

Charles trying to teach it to 'ang on to the clo'se-rope in the nursery by its toes! It's an awful trainin' the poor things is gettin'—an' the only comfort I 'ave in 'em is, that their dear mother do constantly teach 'em the Bible—w'ich condemns all sich things, —an' she *do* manage to make 'em fond o' wisitin' an' considerin' of the poor."

To which observations Jemima, holding up her hands and gazing at her bosom friend in sympathy would reply that her own sentiments was hidentially simular, that things in general was to her most amazin', and that there was no accountin' for nothin' in *this* life, but that w'atever came of it she 'oped the family would live long an' 'appy in a world, w'ich was, she must confess, a most perplexing mixture of good and evil, though of course she wasn't rightly able to understand or explain that, but she was sure of this anyhow, that, although she was by no means able to explain 'erself as well as she could wish, she knew that she wished well to every one who stuck to the golden rule like Mr. and Mrs. Osten.

With which sentiment, good reader, we shall conclude this chronicle of the life and adventures of Wandering Will, and respectfully bid you farewell.