



A YOUNG SEAMSTRESS.

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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?  
 "Soon 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 gray 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!"

## A NEW WAY OF MAKING TIME.

ONCE, when Carol's mamma was very ill, the little one hushed her sweet voice, lest she should "sturb mamma."

A weary time it was for the wee little girlie. She missed mamma, and, tired of watchful Mary, she liked to slip away into papa's study, and play quietly beside him while he wrote his sermons. His presence made the study a pleasant place.

Mr. May often made calls in the afternoon, and one day noticing the shadow on his little girl's face, he said, "I shall be home by four, Carol."

Carol watched and waited, and still papa did not come. A thought occurred to her. With a great effort she climbed up to the study clock, and, opening the door, tried to move the hands along, when, alas! snap went one of the hands.

"Where is my little girl?" asked Mr. May, as he entered the house an hour later. But no little girl appeared. When he entered the study she pointed mutely to the clock.

"But why did my darling touch the clock?" asked her papa.

And Carol sobbed out, "I wanted to make it time for papa to come home." And papa could not find it in his heart to chide her.—  
*S S Visitor.*

## THE TRIPLE PLEDGE.

We will not buy, we will not make,  
 We will not use, we will not take,  
 Wine, cider, beer, rum, whiskey, gin,  
 Because they lead mankind to sin.

We will not smoke the smoker's pets,  
 Those useless things called cigarettes;  
 We will not chew, we will not snuff,  
 Or waste our time cigars to puff.

We will not curse, though many dare  
 Open their lips to curse and swear;  
 Our words shall be both pure and plain;  
 We will not take God's name in vain.

## THE FOX AND ITS LESSON.

HERE is a story of a fox, said to be true, which teaches a lesson well worth heading:

Not a hundred miles from York, Pa., a farmer set a trap to catch a cunning fox who had been annoying him considerably by his midnight visits among the poultry. For fourteen successive visits to the trap he found it sprung, a stick of wood between its jaws, and the bait eaten up.

The circumstance so often repeated surprised the farmer. There were no other tracks to be seen but his own and those of the fox, and who sprang the trap was a question that puzzled him sorely. By continuing to re-bait his trap, the farmer hoped to catch the author of the mischief.

On the fifteenth night he found a fine old fox hung to it by the nose, and in his mouth was a stick of wood. From this circumstance it would appear that the cunning animal had sprung the trap fourteen times with a stick, but in attempting it the fifteenth time, he, unfortunately for himself, got a stick that was too short, and consequently had his nose nipped.

## MAKE SOMEBODY GLAD.

A MAN who was very sad once heard two boys laughing. He asked them:—

"What makes you so happy?"

"Happy," said the elder. "Why, I makes Jim glad and gets glad myself!"

This is the true secret of a happy life: to live so that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help some one else. It makes us happier here, and heaven will be happier for the company of those we have, by God's help, brought there.