

say. 'Where has my little boy gone? I shall certainly cry if I can't find him.' Then she would bury her face in her handkerchief, and very quietly Bertie would creep up till he got quite close to her, when he would shout in her ear and make her jump.

One day they had been playing in this way and having fine games when Bertie thought what fun it would be to really run away. He was sure he knew the way home; they had been along that path so many times. So off he started as hard as he could go, never looking round or stopping until he was knocking at their own door.

Baby had dropped off to sleep, and mother had been thinking as she walked slowly along, so that it was quite two or three minutes before she missed her little boy. Even

along feeling, oh! so worried and unhappy.

When she reached the house, and the door was opened, she could see straight through into the kitchen and there was a small boy sitting up having tea with the maid.

What a sight of relief escaped her lips! And how she did hug and kiss him! And then—would you believe it?—even though she was a grown-up lady she burst into tears. Bertie tried to comfort her, for he loved mother very, very much.

When she felt better, she told him how he had frightened her when he ran away like that, and he must never, never do it again.

'I thought it was fun to find my way home alone, but I didn't mean to make you unhappy,' said Bertie.

'No, darling; I know that. But

that he lost his way or missed his mother, he could be sure of getting taken home. But I do not believe he would ever run away again, because he remembered that mother was unhappy about it, and he loved her too much to make her sad.—'Child's Companion.'

### The Quarrel.

(By Daisy Rhodes Campbell.)

'Oh, Bettie! what a naughty, horrid girl you are! I never want to look at you again!' (Lizzie never could say 'again' right.)

'Very well,' Bettie said, tossing her curly head, 'you want all the things your own way, you old Lizzie Stevens. I'm going home, and I'm never coming here again, never!'

One little girl ran straight home, and the other little girl went very slowly into the house.

'Dear me!' Bettie said as she came into the little music room, 'I haven't got a friend any more.'

Sister Bell was playing on the piano, but she stopped when Bettie said that.

'Come and tell me all about it,' she said, drawing her little sister towards her. And Bettie told her.

'I wanted to swing and Lizzie didn't; then I wanted to play "mother," and Lizzie wouldn't let me be the child. And then she said I was horrid and she never wanted to see me again, and I said I'd never come there. Oh, dear! I feel all bad, and we were having such a good time.' Bettie began to cry. Then Bell told her what to do, and Bettie stopped crying and smiled.

Next morning she ran over to Lizzie's for her to go to Sunday-school.

'Lizzie,' she said, as soon as she saw her, 'I believe you had a cold yesterday. I'm sorry I ran home.'

'Yes,' Lizzie said, 'I did have a cold, but there were lots of naughty in me 'sides that. Mamma said she didn't think her little girl would be so imperlite, and I'm sorry, Bettie Burns.'

The two little girls went off to Sunday-school, and they each had this verse: 'The tongue is an unruly member.'—'Mayflower.'

Let everything you do, dear.

And say, and think, be true, dear. Falsehood always brings distress, But truth will never fail to bless;

Its blessing be on you, dear.

—'Bright Jewels.'



'WHERE HAS MY LITTLE BOY GONE?'

then she thought he would soon be running up to her.

'Bertie, Bertie!' she called, but no answer came. Then she pushed the perambulator to the side of the footpath and went to look behind all the large trees. But no small boy was to be seen anywhere. Now baby woke up, and finding he was alone, began to cry.

'What could be done? Wherever could Bertie have gone?' thought Mrs. Graham. He was not within sound of their voices, or he would surely have come when he heard his mother calling and the baby brother crying.

The only thing to do now would be to make haste home, and leave baby there with the maid while she came back to find her boy. Trundling along the perambulator as quickly as possible, she hurried

suppose you had taken the wrong turning, or got run over, wouldn't that have been dreadful?' asked his mother.

'Yes, I 'spose it would. I won't play that way any more and make you cry.'

When tea was over, and the little brother in bed, mother said she was going to give Bertie a lesson. So she sat him on her lap, and then made him say his name and where he lived: Bertie Graham, Ivy Cottage, Cambridge Road. Then he said it over several times till he could manage without a mistake.

After this they often used to play at a little boy being lost in the forest. Mother would pretend to be the policeman and ask him where he lived. Then he would speak up and tell her the address.

If it ever should have happened