

and parlor, then, becoming a little anxious, she called her mistress.

'O ma'am,' she cried, 'I can't find Master Bennie anywhere. Is he upstairs with you, ma'am?'

'Why, no,' said Bennie's mother, taking alarm at once. 'Where did you leave him?'

'He was playing on the porch, ma'am, and I went to get him some water, and when I got back he was gone. He didn't want to go to bed, and said he'd run away.'

'Then he has done it at last!' wailed the mother. 'O my baby, my baby! Nora run! You go one way and I the other! O my baby!'

After looking in vain for him at the neighbors' and along the street, the two women returned to the house. Darkness had fallen, and the thought of the dear little fellow, wandering alone in the night made them both weep.

'Oh, what shall we do?' moaned the mother. 'If his father were only here! We must get the neighbors to help us look for him with lanterns.'

Just then a little noise at the back door sent them running to the back of the house, where, to their great joy, they saw Bennie toiling wearily up the steps.

'Mamma, mamma!' he was crying, and when he felt his mother's loving arms around him, he sobbed as if his little heart would break.

'There, there, Bennie,' his mother said, comfortingly, 'don't cry any more. You're safe with mother now. Where did you go, darling?'

'O mamma,' he said, between sobs, 'I runned away. I was bad. I didn't want to go to bed, and I was going to hide where Nora, nor you, nor anybody couldn't find me. But it was awful dark, and nen the angels lighted all their lanterns up there in the sky,' pointing with his forefinger, 'and found me out, and nen—and nen—I got scared and runned home. I wanted mamma.'

'Yes, darling, and mamma wanted her little boy. Bennie must promise not to run away again and make mamma cry.'

'Did ou cry, mamma? Poor mamma!' patting her cheek with his soft little hand.

'Yes, and poor Nora, too. Aren't you sorry for her?'

'Poor Nora!' he repeated, hold-

ing out his baby hand to her. She kissed it, and he said, graciously, 'Now, you may put me to bed.'

So mother and nurse undressed and bathed him and laid him lovingly in his little white bed. Then they watched beside him until sweet sleep closed his eyes, their hearts filled with gratitude to the good God who had let no harm come to their darling when he had 'runned away.'—S.S. Messenger.

### The Reason Why.

'When I was at the party,'

Said Betty (aged just four),  
'A little girl fell off her chair,

Right down upon the floor;  
And all the other little girls

Began to laugh, but me—  
I didn't laugh a single bit,'

Said Betty, seriously.

'Why not?' her mother asked her.

Full of delight to find  
That Betty—bless her little heart!—

Had been so sweetly kind;

'Why didn't you laugh, darling?

Or don't you like to tell?'

'I didn't laugh,' said Betty,

"Cause it was me that fell.'

—Scattered Seeds.

### Tommy's Dream.

Tommy had a curious dream one night. He had been kept in from play to help his father. But instead of being proud to think that his father wanted his help, he was cross about losing his play—so cross that his father quietly remarked he would not ask him to stay in again.

When he lay down to sleep that night, he dreamed that two angels were sent down to earth to make a record of all the nice, loving things the boys and girls were doing.

One angel was to take note of all the big things that were done, and the other was to write down all the little, unnoticed deeds of life. They parted as they reached the earth, and when they met again, on their way back to heaven, they compared notes. One had scarcely filled two pages of his book.

'There are not many conspicuous things done, after all,' he said, in explanation.

'I have scarcely found time to write down all that I have seen,' said the other angel, and he showed a little book filled from cover to

cover with the record of loving little deeds.

Tommy's heart stood still, and he thought, 'My name must be there too, for it was a nice thing to stay in and help father.'

Then he heard the angel explaining why there were some boys and girls he did not take any notice of at all. 'They did nice things,' he said, 'but they were so cross about it, and so unwilling, that I could not write them down. For, you know, I was told only to record the loving deeds of life.'

Then Tommy woke up, and as he lay still and thought about it, he knew that he could not possibly have been in the angel's book that day.—'Temperance Leader.'

### A Fresh Start.

'Are you sure you can go home alone, Eddie?'

'If you'll show me the way, uncle, I can.'

Eddie was in a large city for the first time, and Uncle Howard was afraid to have him go from the office to the house by himself, but Eddie was sure he could, and the two went to the door, where uncle pointed out the way clearly. It was not far, and there was only one turn.

The boy started off on a run, but in his great haste he made the wrong turn after all, and soon found that he was not on the street leading home at all, for he could not see the house after making the turn, as he should.

'Well,' said the little boy to himself, stopping to think, 'I can see the way I came, anyhow, and I'll run back to the office and get uncle to start me over again. I know how to get back there.'

He ran back and got a fresh start. This time, being more careful, he made the right turn.

Wise little Eddie! When one sees he is wrong, no matter in what way, the thing to do is not to go on wrong a single step, but to turn back and make a fresh start. It is easier to run back, if one has not gone far, and it is better to ask the one who knows the way than to try to find it oneself.

When we have done wrong God is the one to seek. He will set us right.—Selected.