

## "Changed Lots; or, Nobody Cares"

## CHAPTER V.

"She does remember something about that scar, George," said Mrs. Chisholm triumphantly to her husband later. "I believe her memory is coming back; no doubt an accident happened some time when we were away from home, and Daunt was frightened, and made her promise not to tell of it; it was just like Dorothy to try to get on a donkey. I dare say it was loose on the common. I have seen them there sometimes, but Daunt always made me believe that she never took the child outside the Park gates; she must of course have done it, or she could not have caught that fever. It is sad to think we should have been so completely deceived."

"Very sad," repeated Mr. Chisholm, "we very nearly lost our darling; I am quite glad you have consented to my letting Sunnysdale, or I should not be inclined to go there again for a time at least."

"How much she has grown, and how pretty and sweet she is; but she is very much altered, she is so much quieter in manner," continued his wife.

"She is older, Louise, and better trained; we made a great mistake in letting Daunt have all her own way with her; in one sense she was very spoilt and kept such a baby. I expect you will find her wonderfully improved, and though she is such a little dunce, Miss Knox says she never had a more delightful pupil, and that she is very decidedly clever."

"She always was clever, and, remember, she is going over old ground," returned Mrs. Chisholm. "She seemed quite shy to-day, but then she has not seen me for six months, which is a long time in a child's life," mused the mother, in a tone of some regret.

"Of course it is," said Mr. Chisholm; he did not wish at all to dwell on the strange lapse of memory, or the fancies which Miss Knox told him she feared still troubled her little pupil at times.

As weeks passed on, and he found in Lil the sweet, gentle, little daughter he had longed for, he attributed the change entirely to Miss Knox's gentle and wise rule, and often expressed his satisfaction.

"All the same," said his wife, a little fretful one day, "I cannot help longing for one of her sweet bear-hugs; she is not half as affectionate to me as she used to be; she comes in and kisses me, sits down quietly and answers my questions, but she is never sorry to return to Miss Knox. Now she used to come in like a whirlwind, and nearly smother me, and she used to pout and stamp if Daunt wanted her to go away before the quarter of an hour was up; and in the morning she always made me promise I would let her come again in the evening; I own I miss her naughtiness, if that is what you call being naughty."

"Well! not that exactly, Louise," said her husband, soothingly, "but I assure you we never told you how troublesome she was, how really violent at times; she has grown gentle and reasonable, that is all! I'm sure she loves you just as much. I always find her most affectionate; no doubt that terrible illness changed her, and it will be some time before she quite recovers from it."

"Yes, she sang to me the other day; her voice is not half so strong, the very notes are different."

"Well, we won't trouble about that," said Mr. Chisholm cheerfully, "she might have been made deaf; I think, considering how ill she was, she has made a wonderful recovery; and it only shows what good teaching can do. Miss Knox was telling me this morning how intelligent and willing she finds her; and the poor child used always to be in disgrace over her lessons."

All this time no little girl in the world could be happier than Lil was; she had everything a child could wish for, and each day brought her fresh interest and enjoyment—but what thoughts were really in her mind all the time? did they go back to the past or did they simply live in the beautiful present?

Now and then, when she lay awake longer than usual, her memory troubled her, and she puzzled herself as to what had happened to her in a dreamy way, and wondered what had become of the "little lady," as she always called Dorothy in her thoughts.

Had she gone away to live with "Jem" and

"Mother," and did they love her? Had they forgotten all about her, Lil? What did the little lady do when she was hungry and had no dinner? What did she do without any pretty frocks? How did she get on without a nice bed? Why had not she come back and told everybody who she was? As time passed on Lil began to believe that she was really Dorothy Chisholm and that what she remembered was as everybody had told her, just a bad dream she had had when she was very ill.

## CHAPTER VI.

## A REAL CAPTIVITY.

It was a very rude awakening to poor little Dorothy, when the next morning, after a long calm night, she was pulled up from her bed by 'Lisbeth, and told, roughly, to make haste and dress herself.

Directly she began to cry, and implore her tormentor to take her home; the threat was repeated that she should have something put into her mouth to stop "her row." She, 'Lisbeth, was not going to be blamed for "noise"; she was to hold her tongue that minute, or she would see that 'Lisbeth would stand no nonsense. Moreover, she was assured she would have no chance of running away again, she should "stay in." And then Elizabeth proceeded, after giving her a breakfast of bread and tea (which, being by this time very hungry, Dorothy ate without a word), to tie her little prisoner to the handle of the cupboard.

Dorothy sat down on the floor despairingly; she was afraid to scream, she could hear the voice of the man outside, but he would not listen to her; the rain was falling heavily, and beating against the small window of the caravan. She was a courageous child, and as she sat and thought her spirit rose a little; "of course," she told herself, "they will come and look for me."

She remembered how she had expected to be released last night in vain, she told herself that perhaps they had been looking for her and had not yet reached the vans.

When Eliza undressed the little girl she would surely see her mistake, and then the little girl would explain. . . . But why did not she come now? it was very cruel and wicked of her; was she really exactly like her?

She sat listening breathlessly till her head throbbed, and then she sobbed herself to sleep again with her head resting on her arms.

When she awoke she was alone; she tried with frantic eagerness to untie herself from the cupboard, but the knots were too tight; she sat listening for some time, not a sound was to be heard; a great sense of loneliness and desolation oppressed her? Had every one forgotten her? She thought of all the stories she had read of little girls being carried away by gipsies, and they brought her some comfort, for their friends always followed them and brought them back; she remembered that in these stories the little girls always said their prayers, and she had not yet said hers; so she knelt up, and leaning her head against the side of the van, repeated mechanically the words she was accustomed to say every morning and evening; she did not think much about their meaning till she came to the words "bless dear papa and mamma, and make me a good girl." Then she began to sob again; would mamma really mistake the other little girl for her? Of course the little girl would like to live in the nursery and have all her nice things, and perhaps she would never tell any one she was not the real Dorothy—she was so exactly like her, so like that people might never see the difference; perhaps, after all, no one was looking for her! And she had not been a good girl, she had been disobedient; she knew she ought not to have gone out on the common.

She sobbed and cried aloud, but no one came, and when she heard the man's voice outside she grew quiet from sheer terror.

After a time 'Lisbeth came in, and untying the cord which bound her, placed her on a chair by the table, with a small pie before her.

"There's a grand dinner for you, Lil; make haste and eat it up," she said, not ill-naturedly, "and if you're a good girl you shall go out with me presently." Dorothy was really hungry—indeed, almost exhausted from want of food; her break-

fast had been very scanty, she ate up the pie very greedily, while her poor little tired head worked over the probabilities of her position. They would be sure to look for her inside the caravan, she told herself, and if she went out, perhaps, they would come while she was away; she was too young and childish to consider her position very clearly, her one fear was that she would be looked for and not be found. So, when 'Lisbeth put on her hat, and took her by the hand to lead her down the steps of the van, she began to cry loudly, and say she did not want to go out.

'Lisbeth looked round to see that her father was not within sight, and then being much provoked at what she considered both unreasonable and ungrateful conduct, she administered a shower of cuffs, winding up with a violent shake, which left Dorothy breathless, and pushing her back into the van, she again fastened the rope round her.

"Nasty, tiresome, ill-tempered little toad!" she exclaimed; "see, if I do anything for you again; you bide there by yourself, if you like it, and I'll give you the stick when I come back, that I will, if you make a sound!"

Dorothy sank down again on the floor; she did not wish to cry, she was tired of crying, and if they came to look for her, of course they would search the van. Nurse would be back by this time, perhaps, and she would be sure to want to find her. She had often told her that the gipsies would carry her away; it was one of the threats she was fond of using.

Her thoughts wandered back to the previous afternoon; was she really changed from Dorothy Chisholm into a little gipsy girl? Perhaps that little girl, so strangely like herself, was really a wicked fairy who had changed her into a gipsy, and taken her place.

Such things happened in fairy stories; perhaps, after all, fairy stories were true; in that case a fairy changeling was in her nursery at home, and no one would know anything about it, no one would come to look for her.

Dorothy was a very imaginative child, and she found it by no means difficult to believe this; she was fond of making-believe, and the most improbable stories had often become real to her.

To be Continued.

## Strive with a Purpose.

Strive with an earnest purpose  
In every task to excel;  
That which is worth the doing,  
Is worth the doing well.  
Where there's the will for winning,  
Surely the way will come;  
That which is worth beginning  
Is well worth being done.

Think that however humble  
Tasks which around you lie,  
Half-hearted work will ever  
Yield but a poor reply:  
Then let us strive with fervour,  
Toil with whole-hearted zest:  
That which is worth the doing  
Is worth our very best.

—There is more force than we are wont to suppose in the saying of our Saviour, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of God." Childhood and youth are the periods for the easy reception of all truth, religious as well as secular. Whoever has undertaken to teach an adult the rudiments of education, has experienced difficulties, similar, though inferior, to those which the preacher of righteousness encounters in teaching men. It is not impossible for a man who has passed his second or third decade to learn his letters and make something of a scholar, but it is a herculean task, compared with the effort which a child makes to attain the same end.

## One Way.

We cannot understand all the mysteries; are not able so much as to formulate a theory of inspiration. But one thing we know; we know Christ treated the old Scriptures as coming from God; He never ridiculed aught they said; and never fancied their words would ever come to nothing. What profound respect Christ had for the old Jewish Bible! Now while we cannot answer all the questions about inspiration, we can