

## THE RABBIT

MANY agreeable things engaged Rosamond's attention during the year that elapsed while the hyacinth roots lay buried in sand. Her mother gave her a little bit of ground for a garden ; and as it was in vain to think of having hyacinths before the proper season, Rosamond begged that her mother would be so good as to give her some seeds, which she might in the meantime sow her garden.

"What sort of seeds do you want, Rosamond?" said her mother.

"Any sort, mamma ; all sorts, if you please."

"Have you room to sow all sorts of seeds, Rosamond, do you think, in your little garden? For instance, turnip, carrot, cabbage, and cauliflower seeds, and peas and beans, and——"

"Oh, no, mamma ; all those would take up a great deal too much room. I can't have all sorts of seeds, to be sure ; therefore, if you please, I will have only flower-seeds?"

"All sorts of flower-seeds?"

"No, no, mamma ; you know I have not room for all, but I should like to have those which will come up the quickest, and which will be the prettiest."

"Perhaps you cannot have both these at once. For instance, pinks and carnations you think pretty."

"Oh, yes, mamma ! I must have pinks and carnations in my garden. I mean, if you please, for they are beautiful."

"But I cannot please to make them grow as fast as you perhaps expect, Rosamond."

"If I sow pinks and carnations this very day, mamma, how soon shall I have a nosegay of them?"

“Probably next year.”

Rosamond sighed, and said that if carnations were so long in growing, she would rather have sweet peas, or anything else; and she asked her mother what would come up the soonest of anything she could plant. Her mother told her that she believed mustard-seed would be the most likely to answer her purpose, if she was determined upon having what would grow with the greatest expedition.

Mustard-seed, compared with pinks, carnations, sweet-peas, or sweetwilliams, did not quite suit Rosamond's fancy. She now also called to mind the dishes of peas and beans of her brother Orlando's raising, of which she had eaten last year; and she wavered long between the useful and the beautiful, between the slow and the quick-growing vegetables.

“When you have decided, my dear,” said her mother, “ask your sister Laura to write down the names of the seeds that you wish to have; but do not talk to me any more about the matter, because I am going to read. I have listened to your changes of opinion now for nearly a quarter of an hour.”

“I have decided entirely now,” said Rosamond, “only I am sorry I can't have everything I wish.”

“That you cannot, indeed, my dear, or anybody else, I assure you; therefore begin by deciding what you wish for most; then let us see if it be possible to get it; if it can be had, so much the better; if it cannot, then you must consider what you like the next best, and so on. I advise you to take a whole day to consider about it; for as soon as you have given me your list of seeds, I shall not listen to any changes of opinion afterwards.”

Rosamond's list was written and re-written by Laura many times during the course of this day. Sometimes Rosamond

attended prudently to the sober counsel of her elder brother, the experienced gardener, Orlando; at other times she more eagerly listened to the brilliant ideas of her younger brother Godfrey. He talked of cucumbers, and melons, and grapes, and peaches, and nectarines; whilst Orlando represented that hotbeds and hothouses would be necessary for these—that Rosamond would not know how to manage them, and that it would be safer to begin with things that would require less care and skill. He showed Rosamond a little journal of all that he had done in his garden the last year, and an account of all that it had produced. She had now the means of judging what she could do herself; and she made out her list of seeds from Orlando's journal.

“This is a very reasonable, sensible list,” said her mother. “I am surprised that you, Rosamond, who have had no experience in gardening, could judge so well as you have done.”

“Mamma,” said Rosamond, “I judged by Orlando's journal: here it is. It tells me all that he did, mamma. It is an exact *history*, he says, of his garden; and from this I can learn, mamma, what I should do, and what I should not do, in my garden; and it will save me a great deal of trouble, and save me from making mistakes. So, though I have had no experience, as you say, myself, I can learn by Orlando's experience, mamma.”

Rosamond made such good use of her brother's history that her little garden was soon brought into good order, and she did not expect that her seeds and her flowers should grow faster than any other persons. She made, to be sure, some few mistakes, and suffered some few disappointments, for there are things which are to be learned only by *our* own experience—the advantage of perseverance, perhaps, is one of them.

Rosamond was apt to vary her plans too often to bring