

## WONDERS.

“ROSAMOND, if you are sleepy, you had better go to bed,” said her mother, to Rosamond, who was yawning and stretching herself one morning soon after breakfast.

“To bed! mamma, at this time! Oh no, I am not sleepy, I am only tired.”

“Tired of what, Rosamond?”

“I really do not know what makes me feel so very much tired, as I do this morning. I suppose it must be my journey yesterday, and the day before.”

“But you were not tired last night, nor the day before yesterday, though you had been travelling, and walking and running, and taking a great deal of exercise.”

“That is true; but one does not always feel tired just at the time. Sometimes one feels tired afterwards.”

“How does it happen that Laura and I are not tired, nor your father, nor your brother? The journey was the same for all of us. Are you ill, Rosamond?”

“Not that I know of, mamma. Why should you think that I am ill?”

“Because you do not seem to be able to do anything. You have done nothing but lounge from window to window, from table to table, leaning on both your elbows, and yawning this half-hour.”

“I suppose I must be ill. I do not know what is the matter with me. Mamma, I am so very, very——”

“Lazy.”

“No, not lazy, mamma.”

“Idle, then.”

“Because I have nothing to do, mamma.”

"Have you not all your usual employments, Rosamond?"

"Employments, mamma! You mean that I have not done my sum, nor read French or English, nor written. No—but then I meant——"

"You meant, perhaps, that you had nothing that you like to do."

"That is just the thing, mamma."

"But you used to like all these employments, Rosamond."

"So I did, mamma, and so I do," added Rosamond, yawning again as she spoke.

"So it seems, Rosamond."

"I do, really, only just this morning—I do not like to set about anything; and I do not know why everything seems dull."

"Shall I tell you why, Rosamond?"

"If you please, if you can, mamma, and if you are not going to say that it is all my own fault."

"I am not going to say that it is all your fault, Rosamond; it is partly mine, and partly nobody's."

"Well! my dear mother, begin with the part that is nobody's fault, and then tell your part, and, last of all, mine, if you please."

"After having been unusually entertained and interested, it is natural, Rosamond, to every human creature, as well as to you, to feel as you do now—wary, you do not know why—not inclined to like your common employments—and unwilling to exert yourself."

"But this is no fault of mine, mamma, you say."

"The feeling is no fault, my dear; but not trying to conquer it would be a fault, and the punishment would be——"

"Oh, mamma, before we go to that," interrupted Rosamond, "tell me the next part, which you said was your fault."

"It was my fault, Rosamond, I believe, that I gave you too much entertainment for some days past. You had so much amusement when you were at Mrs. Egerton's, and when you were travelling with us, that it has made home and your common employments seem dull and tiresome to you; and since I find this to be the case, I must take care not to let this happen again; for you know, my little daughter, I must not make you discontented with home, where you are to live; and I must not disgust you with your common employments, else you would never do or learn what is useful; and you would grow up a helpless, ignorant, wretched creature."

"Instead of growing up to be like Laura," said Rosamond. "Mamma, I will not yawn any more; I will conquer my laziness, or my idleness, whichever it is, and I will do something useful, as Laura does; and I know, mamma, that when I have done *my little duties*, as you call them, I shall feel better satisfied. I recollect my old *day of misfortunes*, mamma, when I was a little child. I remember how much better pleased I was after I had conquered myself; so no more yawning. Laura, will you mend a pen for me? Mamma, will you set me a sum? a difficult sum, you may now, for I am in earnest."

In earnest Rosamond set about her little duties, and in time accomplished them all, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having conquered her inclination to idleness, and of having earned her mother's and her own approbation.

It was a rainy day, and as Rosamond could not go out, Laura, with her usual good nature, complied with her request to play at battledore and shuttlecock with her. But this