

unconscious efforts to remove the encumbrance from the candle, had given it a stronger jerk than was expedient, and had upset it, not only on his own hand, scorching it rather severely, but turning it over still farther, on his companion's book, leaving a line of hot grease all along the open page.

Edward could not help feeling angry, now; he exclaimed: 'Well, you are Charlie the fiddler'; and he did not much mind the tears that quickly started at the opprobrious epithet, until poor Charlie piteously replied:

'At any rate, Edward I am not sorry this hand was burned: as long as I feel the pain; as long as I see the mark, I don't think I will fiddle again. But your nice book—ah, I am afraid that will remain a remembrance for ever!'

'Yes, my boy,' answered his cousin, as once more, with his own good-natured smile, he kissed the little suffering hand, 'I hope it will be a remembrance for ever that this was the last time you offended so.'

Charlie was very glad to hear his cousin say this: he resolved to prove him right; but unluckily Edward was to go away the next day without waiting to see these good resolutions put into practice. The hand soon healed, the pain passed away, the mark was gone, and—why must it be told?—Charlie himself was obliged to confess that, however Edward came to the knowledge of the fact, there was too much reason for the reproof he administered in the following manner.

It was Christmas Eve, and with the post came a letter from Edward, and a neat little box. The letter was full of good wishes for young and old; the box full of small remembrances; for Charlie's two sisters and eldest brother, each a beautiful penknife, exactly alike, in a red morocco case, with a tortoise shell handle and a silver plate on the side with the owner's name; for Charlie—ah, there was nothing he had so much longed for as a knife!—but for him there was a large parcel, a card fastened to the outside, saying that he too should have had the same as the others only that his cousin was afraid 'he would cut up the table into chips: within was a source of harmless amusement, to keep his fingers employed, were they ever so restless.' In all haste the parcel was opened: within was, what do you think?—an Indian tumbler, standing on a little arch with a weight to his feet, which, by a touch of the finger, sent him over and over as often as you pleased.

'A foolish toy,' exclaimed Charlie, in deep mortification; 'did Edward think me a baby?' while a laugh, that even the most good-natured could not control, went round the little circle. Perhaps the deepest source of his mortification lay in the consciousness, as we have said, that he deserved this little reproof. He was the first to say so, himself, when, on the following day, his mamma asked the children what messages she should write back to their cousin. 'Thank Edward for me, mamma, and tell him I do not think the tumbler so very foolish now: I hope yet to show he has done me good. He shall stand opposite me on the table, to remind me what he is there for; and I think, mamma, we may call it a good day when he is not once pitched off his perch.'

His mamma agreed it would be an excellent plan; and, after a good long trial, was beginning to think it was a successful one, too. The tumbler maintained a marvellous steadiness during school hours; no fresh engravings adorned the table, no new accidents had occurred elsewhere, and the time seemed drawing near when, by a secret arrangement between her and Edward, a knife similar to the others was to become Charlie's

property also, when one day a little miniature of his sister Annie happened to be left on the table in its morocco case, and nothing would do Charlie but to press open the spring and place it beside him as the companion of his studies.

This was no great wonder—all loved Annie; and now, that she was gone away to school, the picture seemed her second self, and no one could blame the kiss given to it by affectionate little Charlie, as he laid it beside him. Still, better had he let it alone, or taking one look and kiss, had he shut it up carefully again; but no, his own rosy lips had left their mark upon the glass—it was no longer clear, and rubbing it with the sleeve of his jacket did not mend the matter: in fact, being like most little boys' everyday jackets, not always of the cleanest, the more he rubbed the glass with it the duller it grew. Charlie's next thought was to seek for some more effectual implement: a glass of water, in which was placed a bunch of roses, stood in the centre of the table; and it was the work of an instant to pop in the active fingers, bring out a clear drop on the tip of each, and sprinkle the glass of the picture: he was then proceeding to try whether washing would answer better than wiping, when his mamma's voice calling him, he laid by his experiment, and closing the spring hastily, away he ran.

His mamma wanted him to go with her into the garden and help to gather fruit for preserves. It was very pleasant work, and lasted for some hours: no wonder if the study and the lessons, and even the miniature, were forgotten. Charlie thought of them no more for the rest of the day; indeed he never once remembered the latter until the following morning, when, sitting down to hear him his lessons, as usual, his mamma took the miniature up in her hand to give one look at her own sweet Annie, before commencing the business of the day.

But what is this?—no sweet Annie's face—black, blue and red, mixed up like a lowering thundercloud; never had Annie's face worn such an aspect as that. Gone were the smiling eyes, the rosy lips, the golden curls, or rather, blended into one mass; that was all that could be seen of them now.

'Oh, Charlie!' exclaimed his mamma, at once guessing that he had some hand in the mischief, and 'Oh, mamma!' reiterated Charlie, bursting into tears, as in a moment it flashed on him how it had occurred.

For some minutes neither of them spoke another word, both of them grieved for the fault and its consequences—both gazing at the wreck of what was lately so pretty and so valued. 'Oh, Charlie, what shall I do with you?' said his mamma at last.

'Oh, mamma, what shall I do with myself?' sobbed Charlie, as he related how the misfortune must have happened by shutting the drops of water up in the case; then soaking under the glass they must have made the colors run; and he concluded, as he had begun, with those words: 'Oh, mamma, what can I do with myself?'

'Yes, Charlie,' replied his mamma very gravely, 'that is now the question. You have been often punished by me, you have been punished by your cousin; you have been laughed at, you have suffered pain, you have suffered sorrow. Is all to be in vain? or is there any other punishment likely to be effectual? Think, Charlie. At last I must leave you to yourself.'

Charlie cried still more bitterly at those words; he would have been ready to bear whatever his mamma inflicted; he could not think any punishment too great for such a mischief as that before his eyes, and he felt as if he could not devise anything half bad enough for himself.

At length raising his eyes mournfully to his mother's, he said: 'Mamma, it would be such a pleasure to get another picture like that that I am afraid it could not be called a punishment.'

His mother could hardly help smiling as she answered: 'No, indeed, Charlie; I don't think we could call it a punishment to have our dear picture restored: if you could do it, indeed, we might call it a reparation.'

'Oh, yes, mamma; that is what I mean,' interrupted he eagerly; 'but when the reparation would be so great a pleasure, I am afraid it would be no punishment.'

'Not much use, I fear, in arguing that point. That miniature cost a great deal of money, and the gentleman who painted it has so much to do now, that I suppose he would require twice as much for another.'

Charlie's countenance fell; after a thoughtful pause, he returned to the subject. 'How much money did it cost, mamma?'

'Three guineas,' replied his mother.

'And twice three is six,' mused Charlie. 'But, mamma; there is a perhaps. The painter looked so kind, and he seemed so fond of Annie, and of—of'—Charlie hesitated.

'And of Charlie?' said his mamma, putting in the word with a smile.

'Yes, mamma, of poor little Charlie,' returned he with a half smile too. 'Well, mamma, and then if the painter would consent to do it over again for the same or a little more; and if Annie would not mind the tiresomeness of sitting; and if I were to totally break myself off from the fashion of meddling before her next vacation; then, mamma—then perhaps you would grant me the reward of allowing it to be painted again.'

'Reward, Charlie! what do I hear you say? Wasn't it of punishment we were speaking?'

'O yes, mamma,' answered he, once more indulging in a merry laugh. 'Indeed I forgot the punishment in the greatness of the reward; but it must come first, all the same, to make room for the other; for you know, mamma, my three lambs are now nearly grown into three sheep, and the steward says they are worth from three to four guineas at least. Well, you know, he was to have sold them for me at All Hallow Fair, and with the money to have bought a pony: that is a year-old plan, since first I got the lambs; and here Charlie cleared his throat and manfully smothered a sigh. 'Well, mamma, that pony is now no more—that is my punishment; but let the picture be drawn for the money—and that will be my reward.'

His mother kissed his beaming face: she was pleased with her little boy, and approved of his resolution. After some further discussion, it was settled that when the sheep were sold, and their exact value ascertained, the subject should be mentioned to the painter, and, if possible, Annie's picture should be restored on her next trip home.

But Charlie had yet to learn the lesson brought home to all our hearts, in some part or other of our lives, that repentance—amendment, even—is one thing—reparation is another. Ah, many a time would we have been less thoughtless, many a time would we have hesitated before committing a fault, had we felt that we never might repair it—had we known that before our sorrowing purpose ripened, the opportunity would pass away. Thus thought Charlie many a time, when the news came that the measles had appeared in Annie's school, and that she was one of the severest sufferers. Ah, what sad news was that!—what lonely thoughts he had after his mamma was gone away to nurse her; often holding the defaced miniature in his hand, thinking, perhaps, that was all they would soon have left of