

qui-et-ly in the cor-ner while he learn-ed his les-son. Hav-ing gone o-ver it ma-n-y times, say-ing one line after an-o-ther to him-self, he ask-ed his mo-ther to hear him re-peat it. And he did so from the first line to the ve-ry last, with-out a sin-gle mis-take. Mrs. Pig stro-ked him on the ears and fore-head, and call-ed him a good lit-tle pig. Af-ter this he ask-ed her to al-low him to as-sist in mak-ing the tea. He brought e-ve-ry-thing she want-ed, and lift-ed off the ket-tle from the fire, with-out spill-ing a drop, ei-ther on his toes or the car-pet.

By-and-by he went out, af-ter ask-ing his mo-ther, to play with his hoop. He had not gone far, when he saw an old blind pig, who, with his hat in hand, was cry-ing at the loss of his dog. That naugh-ty dog had bro-ken the string by which his mas-ter held him, and had run a-way. He felt in his pock-et, and found he had a half-pen-ny, which he gave to the poor old pig, like a kind and thought-ful lit-tle pig as he was. Not ve-ry long af-ter this, he saw a great, strong, spite-ful pig, who wore a ve-ry short jack-et, and had a large green cap on his head, beat-ing one of his lit-tle bro-thers. Go-ing up to the big pig, he told him what a shame it was that he should so ill-treat a poor lit-tle pig so much small-er than him-self, and who