



"SAY, BROOM, WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH THAT BOY?"

JOHNNY was a country boy,—a bright, merry lad, with a round full face, and cheeks as rosy as health and plenty of sweet air could make them. But it happened that one sad day the little fellow and his mother were obliged to leave their country home, and come to the city to find work.

Johnny thought he could earn a good deal for his mother, and was much grieved as the days went by, and there seemed nothing for so small a boy to do. But at last he decided to try his luck as a crossing-sweeper. He thought it would be very nice to hold out his hand, and have cents dropped in it by kind people who were passing through the street.

So he got a broom,—it was ever so much too big for a boy of his size; but that didn't seem to disturb him,—and took his stand, one bright morning, at the muddiest crossing he could find near his home. He had never done that kind of work before: so, of course, it took him a long while to drag the heavy broom over the stones, and he made rather a poor job of it after all.

A few ladies smiled at him, and dropped cents into his hand, although the crossing was not much improved by his sweeping. But the boys made fun of him, and called out loudly, "Hi, broom! where are you going with that boy?" and made other jokes very annoying to poor little Johnny.

It was not long afterwards that I was passing, and, noticing the sad expression of his face, stopped to talk with him. Then he told me all I have written here, and con-

sented to have a picture made of him and his broom.

He tells me that he earns the most money on rainy days, and crossing-sweepers always rejoice after a heavy rain. He is learning the business quite nicely now.—*Mary D. Brine.*

"I WISH HE HAD LIVED."

A BURLY big driver of a coal cart, the other day, backed his vehicle up to the alley gate of an old house in Detroit, to dump out half a ton of coal, when some children came out of the side door, and the driver beckoned them near and said:

"Last time I was here, one of the wheels crushed a bit of a dog belonging to one of you. I heard a great crying out, but I can't be stopping to look out for dogs on the street."

The children made no reply, but as they watched him unload the cart they wondered if he had little children of his own, and if he ever spoke kindly to them. He may have felt the burden of their thoughts, for suddenly he looked up and said:

"Well, I own I'm a bit sorry, and being as I knew I was coming up, I brought along an orange to give to the child who owned the dog. Which of you is it?"

"The dog belonged to little lame Billy, in that house there," answered a girl. "It was all the dog he ever had, and when you killed it he cried himself almost to death. He didn't never have any plaything but that little dog."

"And will you take him this orange?"

"I can't, sir, 'cos he's dead, and they're coming to take him to the graveyard pretty soon."

The driver looked up and down, seemed to ponder the matter, and then he crossed to the other house. The little coffin and its burden was in the front room, and two or three old women were wiping away their tears and talking in low tones. The driver put his hand on the closed coffin and said:

"I didn't know it was his dog—I didn't know he was lame and sick. God forgive me if I made sorrow for him!"

The vehicle sent to convey the body to the cemetery, drove up at that moment, and the burly big man continued:

"If he was alive I'd buy him anything he could ask. I can do nothing now but carry him softly out."

He gently took up the coffin in his stout arms and carried it out, his eyes moist and his lips quivering, and when he had placed

it in the vehicle, he looked up at the driver in a beseeching way and whispered:

"Drive slow! drive slow! he was a poor little lame boy!"

The driver wondered, but he moved away slowly, and the coal cartman stood in the centre of the street, and anxiously watched till he was off the cobble-stones. Then as he turned to his own vehicle, he said:

"I didn't mean to, but I wish he had lived to forgive me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

OUR BABY.

Two little shoes

Out at the toes,

Trotting about

Where'er mother goes;

Soiled gingham dress,

Put on just now—

They do get so dirty,

No one knows how;

Little black face,

Black each wee hand—

Been making mud pies,

And playing in the sand;

Dear precious head,

Tousled and rough;

Bright laughing eyes,

Can't see enough;

This is our baby

All day.

Two little feet,

Rosy and bare;

Two chubby hands,

Folded in prayer;

Tired little head,

Dark ringed with hair;

Soft baby face,

Dimpled and fair;

Starry bright eyes,

Heavy with sleep;

Silvery sweet voice,

Lisping, "Father us keep,"

That is our baby

At night.

AN Irish clergyman had, as a Scrip'ure lesson, narrated to a class of boys, at a "National" school in the West, the history of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Anxious to know whether or not the boys understood and could explain the narrative, he afterwards examined them, by inquiring of each, "What was left after the feeding of the multitude?" Not one of the lively youths could give a correct reply, until in desperation a small tatterdemalion of a boy answered with earnestness, "Please, sir, the bones and the crumbs."