

ROSAMOND'S DAY OF MISFORTUNES.

"Many a cloudy morning turns out a fine day."

"ARE you getting up so soon?" said Rosamond to her sister: "it seems to be a cold morning; and as it is very disagreeable to get up from one's warm bed in this cold weather, I shall not get up yet."

So Rosamond, who was covered up warmly, lay quite still, looking at Laura, who was dressing herself as quickly as she could.

"It is a cold morning, indeed," said Laura, "therefore I'll make haste, that I may go down and warm myself afterwards at the fire in mamma's dressing-room."

When Laura was about half dressed, she called again to Rosamond, and told her that it was late, and that she was afraid she would not be ready for breakfast.

But Rosamond answered, "I shall be ready, I shall be ready; for you know when I make a great deal of haste I can dress very quickly indeed. Yesterday morning I did not begin to dress till you were combing the last curl of your hair, and I was ready *almost* as soon as you were. Nay, Laura, why do you shake your head? I say *almost*—I don't say quite."

"I don't know what you call *almost*," said Laura, laughing, "I had been drawing some time before you came downstairs."

"But I looked at your drawing," said Rosamond, "the minute I came into the room, and I saw only three legs, and a back of a chair; you know that was not much; indeed it was hardly worth while to get up early to do so little."

"Doing a little and a little every morning makes something in time," said Laura.

"Very true," replied Rosamond, "you drew the whole of mamma's dressing-room, dressing-table and glass and everything little by little, in——what do you call it?—perspective—before breakfast! I begin to wish that



I could get up as you do; but then I can't draw in perspective."

"But, my dear Rosamond, whilst you are talking about perspective, you don't consider how late it is getting," said Laura, "why don't you get up now?"

"Oh, because it is too late to get up early now," argued Rosamond.

Satisfied with this reflection, Rosamond closed her eyes, and turned to go asleep again.

"When you come to the last curl, Laura, call me once more," said she, "and then I'll get up."

But in vain Laura called her again, warning her that she had come to the last curl.

Rosamond was more sleepy than ever, and more afraid of the cold. At last, however, she was roused by the breakfast bell: she started up, exclaiming,

"Oh, Laura, what shall I do? I shall not be ready; my father will be displeased with me; and I've lost my lace; and I can't find my pocket-handkerchief; and all my things are gone. This will be a day of misfortunes, I'm sure—and the clasp is come out of my shoe," added she, and as she uttered these words in a doleful tone she sat down upon the side of the bed, and began to cry.

"Nay, don't cry," said Laura, "or else it will be a day of misfortunes. Look, here is your pocket-handkerchief."

"But my lace," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes with the handkerchief, "how can I be ready for breakfast without my lace, and my father will be very, very——"

"Very what?" said Laura, good-humouredly; "here's the lace; sit up a minute, and I'll draw it out for you."

Rosamond laughed when she found that she was sitting upon her own lace, and she thanked her sister, who was now sewing the clasp on her shoe.

"Well, I don't think it will be a day of misfortunes," said Rosamond; "you see I'm almost dressed, Laura, and I shall be ready in pretty good time, and I shall be just as well as if I had got up an hour ago, Laura."

But at this moment Rosamond, in her violent haste, pulled the string of her cap into a knot, which she could not untie. Laura was going out of the room, but she called her

back in a voice of distress, and begged that she would be so very good as to do one thing more for her; and as Rosamond spoke she held up her chin and showed the hard knot.

Laura, whose patience was not to be conquered even by a hard knot, began very kindly to help her sister, but Rosamond between her dislike of the cold, and her fears that she should not be ready for breakfast and that her father would be displeased with her, became more and more fretful; she repeated, "This will be a day of misfortunes, after all, it tires me, Laura, to hold up my chin so long."

Laura knelt down to relieve her sister's chin, but no sooner was this complaint removed than Rosamond began to shiver extremely, and exclaimed, "It is so cold I cannot bear it any longer, Laura. This will be a day of misfortunes. I would rather untie the knot myself—oh, that's my father's voice, he is dressed! he is dressed, and I am not half dressed."

Rosamond's eyes were full of tears, and she was a melancholy spectacle when her mother at this instant opened the door.

"What! not ready yet, Rosamond, and in tears! Look at this cross face," said her mother, leading her to a looking-glass, "is that an agreeable little girl, do you think?"

"But I am very cold, mamma, and I can't untie this knot. Laura, I think you have made it worse," said Rosamond reproachfully.

At these words, her mother desired Laura to go downstairs to breakfast.

"Rosamond," added she, "you will not gain anything by ill-humour. When you have done crying, and when you have dressed yourself, you may follow us down to breakfast."

As soon as her mother had shut the door and left her, Rosamond began to cry again, but after some time she