

## KATIE'S PART.

"WHAT have you done, dear children,"

The mother gently said,  
As she kissed her white-robed babes at  
night,

And tucked them up in bed—

"What have you done through all this day  
To help some one along the way?"

Then each one told of some kind deed—

A loving word just spoken,  
Some sacrifice for other's wants,  
Or gift of friendly token.

But when 'twas Katie's turn to speak,  
A tear-drop glistened on her cheek.

"I cannot think of anything

So very good to-day,"

She sadly said; "only I helped

A chicken find its way  
Back to its mother—that was all.  
But it was lost, and oh, so small!

"'Twas naughty when it ran away;

But dear mamma, I know

It felt so sorry, for it tried

The right way back to go.

You told us once we ought to seek  
To save the lost ones and the weak.

"The little chicken looked distressed,

And how it cried, poor thing!

It was so glad to cuddle up

Under its mother's wing.

And I was happy when I found

'Twas there with her all safe and sound."

The children hid their smiles beneath

The bed's white coverlet;

But the mother kissed her Katie

Just where the cheek was wet.

"Your part," she said, "you too have done;

God is well pleased, my little one."

## THE LOST BOYS.

HARFIE and Percy were two little boys  
that lived in a large city just across the  
river from New York. Can you tell its  
name?

Though only five and three years old,  
they sometimes did very strange things,  
and once gave their mother a great fright.

After breakfast one morning, they were  
playing on the wide stone walk in front of  
their house, but they kept getting a little  
farther off, first to see this sight and then  
that, until they were many blocks away.

Their mother was so busy in the house  
she did not miss them until about ten  
o'clock, when she looked all over the large  
house, and called up and down the street,  
but she could not find them. She then  
went to the police station, and told the man

in charge, of her missing boys, their ages,  
and how they were dressed.

But though many of the men with brass  
buttons and clubs were hunting for the little  
runaways—eleven, twelve, one, two, three,  
four and five o'clock went by, and they  
could learn nothing about them. The  
father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters  
were almost wild with fears. What if some  
gypsies had carried them off, or they had  
been stolen, like little Charlie Ross, or they  
had gone to the river, and were drowned!  
But I cannot tell you how very badly they  
felt, and the many fears they had during  
this long, sad day, that seemed like weeks  
or even months to them, it was so awful.

About five o'clock, as the mother stopped  
walking the floor and went to look out of  
the window, who should she see coming up  
the steps, whistling as happy as could be,  
but little Harfie.

"But where is dear little brother?" asked  
the mother, as she clasped Harfie in her  
arms.

"I don't know, mamma; I haven't seen  
him this good while; he wouldn't come  
with me. But I'll find him if you don't  
cry so," said Harfie, for the first time think-  
ing something very bad had been done.

The mother and Harfie started at once,  
and as he led the way through street after  
street, and alley after alley, the mother felt  
sure she would never find her baby boy.  
At last they met a stout, bustling Irish-  
woman, who said, "Indade, ma'am, have  
you lost a boy? I met one not long since,  
crying like his heart would break, but I  
couldn't git him to come in, the poor little  
dear!"

"Here's where we played all day, mam-  
ma," said Harfie, stopping in front of a long,  
dingy-looking feedstore, "and I left him  
here." But the mother learned of the clerk  
that he had been gone some two hours, going  
from there towards the river.

"Oh—h!" thought the mother, as she  
stood looking at the blue river, "if my baby  
is drowned!" Just then a dirty, ragged  
little boy stepped up to her, and said, "Pat  
and Mike has just gone to the station with  
a boy they found, it's right down this street  
four blocks, ma'am."

You cannot know how happy these words  
made the mother feel, and how good this  
dirty, ragged little boy looked to her, and  
after giving him some pennies, and thanking  
him, she went as fast as she could to the  
station. But they had just sent him home  
in charge of the boys who found him.

It was quite late and dark when Harfie  
and his mother reached Lorie, but they  
could see a crowd of boys around the steps,

and hear them quarrel over the reward for  
a half block away.

"Here's your boy, ma'am. I found him!"  
came from some twenty boys at once.

But the first thing the mother did was  
to take little Percy in her arms and kiss  
him; then she gave Pat and Mike each a  
dollar, and all the boys went off. You  
never saw such tired, dirty little fellows in  
all your life as the mother bathed and put  
to bed that night, and as they saw how pale  
she looked, and heard her cry as she held,  
and kissed them, and told them how sad  
she had been all day, they said, "Don't cry  
so, mamma; we won't never do so any  
more."

And I am glad to tell you they never  
did.

## CHILDHOOD'S DREAM.

ROSEBUD lay in her trundle-bed,  
With her small hands folded above her  
head,

And fixed her innocent eyes on me,  
While a thoughtful shadow came over their  
glee.

"Mamma," said she, "when I go to sleep,  
I pray to the Father my soul to keep;  
And he comes and carries it far away  
To the beautiful home where his angels  
stay.

I gather red roses and lilies so white;  
I sing with the angels all through the long  
night;

And when, in the morning, I awake from  
my sleep,

He gives back the soul I gave him to keep,  
And I only remember, like beautiful  
dreams,

The garlands of lilies, the wonderful  
streams."

## BOYS AND GIRLS, SIT ERECT.

ONE of the worst habits young people  
form is that of leaning forward too much  
while at work or study. It is much less  
tiresome and more healthy to sit or stand  
erect. The round-shouldered, hollow-chest-  
ed, and almost deformed persons one meets  
every day could have avoided all the bad  
results from which they now suffer had  
they always kept the body erect, the chest  
full, and the shoulders thrown back. A  
simple rule is, that if the head is not thrown  
forward, but is held erect, the shoulders will  
drop back to their natural position, giving  
the lungs full play. The injury done by  
carelessness in this respect is by compress-  
ing the lungs, preventing their full and  
natural action, resulting in lung diseases,  
usually consumption. Sit erect, boys and  
girls, and look the world in the face.