

the little ones not to speak, but "for father's sake to be brave and good," he hastily suspended the hammocks in the densest cluster of trees he could find, put the children in them, and gave to each a part of the food.

"Now," said he, praying silently with white lips, "you must stay here till father comes for you. If you speak aloud or cry, the Indians may find you. I leave you both to God."

Night came, and the little ones were terrified. But they made not a sound, even when the Indian "braves" passed so near that they could see the gleam of the torches and hear their stealthy tread.

Just after midnight their father returned. And the village? Oh, yes! that was saved. The warning came in time, and, finding the people prepared to resist, the Indians passed by.

THEIR LENTEN WORK.

From the *Young Christian Soldier*.



WHAT are you going to do for Lent?" asked Molly Miller, swinging her schoolbag back and forth, as she stood with one hand on the gate, which she had been about to open.

"What am I going to do for Lent?" I don't know what you mean," answered her friend Bessie Gray.

"Why, I mean just that; what are you going to do for somebody else, you know? Miss Clifford talked about it in the class last Sunday, and asked us to think about it during the week. She said that we need not tell her what we decided to do unless we wanted to. I can't think of a thing; can you?"

"Oh, if that's what you mean, I am going to do something Mamma thought of for me; Mamma is such a comfort in such ways, you know. You see," hastily reminded by the look in Molly's face that she had no mother to be a "comfort," "Mamma said that, if I spent half an hour every day sewing, by Easter I could finish two or three little aprons or dresses to go in the missionary box which the ladies are to send then. I just hate—I mean I don't like to sew at all; but Mamma says that Lent is the time for people to do what they don't like to do, if in that way they can help any one else. She says that, of course, we ought always to be willing to deny ourselves; but you know why during Lent, more than at other times," said Bessie reverently. "Mamma has bought the stuff, and has cut out one apron already," she went on presently; "and it is so pretty that I am almost glad already that I am going to do it."

"I should think that you would be. I wish that I could help you. I am sure that I shall

never be able to think of anything half so nice," said Molly, wistfully.

"Why, you can if you want to, just as well as not; you can come over every afternoon after you have finished your lessons, and we will work together. It will be ever so nice!"

"What will be 'ever so nice'?" asked a bright voice, and, turning, the girls found Nanny Ward's bright self close beside them.

"We were just talking over some plans for Lent," answered Bessie, and then told Nanny what they were going to do.

"Oh, that is nice! I wish that I could belong; may I not, Bessie?"

"Why, of course," said Bessie, laughing; "and Alice, too, if she wants to," as Alice came up on her way from school.

"To be sure I want to," said Alice, when it was explained to her. "But would you mind having Maud? I am sure that she would hate to be left out."

"The more we have to help, the more we can do," said Bessie; and Molly added, laughing merrily, "Why, Bessie Gray, it's just like Henny Penny! You and I are Henny Penny and Cocky Locky, and now here come Ducky Daddles, Goosy Poosy, and Turkey Lurky!"

"What fun!" cried Bessie, her eyes dancing; "but come in, girls, and talk to Mamma about it. I am sure she will cut for us, and tell us just the best things to do." And so, talking eagerly, the little quartet crossed the street, and were soon in Mrs. Gray's cosy sitting room, laying the plan before her, and asking for her advice.

"This is a beautiful idea," she said, kindly, when she had heard all—laying down her work that she might give that undivided attention which is such a comfort to little people, and big people, too, for that matter; "and I am sure that I can give you some work which you will love to do. The ladies are going to send a box to a missionary family, a week or so before Easter, in which there is a little girl about your age. She will need some underclothes and some thin dresses for summer, and, if you are willing to undertake her wardrobe, you may. Bessie has learned to sew very nicely on my machine; I will do the cutting and basting for you, and when the garments are done you shall pack them in a little box by themselves, and direct it to the little girl. You may have my sewing room each afternoon, so that there will be nothing to disturb you."

"Oh, what lovely Lenten work!" cried Alice. "I am so glad that Grandma made me learn to sew when I just begged not to."

"Yes, I think that will be a very precious offering, for I know that these little fingers will often grow tired, and that it will be hard to give up pleasant plans when the work interferes, and that even thirty minutes out of the afternoon will often seem a great deal for you