

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

The woman was old and ragged and slow,
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, unaided, until the thought of human help stirred her, and her eye,

None heeded the sound of her anxious eye.

Down the street came a daughter and she said,
Glad in the heart, her steps quickened her out!

Came the boy, like a flock of sheep,

Hailing the snow, plied white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray,

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 crush her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the many traps—
The gayest fiddle of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low,

"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her gaze fell on his strong young arm,

The place, and she without hurry or alarm,

He gained the trembling feet along.

Proud that his own poor arm,

And strong,

Then back again to his friend he went,

His youth happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know."

For all she's aged, and poor, and slow,

And I've some fellow will lend a hand,

To help my mother, you understand me?

If ever she's poor, and old, and gray,

When her own dear boy is far away,

And somebody's mother," bowed low

In her head, her hand,

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