

SLIDE 11.—BAND OF MERCY HYMN.

(TUNE—*God Save our Queen.*)

“Oh, may we ever find,
 Sweet joy in being kind,
 A happy band.
 We'll keep our cards with care,
 With Pledge so broad and fair,
 And Badge of Mercy wear
 Throughout the land.”

“Well done!” shouted Dick, cheerily, and entering the bright living-room of the three-roomed cottage, plainly furnished indeed, but comfortable and spotlessly clean, the mixed smell of onion stew and raisin pudding filling pleasantly the nostrils of the hungry boys.

“Well done, I say!” repeated Dick. “But where are you, my five-year-old sister?”

“I’se in here, Dickie, in mother’s bedroom an’ mine. I’se feedin’ the sparrows on the window-sill, with some crumbs mother gave me. See, Dickie, an’ Ben, too; but Ben might frighten the sparrows, so he must peep gently with his one eye.”

“My eye!” said Ben, grinning. “I’d have you know, Sissy, that Ben, the boot-black, have more than one eye. For I seed two on ’em in the gents’ toes as I give ’em a shine. How’s that for I?”

“All right, Benny,” said little Molly. “You may peek with your two eyes, an’ as you’re so smart, you’ll be able to count all the raisins in mother’s sweet puddin’, else if you only had one eye, you’d think you only got half the count of raisins mother gives Dickie an’ me.”

“That’s so,” said Ben, laughing.

“See, Ben,” continued little Molly. “See! don’t the sparrows peck pretty out of Dickie’s hand?”

“You bet they do, the hungry little beggars,” said Ben; “but I never saw anybody feed ’em before. They’ve pretty spots on ’em too, an’ I guess I’ll never fire stones at ’em any more.”

“Come to dinner, children!” called the kind mother from the next room, as she bustled about the base burner with oven attached, the live coals shining brightly through the transparent mica. “And Dick, my son, take Ben into your bedroom and both of you wash your hands; then please come to our nice hot dinner.”

SLIDE 12.—NEAT COMFORTABLE LIVING-ROOM, THE MOTHER WITH HER CHILDREN, DICK AND MOLLY AS WELL AS BEN, SEATED AT TABLE.

“Dick, my son, please say grace,” reminded his mother.

“Yes, mother, but may I say one out of my own head? I’d rather.”