

“Oh! Willy, could not we do any thing to help mother? I can work, you know.” “Yes, and I can do what is better,” said her brother; “look at these nice boxes I have made, better than any I have done yet; I wonder whether Mrs. Benson would buy them if I took them up to the house.” It was agreed by the children that Willy should carry his boxes up to the house that evening, and see if Mrs. Benson wanted any thing of the kind. He returned quite joyful; and Catherine, who was watching for him at the door, clapped her hands when she saw that he had sold all the boxes. He had plenty of good news to tell her: Mrs. Benson had not only bought all his boxes, but had given him an order for some picture frames, which he was to bring to the house when he had made them. “And now, Catherine, I am going to tell you the part of my good news which concerns yourself. Mrs. Benson asked me if you could work neatly; and when I said that you could, she gave me this parcel of plain work for you, and you are to bring it up to her when I take my picture frames: pray do it as neatly as you can.”

Very hard did this brother and sister work; and their mother, as she lay sick and weary on her bed, felt thankful to see her dear children so busy and happy.