

DOOR TIL'S

BABY

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CHAPTER I.

LEAVING THE OLD HOME.

been specially drawn for THE CHURCH MONTHLY
by VICTOR PROUT.



FEW years ago, a cyclist dismounted from his machine and wheeled it slowly up the drive which led to a large house standing at some distance from the main road. Not many

this dwelling and others of its kind had seemed a long way from the town. But the man to travel steadily outwards in the shape of badly-put-together bricks and mortar. Jerry covetous eyes on the fine old houses outside, and grudged them the open grounds by surrounded.

reasonable excuse for the feeling. The city was sadly overcrowded. The swarming had been drawn thither by its commerce and vast factories, was huddled together inefficient for the numbers they sheltered, and quite unprovided with accommodation comfort and decency possible. Naturally, all who could do so pressed onward and what they wanted in what had been the suburbs.

a rule, do not care to look from the windows of their handsome dwellings upon rows of have their quiet invaded by the shrill voices of children, playing or squabbling in their So, one after another, the owners of noble dwellings, that had stood a century or more looked a pin the worse, retreated "farther out." The large houses were levelled, and out of one a whole street sprang into existence. On its grounds row after row appeared, fast to be counted, but not too fast for the would-be tenants in waiting. The owners of the left them with sighs of regret, for there is little such building done nowadays as had been them; but as they sighed, they shook their heads and owned that the neighbourhood was not it used to be, and submitted to the inevitable.

list who was making his way towards one of these doomed houses was feeling far from satisfied. ne, resolute-looking man of forty, and he could not clearly remember any part of his life with house was not associated. He had played there with his young cousins from their early yrs. He had found a home there as a lad, after the death of his parents. He had been his way when at college, and exulted over in his day of success, when he had won first the close of his student life. He had followed his uncle and more than father to the grave dear home which his loving, genial sway had made doubly worthy of the name of home. en the younger members of the family scattered—happily enough—to homes of their own heres of duty, all distant, save in the case of one daughter.

at the door of the old house by this time, and it hurt him sorely to note signs of an approaching as he looked through the side windows into the wide hall. He fairly groaned as he glanced