

"What shall we do for him?" said Colonel Vaughan thoughtfully; "he has had a vast deal of trouble—he had to go over half the city and then out into the country in his search."

"Charles will give him a picture of the lamb," said the little one.

"And Charles' grandfather will invest him with the order of the golden fleece," said Colonel Vaughan to himself. "What shall it be—a breast-pin or a watch—we shall see," and he carried his small grandchild into the house.

"Hasn't my baby forgotten something?" asked the mother as her ecstatic child was about to clamber into bed.

He knew what she meant, and in an instant he was on his knees by the bedside, his curly head buried in the counterpane, his tiny hands outstretched.

While listening to the broken accents and the fervent outpourings of his grateful little heart to its Maker, his mother was again reminded of the tender loving heart of her little one.

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