



LEARNING TO SEW.

## A SMALL BOY'S PROBLEM.

I wonder how I'd like it,  
And I wonder who I'd be,  
Supposing I was somebody else,  
And somebody else was me!

I wonder, I just wonder,  
What boy I'd like to be;  
Supposing I didn't like him  
When he found that he was me!

—St. Nicholas.

## PUSSY'S PUNISHMENT.

BY ELLA B. BARNETT.

I knew such a nice little girl named Kate, but she had one fault, and a very bad one, too. She had a very bad temper, and, instead of trying to conquer it, she allowed it almost to conquer her. Indeed, I think it would have quite mastered her, had not her old friend, Pussy, come to her aid.

One day Kate was playing around the kitchen, while her mother was baking cookies. As Kate, like most little girls, was fond of good things, her mother gave her first one and then another. These were shared with an old cat, Kate's only pet, which lay on the lounge.

When Kate and Pussy had finished eating their cookies, they thought that they would like another. So Kate went over to her mother, saying, "Mother, may pussy and I have another?" "No, my dear, you have had enough; too many cookies are not good for Kate." But Kate did not think so. So she told Pussy; but Pussy said, "Purr, purr, purr," as much as to say, "Mother knows best." But Kate did not stay beside Pussy. She went to the farthest corner of the lounge, and spoiled her pretty lips, and good temper, too, by pouting.

After a while, back she went to her mother, and again asked for another cookie. This time her mother said "No," very firmly. Kate then knew that she would get no more, and what do you suppose this naughty little girl did? She threw herself, face downward, on the floor, and began to kick and cry.

Now, as I have told you, Pussy was an old cat. She did not like to frolic about as kittens do, but it was her delight to lie quietly on the lounge while Kate stroked her. Neither did she like to be carried about in Kate's arms. Indeed, there were a great many things Pussy did not like. She particularly disliked to hear Kate cry; it seemed to annoy her. So what did

she do on this day but jump from the lounge, hurry to where Kate was, and with a "mew, mew," bite her naughty mistress on the ear.

With a spring Kate was on her feet, too surprised to cry. She felt her ear, and then looked at her fingers, but no, there was no blood. Pussy knew just how hard to bite.

Kate looked at her mother, who was quietly looking on. "Mother must whip Pussy," suggested Kate. "Oh, no," answered the mother, "Pussy did quite right."

Kate walked away ashamed, and never again did Pussy attempt to bite her little mistress, whom she loved; and never again did Kate annoy her by lying kicking and crying on the floor.

Campbellford, Ont.

## TWO WAYS OF GIVING.

"If I could find a dollar,"  
Said little Tommy Gill,  
"A-layin' in a pig's track  
Or rollin' up a hill,  
I'd send it to the heathen  
As fast as it could go,  
For they are needing money;  
My teacher told me so."

"I can give a penny now,"  
Said little Willie Poole,  
"And that will buy a paper  
To start a Sunday-school.  
I'd better give a penny,  
And give it right away,  
Than wait to find a dollar  
To give another day."

So Willie gave his penny;  
A-wish gave Tommy Gill.  
Now which saw his dollar first  
Go rolling up the hill?

## "FATHER'S PET."

John Hodge was a hard-working man. He never was rich nor learned, but he was happy. He had no houses nor gold to call his own, but he had a treasure that no money could buy. He called that treasure "Father's Pet." She was his little daughter, who loved him as he loved her. Every day she carried his dinner to him; every night she watched for him to come home. She sung for him and read to him. She was gentle and obedient, and was bright and warm as sunshine in his house.

One day, when some man grumbled because rich men could have some things poor men could not get, John Hodge said: "I thank God for things that are better than gold can buy, and that I can have as well as the squire."

"Why, what are they?" asked the other?

"Sunshine, and flowers blooming, and plenty of love at home, and such a gift as 'Father's pet,'" said John Hodge.