

petticoats, which mamma and Mrs. Walters had sent, and ever so much cotton to knit stockings. Aunt Mary began directly to cut out the petticoats, and Lucy and I helped her. We could not do much with the frock, for we were neither of us very clever with our needles, but we could sew the long seams and manage the hems of the petticoats very well.

I don't think we ever had any sewing that we liked so much. Both Lucy and I generally hated the sight of a needle and thread. Oh! how we did grumble over those immense long seams which the governess—Lucy and I both had the same governess—used to make us do whilst she was reading aloud to us. They were so horribly tedious. How well I remember, when I was a very little girl, having an unbleached calico night-gown to make for a poor blind woman. The long seams were cut crosswise, and the calico was very coarse, so that a great many ends stuck up over the edge when it was fixed ready for me. To amuse myself, I made believe that these ends were little boys and girls, and those that were good I left standing up, and those that were naughty I tucked down into the