

Every day, for a whole week—and a week is a long time at Rosamond's age—she worked hard, reading the names of the books to him, as he was making his catalogue; then arranging the volumes ready for Laura, and at last carrying them for Laura and Godfrey to put up. Hard, tiresome work! And it was fine weather, and her father and mother took pleasant walks every evening, and Rosamond loved to walk with them; but every evening, when her mother asked if Rosamond would come with them, or stay to help her brother, she chose to stay to help her brother.

Godfrey said nothing, but he felt a good deal; he felt how unjust he had been; and he loved Rosamond for never reproaching him, and for showing such good temper, as well as generosity.

The catalogue was at last finished, and the books were all arranged on their shelves. Godfrey announced to his father that he had completed his undertaking, and presented to him the catalogue. His father examined it, saw that it was well done, and put the microscope into Godfrey's hands, telling him that he had well earned it, and that he was glad he had so soon accomplished his business.

"Father, I should not have finished it this month—I think I should never have got through it—without the help of Laura and Rosamond——"

"And Rosamond," said he, turning to her, with tears in his eyes, which he tried to prevent from coming into them, but could not, "I am sure you have done more for me than I deserved. I acknowledge I was unjust, and you are not selfish."

"Oh, Laura," cried Rosamond, "do you hear *that*?"

"And if you forgive me, Rosamond, will you accept the microscope from me?"

"No, Godfrey, I cannot," said Rosamond, putting both her hands behind her. "I don't mean that I cannot forgive you, for that I do with all my heart, and did long ago; but I cannot take the microscope."



THE END.