

Some days later Mrs. Hill came into the sitting-room where Fred and Lottie were playing, with something white in her arms. 'Children,' she said, 'how came this table cloth stained so? Didn't you know it was not the one I told you you could have?'

'I told Fred so,' answered Lottie, 'but he wouldn't believe me.'

'Twas in the lower drawer,' protested Fred.

'But you should have been careful that you were right, or else have asked Jane. This is not only a much nicer one, but it is not mine, it belongs to the ladies of the church, and was used at the social last week, after which I brought it home for Jane to wash and iron. And the worst of it is that the stain has laid so long that it will not all come out. Now as I cannot take it back as it is, I shall have to get a new one, and under the circumstances who do you think should pay for it?'

Fred's face had been growing very red, and he hung his head as he answered, 'I—I—'spose you think I had.'

'That is just what I think. Because in the first place you should have been careful to see that you had the right cloth; you should have been willing to listen to Lottie, if she is younger, for the second, and you should have told Jane or me of the stain and not hidden it away, for the third fault. It will cost you seventy-five cents. Fortunately it is only a tea-cloth or it would be more. I hope it is a lesson my little boy will remember.'

Fred hated to break into the money he was saving for a new bicycle, but he knew his mother was right, and as he gave it to her he said, 'You needn't be afraid but what I will remember the stained table cloth, mamma, for a good while, anyway.'

### Tagging Along.

'She's forever tagging along!' complained Ethel, as her little sister, Marjorie, begged to go with her and her cousin Mattie to the post-office. The two older girls were ten, and wee Marjorie was a small dumpling of four. Her devotion to Ethel was touching. She was never so satisfied as when allowed to trot about in Ethel's train or to hold Ethel's hand. And on

Sundays, when Marjorie had on a beautiful white frock, and a picture hat trimmed with poppies, and her white shoes, Ethel was rather fond of taking her to Sunday-school and church; she felt some pride in escorting her little princess of a sister. But on week days she often rebelled and called on her mother to keep Marjorie at home.

'I never have a moment to myself. She is always tagging on, and always in the way.'

'Come here, darling!' said the mother. 'Sister doesn't want you this time. Come, help mamma set the table.'

Down the street walked Ethel and Mattie, the former very silent, for though she had succeeded in carrying her point, she felt that she had been very cross and selfish, and her conscience pricked her. As they passed a house on the corner of the street a lady came out and called Ethel.

'Do you know, dear, whether your mother has any white carnations in bloom, and can she spare me some rose geraniums? The baby over the way died this afternoon, and I am getting flowers to put in the little casket. The funeral will be to-morrow.'

'The baby! Not Eunice Fairchild? Why, she was playing by the door yesterday.'

'Little Eunice; she was three years old, but she was their baby, and the illness was very short and sharp. Why, Ethel, don't cry so!'

Ethel's tears fell fast. She and Mattie looked at each other with the same thought in each heart. What if God should call Marjorie home as he had called Eunice? Ethel flew to the post-office, did her errand, and rushed home, catching Marjorie up and kissing her.

'Oh! Marjorie, you may go with me whenever you like. I will never again say that you are tagging after me; never never.'

I am not sure that Ethel always kept her word, but I know that she was much gentler, and much more considerate of her little sister from that time on. It were well for us all to remember that at any time death might come, and that therefore we should be 'patient with the living.' We never regret our kind word or deed to one who has passed away.—American Paper.

### The Wee One.

(By Martha Burr Banks, in 'The Outlook'.)

Down at our house is a wee one,  
And nobody ever could see one  
More sweet and complete from the  
tips of his feet,  
To the soft fluffy down on the top  
of his crown;  
Oh, the hue of his eyes is the blue of  
the skies,  
And the guile of his smile like the  
laugh of the day,  
Merry and winning and gladsome  
and gay,  
While his cheeks are like clover,  
with pink flushing over.  
From the break of the dawn to the  
set of the sun,  
There is nothing you'll see that is  
fairer than he,  
Our own little, dear little wee one!

Two fat little fists has the wee one,  
And he always can show you a free  
one

To tear at your hair and to make  
havoc there,  
And a dimple he'll find you still  
further to bind you;  
And he's two little teeth lately out  
from their sheath  
That will bite with delight on your  
finger or knuckle,  
Or make tiny dents on your watch  
or your buckle,  
While his feet growing bolder will  
drum on your shoulder,  
But who minds the scars when  
they're every one done,  
By that mischievous mite, that  
witching young wight,  
Our own little, dear little wee one?

Ah, many a friend has the wee one,  
And he knows if you happen to be  
one;

He'll gurgle and coo and he'll frolic  
with you,  
Or stretch out his arms with his  
prettiest charms,  
And fret when you wake him to get  
you to take him;  
He'll hoax you and coax you and  
cut up his capers,  
Toss over your treasures and tumble  
your papers;  
You have to attend him, you have  
to befriend him.  
But who can help loving that bundle  
of fun,  
That giver of joy, that bright little  
boy,  
God bless him, our dear little wee  
one!