

## Young People's Department.



INDIAN WIGWAMS.

### BABES IN THE WOOD.

**I**N THE wild west of the United States the wigwams of the redmen, who with scalping-knife and poisoned arrow were ready to kill the hated whites, once stood half hidden by the dense undergrowth.

In those dreadful days of danger, news had been secretly conveyed to a white man that a village a few miles distant from his hut was that night to be burned to the ground by the redskins, and not a life spared. His own home was in their line of march, and would doubtless be destroyed and the family killed. He must not only warn the village in time, but find, if possible, a place of safety for himself and little

children—twin daughters, not quite five years old, and their mother was dead. The old woman who helped him to take care of them was away at this time, and what course he should pursue was difficult to decide.

His horse, Black Alice, was swift as a racer; but burdened with two helpless children, he could never go by the "trail." Then he might carry them to certain death if they went with him to the doomed village. So he determined to do what he could never think of afterwards without an uplifting of his heart to God.

He took two strong sheets from a chest, some food from the cupboard, and catching his precious children in his arms made all haste for the very heart of the deep forest. Begging