

ing is always associated in my mind with the inimitable Rebecca at the well with her pitcher, giving water to the servant and camels of Isaac. I should think she would have greatly preferred meeting Isaac himself. But she modestly did not express the wish, and why should I?

I feel that there is danger lest this beautiful morning may divert my mind from its purpose, and of my losing the gathered dignity for the coming ordeal. I almost wish to be an April nymph, to laugh and dance in glee, even if I must weep to-morrow—I can do nothing less now. But who cares or believes in sorrow when the heart is glad?—Stupid must be the face, palsied the springs of life, of one who always keeps a remembrance of trouble to check merriment and the happy gushings of the heart. Oh! they tell some good thought, or some accomplished good. Ministering angels are born in the sunshine of gladness, even if they are christened in sorrow. Joyous moments in our existence are God-sends, as well as the hues of sorrow that stain them.

But I will hie me off in this gladsome mood, and pray that its darker sister come not near me again until I have done the first work; for a sunny face and a glad heart leaves its impression; and who would not care to do so small a good, if nothing more? I'm playing the theft on all my friends; they are ignorant of my errand. I excuse my disrespect to filial right in keeping my mission, that I may avoid the preliminary part of a long dissertation on propriety, and what woman should do, or may do, because she has done: the utter failure of the project, and such a useless exposure to censure and ridicule—last of all, and most to be considered, such imprudence for one of Eve's daughters to travel unprotected and alone, as if all the world were wolves to catch and devour Little Miss Red Riding Hoods. I'll remember her fate!

I must make my *début* as a pedestrian Book Pedler, and