



A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

"I AM learning how to sew," said an eager little maid;

"I push the needle in and out, and make the stitches strong;

I'm sewing blocks of patchwork for my dolly's pretty bed,

And mamma says, the way I work it will not take me long.

It's over and over—do you know
How over-and-over stitches go?

"I have begun a handkerchief; mamma turned in the edge,

And basted it with a pink thread to show me where to sew.

It has Greenaway children on it stepping staidly by a hedge;

I look at them when I get tired, or the needle pricks, you know.

And that is the way I learn to hem:
With hemming stitches—do you know them?

"Next I shall learn to run, and darn, and back-stitch too, I guess,

It wouldn't take me long, I know, if 'twasn't for the thread;

But the knots keep coming, and besides—
I shall have to confess—

Sometimes I slip my thimble off and use my thumb instead!

When your thread knots, what do you do?

And does it turn all brownish, too?

"My papa, he's a great big man, as much as six feet high;

He's more than forty, and his hair has grey mixed with the black;

Well, he can't sew: he can't begin to sew as well as I.

If he loses off a button, mamma has to set it back!

You mustn't think me proud, you know,

But I am seven and I can sew!"

JOHNNY PIG.

BY MARGARET FAYINGE.

LITTLE Johnny Eataway's playmates called him "Johnny Pig," and I don't wonder that they did, for he was one of the greediest boys that ever lived.

Almost every day when dinner was over, and he had eaten so much he couldn't eat any more, he would beg his mamma, with a dreadful whine, not to give what was left of the pudding or pie—which wasn't much, I can assure you—to any one else, but to put it away in the closet so that he might "eat it by and by."

And often he would stand for an hour at a time before the windows of a bakery or candy-store, with the tears running down his cheeks, in the deepest grief because he could not eat everything he saw there.

And he would follow men who were selling fruit from street to street, just as other boys follow the soldiers, or a monkey on a hand organ, in hopes that at last, to get rid of him, they would give him an apple, or an orange, or a banana.

Well, late one very cloudy afternoon, Johnny Pig was coming from the druggist's with a small bottle of paregoric for the baby, who had a pain, (paregoric was the only thing that could be swallowed that he could be trusted with,) when he saw a man in front of him carrying a basket half full of pretty pink packages. Johnny got as near as he could to this man, and sniffed at the basket.

It smelled delicious! Just like his mamma's kitchen on cake-baking days.

The man ran up every stoop, and rang every door-bell, and gave one of the packages to whoever came to the door.

At last, Johnny Pig, who was by this time a mile from home, and it was fast getting dark, asked the man what they were.

"Cakes," said the man.

"Gimme one?" begged Johnny.

"No," said the man, "I don't give them to little boys."

But Johnny kept following and teasing and teasing, until the man—it was quite dark now—said, "Well, as I have only a few left and I want to go to my supper, you may have one."

Johnny snatched it without even a thank you (greedy boys are never polite,) sat down on the nearest door-step, laid the bottle of paregoric by his side, tore of the pretty pink paper, and took a bite—a big bite.

And then he jumped up, knocking over the bottle and breaking it into flinders, and stamped, and choked, and sputtered, and

wiped his mouth again and again on the sleeve of his new jacket.

It was a cake of soap!

—Wide A. C.

THE LITTLE FARMER BOY

Oh pa, I'm twelve years old to day,

I'm old enough to work, you say,

Please give a patch of land to me,

I'll work it as it ought to be.

If I can have a patch of corn

I'll cultivate it night and morn

Then I can go to school, you know,

And learn to be a farmer too.

Am up by sunshine as a rule,

Could hoe my corn till time for school,

Then in the evening, I am sure,

There's time for work an hour or more.

Will work my rows out straight and true,

And then I'll plant it as you do,

And when I leave off work at night,

Will hang my hoe up clean and bright

I wish to do my chores each day,

And help my mother all I may;

Then work my little patch alone,

And have the crop my very own

Oh, thank you pa, I know you would

Give it to me, because you're good,

I'll try to have the neatest patch—

Why pa, we'll have a farming match.

Thus spoke the little farmer lad,

Who tried to have and always had

As neat a patch as could be found

For many miles the country round

TRUE COURAGE.

THE bravest boys are not always those who are ready to fight. Here is the story of one who showed the right spirit when provoked by his comrades.

A poor boy was attending school one day with a large patch on the knee of one of his trousers. One of his school-mates made fun of him for this, and called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys. "I'd give it to him if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I'm ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of my patch for her sake."

This was noble. That boy had the courage that would make him successful in the struggles of life. We must have courage in our struggle, if we hope to come out right.