

walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma I will give you the flower-pot back again, and that purple stuff and all, if you'll only give me the shoes."

"No, Rosamond ; you must abide by your own choice ; and now the best thing you can possibly do is to bear your disappointment with good humour."

"I will bear it as well as I can," said Rosamond, wiping her eyes, and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond's disappointment did not end here. Many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her, before the end of the month.

Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, or walk in them.

Whenever Rosamond was called to see anything she was detained pulling her shoes up at the heels, and was sure to be too late.

Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes ; and at length, on the very last day of the month, it happened that her father proposed to take her with her brother to a glasshouse, which she had long wished to see. She was very happy ; but, when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste downstairs to her brother and father, who was waiting for her at the hall door, the shoe dropped off. She put it on again in a great hurry, but, as she was going across the hall, her father turned round.

"Why are you walking slip shod ? no one must walk slip-shod with me ; why, Rosamond," said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, "I thought that you were always neat ; go, I cannot take you with me."

Rosamond coloured and retired.

"Oh, mamma," said she, as she took off her hat, "how I wish that I had chosen the shoes ! They would have been of so much more use to me than that jar : however, I am sure, no, not quite sure, but I hope I shall be wiser another time."