

Hastily washing her hands and wiping them on her apron as she went, Mrs. Burns opened the door. There stood the minister, with Eddie beside him. Now, of all persons in the world, Mrs. Burns would not have had the minister catch her in disorder, but putting the best face possible on it, she bade him good morning, and asked him to walk in.

"Thank you, Madam," ponderously replied Mr. Stobbs, gasping as if for breath, "I have just called to bring your offspring safely back to the parental care. I found him wandering, apparently aimlessly, along the street, with a huge piece of pie in his hand, munching at it like a homeless waif. Expecting that you would be anxious concerning him, I have brought him with me hither."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Stobbs," replied the 'waif's' mother. "I have great trouble to keep him at home, and I had just sent out to know where he was. I am glad he's safely back again."

"I am sure of it, madam, and might I suggest the judicious use of this small switch to the culprit. Not that I am one to impose harsh measures," said he, with a majestic wave of the hand, "but judgment must be exercised in these cases, judgment must be exercised."

"Certainly sir, certainly," responded Mrs. Burns, with the faintest suspicion of a twinkle in her eye.

"Then I will not detain you longer, madam. Good-morning." And Mr. Stobbs turned away.

"It's plain to be seen," thought Mrs. Burns, with a smile, "that he has no children of his own. What models they would be if he had." Recollecting her unfinished preparations for dinner, she called Eddie to her and closed the door.

Poor child, he looked as if he had indeed received the recommended chastisement, but who would not, in the face of such stern disapproval as Mr. Stobbs had evinced. His relief, then, may be imagined when his mother told him mildly that he must not run away again without letting her know, and asked him to help her set the table. When, after many delays, dinner was ready, Mrs. Burns sat down to wait till her husband should arrive.

She had been sitting thus for perhaps five minutes, when she was startled by hearing Maggie burst through the door, crying and sobbing wildly. Before her mother could ask what was the matter, Maggie threw herself into her arms, saying, "Oh mamma, he's dead, Eddie's dead, and it is

all my fault. I never thought he would get hurt or I wouldn't have talked to Mary so long. Oh, what will I do, what will—"

Here she suddenly stopped, for, looking up, she saw—Eddie standing at the door where he had come to see what was the matter. After gazing wide-eyed at him a moment, she rushed over to him, and threw her arms around him.

"My dear little brother," she said, "I thought it was you they were carrying to the hospital, and I was so scared."

"Maggie, what are you talking about? What has happened that you are making all this fuss about?"

After a good deal of jumping about and laughing in which Eddie joined, Maggie managed to explain. After playing and chatting with Mary Brown for a long time, she suddenly remembered why she had been sent out, so, hastily leaving her friend, she set out on her neglected errand. On opening the gate she saw, about a block away, a large crowd gathered around a little boy, who had been knocked insensible by a brick let fall by a workman on a building. Tenderly they raised the injured child, and carried him to the nearest drug store, but Maggie did not wait to see where he was taken. She thought it was Eddie, and she knew, if it was, that she was to blame for leaving him on the street when she had been told to fetch him home.

"If I had only done what mamma told me, it would have been all right," she said to herself, "but now, will she ever forgive me?"

So, in an agony of remorse, she fled to her mother, as we have seen.

Having listened to her story, Mrs. Burns told her how sad she felt that her little girl was not more to be trusted when she went on an errand.

"Indeed, mother," said Maggie, earnestly, "I'll never play again till my message is finished, for I felt just awful when I saw them carrying the boy I thought was Eddie. Can't you forgive me this time, mother?"

"Yes, dear," replied her mother, kissing her. "And let us be glad it was not Eddie who was hurt. Now, here is papa, so run away and wash your face before we have dinner."

The lesson she had that morning learned Maggie never forgot, and her mother now says of her, "If I want a thing well done, I either do it myself or send Maggie, she does it as well as I can."

And Maggie smiles, well pleased at such praise from mother.

Miss

The Year
to convey
DEAVORER, t
of the Year
Endeavorer
page each n
extend to t
greeting, an
threshold of
the two-fol
bless thee,
may be ful
member th
that "He v
crease the

The Cir
to our pa
church and
aged men
through h
chair," an
their hom
beauty of
eas been r
wish that
quoted, m
and that t
may be, r

Last y
ment" v
modest o
results w
while ou
vention i
suggestio
which w
during t
evening,
creased l
She gave
charging
program
and they
their te
think s
They sh
months
working
are eng
dollar s
convert