

## ❧ LITTLE FOLKS ❧



### Birds of the Marsh.

Jerusalem swarms with birds of the crow tribe, and they are everywhere harbored as welcome guests by the natives, for they are the city's ablest scavengers.

The bittern is another species now rare in England, but once common enough in the fens and marshes before they were reclaimed. Few birds are more shy and retiring and shun the presence of man more carefully than the bittern.

The cormorant also is a bird of Palestine as much as a bird of England, and visits the sea of

Galilee and the valley of the Jordan, as well as the coasts.

These last two species are birds held typical of desolation, and as such are alluded to in several places in the Bible. 'The cormorant and the bittern shall possess it, the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it.' And again: 'He will make Nineveh a desolation . . . both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it: their voice shall sing in the windows.'

The common heron also lives in Palestine as well as in England.

He is, perhaps, the best known of all our larger birds, and may often be seen flying lazily home at night-fall, or standing in moody contemplation by the water-side, waiting and watching for his finny prey.

### Why She Couldn't Say Her Prayers.

Last night in the early twilight,  
Came my little one to my knee,  
With 'Papa, I's drefle s'eeepy,  
An' tired as I tan be  
'Ou say my p'ayer, p'ease, papa,  
For me, dest 'is one time.'  
And she knelt down by the knee  
That she was all too tired to climb.

The moonlight wove a halo  
Round the nodding little head,  
And the drowsy lids drooped lower  
As 'I lay me down' was said.  
And before the prayer was ended,  
And the Lord was asked to keep  
Through the night the child He  
gave me,  
She was very fast asleep.

When she came to me this morning,  
With a hug and kiss, said she:  
'I tank 'ou lots, dear papa,  
'Tause 'ou said my p'ayer for me.  
When I dets drefle s'eeepy  
It bozzers me to pray,  
'Tause my eyes dest won't stay  
open,  
So I tan't see what to say!'  
—Eben E. Rexford.

### For a Yellow Dog's Sake.

A quarter after nine every morning an important ceremony took place in Roy Gilman's school-room.

At a quarter after nine, every morning, Miss Fletcher, Roy's teacher, handed a note for the principal to each pupil who had done especially well the day before. These notes the children carried to the principal's office, where they found pupils from other rooms bearing similar notes.

When Principal Thompson had read a note, he knew just how the bearer had earned the honor, and he commended him. After he had read all the notes, he shook hands with each boy and girl, and said he hoped to see them again. Then the children went back to their respective school-rooms. And before