

••• LITTLE FOLKS •••

Lost--A Watch!

(A True Narrative, in 'Light in the Home.')

After an illness which left me very weak, I had been ordered to the seaside, and was sitting one morning in my lodging quietly enjoying the soft breeze which came through the open window.

There are times in our lives when the love and goodness of God are more realized than at others, and this morning as I looked out over the open sea, and heard the soft swish of the waves on the shore, my heart was full of thanksgiving and praise.

At the same time a feeling of intense pity for those who, like myself, had been ill, but were still confined to the courts and lanes of the great city, made me resolve to do what I could to help some at least of my fellow-sufferers.

I was quietly thinking how I could lessen the contrast in our lives, when I heard hurried footsteps on the stairs. The door was flung open, and my daughter entered looking wildly excited, and flinging herself into a chair, she exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, mother!'

She was alone—and one had gone out with her, the darling of our house, my youngest boy.

Suddenly I found I could not speak—my heart seemed to stand still, and vainly, as I looked at her, I tried to utter the words—

'Where is your brother?'

Just then all things were growing indistinct around me, I heard a little pattering footstep on the stairs which seemed to call me back to life, and my boy entered. Still I could not move, till, throwing his arms round me, he exclaimed—

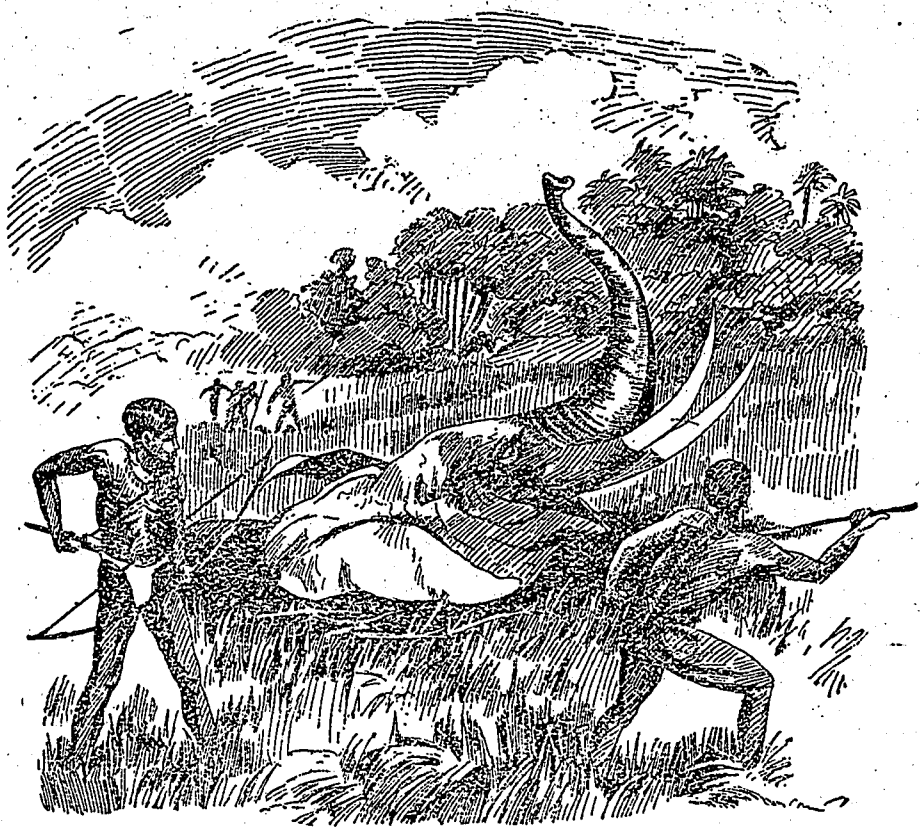
'What's the matter with mother?'

I need not describe him, except to say he was beautiful and full of health; but, as I held him close, I turned to my sobbing daughter, and said quietly—

'Now, Lena, what is the matter?'

'Oh, mother, I have lost your watch and chain, and seals, and everything, and you told me not to take it!'

It seemed such a light thing while I held my darling, and yet



ELEPHANT HUNTING.

This is the favorite way of catching elephants in Africa. They are caught and killed mainly for their great tusks, out of which ivory articles are made, and which are therefore very valuable.

A big, deep pit is dug in the ground where the beasts frequent. It is then covered over with sticks and branches of trees, and over

this rough floor a thick layer of grass and leaves is laid, so as to make the place look just like the rest of the ground. The unsuspecting animal walks on to this innocent-looking covering, when, suddenly, it plumps into the great pit below and is a prisoner, and at the mercy of his heartless enemies. —'Daybreak.'

the watch was a very costly one, the gift of my father before my marriage, so I answered—

'You are severely punished, Lena. You have punished yourself for your act of disobedience, so I will say no more. You had better go at once to the nearest stationer's, describe the watch and tell him to offer a reward of £5 for it.' Then, as I thought of its value with its appendages, I added, 'No, you had better say £10.'

How little do we know of the life history of those who, it may be, approach us in our daily lives, and perhaps minister to our wants! What numbers throng our streets! As the poet Bryant says—

'Each where his task or pleasure call,

They pass, and heed each other not

But there is One who holds them all

In His large love and boundless thought.'

How little did I know, for instance, that the bright, obliging little fellow who brought our fish from the fish-monger's had a sick and widowed mother who, the very day of my loss, was to leave the home that had been hers from her marriage! It was very dear to her, and vainly had she striven to keep it.

'We must go, Charlie,' she had said, after their scanty breakfast that morning. 'I am not strong enough to go out charing, and the needlework pays so badly. We owe two months' rent and our landlord has been so good! It isn't fair to him! I have seen two rooms in this street, and we must go.'

'Very well, mother,' replied Charlie; 'but'—and he hesitated—'didn't father say, and didn't you say, that God would help us if we asked Him? And I am sure we have.'

'And so He has,' answered the widow. 'We have been hungry, but have never wanted bread; and