

things to perfection. Sometimes her walks were to be straight, sometimes serpentine. She "changed round to square, and square again to round." Every new visitor found some new fault, or suggested some new improvement, and Rosamond wearied herself with perpetual endeavours to please everybody, till at length, convinced that this was impossible, since people had such different tastes, she resolved to abide by what should be decided to be best by the best judges; and one evening, when her mother came to look at her garden, she appealed to her.

"I am determined, mamma, to make my garden exactly what you think the prettiest. Do you like my mound, mamma? Godfrey does not like my mound, though I have worked a whole week at it, mamma; and I should have had a salad by this time, in that very place, if I had not dug up the seeds in making the mound. But, dear mamma, come on, and look at my labyrinth. Godfrey told me about the labyrinth of Crete, mamma, and this is to be the labyrinth of Crete; he showed me how to make it. It is but just begun, mamma. I'm afraid you can't understand it. It is to go zigzag—zigzag, through this border."

"But what are these little green things? There seems to be something coming up here."

"Only mignonette, mamma. But if you don't think you shall like our labyrinth, I won't finish it. Indeed, I believe it will be too narrow to walk in, and I had better not spoil the mignonette. I can give you nice nosegays of mignonette. But, mamma, there's another thing—we are thinking of digging a pond here."

"What! in the midst of your fine bed of turnips? And where will you get your water to fill your pond?"

"When it rains, mamma; and then, you know, it will

be very useful to have a pond full of water, with which we can water the turnips and everything."

"But the turnips must be pulled up to make room for the pond."

"True, mamma," said Rosamond, "but still I shall have mignonette, since I mean to give up the labyrinth, and mignonette must be watered in hot weather."

"And do you think that your pond will be full of water in hot weather? Do you think the rain will never dry up in your pond?"

"Ah! that is what we are sadly afraid of, mamma; but then, in *rainy* weather the pond will be quite full, and very useful."

"Very useful! what, to water your mignonette while it is raining? Will not the rain do as well as the rain-water out of your pond?"

Rosamond confessed that she had not made this reflection, and she gave up the scheme of the pond.

"And now, mamma," said she, "*lay out* my garden for me, as Godfrey says, exactly to your own taste, and I will alter it all to-morrow to please you."

"I advise you, Rosamond, not to alter it," said her mother. "Wait till all the things you have planted come to perfection, and don't give up what is useful for what is useless. As to the rest, please your own taste."

"But the thing is, mamma, that if I don't alter and alter continually, I have nothing to do, and I am tired of my garden, if it looks ever so nice."

"You are in the right, my dear little Rosamond, to try to find out the cause of your own actions. So, then, you change your plans continually for want of something to do. Look at all those weeds in that shrubbery," said her mother; "those are easily pulled up, especially the groundsel."

"Yes, mamma."

"Well, employ yourself in weeding that shrubbery for me. Here is a basket. Bring your little hoe."

"I can pull the groundsel up with my hand, mamma,"



said Rosamond; and she set to work with great alacrity.

"Rosamond," said her mother, "when you have weeded this piece of the shrubbery, from this variegated holly to that larch, quite clean, I will give you three of those little laburnums that you wished to have a few days ago."

"Oh, thank you, mamma," said Rosamond, "but I'm afraid I shall be a great while doing this, for I see a great many weeds."

She worked hard that day, and filled her basket quite up to the top with groundsel; and she calculated that if she filled this basket with weeds every day, she should have cleared from the variegated holly to the larch in a week.

For some rainy days and some accidents she had not allowed, but at the end of a fortnight the work was completed, and her mother gave her the three little laburnums. Rosamond transplanted them immediately into her garden. She was surprised and rejoiced to find that her mignonette and her turnips, during this fortnight of tranquility, had come forward finely. A few weeds had made their appearance, but those she soon pulled up, and, resolving to make no useless alterations in her garden, she returned to her mother, and asked for fresh employment.

"Go on weeding the shrubbery, from the larch to the large laurel," said her mother; "that will be a month's work, and, if you do it well, I will give you the little laurel that grows near your garden."

Rosamond in due time earned the laurel, and she had now acquired the habit of regularly employing herself, so that she liked the work, even without thinking of her promised rewards. She earned several pretty shrubs, amongst others a fine damask rose-tree, by her summer and autumn work—*earned*, perhaps, we should not say, for the rewards her mother gave to her were certainly above the value of her work, but her mother said she thought that a few shrubs were well bestowed in teaching her little daughter industry and perseverance.

"The same industry and perseverance, Rosamond," said