

you know how much I thought of going. I never can tell you how many times I dreamed of my journey, or how much I wanted to be off. Three weeks seemed a great while in passing away; but they *did* pass away at last, and I went on board the steamboat with uncle Henry. It was a beautiful morning when we left the wharf, you know, and I never felt so glad in all my life; but after you and papa went away, and the boat was but a little way from the wharf, a man came running with a little boy, and seemed greatly disappointed when he found himself too late. He called loudly for them to put back; but the boat kept on her way, which made him very angry. He shook his umbrella at the boat, and the boat puffed smoke at him. Some of the passengers laughed, and others felt sorry for the poor man.—For my own part, I felt worse for the little boy than for the man. He looked so disappointed, and seemed just ready to cry; and no wonder, for the cook told aunt Addy that the little boy's mother was very ill in the ladies' cabin. Aunt went below to see her, and I talked with uncle about the man and the little boy. Uncle said that in almost all cases when people were too late, the fault was their own. I told uncle that sometimes people had no time for doing what they had to do; but he said that everybody had time enough to do all that was given them to do, but that the great fault with some was, that they did nothing at the right time. I thought that uncle was right, Mary, for I remembered that day when I lost a ride to see the Plaster Mills.

*Mary.*—I never really knew how you came to be too late, Tommy.

*Thomas.*—Why it was the most foolish reason in the world. I had two beds to weed in the garden, and they should have been done before breakfast; but I was unaccountably

sleepy that morning. It is true that I had but little sleep after it was time for me to get up, but I lay and dozed, though I couldn't sleep. I was thinking all the while of my beds in the garden, while I was lying lazily upon my bed in the chamber. I dreamed that I was up and doing, that the weeds came up by the roots almost before I touched them, and my task was done; then I would start and open my eyes, and think, "I ought to get up and go to work, but I am so sleepy;" so I would sink away and dream the same over again. At last the bell rang, and it seemed to me louder than thunder. I sprang to the floor, and dressed myself without opening my eyes, and then tumbled down stairs, you know, when I came into the breakfast room.

*Mary.*—I remember that, and was afraid that you had broken your neck.

*Thomas.*—I told father, after breakfast, I had been invited to go with a party to the Plaster Mills, and I was to meet them at the turn of the road.—Father said, "Very well, my son, I hope you will be in time; this morning has been as long as other mornings, and all the time belonged to you."—Sure enough; but what had I done with it? I went to work now, but the weeds didn't come up of themselves, as they had done in my sleep. I worked hard, though, and in a great hurry, and after a time my task was done.—Then I washed myself and ran every step of the way to the turn. There I found Joe Saunders, who told me that the carriage had been gone about ten minutes; that they had waited a quarter of an hour, but went off at last, saying that I was always behind the time.

*Mary.*—How provoking!—but it taught you something, Tommy.

*Thomas.*—Yes, and it was a good lesson; the man who ran after the steamboat told the lesson to me over again, and I mean to look out for be-