

Children's Corner.

The Boy Who Helps his Mother.

As I went down the street to-day
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face.
To make a person glad.
I saw him busily at work,
While blithe as blackbird's song,
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now",
So hurry up," he cried.
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like so know?
What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad:
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who like this manly little boy
Take hold and help their mothers.

Which is Worse.

A little girl came to her mother with a question,
"which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?"
The mother, taken by surprise, replied that they
were both so bad that she could not say which was
the worst.
"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking
a good deal about it, and I think it is worse to lie
than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it
back, unless you have eaten it, and, if you have
eaten it, you can pay for it. But," and there was
a look of awe in the child face, "a lie is forever."

The Loan of a Nickel.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

The *New York World* relates the following touching story: So much has been said recently about rich men giving to poor boys, that it is pleasing and novel to tell this true tale of a poor boy showing charity to a rich man. One night, not long ago, Gen. Wager Swayne was going up town on a Fourth Avenue car. He tucked his crutches under his arm to investigate his pockets, and found that he had no money. "I suppose I shall have to get off," he said to the conductor. The conductor said he supposed he would. Then up spoke a voice from

the bottom of the car. It belonged to a very small one-legged newsboy, who had to depend on crutches as Gen. Swayne did.

"There's a pair of us," said the small boy kindly. "I'll lend you a nickel to pay for your ride."
This offer touched the General's heart, for it was plain that a desire to spare his pride had led the newsboy to call it a loan. He said to himself that some time he would pay the five cents back with interest. He asked the boy's address. The latter gave it, but told him it didn't matter. When Mrs. Swayne, at her husband's request, drove to the address of the newsboy, who had pitied her husband, she found that he was dead. The debt could not be paid to him, but he had left a widowed mother and some little brothers and sisters, just exactly as though he had lived in a book. Those bereaved ones have since had occasion repeatedly to congratulate themselves on the five-cent investment made by their dead relative.

Love for Love.

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen in the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and enquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a minute to jeer and load him with their insults. Poor boy; he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly he did not deserve one; but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady is passing; her kindness of heart prompts her to stay and say a word to the boys who are joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looks fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall.

"Why, John, is it you?"

He removed one black fist from his eye and looks up. He recognizes her. She has taught him at the Sunday school.

"Oh, ma'am! I'm so bad!"

She had him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterward she visits him kindly and frequently.

A year passes by.

There is a fire one night. A dwelling-house is in flames. The engine has not yet arrived. The inmates cannot be rescued. A boy has looked on. Suddenly he shouts, "O! she lives here;" then he climbs up the heated, falling stairs. He fights against the suffocating smoke. He hunts about until he finds what he sought. She had fainted—is dying, perhaps. No! he will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she is safe in the cool air.

The bystanders are struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walks away muttering, "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt."

O, friends, the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.

YOUNG FEATHERLY.—"Are these your children?"

MRS. BRAND.—"Oh, yes! The boy is 5 years old and this girl 7."

YOUNG FEATHERLY.—"Well, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married 12 years."—*Fun.*