

daughters very wisely for the most part, yet I could see they were a little annoyed by my finding them at work till they saw I enjoyed seeing it go on ; that they had a little feeling that I should not respect them quite so much for washing dishes and making beds. What a foolish notion it was for them to have ! I honored them for doing it and doing it so nicely, from the bottom of my heart : and was only annoyed by their supposing I could do otherwise, and of fancying for a moment that I should like Antoinette Hunter better because she played on the piano, embroidered in worsted, wore rings on her slender, lily white fingers, and let her old mother do the work.

But to return to Mrs. Bernard's kitchen. On the particular morning I am thinking of, Nathan the youngest boy came rushing in at the door about ten o'clock evidently in no amiable frame of mind,

"I've got to go to the mill," he said, "to bring home the meal, and father says I must carry over a barrel of potatoes to old Simeon Gray."

"Well, you needn't be so cross about it," said the even tempered Ellen, skillfully piling up her arm full of shining dishes.

"I guess you'd be cross if you'd to stop right in the midst of your forenoon's work, and sort out a barrel of old, dirty, good-for-nothing potatoes ! But I know one thing, I shan't trouble myself to be very particular about it : I shall put in what comes handiest ; for old Gray's half-blind, and he'll never know the difference."

"I guess Aunt Rhoda will know good from poor when she comes to cook them ; her eyes are as sharp as a hawk's, and they'll see if there's a speck or spot that isn't exactly right."

"Who cares for her ? I shall be out of hearing before she gets a chance to look, and then she may scold to her heart's content. He'll pay the money down for for 'em ; he always does ; so he can't help himself if they ain't all exactly sound, and of proper size."

So saying, he lighted a candle and went down into the cellar to fill a barrel of potatoes from the bin. In a very short time he was heard rolling up the barrel from stair to stair, and he soon appeared with his face very red from exercise ; for though he was a tall, stout shouldered boy, it was something of a lift to get the barrel up.

"I want to look at those potatoes," said his mother. Mrs. Bernard was a small, blue-eyed, mild looking woman, but her sons never failed to obey her, and Nathan rather reluctantly followed her, into the yard where the barrel was standing in the wagon.

"Why these are all white potatoes," she said, quietly—I sat by the window where I could hear the conversation—"you know these are only fit to feed to the pigs, and Mr. Gray wants them to cook for his table."

"They are as good looking a potatoe as we have got, and he will pay just as much for them ; so what's the difference, mother ?" asked Nathan, with that shrewd twinkle of the eye Yankee boys are very apt to give when they fancy they are driving a good bargain.

Mrs. Bernard had been looking into the barrel, moving the potatoes about with her hand, but she had now lifted her head, and looked Nathan straight in the eye.

"The difference !" she exclaimed, "why, it's the difference between being honest and cheating, between doing business honorably and defrauding. I am ashamed of you, Nathan Bernard. I wouldn't have believed a child of mine would have been willing to do such a despicable thing ?"

Mrs. Bernard's eyes were blue, but they could flash, and they were blazing now with scorn.

"But mother, it's what everybody else does, and old Gray would never know the difference."

"Don't speak in that improper way of an old man, Nathan. You know it isn't right, and that you are making a false excuse just because it is more convenient for yourself, and you would rather cheat a man than take the trouble to select a barrel of potatoes." Nathan blushed and hung his head before those keen eyes and sorrowful words, but muttered about nobody else being so particular.

"And if every man in town should do it, does that make it right ?" said his mother, in a tone of still greater severity. "Have you no desire to be honest before your own conscience, no fear of God before your eyes, no wish to do what He will approve ? You who have taken the vows of God upon your soul, and promised to walk before him in uprightness and sincerity of heart and life ? If Mr. Gray should never know it, would God be de-