

learnt as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which they readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market, in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plated straw; they painted maps; they executed plain needlework. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful.—The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I was never so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do when we lived in the great house," said the children; "and we love each other a great deal better here, you call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father; "and you make just such honey as the heart loves to feed on."

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed, nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling which had always been kept so neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved; vines and flowering trees were planted around it. The merchant was happier under his wood-bine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy drawing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he; "shall we now return to the city?"

"O, no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we

little ones were shut up in the nursery, and we did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together; and sister, who loves us teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich, and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."—*Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.*

A CHAPTER FOR YOUTH.

THE FOUR WORDS.

FOUR little words did me more good when I was a boy, than almost anything else," said a gentleman the other day: "I cannot reckon up all the good they have done me; they were first the words which my mother taught me."

"Indeed; what were the four little words?" said I.

He answered me by relating the following story.

"My father grafted a pear-tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear.—They were said to be a very nice kind of pear, and my father was very anxious to see if they came up to the man's promises. This single pear, then, was an object of some concern to my father. He wanted it to become fully ripe; the high winds, he hoped would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to all the children, on no account to touch it. The graft was low and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that the graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother; 'I hope now there is some prospect of our having good pears.'

"Every body who came into the garden, he took to the graft, and every body said, 'It will prove to be a most excellent pear.'

"It began to look very beautifully; it was full and round; a rich red glow was gradually dying its cheeks, and its grain was clear and healthy.