

LITTLE FOLKS

Mother Martha's Faith.

The children were certainly lost. Even brave little Martha, with all the dignity of her nine years, was finally obliged to acknowledge that she didn't know in which direction their home lay.

We's turned upside down, isn't we, Marfie?" lisped Baby Bell, "and I'se tired, I is!"

"Never mind, little sister; we'll soon be home again."

"But you said you didn't know which way to go!" piped up Billy Boy.

"Well, let us try this way," said Martha in desperation. "I don't see how we lost the trail."

"I know" said Billy Boy. "Don't you 'member how we chased those jack-rabbits' way into the woods?"

"Es, and then we saw those bufully 'owers and walked and walked so velly far," sighed Baby Bell.

"Oh, dear!" said Martha; "I wish those jackrabbits had stayed at home."

"Wish I had, too," grumbled Billy Boy. "I'm tired and hungry."

"Me, too," said Baby Bell.

Meanwhile the children were trudging wearily on, and as the shadows grew deeper in the silent forest, brave little Martha kept up a cheerful chatter, that the little ones might not feel frightened.

"Is we most home, Marfie I'se velly tired"—and Baby Bell dragged heavily on, holding to her sister's skirts. "'Cos if we isn't most home, I fink I'll say my p'ayers and lie down yight under this tree."

"Oh, no, Baby mustn't go to sleep, because sister couldn't carry her. But we can all say our prayers and ask God to show us the way home."

"All yight!" responded the little ones.

So the bewildered children knelt down and clasped hands under the shadow of the grim old trees, and after a short pause Martha said: "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for Jesus' sake."

"Amen!" chorused the children.

A moment's pause, then Billy began:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!

Bless Thy little lambs to-night:
Through the darkness be Thou
near us;

Keep us safe till morning light,
And all the children said 'Amen!'

The Pianist.

When I play

All the other people seem to vanish
right away.

Not that I am sorry, for I like to
be alone,

And sing aloud my counting in a
very touching tone,

When I play.



When I play

The old clock's minute hands gets
stuck, and there it seems to stay.
For hours I thump my best known
piece until I'm fit to drop,

When someone pokes her head in;—
Half hour's up, it's time to stop!

When I play

"How Paderewski'd envy you!" the
other girls all say,
'At any rate,' I then reply, 'I keep
a graceful pose;

'At least my fingers never need
assistance from my nose,

When I play!"

—Australasia.

"Now, little sister," said Martha,
'Oh, dee! I so sleepy I can't
fink of anyfing.'

'Try, little sister,' urged Martha.
'All yight! B'ss de Lord, oh
my shole! I want to go yight
home to my muzzer, I do! Amen.'

"Amen!" echoed the elder children.

Rising from their knees, Martha said: "Now God will surely show us the way home! See! Billy Boy will carry the flowers and sister will carry Baby Bell a little way, only Baby Bell must keep wide awake and help to find the way."

"All yight!"—and the plump little arms were clasped lovingly about Martha's neck.

After walking a while, Martha suddenly stopped. "Listen! What is that?"

"A tow bell! cried the baby.

"A horse neighing!" cried the boy.

"And a man's voice!" cried Martha.

"Goody, goody!" said the boy.

"We must be most home."

"Doody, doody! We's most home!" gurgled the drowsy baby.

"Now where is the cow and the horse and the man!" asked Martha.

"Over there!" cried the children, pointing in the same direction.

"I think so too. Now we must hurry up and find them," said Martha, as she gladly deposited her precious burden on the ground. "Let us take hold of hands and see how soon we can reach them."

Laughing merrily, the trio ran in the direction of the sounds and soon came to a ranch on the edge of the forest.

"Well, if there ain't some fairies coming out of the woods," exclaimed a genial voice.

"Oh, no, Mr. Rockwell; we are not fairies, but just hungry and tired children, who lost their way this afternoon."

"Well, well well! If it isn't little Mother Martha and her babies! Come right into the house and let mother give you some bread and milk while I hitch up the team and take you home to your ma—you poor little lost lambs!"

"Marfie," whispered Billy Boy, as they role home in the deepening twilight, "do you s'pose God made that cow ring her bell so loud and the horsie neigh so many times just so we might find our way out of the woods?"

"I am sure he did, Billy Boy."

After a warm bath and a good