

Childrens' Department.

HOW KATIE SAVED THE BABY.

The Hudson family were nearly through breakfast when Katie, the little nurse girl, brought Daisy, fresh and rosy, and placed her in her high chair by mamma's side. She tied the bib securely, filled the silver mug with milk, and brought from the kitchen the dish of oatmeal that baby liked so well. She lingered a little to hear what Mr. Hudson was saying about Mr. Shandley, who lived next door, to her mother. She knew he was engineer on the night express that often awoke her with its shrill whistle, and when Mr. Hudson called him a brave man she felt pride in her acquaintance with Teddy and Mary Shandley.

"He saved scores of lives by his presence of mind last night," she heard Mr. Hudson say, as she lingered at the door a moment.

"I wonder what's presence of mind," thought Katie; "it must be something grand to have."

When breakfast was over she went to the sitting-room to prepare Daisy for her morning ride. Just as she entered the room, Georgie said, "Mamma, papa said the engineer showed great presence of mind last night. What is presence of mind?"

"I can tell you replied Hal; "it's thinking quick, and acting in a hurry. To illustrate, I see your clothes on fire, and I rush upon you so, and roll you in a rug in this way," suiting the action to the word.

"Sto-o-p!" shouted Georgie, struggling to escape, "let me alone."

"Not until every spark of fire is out," replied Hal, as he rolled him over again. In the rough play that followed, Georgie quite forgot the subject in which he had for a moment been interested, and Mrs. Hudson found no opportunity to add to Hal's explanation. Katie heard Georgie's question and Hal's reply. She watched the boys for a moment in their noisy frolic, and then fastened Daisy's plush cloak under the dimpled chin, tied on the delicate lace cap, held up the rosy face for mamma's good-bye kiss, and carried her little charge to the dainty carriage at the side-door, thinking all the time of the engineer's presence of mind, and of Hal's definition.

"I know what it is, Daisy," she said, as she tucked in the scarlet Afghan that Grandpa Hunt had made so beautiful with embroidery and fringe, "I know what it is, pet; it's just as Hal says—if I should see the house on fire and should snatch you out of your little cradle all rolled up in a blanket, and run right through the fire and smoke to Grandma Hunt's house, they'd say Katie Donahue had presence of mind. I'd do it, darlin'; don't you know I'd save my precious little pet?"

"Coo, coo," answered Daisy, as well as she could with two fingers in her mouth.

Katie had now reached the main street and was trundling the carriage sedately along, talking to baby in the cheerful way that brought smiles and dimples to the sweet face.

"No, no, pet, you musn't put Grandma's blanket in your little mouth," she said, stopping the carriage to tuck it in more securely. A wild shout caused her to look around, and for a moment her heart seemed to stop its

beating. Only a few rods away, a cow, broken loose from its owner, with a stout rope dragging at her side, came plunging with threatening horns directly towards the precious baby. Katie had lived on a farm, and, knowing something of the habits of animals, recognized at once the point of attack. The red carriage robe had caught the attention of the excited animal, and the baby was under the robe! As quick as thought Katie seized it, and, waving it above her head, ran to the other side of the street. Only once she looked back and saw that the course of the animal had changed; then she heard the clatter of hoofs coming nearer, and knew that the spreading horns of the enraged creature were close behind her. She could go no farther, and, throwing the robe as far from her as possible, fell fainting to the ground. The animal caught it as it fell, trampled it with his feet, tossed it high with his horns, tearing the pretty embroidery and staining the delicate colors, but Katie did not see it. Kind hands removed the frightened baby from the carriage and carried her home, but Katie was deaf to the cry of her darling. The cow was secured while engaged with the robe, but Katie saw not the frantic efforts to escape, nor heard the angry mutterings. When at last she opened her eyes in Mrs. Hudson's room, her first question was for Daisy. "Safe and sound," said Mrs. Hudson, bringing the rosy face, still wet with tears, close to Katie's own.

"Where is the blanket?" was the next question.

"Never mind the carriage robe, dear child," said Mrs. Hudson; "how could you think to do such a brave thing?" she asked, as she pressed the baby still closer.

"Hal said, 'Think quick, and act in a hurry.'" replied Katie, faintly, "but I hadn't time to think."

"Hadh't time to think!" repeated Mrs. Hudson; "the wisest head in the world could not have done better. I saw it all, Katie; how can I thank you for saving my baby!" and with a flood of tears Mrs. Hudson kissed the little pale face of the nurse girl.

"Hurrah for Katie!" shouted Hal, who until now had stood regarding her with profound astonishment. "A boy couldn't have done better; but you are indebted to me for an idea, aren't you? The masculine mind is the original one after all."

"Georgie, Katie has answered your question," said Mrs. Hudson; and when she pictured the consequences that would have followed a different course of action on Katie's part, Georgie had no difficulty in understanding the desirableness of cultivating habits of decision and promptness that, brought in exercise, people are wont to call presence of mind.

"GRIT."

Cyrus W. Field once invited G. N. Mitchell to address a Sunday evening meeting of newsboys. The sight of the shoeless, ragged, weather-beaten little fellows seemed to arouse all the sympathies of the good General's heart.

"Boys," he began, "when I see you I feel that I am one of you. No one of you can be poorer and more

friendless than I once was. I have known all about being poor."

No wonder all the eyes in the room were fastened on him. He then told the boys this story:

"When I was a boy of twelve years of age I was working for an old lady for twenty-five cents a week; and I tell you she kept my hands full. I used to saw wood, milk the cows, carry water, make fires, wash dishes, scrub and scour, before the days work commenced. My clothes were awfully ragged, and I had no money to buy shoes with, and so often went bare-footed. One morning I hurried and got through my work early. The old lady thought I hadn't done it, and was very angry and called me lazy, and said I hadn't worked any. I said I had. She called me a liar. I tell you, boys, I felt indignant, and I told her she should never have a chance to apply that ugly word to me again. I walked out of her house, and I never entered it again. I had not a cent in my pocket that day when I faced this big world. You couldn't tell what I did then? I met a man with a team. I addressed him boldly and asked him to hire me to help him. He looked at me and said he didn't think I would be of any use to him. 'O yes, I will,' said I. 'I can rub down and water your horses for you, if you will only let me try.' He didn't object any more, and told me to get up and ride. It was hard travelling, the mud was deep, and he was on a long journey; but that was my starting point in life.

I went ahead after that. An independent spirit, push, an honest purpose and what capacity God had given me, carried me successfully through. Now, boys, don't be afraid. What if you are poor and have few friends! Try again and again. You can push through if you only live to please God. I know it's hard times for you. But trust in Christ and he will always be your friend. Keep a good heart and be sure you push your way honestly through the world. I know how to sympathize with you because I have been through it all.—I know what it is. God bless you all."

The boys were deeply touched at this. Tears were in many eyes. Some told their sharp jokes to keep from crying, and who doubts that Gen. Mitchell's kind and loving words to the needy newsboys were the starting point upward in more than one of those weather beaten lives.

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