



BABY'S CARRIAGE AND PAIR.

A BRAVE BOY.

They were two such little fellows, trotting along the streets of our great city, the younger so small a toddler that his footsteps were unsteady. Against a slight obstruction in the pavement he struck the ragged toe of his little shoe, and fell heavily forward on his face. Up rose a good-sized boyish scream of pain. But in a moment the elder child was at his side, and, tugging away, soon pulled him on his feet.

"Don't cry, Georgie," he pleaded, "don't cry; you know that now papa has gone to heaven we have to be mamma's little men."

Bravely Georgie tried to stifle his cries. One fat little hand went up to his forehead, where a large bump was rapidly swelling; and for a moment he stood still, battling with pain and against a disposition to relieve his feelings by their natural outlet. Finally, with a "big swallow," he placed his other hand within that of his brother, and a look of determination settled about the baby mouth and chin as he replied: "No, I'll not cry. Babies cry. I's mamma's little man."

"God bless 'mamma's little men!'" I ejaculated. If such a baby can come off conqueror against the hard knocks of life, it shows that there is the material for a splendid man, who will not weaken under adversities, and that is the kind of men of whom our country is in need.