

was taking her till more than an hour had passed, when a party of people getting in, and one man making a remark to her about the mildness of the weather, she mustered courage to ask him when they should get to Southampton.

"Southampton," repeated the man in astonishment. "Why this train goes to London!"

Dorothy sprang to her feet, and tried frantically to turn the handle of the door; but he put his hand on it, and bade her sit still, explaining rather lengthily that she would be sure to kill herself if she took to jumping out.

Then there came a chorus of questions from every one in the carriage, and every one was ready to offer her some advice. She was told at last that the best plan would be to get off at Redhill, which was the next station, and no doubt the Company would send her back to the place she came from.

Then some one looking at her ticket pointed out to her that she had taken one for London, and she found out that this train had left the station at half-past six instead of seven.

At the name of Redhill poor Dorothy's courage, which had sunk very low indeed, revived. That was the name of the place they were within a few miles of, Jem had often told her, that time she had been so dreadfully ill. It was not so very far from Guildford, she also told herself, and she might find her way there, and then, when she had made some more money—and she knew she could get some by singing—she could go from Guildford to Southampton; at any rate, she was beyond the reach of Joe.

Before leaving the train she made careful inquiries, much to the amusement of her fellow-passengers, whether Southampton could be reached by train from Guildford.

And, on getting out at Redhill, instead of making her grievance known, as her travelling companions urged her to do, she boldly walked out of the station, where there happened to be a great crowd, and in the bustle her ticket was taken, but hardly glanced at.

Dorothy had not walked far before an absorbing wish took possession of her. She would try again to see the big house she had so often dreamt she had lived in; she would stand once more by the little gate which she had so often pictured in her waking thoughts. She even felt that she would take courage, and try to go up to the big house and ask its name. They could not do more than send her away with a rough word. She clasped her little bundle tightly, and feeling in her excitement neither hunger nor fatigue, walked bravely on.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

As the days of her visit at Southampton passed on Miss Knox watched her pupil anxiously, wondering why it was that she continued to look so pale and depressed in spite of what ought to have been a great pleasure. Was she again troubled by those painful imaginations which had recurred from time to time all her growing up, and which had always been so difficult to explain away?

She did not think it wise to ask any questions, fearing to make these fancies all the more important by so doing. She had a theory that Dorothy was too much noticed and watched. It was a pity for her to feel all she thought and felt important. After all, perhaps, she was better at home with her regular lessons and the playmates she had learned to find interesting.

Mrs. Carey invited some girls of her own age to meet her, but she did not seem to care about their acquaintance; and though the novelty of an English seaport was great to her, yet Miss Knox, who knew her face so well, knew she could not be mistaken. Her thoughts were far away; she was troubling herself about something.

A Christmas tree, which her parents had promised to give her for the school children at home, was the one subject which seemed to interest her.

The weather was mild and damp, and they were often kept in by the rain. When the last evening came there were still some purchases to be made; and when Dorothy begged Miss Knox to go out with her she did not like to refuse her, so, putting on water-proofs, they sallied out in the dusk.

Mrs. Carey had gone to pay a visit to the hospital, where she said she again intended to make some inquiries for the gipsy girl before speaking to the police, whose help Mr. Chisholm had authorised her to engage in the search.

It was almost dark before the shopping was over, and Dorothy had taken Miss Knox's arm, and was chatting quite merrily over her purchases, which had been very successful, when, with the uncomfortable feeling that some one was following very close on her heels, she looked apprehensively behind her, and saw a man, who was now so near her as almost to touch her. The street was deserted; no one else was in sight. "Come on quickly," she whispered, hurrying Miss Knox along. "there's some one following us; don't look behind you," and, without breaking into a run, they increased their pace considerably. But the man now planted himself by Miss Knox's side. "You just stop that, my lady," he said insolently; "the girl's mine and I'll have the law on you. She's only fourteen, an' she's mine for the next two year, all said an' done; you can't take her from me, so you'd better give her up quiet. There's two or three here ready to swear she's mine. Not a little frightened, Miss Knox walked on, silently giving, however, a reassuring squeeze to her pupil's arm, which was within her own, and in her haste she almost ran up against a policeman before she saw him; she was just going to address him when, to her surprise, the man whose strange conduct she had been going to complain of, stopped and began pouring out a long story to the policeman himself, and, without pausing, she and Lil hurried on; a few steps further and Mrs. Carey's house was reached. With a sigh of relief she closed the door behind them; they were both somewhat breathless.

(To be Continued.)

—When you buy your spring medicine you should get the best, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It thoroughly purifies the blood.

### The Holy Catholic Church

Societies, in our day, my dear friends, have become a great moral force, the very best means of promoting and spreading any great cause. Men recognize this fact, and so combine together, that by unity of purpose they may better advance the principles they desire to support. Many of these societies are made up of two distinct classes—the active members, who are bone and sinew, the life of the institution, and the honorary members, who take no personal interest in the management or working of the society, but who, nevertheless, are good enough, or interested enough, to advance the cause they honor by the support of their name.

You and I, my friends, belong to a society, the Catholic Church, which embraces the whole world. We have in view one great object—the salvation of souls, the spread of the kingdom of Jesus Christ among men. But this society of ours, a real living, organic institution, differs from most others in this: that it does not need support of honorary members; neither will it approve their existence in its bosom.

And yet there are many who call themselves Christians, would-be honorary members of the Catholic Church, who do not even realize what the word Christian means, who seem to forget that to be a Christian imposes the obligation of being at war with all that is anti-Christian. An honorary membership for such Christians is very convenient—a membership that would allow them to be on good terms with Christ and Satan. The fasting and praying, the vigils and good works, the real brunt of the battle they would leave to the active members, while they would look on with an encouraging smile of approval.

The question I would have you ask yourselves, and meditate upon during this holy season, is this: Are you active, living members of the Church, that mystical body of which Jesus Christ is the head and the Holy Ghost the life-giving principle, or are you simply would-be honorary members? Have you at heart the interests of God's holy Church; are her sorrows, her wants, her trials yours? Are the Sacraments she offers you the source and support of your life? If so, you have reason to thank God.

### Hints to Housekeepers.

ROSE KISSES.—Beat the whites of six eggs to a stiff froth. When light and dry, mix a cupful of powdered sugar quickly, flavor with extract of white rose. Spread oiled paper on a board. Drop a spoonful at a time of the mixture on it. Set in a cool oven and dry for nearly an hour, until a crust forms. Lift from the paper and stick them together at the bottom.

—A dainty button bag is of orange silk, lined with pale blue pongee. A casing is run at the top, and a silk cord is drawn in for closing the bag. A small diamond-shaped piece of celluloid, notched at the edges, is fastened on one side with tiny bows of ribbon, and on this is painted in gilt letters the word "Buttons."

OFFENSIVE SORE CURED.—DEAR SIR.—I take pleasure in testifying to the great healing qualities of your medicines. I had the misfortune to injure my leg, and through cold and neglect it broke out in a running sore; my leg became inflamed and very painful, and the discharge was very offensive; various remedies failed to help me, when I had the good fortune to try your B. B. B. and Burdock Healing ointment. Before I had finished the second bottle the discharge had stopped, and in two weeks more my leg was as well as ever. I feel justified in recommending it to the public as a cure, if only given a fair trial.

GEO. LAURIE, Portage la Prairie, Man.

FRUIT GLACE.—Boil one pint of granulated sugar and one cup of water, until brittle. Have oranges peeled and divided in quarters. Carefully dip each piece in a portion of the syrup, and set in a cool place to dry. Do not stir the syrup. Pineapples, bananas, or other fruits can be prepared in the same way, and mixed with the oranges in a glass bowl.

—False Economy is practised by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

—Tired, languid people who lack energy and appetite should take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best tonic strengthener and purifier extant.

### Making the Heavens Speak.

We are told that the heavens declare the glory of God, but to whom do they declare it? Only to those who learn to read the handwriting of Omnipotence, where His finger has traced upon the walls of heaven His name in symbols of living light. There are people who look at the stars year after year without even knowing that they are telegraph instruments which are constantly busy in sending us messages from the home of God. Before God can lift a man high enough to show him landscapes in eternity He must first get hold of the arms of his mind. "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler," and what is the truth here referred to, but the mind of God about us, and for us. The moment the door of the soul opens and the knowledge comes in that God is moving heaven and earth to save us, we are bound to do something toward saving ourselves.

—A great deal of unhappiness in parish and home-life comes from misunderstandings. We are all more or less affected by the personal impression of a conversation, incident, or episode. The way it strikes us is very apt to push quite out of sight the way it might strike another. In consequence we misinterpret moods, or attribute to others motives which have never occurred to them. The quiet manner is taken to mean irritation when it is simply weariness, or the impulsive speech is supposed to spring from anger, when it may have its origin in embarrassment. At all events life would be smoother in many a home and in many a parish if everybody would endeavor to understand his or her neighbor, and if everybody were taken at the best and not at the worst valuation.