

••LITTLE FOLKS••

Dolly's Prayer.

("Sunday Friend.")

'Good-bye, Bessie, God bless you, my girl, and the little ones, and let me come back to you, if it please Him; but if not—' and Jack Newton's voice grew husky — 'if not, lass, he'll take charge of you, and you'll know your Jack died doing his duty.'

'Jack, oh! Jack, come back to me and the children!' sobbed Bessie.

'If it be his will,' replied Jack, then kissing his little four-year-old daughter, he added, 'Dolly, say a prayer for daddy every night,'

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The parting was over, the great vessel had steamed out of dock on her journey to South Africa, and Bessie with her two little ones was once more at home in their tiny room.

She had undressed them, and now they knelt at her knee to say their evening prayer. Dolly usually repeated it after her mother, but baby Doris was content to say only the 'Amen' at the finish.

'Now one for daddy, all to himself,' said Dolly.

'Say what you like, dear ; ask God what you will,' said Bessie, her full heart flooding her eyes with tears.

Dolly looked up one moment, and seeing her mother weeping, bowed her little head again and added:

'Please, Dod, bress daddy on the big sea water; don't let the big ship sink down to the bottom, and don't let a big fish eat him like it did Jonah, and don't let anybody shoot him in the fight, and—and bring him home again, and that's all, for Jesus' sake.'

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There had been a terrible battle; one of those in the early days of the war, when the British were outnumbered by the enemy, and in some cases had to retreat and leave some of their wounded in the hands of the Boers.

It was in that terrible fight at Nicholson's Nek, when a portion of our army were surrounded and cut off from the main body. It is well known how bravely they fought and fell, until, ammunition spent, the survivors were forced to surrender.

Among the wounded was Jack

Newton. He was lying upon the ground unable to raise himself, and feeling his last hour was come, when a friend and comrade crawled towards him, also suffering from several flesh wounds, and a dreadfully mangled hand.

Jack smiled faintly as he recognized his friend, and after a few words upon the disaster of the day and the losses they had suffered, he added:

'You are not so badly wounded as I am, Charlie. You will probably recover, while I shall most likely die. Will you do me a favor ?'

Charlie promised, and Jack drew

Jack sent his dying message to Bessie, little Dolly was entering the pearly gates; she had been ill with pneumonia. Now she lay still and quiet as if waiting for the angels.

'Mamma, you must say my daddy's pwayer to-night, I'se too tired; no, p'waps I tan: "Dod bress daddy, an' if the Boer duns shoot him, send an angel to take him to heaven, where he won't be hurted no more, where there's no duns to shoot, for Jesus sake, Amen."'

Dear little Dolly! An hour later the angels came for her, and she was taken safely 'Home.'

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out his tiny leather bag containing the little money in his possession.

'You know my Bessie; take this to her, and give it to her with my truest love, and tell her to meet me in heaven. Tell little Dolly that God has taken daddy home to himself where there is no fighting — kiss the children for me. God bless you!'

Jack was growing very faint, and when Charlie saw him close his eyes he thought that all was over.

A little later he was himself carried away on an ambulance, and next day he heard that Jack was among the dead.

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That same evening upon which

Poor Bessie! For her there was sorrow upon sorrow (for the tidings were sent to her of her husband's death), but in the midst of it all she was able to look up and say, 'Thy will be done.'

Weeks and months passed, when one afternoon a soldier knocked at Bessie's door. He had just returned from the war, and his hand was still in a sling.

Bessie recognised him at once as Jack's friend, and for his sake she welcomed him, and the more eagerly when he told her he had a message from Jack for her.

He told her of their last parting on the battle-field, but he was not prepared for the bitter grief of the