

don't get this job done you'll have no supper.'

The youngest child then came close up to her, and, looking in her face, said, 'Oh, mammy, go to church, God will send us supper.'

She was struck by the earnestness of the little fellow, and, kissing him, put by her work and went to church as usual. She had hardly reached her own house afterwards when a neighbour dropped in.

'Here, Betty,' she said, 'here's the twopence I owed you. Ah, you don't remember, but I do. It's a year and a half since I

borrowed that twopence, and it had clean gone out of my head, and why I should just remember it this evening I'm sure I don't know.'

But the poor widow did know. She was sure that God had brought the forgotten debt to light that her little ones might be fed. She joyfully called her children, and sent them out with the pence to buy bread for their supper.

Surely the faith of that little one, who was sure that God would send him his supper, must have strengthened his mother's faith that evening.

Fetching Baby Home.

WIFE, I said, 'make it a party
The day we fetch baby home;'
She'd been in the hospital, look
you,
These fifteen weeks ago;
And now they'd sent word she was better;
The wife and I, we were wild—
Whatever the doctors wanted—
To get back our little child.

They were kind and gentle with her,
We both of us will say that;
But we starved for the baby prattle
And the little foot's pit-a-pat;
So we settled, after that letter,
That I would set off alone
(While wife, she aired the cot blankets)
To fetch our baby home.

'What was wrong with the darling?'
Well, the doctors couldn't quite say;
They called it 'a interesting
Case,' when I asked one day.
But they shook their heads when I begged 'em,
'Couldn't they cure her straight?'
And they talked of time and patience,
And folks being fain to wait.

She was mostly so bright, you sec, sir,
Full of chatter and play;
But now and then she would fright us
With a kind o' overcast day.
Lying, for no sort o' reason,
Still on her mother's knee,
Far too much like an angel
To please either her or me.

So we let her bide with the doctors
There in the county town;
Though the mother was almost lost like,
With never a tag at her gown,
And never a cry of 'Mammy'
All the long working day.
Had you ever a little child, sir,
Fifteen long weeks away?

There now, never you mind me,
I'd rather have it all out;
Seems as if I was turning
Round and round about,
Always a-seeking for some one
'To listen, as you ha' done,
The while I goes through the story
How I fetched baby home.

It wasn't a very long journey,
A matter of five or six mile;
And all the way I must picture
How baby would dance and smile,
With her little arms stretched toward me,
While the biggest doctor said,
As he did afore in my hearing,
He'd like such a little maid.

The sun was shining like summer,
And my heart was shining too;
I was brimming so full of gladness
I didn't know what to do.
Did I tell you, sir, as the farmer
Had lent me his own light shay?
The mare must have thought me crazy
As I talked to her on the way,