

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

But Irene put her arms round Dorothy, and whispered—

"I have been asking God to make your mamma better, and I think He will. Have you asked Him and told Him all about it?"

"About what?" Dorothy said.

"About everything—how sorry you are that you gave your mamma such anxiety; and have you asked to be forgiven?"

But Dorothy said—

"I never tell God anything. I say my prayers, but I did not, could not, tell Him about such things as my slapping Baby Bob, and getting angry, and staying at home while you went to Colla. He is so far off, and besides—"

"Oh, Dorothy!" said Irene, "God is very near, Jesus is very near, and He cares about every little thing."

"Are you sure?" said poor little Dorothy. "Then He knows and cares about mother—mother—"

A sob choked her, and yet she tried not to give way; to cry very much would show that she believed her mother was very, very ill, and she could not, dare not believe it! But she said simply—

"I know I am not good; but I love—oh! how I do love mother!"

Lady Burnside received Dorothy with her calm, sweet smile, and Constance, lying on her couch, put out her hand, and said—

"Come and kiss me, Dorothy."

Constance had not generally taken much notice of Dorothy. She had looked upon her as a spoilt little thing, and had felt, like many invalids who have been accustomed to be the centre of attraction and attention, a little vexed that every one admired the child, and were, as she thought, blind to her faults. Even Willy, though he was blunt and rough to Dorothy sometimes, was really devoted to her. So was Jack Meredith, and as to Irene and her own little sister Ella, they were ridiculously fond of her. Irene particularly would always give up to Dorothy, though she was so much younger than herself. Baby Bob had, in his own way, the same feeling about Dorothy that Constance had. He strongly objected to anyone who could possibly dethrone him from the position of "King of the Nursery," which was Crawley's favorite title for her youngest child. Baby Bob had ruled with despotic power, and was naturally unwilling to see a rival near the throne. But Constance was now touched by the sight of the little figure in the blue dress, over which the cloud of light silky hair hung, when she saw the wistful, questioning glance in those blue eyes, which were turned entreatingly to Lady Burnside, as she said—

"Tell me really about—about mother."

Then Lady Burnside drew Dorothy close to her, and said—

"Your dear mother is very ill, Dorothy, but we must pray to God to make her better."

Dorothy stood with Lady Burnside's arm round her, still gazing up at the dear kind face bending over her; and then, after a pause, she said, in a low tone—

"Is it my fault? Is it all my fault?"

Lady Burnside made Dorothy sit down on a low chair by her side, and talked so kindly and wisely to her. She told her that her mother had passed a very bad night of coughing the night before New Year's Day; that when the news came of her loss, which Stefano had abruptly told her, Mrs. Acheson had, forgetting how easily she was chilled, run out into the garden with only a shawl thrown over her; that it was with great difficulty she had been persuaded not to go herself to look for Dorothy; that she had paced up and down the room in her distress; and that that night, after the excitement and joy of her return were over, she had been very faint and ill, and now she had inflammation of her lungs, which she was very weak to bear up against.

Lady Burnside had gone through many troubles herself, and she had the sympathetic spirit which children, as well as grown-up people, feel to be so sweet in sorrow. There were no reproaches, and no hard words, but I think little Dorothy never forgot the lesson which she learned from Lady Burnside that morning, and often when she was beginning to be self-willed and irritable, if that self-will was crossed, she would think of Lady Burnside's words—

"Take care when the first temptation comes to pray to resist it."

She did not return to the Villa Firenze that night, nor did Irene take her into the schoolroom that day. She read to her, and amused her by dressing a doll and teaching her how to crochet a little frock for it.

Early the next morning Canon Percival arrived, and Dorothy was taken by him to see her mother.

As they were walking up the road together, Dorothy said—

"Uncle Crannie, do you know all, all that happened on New Year's Day?"

"Yes, Dorothy; I have heard all."

"Oh, Uncle Crannie, to think of Baby Bob's taking my letter to you beginning all the trouble!"

"Nay, my little Dorothy, it was not Baby Bob who began the trouble, it was you. We must never shift the blame from our own shoulders, and say, if he had not said that, or she had not provoked me, I should not have done what I did."

her little lessons, and learn to knit and crochet. "To make a shawl for mother by the time she gets well," became an object of ambition; and Irene helped her out of difficulties, and turned the troublesome corners at the four parts of the square, and would read to her and Ella while she pulled the soft Pyrenean wool in and out the long treble stitches.

They were very busy one morning a week after Canon Percival's arrival, when they saw his tall figure coming up the garden. He looked happier than he had done for some time, and when Dorothy ran to meet him, he said—

"Good news to-day; mother is really better; and Dr. Forman thinks she may soon be as well as she was before this last attack of illness."

Good news indeed! If any little girl who reads Dorothy's story has ever to feel the weight upon her heart which a dear father's or mother's illness has caused, she will know, when the burden is lifted, and the welcome

It was a lovely spring morning, that beautiful spring in the sunny south, which comes early in the year with a sudden burst of flowers of all colors. All the acacias and mimosas in the gardens before the villas were waving their golden tassels in the breeze, and the scarlet anemones and the yellow narcissi were making a carpet under foot.

Dorothy danced along in the gladness of her heart, and Canon Percival, when he thought of what might have been, felt thankful and glad also. As they climbed the steep street leading to the square before the big church, a little white dog with brown ears toddled out.

"Oh, that is the dog I thought was Nino! How could I think so?" Dorothy exclaimed; "his legs are so ugly, and he has such a mean little tail. Ah! my poor Nino was beautiful when compared with you," she said, stooping down to pat the little dog. "And, Uncle Crannie," she said, "do you remember that sad, dreadful day; when you took me to see mother, you said you had something to tell me about Nino, and then you left off?"

"Ah!" Canon Percival said, "I believe I did say so, but, Dorothy, can you wait to hear what it is?"

"I don't know," Dorothy said, doubtfully, "I don't know; it can't be anything very happy."

"Well, I advise you to wait," Canon Percival said.

Dorothy looked at her uncle, and said—

"Is it that his dear, dead little body has been found?"

But Canon Percival only repeated, "I advise you to wait."

"How long?"

"Till we all go back to England!"

(To be continued.)

A FUNNY GUIDE.

Away off in Germany there lives an old blind woman, who is led to church every Sunday by a gander. He takes her to the very door of the pew, then goes out in the yard, and stays there feeding quietly until he hears the people coming out. Then he goes to the pew again and leads his old mistress home.

One day the minister called to see her at her own house, but found that she was out. He said to the daughter, "I should think you would be afraid to let your poor blind mother go out alone."

"Oh, sir," was the reply; "there is nothing to fear! Mother is not alone; the gander is with her."—*The Adviser.*

THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."—*Mal. iii. 10.*

The language of Malachi iii. 10, is often used in prayer by those who are not aware that it is rather a challenge than a promise—"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts." We naturally ask whether God does "open the windows of heaven and pour down blessing" upon the faithful givers of tithes. Instances are not wanting among ourselves to supply the answer. No workers in our day have enjoyed larger blessing than George Muller and Charles Spurgeon, both of whom have, from the beginning of their work, put the sacred rule into practice with believing and humble hearts. Years ago Mr. Spurgeon said: "I knew a lad in Christ once who adopted the principle of giving a tenth to God. When he won a money prize for an essay on a religious subject, he felt that he could not give less than one-fifth of it. He has never since been able to deny himself the pleasure of having a fifth to give. God has wonderfully blessed that lad, and increased his means and his enjoyment of that luxury of luxuries—the luxury of doing good."—*Old Testament Anecdotes.*

It is one thing for us to know Christ as the sacrifice for sin, it is another thing to know Him as the risen Man in heaven; and to know the two is to know the fulness of redemption.

Do NOT on any account neglect keeping up Sabbath services in all congregations and stations, minister or no minister. Meet in the name of the Lord, and He will meet with you.—*Presbyterian Witness.*



A FUNNY GUIDE.

"But it was tiresome to squeeze up your letter which I had taken such pains to write."

"Yes, very tiresome; but that does not alter your fault."

"Oh, Uncle Crannie, Uncle Crannie! I wish I had not run off; but then I thought I saw Nino."

"Poor Nino!" exclaimed Canon Percival, "in all the trouble and sorrow I have found here I forgot about Nino. I have something to tell you about him, but—"

Canon Percival was interrupted by meeting Dr. Forman.

A few words were exchanged between them, and then little Dorothy, with a sad, serious face, was taken by her uncle into her mother's room.

CHAPTER XII.—THE LOST FOUND.

Many days of deep anxiety followed, and poor little Dorothy's heart was sad and troubled. Irene proved a true and loving friend, and with wisdom far beyond her years encouraged Dorothy to go on with

words are spoken, like Canon Percival's, all the world seems bright and joyful, and hope springs up like a fountain within us.

"Yes," Canon Percival said, as Dorothy threw her arms round his neck, "we may be very thankful and glad; and now, while I go and see Lady Burnside, will you get ready to take me to visit the old town, and—"

"Giulia, and the old woman, and Anton!" exclaimed Dorothy.

Oh yes, the children were soon ready, and they all set off towards the old town, all except Willy, who had to wait for Mr. Martyn, and who looked with longing eyes at the party as they walked away.

"Bother this horrid sun," he said, "it won't come right. What's the use of asking such ridiculous questions? Who cares about the answer?"

But Willy got the answer right in spite of his grumbling, and had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Martyn tell his grandmother that he had improved very much of late, and that he would take a good place at a school when he was sent to one.