

it a nice day for us. Grandmother won't do that, and I wouldn't listen to her stories if she did tell them. Bruce and Edgar say Sunday's a horrid, dull day, only they play on the sly and do all kinds of things. Shall we do that, Dolly?"

"Oh no, Duke dear, please don't talk so," pleaded Dolly. "We'll make Sunday a nice day somehow, without being naughty."

"How?"

"Well, I was thinking perhaps I could tell you stories something like mamma did," suggested Dolly, a little timidly, for she was diffident of her own powers; "we might read together and have a nice time, I think."

"I don't know if your stories will be nice," said Duke, rather sceptical as to the advantages of this arrangement; "but we'll try for once, if you like."

"And I have something else for us to talk about to-day," added Dolly. "See, Duke—a whole nice letter from mamma."

"Can you read it?" asked Duke, brightening up, and on receiving a satisfactory answer, he settled himself down to listen to what Dolly read.

Towards the end came a message all to himself.

"Give my best love, and ever so many kisses, to my dear little Duke, and tell him I hope he is being a good boy, and trying always to do what he knows would please mamma; and that he remembers always to say his prayers, and asks Jesus Christ to help to make him good, and patient and His faithful little soldier."

Dolly's voice stopped there. Duke's face had grown rather red, and he hung his head a little.

"Duke, dear," said Dolly gently, "I'm afraid we are not as good as mamma would like to see us."

"You are."

"I'm afraid not—not in the way she would like me to be;" then anxious not to puzzle Duke, or to divert his mind from the question in point, she added, "shall we try to be very good, and do everything to please her?"

Duke's face looked rueful.

"Dolly," he said, looking up at her from under his eyebrows, "I don't believe I like being good."

"But, Duke, dear, why not?"

"It's more fun being rather naughty. It makes people laugh, and I like it."

"O Duke!"

"And I can't be good to grandmother—I don't like her."

"But she is kind to us. She gave us the ponies yesterday. You liked her then."

"Yes, I did for a little while; but I don't like her a bit to-day. She always looks cross and ugly."

"She does not look cross at you. She is very fond of you, Duke, think."

"Well, I'm not fond of her, anyway," persisted Duke.

"But won't you try to be, for mamma's sake?" pleaded Dolly earnestly; "she would be so pleased if she knew you were trying to love grandmother and to be good."

"Well, I'll try to be good, then," said Duke, waving the other question, and making a compromise. "I'll try to be good *most* days, and always on Sundays. So I'll listen to your stories, Dolly, and I won't get out any toys. Then you'll tell mamma what a good boy I've been, won't you?"

Duke kept his word and was very good all day, and said not a single rude word at dessert that night, and Dolly went to bed a little comforted, hoping the first step towards "being good" had been made, but as far as ever from knowing how she could "make peace."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## QUARRELSOME BROTHERS

On the following afternoon Dolly and Duke were informed that they were going out to tea, and to spend several hours with the children of Mrs. Lennox, whose acquaintance they had already made in the pretty gardens.

Duke was excited and delighted, Dolly half pleased and half shy; but she wanted to see Wilfred's little sick sister, Molly, and thought it might be rather pleasant on the whole to have some little companions of their own age.

When three o'clock came, Parker took them across to one of the large houses, the backs of which were dimly visible to the children from their nursery windows, more than half concealed by the intervening trees. Here they were handed over to the guidance of a strange maid, and conducted upstairs into a pretty room, where they took off their out-door things, and then were shown into a large, bright nursery, where the four boys were playing in a very noisy manner.

They seemed very glad to see their little friends, and greeted them in a boisterous way, which made Dolly shrink back into herself, for she was not used to noisy voices and rough ways. Duke, however, was quite equal to the occasion, and entered eagerly into discussions as to what play should be instituted. He was not at all bewildered by all the noise, and seemed to enter with wonderful zest into the ideas of his companions.

Dolly did not take any active part in the romps that followed. She was told that she was "queen," and might sit down and watch them fight for her, and she was glad enough to be out of the battle, which was far too much like real fighting to be at all to her liking.

She was quite sure a great deal of the quarrelling was real enough, and that Wilfred was the victim of many hard blows dealt in right good earnest, as well as of many words of abuse and contempt.

Poor Wilfred had a great dislike of this kind of rough play, and was making continual efforts to escape from the tumult and go over to Dolly to have some quiet talk with her. And his brothers, with whom he was no favorite, and of whom he stood in some awe, owing to their greater physical strength, were equally determined that he should stay and play and not "sneak out of it."

Wilfred's face grew more and more distressed and angry, and the ugly scowl deeper and deeper. Dolly was distressed herself, and wished she could help him, but was too shy to interfere, and did not know how to do so. She did not at all like this new kind of play, and wondered what made the little brothers so quarrelsome amongst themselves. She and Duke never quarrelled.

At last after a more determined attempt than usual at escape, and a more than usually severe buffet from Bruce, Wilfred's patience and endurance both gave way. He burst into a passionate fit of crying, struck out so wildly at his tormentor that he freed himself from his grasp, and then he dashed across the room and flung himself upon the sofa, in the corner of which Dolly was seated in state.

With a whoop and a yell of mingled anger and amusement, Edgar and Bruce rushed upon him to drag him back; but Dolly, all her womanly instincts aroused by the sight of this tyranny of the strong over the weak, rose to her feet, and stretched out her hand with an imperious gesture, as though to keep them off.

"Stand back!" she said, flushing crimson at her own boldness, but not quailing or faltering. "Let him alone. Your queen commands it!"

The boys stared at her and laughed; but they drew away from Wilfred nevertheless. They were surprised, but not vexed at this command. Dolly was a girl and a stranger, and therefore privileged; and they rather liked her for her bold-

ness, and for this assumption of the character which they had bestowed themselves upon her. Dolly did look rather queenly, the boys thought, standing drawn up to her full height, her cheeks flushed and very bright. Bruce bowed low—

"Please, your majesty, he is a deserter. He does not deserve your protection."

"I do not see that he has done any harm. I will not have him molested," answered Dolly with dignity.

"He ought to be court-martialed, your majesty," put in Edgar. "He is always sneaking out of things. He ought to be tried for it."

"There is do need for that," answered the little queen, stretching out her hand and laying it upon Wilfred's head; "I pardon him."

"All right," said Duke, "that'll save a lot of trouble. Come along. Let's go on. We can do without Wilfred. Let him stay with Dolly."

Bruce and Edgar looked contemptuously upon the deserter, and then returned to their game. Very soon the noise became as loud as ever, and under cover of it Wilfred sat up again, disclosing to view a face stained by tears, and pale with suppressed passion. He looked at Dolly and edged up closer to her; and when she looked at him and smiled, he did not smile back, but only said in a fierce whisper—

"Oh, how I hate them!"

"Oh, hush!" said Dolly. "You must not say such things, Wilfred."

"But I do hate them. I hate them with my whole heart. Don't you see how cruel they are to me?"

"I don't think they mean to be cruel," answered Dolly softly. "They don't think, perhaps."

"They do think," returned Wilfred hotly. "And the more they think, the more they bully me. They know I hate their horrid, rough, noisy games, and so they always try to make me play, and cuff me and bully me till I have to. Oh, they're detestable boys."

"O Wilfred!" pleaded Dolly, "you ought not to say such things about your own brothers." "They don't behave like brothers to me," returned Wilfred sullenly. "And if I don't like them—they can't bear me."

"But why not? Why don't they like you?" "How can I tell?"

(To be continued.)

## HELLMUTH'S LADIES' COLLEGE,

LONDON, CANADA.

We desire to draw the attention of our readers to the very excellent facilities offered by the above extensively known College, whose plate and announcement appears in other columns of this paper. The authorities of the Institution are making arrangements for an exceptionally great variety of the highest facilities for the next School year, which opens September the 18th. The College was founded in 1869, by the Right Reverend Bishop Hellmuth, in order to secure for Young Ladies the highest and most practically useful education, laid upon the foundation of sound Protestant principles; and the Institution has been carried on ever since upon that basis. The Literary department is thoroughly equipped, and the French language is taught colloquially, being the spoken language of the College. The Musical department is under the directorship of W. Waugh Lauder, a specially honored pupil of the celebrated Abbe Liszt. A vocalist of European reputation resides in the College, and for Organ instruction exceptional privileges are afforded. The Art School embraces all the studies of the present day. Not only the severer departments of painting are taught but, also, the popular decorative work on Plush, China, etc. Modeling, Wood-carving and Repousse work are provided for also. From the prize list before us, we see that riding, tennis, and other outdoor exercises are encouraged. And not least among the advantages enjoyed there, is the great attention paid to the cultivation of a ladylike and refined tone and character.

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