

## The Sunday School.

16th SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, SEPT. 28, 1884.

As this Sunday is devoted to Review, we do not think it necessary to give any notes.

### Children's Corner.

LADY TEMPLE'S GRANDCHILDREN.

CHAPTER XI. (continued).

"Only you don't know how we can get good like that?"

The child shook her head.

"I don't know properly. I know we have to ask God to help us."

"He won't help me," said Molly.

"Nor me," added Wilfred.

"I think He likes to help every one. I'm almost sure He does;" returned Dolly slowly, "only we must ask Him first."

Molly gave a deep, dissatisfied sigh.

"Dorothy," she said, in her little imperious way, "I want to know more about this. I don't understand it enough to begin anything, I can't ask God for anything until I know what it is I want, and then I don't believe He'd listen. But what you've said makes me want to know more. I want to be happy in myself. I should like the boys to stop quarrelling, and to be different. I've read of people like that, but I thought it was all make-believe. Only you say it isn't."

"No, I'm sure it isn't make-believe," answered Dolly, "because of my mamma."

"Then you must find out all about it," went on Molly in the same way. "It's no good to know about other people.—I want to have it—whatever it is—myself, Dorothy, you must find out all about it."

"I will try."

You must," said Molly with emphasis, "you must. I can't bear half knowing a thing, and stopping there. I must know it all. You must find it all out, and when you know, you must tell me about it."

"And me," added Wilfred, "for I want to know too."

"I will do what I can," answered Dolly, "but I don't know whom to ask. Parker doesn't know, I think, and grandmother never talks to us."

And she went away that day feeling a new weight of responsibility resting upon her. For now she was not alone in her search after this strange kind of goodness. She had not only to find it herself, but to help Molly and Wilfred to find it too.

CHAPTER XII.

A FRIEND FOR DOLLY.

But on the following day, Dolly's thoughts were diverted into quite a different channel, and her talk with Molly was for a time almost forgotten.

Duke rushed into her room in the morning, as soon as Parker had left it, with a clouded brow, and an angry flush on his face.

"What is the matter, Duke?"

"Hasn't Parker told you?"

"No."

"Lucy told me."

"Told you what, Duke, dear?"

"That we're not going to have any more holidays. We're to begin to have horrid old lessons."

"But we did lessons every day in India with mamma," suggested Dolly.

"With mamma—that was quite different. I don't see why we have to do any here. I don't believe I will."

Dolly felt a little nervous at the prospect of any change, for she had a dread of strange faces, but she would not let Duke see it.

"Are we to go to school, Duke dear?" she asked, a little apprehensively.

"No, I think I'd like that better; it might be fun. We're going to have a horrid old woman to come every day to teach us. I shall hate her, I know."

"When is she coming?" asked Dolly, whose heart sank a little.

"To-day."

This was quick work. The child felt taken aback. She paused awhile before speaking.

"Are you sure she is old? Did Lucy tell you anything about her?"

"They're all old," asserted Duke, sweepingly.

"All old and all cross. Hubert told me so, and Edgar. They've had plenty."

"Do you know her name?"

"Miss Manners, Lucy said."

"Perhaps she will be nice," suggested Dolly.

"She won't if grandmother has chosen her," returned Duke, with decision.

Dolly did not dispute the matter, knowing Duke's obstinacy; but merely asked by way of turning the conversation—

"Are we to have our lessons in the nursery?"

"No; downstairs in the library."

"Will she stay all day?"

"I don't know. We are to have lessons two hours in the morning, and some in the afternoon; I don't know how long. I expect you'll have more than me, because you're older. You did in India."

And here they were interrupted by Lucy's voice at the door, telling them that breakfast was ready, and the discussion was dropped for a while.

Dolly in reality dreaded the thought of the new governess far more than Duke did, for she was a shy, timid child and feared strangers, whereas Duke had no fear in his composition, and it was only the dislike to work and to any kind of control that made him restive.

At ten o'clock there came a message for the children, to the effect that Miss Manners was in the library, and Miss Dorothy and Master Marmaduke were to go down at once.

Dolly put on a brave face, Duke pouted; but they were obliged to go. Even the little boy did not venture to disobey such a summons as that.

But just outside the library door a fit of unwillingness seized him and he hung back, leaving Dolly to go in alone.

She did so in no little fear and trepidation; but at the first glance towards Miss Manners all the fear vanished in a moment; for the lady who now sat waiting for them, was none other than the one who had spoken so kindly to Dolly in the garden a few weeks back. The child had just seen her twice since, during her walks, and had always received a kind smile; but they had not any chance of speaking to one another.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dolly, advancing gladly and fearlessly, "I am so glad! I did not know you were Miss Manners. How nice it is!"

"So I think," answered Miss Manners, smiling. "I hope we shall soon be capital friends. But where is my little boy-pupil? Is Marmaduke not going to appear to-day?"

Duke, who had been listening outside the door with surprise, now came in to see what was going on; and he took at once to the strange lady, who was neither old nor cross, and who seemed to have no wish to scold or punish them.

The short lesson hours passed quickly and

smoothly, and even restless Duke was interested by a kind of teaching which made everything so plain and easy to understand, and he was more attentive than Dolly had dared to hope.

In future the daily walk was taken with Miss Manners, instead of with Lucy, and Dolly much preferred this arrangement, though Duke liked Lucy's easy-going ways which gave him more freedom.

Miss Manners dined with them now, and talked to their grandmother, and Dolly felt much more at ease when she was in the room, partly because she took up a portion of Lady Temple's thought and attention, and partly because Duke soon learned to behave better in her presence than out of it, for she rapidly gained considerable influence over him, and won his liking as well as his obedience.

Dolly grew to love Miss Manners very dearly, and the strange new life, which had looked so loveless and cold before, began now to grow brighter and warmer; the child's loving little heart was no longer crushed together for want of sympathy and comprehension, for her new friend gave her both, and Dolly began to feel happier than she ever thought she could do so far away from her mother.

The afternoons were Dolly's happiest hours, for then she had lessons alone with Miss Manners, light lessons such as music and sewing and a little French, and Duke only came in for a very short time now and then, for Lady Temple thought him too young, and not strong enough for any but short hours and easy tasks.

These quiet afternoons gave Dolly time and opportunity to become very intimate with her new friend, and to take her into her confidence on any matter that was troubling or perplexing her, and she learned to find that the confidence was never made in vain, and that she always received just the help and counsel she most needed.

And so it came about that after the last little bit of shyness had worn off, and Dolly had learned to trust her new friend heart and soul, the questions which lay deepest down in her heart were brought up to be talked over.

The first occasion came about in this wise. It was sewing afternoon, and Dolly had been stitching away in silence for a long while, whilst Miss Manners corrected some Latin exercises, and as she plied her needle, her thoughts were hard at work, and by and by these were quite forgotten, the child's hands dropped in her lap, and her eyes fixed themselves upon the window, though Dolly did not see anything that passed in the sunshiny world without. She was quite startled by and by to hear the sound of a voice close at hand.

"Well, my little one, what is it?"

It was Miss Manners' voice. Dolly gave a little jump and then smiled.

"I was thinking; I forgot my work;" and she lifted her hands again to her task.

"Never mind the work, I think you have done enough for to-day. Let me see it. Yes, it is very neat. But what were all those sober thoughts about?"

"I was thinking," said Dolly again, and then stopped short.

"Yes, you were indeed. It must have been something very deep to take you so far away from everything."

Dolly smiled a little, rather shyly.

"I was wondering about something."

"Yes?"

"I was wondering," she continued slowly, "what is to be a peace-maker."

"A peace-maker, Dolly, is some one who makes peace, when there has been ill feeling between people."

And Miss Manners looked kindly at Dolly,