

same time bringing to light not less than half-a-dozen towels, which I blushinglly 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,