

lying on her table, two little books, in which her name was written.

“‘On the Microscope,’ my dear Laura. The very thing I wished for when I heard mamma read the title in the newspaper the other day, and the very thing Godfrey wished for.”

The moment she was dressed, and she was dressed this day with singular expedition, she ran to thank her mother for the books, and then to show them to Godfrey.

Godfrey opened the first volume and read:—

“‘Microscope described; its uses. Magnifying glasses; discoveries made by’——I shall like, I believe, to read this.”

Then turning to another chapter, “‘Principle of the telescope; refraction; limits of distinct vision; principle of concave lenses explained.’”*

“But, my dear Rosamond, did my mother give this to you? You can no more understand this than you can fly.”

“I know that, brother,” replied Rosamond, looking a little mortified; “but mamma did give me the books, and she told me to begin here, at ‘poppy seeds’ and ‘the blessed thistle,’ which I can understand as well as anybody; and whatever I do not understand I need not read yet. Look at these prints. Here are all my old friends, the spiders, and beetles, and caterpillars, and gnats.”

“So I see,” said Godfrey; “and while you are busy with those in the second volume, you can lend me the first, because I shall begin at the beginning, for I can understand about the laws of vision and refraction.”

“Do not be too sure of that,” said Rosamond, nodding

* “Dialogues on the Microscope,” by the Rev. J. Joyce. See ‘The Microscope,’ by Jabez Hogg. Routledge and Sons, London and New York.

her head, “for I can tell you mamma said she was not sure that even you could understand all that, without a great deal of help and explanation from papa.”

“We shall see,” said Godfrey.

He sat down, and began at the beginning, whilst Rosamond looked first at the prints of the spiders and caterpillars.

“But, Godfrey,” resumed she, after being silent a few minutes, “I forgot to tell you why mamma gave me these nice books. It was because I remained with so much resolution to do my duty this morning; to finish my long sum, instead of going out with you, first, to be Queen of the East.”

“Resolution! duty!” repeated Godfrey. “What a fine emphasis, Rosamond! as if it was such a grand duty, such a great exploit!”

“Grand or not, it was my duty, and I did it,” said Rosamond; “and Laura and mamma said I was right, and I know I was right.”

“I do not say you were wrong, but I do not see the great resolution.”

“No, not great resolution, maybe; but great for me, for a little girl, like me.”

“That makes a difference, to be sure,” said Godfrey. “Well! I grant you, great for you.”

Not quite satisfied with Godfrey’s manner of granting this, Rosamond could not refrain from praising herself a little more.

Partly talking to herself, she went off:—

“Mamma, I know, says, and Laura says, too, that I am learning to have a great resolution, and prudence, too, for I know I always, almost always, think as mamma advises, and as Laura does, of the future, and I always, that is, generally

prefer the great future pleasure to the little present pleasure."

"You will give me a little present pleasure, if you will hold your tongue, Rosamond," said Godfrey.

The dinner-bell rang at this moment, just as the colour was rising in Rosamond's face, and as the words, "Godfrey, you are very provoking," were going to be said.

They were not uttered, and Rosamond was glad of it; she resolved not to be provoked, a wise resolution, in which a good dinner, as Godfrey observed, much strengthened her.

In the course of the evening, however, something led to the renewal of the conversation.

Laura was in the room when the dispute began, but she was playing the pianoforte, and singing, so that she did not hear what was going on.

Presently, Rosamond came and stood at her elbow, silent and still.

As soon as she had finished the lesson she was playing, Laura began the accompaniment of

Merrily every bosom boundeth,
Merrily, ho!—merrily ho!"

"Come, Rosamond, we can sing this together. Begin."

But Rosamond could not begin. She was in no condition for singing, she could not command her voice; she struggled and struggled in vain, and at last burst into tears.

Laura, surprised, stopped playing.

"What is the matter, my dear Rosamond?" said she.

"Oh! Because, because," said Rosamond, sobbing, "because Godfrey says, that it is all selfishness——"

Laura wiped the tears from Rosamond's eyes, and waited till her sobs and indignation would allow her to give a clearer account of the matter.

"He says he thinks that all my prudence is selfishness."

"No, no," cried Godfrey; "I only said, Where's the generosity, Rosamond?"

"Yes; but you said, that all that about giving up a present pleasure, Godfrey, for a greater future pleasure, was not generous."

"Well, so I did, and I say it again. Where's the generosity, Rosamond, of choosing for yourself the greater of two pleasures? You can't call that generous."

"There now! Do you hear that, Laura?" said Rosamond and her tears flowed again.

"I hear it," said Laura; "but I do not know why it should make you cry so, my dear Rosamond."

"I only know it does make me very unhappy; because, if mamma tells me one thing is right, and Godfrey tells me another, I don't know what is right and what is wrong, and I don't know what to do. I thought it was right to be prudent, and mamma said so; and now Godfrey says it is not generous."

"But don't cry so, Rosamond," said Laura; "he did not say you are not generous, did he?"

"He did not say that quite, but he said that if I go on so he thinks that I shall become selfish."

"And so I do," said Godfrey.

"If she goes on how, Godfrey?" said Laura.

"If she goes on always as she has learnt to do lately, considering, and calculating only how she is to secure, upon every occasion, the greatest quantity of pleasure, in short, how she is to make herself the happiest, I say that may be