd spend a farm in this way before
you knew it. Look! and here is a whole pile
of dishes put away without washing—oh, for
shame!"

"But I meant to have washed them, only I
had so much to do."

"So much to do, child!—why, there are only
three of you in a family, and if you'd wash them
up in proper time, 'twould have been easy enough.
This putting off doing a thing, because you
don't feel inclined to do it, isn't right. You
ought to work till you do feel inclined. Now
you see the folly of letting things go on so. It
will take a long time to put all right—closets to
clean, dishes to wash, and all because they weren't
taken care of when they should have been."

"Oh, dear, dear!" I exclaimed, and sitting
down I wept bitterly. I felt that although Aunt
Patience's remarks were severe, still they were
justly my desert. At length Aunt Patience
seemed softened by my grief, and said,—

"There, there, child, don't cry; you're young,