

THE MICROSCOPE.

ONE fine morning Rosamond had a difficult, or what appeared to her a difficult sum in division to do. She had made a mistake in it, and had just wiped away a tear, and rubbed out half what she called "A long ladder of figures," when she heard Godfrey's voice at the window calling to her,

"Rosamond, Rosamond, come out! Come here!"

She ran to the window, and saw Godfrey, with a green helmet of rushes on his head, holding another in his hand on the top of a spear, and he had a bow and arrow slung across his shoulders.

"Come, Rosamond, come directly; here is your helmet, that I have made for you, and here's a bow and arrow for you. I am to be Aurelian, the Roman Emperor, and you shall be Zenobia, Queen of the East."

"Yes," said Rosamond, "when I have done my sum in division."

"When you have done what? I don't hear you."

Rosamond held up her slate, to show him what she was about.

"Oh, is that the thing? Have you not done your sum yet? How can you be so long doing your sum?"

"Very easily," said Rosamond, sorrowfully, "because it is a very difficult sum."

"Difficult! nonsense. I do sums ten times as difficult every day. I am sure I could do it in five minutes."

"I daresay you could," said Rosamond, sighing, "but, you know, you are so much older."

"Well, make haste," said Godfrey; "you'll find me on the field of battle at the bottom of the hill."

"Very well. The nines in forty-nine will go how many times?" said Rosamond to herself, trying to withdraw her attention from the sight of Godfrey, who was running down the hill, brandishing his spear.

Suddenly he turned about, and came back to the window.

"Rosamond, pray, did mamma desire you to finish that sum before you went out?"

"No; she did not quite desire it, but I believe I ought to do it."

"But, if she did not desire it, come out, and you can finish the sum afterwards."

"When?"

"Any time in the day. Surely, in the course of the day you can find time to do it."

"But, if I once go out with you, and begin being Zenobia, Queen of the East, I shall forget to come in to finish my sum. No, I will stay and finish it now."

"That is right, Rosamond," said Laura, who was at the other end of the room, but who now came to the window to Rosamond's assistance. "You will soon have finished it, Rosamond. Then you will have done all you ought to do, and then you can be Queen of the East as long as you please." "In peace and comfort," said Rosamond. "The nines in forty-nine will go——"

"Are you still at the nines in forty-nine?" cried Godfrey.

"Yes, because you interrupted her," said Laura.

"Will you come, or will you not, Rosamond?" said Godfrey.

Rosamond looked at Laura, then at the helmet, and then at Laura again.

"No, brother, I will do this first, because I ought."

"That's right, Rosamond," said Laura.

The Emperor of the Romans whistled, and walked away.

Rosamond was afraid that he was angry with her, but Laura, who saw what was passing in her thoughts, said,

“Never mind that, my dear Rosamond ; you are in the right.”

Rosamond fixed her attention, with difficulty, upon her slate, answered the question she had asked herself so often about the nines in forty-nine, and completed the sum in long division.

“Now all is right, I hope,” said she.

Laura looked at it, and Rosamond watched her face.

“I know, by your smile, Laura, that all is right,” said Rosamond

“Quite right,” said Laura.

Scarcely had the words passed Laura’s lips when Rosamond seized her bonnet, threw open the glass door which led to the lawn, and ran down the hill to the field of battle.

How happy she was as Queen of the East, with her helmet of rushes and her bow of sallow, is not to be told, but may be guessed, by her continuing two whole hours untired of the war with the still more indefatigable Emperor of Rome.

At last, as they halted for a moment, breathless, their lengthened shadows reminded them of the hour of day, and now, as the Emperor had been severely wounded in searching among the brambles for his last arrow, and the Queen of the East was likewise hopeless of finding hers, which had been shot into the long grass, a truce was agreed upon for this day.

They hung their bows under the beech tree, laid aside their helmets, resumed the hat and bonnet, and Godfrey and Rosamond were themselves again.

In the meantime, at home, new pleasures were preparing for Rosamond. Laura, having given her mother a full and true account of Rosamond’s heroic resolution to finish her



long sum in division, in spite of all temptations to the contrary, her mother was pleased to have this opportunity of bestowing upon her a mark of approbation.

When Rosamond went into her room to dress, she found,