

having offended a loving Father. But if really sorry for the *past*, what about the future? See Ezek. xviii. 27. Suppose boy on the wrong road—or going in wrong direction. Not enough to say, "I am sorry." He must *turn back*.

How God longs for the sinner to come back! Isa. lv. 7. Jesus Christ came from heaven—died—to win him back. Even the angels rejoice over his return. How do we know that? Luke xv. 10.

Suppose you see a person stumble and fall. Does it not make you careful? Let David's fall warn us. Matt. xxvi. 41. If one of the best of men fell, what need have we to "watch"!

Children's Corner.

LADY TEMPLE'S GRANDCHILDREN.

CHAPTER V. (Continued.)

"I think it's very stupid of you. I think you might come now. It wouldn't take any time hardly; and a secret is so nice."

"I don't much think it is."

"That's because you're only a girl. Girls never can keep secrets."

"Can boys?" asked Dolly innocently, not in the least offended.

"Oh yes; boys can do anything. They have some sense."

And Wilfred edged off again, rather out of sorts, leaving Dolly to her own meditations.

She wondered what had made Wilfred so cross, and thought it rather ill-natured of him; but otherwise she was not disturbed, feeling herself in the right. She wandered away down the cool, shady paths, leaving Duke playing with his new friends, and Lucy chatting with their nursemaid. Dolly was rather fond of walking about by herself, and thinking her own thoughts, and so it did not trouble her to find herself thus companionless.

When she had walked about for a while, the heat made her feel a little languid, and she looked about for a seat. There were two or three in the main walk; but these were all occupied. In one shady, retired corner, however, Dolly espied another which was untenanted, save by one lady who sat reading, leaning back in one corner. Dolly crept quietly to the other end and climbed up on to it. The lady looked up and smiled as she did so, and Dolly smiled back, and then busied herself with making up little bunches of the daisies and buttercups she had picked, and the green leaves from the shrubs, tying them together with long blades of grass. She was so intent on her work that she was almost startled when a very soft and gentle voice asked her—

"Are you fond of flowers?"

It was the lady who was speaking, and Dolly looked up shyly and answered in the affirmative.

"I have some pretty pictures of flowers in my book. Would you like to look at them?"

Dolly edged up nearer, and the lady showed the pictures and explained a great deal, which seemed very wonderful to the little child, as to how plants live and grow, and what strange changes pass over them.

Dolly was very much interested, and the lady's gentle voice fell very sweetly upon her ears. She had never heard anybody speak so kindly or so softly since she had said good-bye to her mother and to India. And when she thought she ought to go back to Lucy, the lady gave her a sweet kiss before saying good-bye, and the child's heart felt a sudden happy glow, such as she had not experienced for many a long day.

"Grandmother," said Duke at dessert that evening, "I want to go and see the Lennoxes. May we some day soon?"

"And what else, Marmaduke?"

"If you please," returned Duke without any prompting this time.

"Very well, Marmaduke, I have no objection to your going to pay a visit to your little friends, you and Dorothy, I will arrange for you to go there some day soon. You may always play with Mrs. Fitzherbert Lennox's children when you meet them."

CHAPTER VI.

A SURPRISE.

"Well, young man, you have fine lung-power, and no mistake. And pray what is all this noise about?"

Dolly and Duke started at the sound of the strange voice, and the boy ceased his fierce war-cries, and allowed the rocking-horse to come to a gradual stand-still, while he stared fixedly at the stranger who had thus suddenly burst in upon them.

"Who are you?" he asked boldly.

But Dolly seemed to know already, for she was advancing fearlessly and with a smiling face, and she put up her little mouth trustfully for the kiss which the gentleman seemed very ready to bestow.

"Duke," she said shyly and yet gladly, "this is Dr. Gordon."

"Oh, you're Dr. Gordon, are you?" said Duke, descending from the horse and advancing to meet the intruder, "I'm glad you've come to see us, for I like you."

"Do you, indeed? I feel flattered?"

"Yes, I do; and I don't mind telling you that it isn't every one I do like."

Dr. Gordon laughed and patted Duke's head.

"Well, we are going to be friends at any rate," he said, "as your father and I were friends long ago; and you must grow up a brave and polished gentleman as he did."

"I'm going to," asserted Duke boldly. "I'm going to be just like papa."

"In one way I think you are," said Dr. Gordon, looking down kindly upon him; "and you must try very hard to be like him in other ways beside."

Duke looked hard at the doctor, not quite sure of his meaning. Dolly, who thought she knew what he must mean, said gently—

"He will when he is older, Dr. Gordon. He will learn a great many things then. He is only such a little boy now."

Dr. Gordon smiled, and Duke said—

"I'm not such a very little boy, Dolly; and I don't want to learn things. I hate lessons. I like to do as I please."

"Ah! but we can't always do that, Duke," said Dr. Gordon gravely; "we soon find that that sort of thing doesn't do. We have to learn to please other people instead."

"Yes," said Dolly, glad of some one to support her in her oft-repeated assertion, "we ought to try to please grandmother, ought we not?"

"Certainly, my child."

Duke pursed up his mouth and did not appear convinced.

"I know a certain lady who is very fond of a little grandson of hers," continued Dr. Gordon, a smile beginning to twinkle over his face, "and does a great deal to please him; and if you will come downstairs with me, Duke, and you too, Dolly, I will show you something which I think will please and surprise you very much."

"I'll go," said Duke readily; "I like to be surprised, if it's a nice surprise."

Dr. Gordon took a little hand in each of his, and led the way downstairs—right down to the very bottom, and then through a swing-door which led to a region unknown to the children; and by and by they reached a long flagged pas-

sage terminated by a door, and when this door was opened it led out into a paved courtyard, and it was in this courtyard that the surprise awaited the children.

"Oh!" said Dolly, and "Oh!" cried Duke.

They might well exclaim, for in the courtyard, standing beside Dr. Gordon's tall grey horse, were two very small and very beautiful black ones, all ready saddled and bridled, one for a gentleman and the other for a lady, and their glossy coats shone like satin in the sunshine.

There was no need to tell the children what it all meant. They knew directly, and ran towards the pretty creatures to admire and caress them; and the little horses received their advances very gently and quietly. Dolly and Duke were delighted.

"Oh, Dr. Gordon, they are sweet little things!" cried Dolly. "Did you choose them for us?"

"Yes; your grandmother wrote to me about it some days ago; and I just happened to know of these two little fellows who were for sale, and have been used to young riders; but it is your grandmother's doing, not mine."

"How kind of grandmother," said Dolly. "We must go in and thank her. Duke, do you hear what Dr. Gordon says? Isn't it very good of dear grandmother?"

"Yes, she's a brick," assented Duke readily. "I shall tell her so at dinner-time."

"No, Duke, dear, you mustn't say words like that. You must be very good."

"Very well, I will," replied Duke with unusual docility. "Dr. Gordon, I want to ride my horse. When may I? Now?"

"Yes, if you and Dolly can be ready quickly. I have an hour to spare, and we will go a ride together if you like. Your grandmother has given her consent."

The children needed no second permission, but ran off at the top of their speed, and soon appeared at the front door, whither the horses had been led, ready equipped for riding.

Dolly's little pale face was flushed with excitement and delight, and she looked so pretty and picturesque in her dark, plain riding-dress and linen collar and cuffs, that Dr. Gordon could not help stooping to kiss her, and wished Lady Temple could see her at that moment, that her heart might be softened by the sight of her childish fairness. For Dr. Gordon had already divined that Dolly was not as yet a favorite with her grandmother, because she was "no Temple," as the dowager phrased it.

But no face appeared at the window to watch the children mount and ride away, and only he felt any disappointment at this.

The ride was a very pleasant one that bright May morning. Duke was in high spirits and full of conversation. Dolly was quietly happy under the protection of one whom she already looked upon as a friend. Both children rode well from long practice, and enjoyed horse exercise, to which they had always been accustomed.

Once when they were nearing the house again, and Duke was cantering on ahead, Dr. Gordon turned to his quiet little companion and asked—

"Are you beginning to be happy here, my child?"

Dolly turned her great, grave eyes rather wistfully towards him, and answered steadily—

"I am trying to be. I want to, because mamma said she hoped we should be happy. But I don't think it is very easy, not just at first, because everything is so strange. But by and by, when we are used to new people and new places, I daresay we shall be quite happy; mamma said so."

(To be continued.)

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