

little loving, hindering sister to trouble or follow them. Amy was half frightened when she came in just before dinner and found that Emma was not at home.

'I supposed she was with you,' said her mother.

'Dear me!' said grandma, 'and I let her take that little miniature of my mother when she was a child, to show you, Amy. Didn't you see that?'

'She said she had something to show me, but I—I didn't wait,' confessed Amy.

'I ought not to have allowed her to take it, I know,' apologized grandma; 'but I never can resist that child's coaxing, and she always takes care of things when she promises to.'

'I'll go and find her,' said Amy, and ran as fast as a strong girl can run to Johnnie Ellis's house, and Sadie's home in the flats and to old Mrs. Newell's room down around the corner, and over to Mr. Harthan's store. When they all said they had not seen Emma's curly little head since early morning, when she had 'somefin' to show Amy, the little elder sister's heart began to beat very fast, and she was obliged to go home, after calling at several other places, and report that little Emma was lost, Amy could scarcely swallow a mouthful of the dinner mamma insisted on her trying to eat, because of the great dry lump in her throat.

After the whole neighborhood had been searched, the policemen were notified, and when late in the afternoon no trace of the child had been found, a notice was put in the evening papers describing the child and the valuable little miniature she had carried in her hand, and offering a reward for information concerning either. And that was the way in which cook, still leaning over the garden gate when the paper boy came past with the family paper, learned who her little visitor of the afternoon was. Locking the house, she started at once with the miniature and handkerchief for the street and number given as the home of the lost child. She took the little dog who had barked in the hall with her, for her mistress was out of town, and had left cook to feed and exercise her doggie and take care of the house.

When cook told her story and presented the little handkerchief, Amy cried as if her heart would break. The 'somefin' had come home, but where, oh, where was 'the little tag?'

Grandma tried to comfort Amy. 'With this clew the baby would surely soon be found,' she said. But Amy felt that she did not deserve any such happiness; she who had deserted her own, loving, winning little sister.

Amy could remember just how Emma looked as she came flying down the hill, her sunny curls blowing, her eyes and lips eager, and her breath coming in quick gasps. Amy could appreciate the beauty of the picture now, and it almost broke her heart.

'Thank you, thank you for being so good to her,' she said brokenly to cook. 'I wish I had!'

'Don't be a-grievin' so, child,' said cook, kindly; 'the good Lord, he knows,' and then she hurried away, because she could not keep her own tears back; and Amy crept away to her own room and prayed so earnestly that she never forgot that hour in all her life, and begged God to forgive all her cruel carelessness, and thought, if only Emma was returned to them unharmed, she would be ready to do anything in the world to prove her love and gratitude to the heavenly Father for his care. And then, when she had prayed so earnestly the kind cook's words came back, 'The good Lord, he knows,' and a strangely peaceful trust came into her tired little heart and Amy felt almost joyous,

and as if the Father had assured her that he had the little lost one in his keeping.

As cook entered the garden gate again the little doggie ran ahead of her straight to the arbor and stood there barking.

'Oh, dear!' said a frightened voice, and in another moment the little lost child was clasped tight in cook's great, tender bosom; for she had wandered around two or three squares and, at last, coming again to the house where the sponge cake was kept, she had gone in again to pound on the kitchen door. But cook was gone, and even when she tripped around the house and rang the bell once more, the little dog did not bark, for he was gone, too.

Even the speed of the swift electric car seemed slow to cook as it bore her with her precious charge to the anxious home. Then such rejoicing, and such tender loving care as was given the tired child!

'I—I—losted you picshure, gran'ma,' sighed Emma, 'but I go find it termorrow,' 'cause I got to show it to Amy,' persistently.

'O Emma!' cried Amy, 'this dear kind woman, who has been so good to you, found it and brought it to us; and grandma has given it to me to keep all my life so I will never do anything unkind or selfish again!'

'An' can I tag you termorrow?' asked Emma, taking Amy's penitent, tear-stained face between her dimpled hands, while every one else laughed through their tears.

When cook was leaving the house, the chief of police, who had been notified of the lost child's return and had stepped in to congratulate the family, took her aside to say:—

'The reward which was offered will be sent you shortly, if you will leave your name and address with me.'

'Reward, is it?' cried cook, throwing back her head angrily. 'Reward for helpin' a mother foind her choild? Hm-m-m!' And she marched down the steps with such scornful ire in her tone that the little doggie stopped to bark at the big chief before he followed her.

And Amy, kneeling again in the silence of her own room after the tired little sister had been tucked away safe in her own bed, thanked the heavenly Father from the depth of a grateful heart for his protecting care over their little wanderer, and with a new humility asked God to help her to be a more thoughtful little sister.

How Clarence Preached a Sermon.

(By Ida Kays.)

John Benton, city merchant, had not the least prejudice in the world against country boys—why should he have? Had he not himself been reared on a farm, as familiar with rake and plough handles as he now was with yard stick and ledger?

Gerry, too, his junior clerk, had come from the farm two years ago—though no one would have thought it now—and Carl, the brightest of the cash boys, had been a neighbor of Gerry's. Willie King, who drove the delivery cart, had always lived on a farm until his parents' recent removal to the city.

Yes, he rather preferred country boys, but somehow he felt averse to taking his cousin in Maidie's son into his employ. He would like to help the mother, his favorite cousin in those days when there had been such merry holiday gatherings at Grandfather Benton's—a sweet and dainty woman, yet bright and full of fun—and now she was a widow and poor.

'Clarence is a good boy,' she had written. 'Of course he's a good boy,' mused Ben-

ton, 'a regular Sunday-school chap—not but what that's all right; I used to go to Sunday-school myself, and my Ralph goes now, I suppose he does, his mother sees to all that—but the other boys will run over him and he'll never take his own part. They'll poke fun at him for his womanish notions, but he'll have to hoe his own row; I shan't meddle.' And Benton dismissed the matter, closing his eyes upon the delicate, fair-haired boy who seemed so out of place among the other boys—and why?

They were all good boys in their way. Gerry, whose real name was Gerald, was a gem of a clerk, with good habits as far as Benton knew. To be sure, there was one morning he didn't think him quite clear-headed, and if it had happened again he should have spoken about it; but that was several weeks ago, and it had not happened again. He hoped it wouldn't, for his own boy, Ralph, just in his teens, was a great admirer of Gerry. In fact, he was an intimate terms with all the boys, an intimacy which Mrs. Benton did not approve, but she could not object to Ralph's visiting his father at the store, and did not know that little attention was paid to his whereabouts except at closing time.

In due time Clarence Graham arrived, and the merchant's surprise amounted to almost a shock when he beheld the robust form, round face, dark hair and eyes of Maidie's boy.

'He can take care of number one,' was his mental comment. 'No need to worry about him.' And he didn't worry about him more than to assign his work and take him home for dinner that first day. Perhaps his wife would offer to lodge the boy, but Mrs. Benton was a prudent woman and Clarence only an employee, so an invitation to dine with them occasionally was the extent of her courtesy.

Clarence found a little room near the store and went bravely to work. If he was disappointed and dreadfully homesick at first, no one was the wiser. He soon began to smile and then to laugh—such a hearty, wholesome laugh that it made him friends at once. Brimming over with mischief, fun and frolic, always ready to give or take a joke, he became a general favorite with young and old.

Not a boy tried to run over him or poke fun at him. They could find no fault in him except that he persisted in spending his evenings at home. The boys were all off duty at seven, except Gerry, and often he was allowed to go too. There were frequent discussions in the little back room about the evening's amusement, but unless there was some worthy object in view, Clarence always had a book to finish, a letter to write, or something to hinder his joining the 'harmless larks' in which his mates indulged. He had been to a museum or two, had heard several free lectures, and induced Gerry to take him to the city library, but for larks he had no time.

The boys talked the matter over and pronounced it an uncalled-for assumption of superiority. 'He's got to go where the rest go,' declared Gerry; 'it's time he had the green rubbed off him a little.'

Plans were laid, accordingly, only to fail, until one day a dudish young clerk from an up-town establishment called in to chat with Gerry. There was a conference in an undertone, with sidewise glances and meaning smiles; then Gerry stopped Clarence as he was passing and introduced Mr. Depew.

'Come up to my room with the boys to-night, Graham,' said the affable Depew. 'We'll read a while, and chat a while, and "drive dull care away."'

Clarence accepted the invitation, quite pleased at the thought of an evening's read-