

HOW BABY WENT HOME.

THE door of Henning's saloon was pushed open by a little hand, and a child ran in, looking eagerly about. "Papa! papa! Where's my papa?" she cried.

A man standing at the counter with a glass raised half way to his lips started at the sound of the plaintive voice, and set down the untasted beer.

"What do you want, Bessie?" he asked.

"Oh, papa, come home!" she exclaimed. "baby's dying!"

"Baby's dying!" he repeated, mechanically, snatching his hat, and taking the hand of the trembling child, they left the saloon together.

Down the street they went, the father and the child, he with bared head and lip trembling with emotion, she clinging to his hand, and sobbing out her grief in a helpless, hopeless manner.

They stopped at a tenement house and ascended the stairs, till they reached the fourth story, where they paused at room No. 8. On a wretched bed, covered by a ragged quilt, lay the tiny form of "baby," so still, so pure, in the midst of the surrounding dirt and distress.

One glance, and a loud, agonized groan burst from the father's lips. "My God! is our little darling to leave us?"

"Oh, George!" sobbed his wife, creeping to his side, and laying her hand timidly on his shoulder. "She called for 'papa' right up to a few minutes ago. Our little baby will soon be with the angels."

Reverently the husband and wife knelt beside the little form. The father took one tiny white hand in his large brown one. The mother took the other little hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

"George," sobbed the mother, "God is going to take our darling. Don't you think that—to be—the parents—of a baby angel—that we ought—to be good?"

"Yes, Mary, I do, and from this time on, God helping me, I intend to be a different man.

"Amen!" exclaimed Mary.

The baby stirred just then and smiled into the faces of her parents.

"All yight, papa," she murmured, then closed her eyes forever. Baby fulfilled her mission.—*Exchange.*

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and grey
And bent with the chill of the winter's day,
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing, and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and grey,
Hastened the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop
The gayest laddie of all the group,
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm
He guides the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow ;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and grey,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her [head
In her home that night, and the prayer she
"May God be kind to the noble boy, [said,
Who's somebody's son and pride and joy?"