

Children's Corner.

LADY TEMPLE'S GRANDCHILDREN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOING HOME.

There was great lamentation at Denmouth when, at the close of the third week of their stay, the summons came that Dolly and Duke were to return home in three days' time.

The Lennox boys declared, one and all, that they could not possibly spare either of them, and Molly looked wistfully across the table towards Dolly, with her dark eyes full of tears.

"Do write and ask to stay a little longer!" pleaded one and another. "Do tell your grandmother how much you want to stay."

"But I don't think I can," answered Dolly timidly. "I have been very happy here; but if I can go and help Parker to take care of poor grandmother, I should be so very pleased. I could read to her, and do ever so many little things. Dr. Gordon said I might when she was better and we came home again; and I should be so pleased to do that."

The boys gazed at her in astonishment.

"Should you, really?"

"Yes, really."

But Duke was loud in his expressions of dismay and disapproval. He liked the sea-side, he liked holidays, he liked everything there; but he hated that horrid old house grandmother lived in, and it would be hateful to go back when Bruce and Edgar and Hubert were away, and he should have nobody to play with all the long afternoons when Dolly was having lessons. He would write at once to grandmother himself, he declared, and tell her he wouldn't come home.

Dolly listened in silence to these propositions, revolving something in her head all the while. By and by she seemed to make up her mind, and spoke—

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Duke dear. I'll write to Dr. Gordon and tell him what you say. He can always arrange things nicely with grandmother, I think; and then perhaps she will let you stay a little longer, and I can go back to take care of her and go on with my lessons. Don't you think that will be the best arrangement?"

Duke was pacified and content that this should be arranged; but it did not seem at all to satisfy the boys, and Dolly coloured with surprise and pleasure to find how sorry they all were to think of parting with her.

Poor Molly was inclined to be very low-spirited all that morning, and began to upbraid Dolly for being at all wishful to go back and leave her all alone.

"But you will not be all alone, Molly dear," answered Dolly gently. "There is Bruce, who likes to be with you now, and Wiltred is always ready. And even Edgar and Hubert are much nicer and kinder than they used to be, and Duke is very fond of you, and perhaps he will stay. I do not think you will be at all lonely."

"But I want you," persisted Molly. "I know the boys are much better than they were—I can't think what has come over them all—but I want you."

"I know, dear, and I shall often want you, oh very much indeed! But think how lonely poor grandmother must be; and if she wants me back, I must go to her."

"I don't believe she does want you."

"But I should like her to want me. Perhaps she will sometimes when I go back to her."

"I don't believe she loves you a bit."

"But I want to make her."

"Do you think she ever will?"

"Oh, I hope so."

"Do you believe so?"

"Yes," answered Dolly, with a kind of grave sweetness, "I do believe she will by and by."

"Why?"

"Oh, you know quite well, Molly, I have told you so many times."

Molly was silent. She did know quite well on what grounds Dolly based such confident hopes of success. Her face softened a little, and the impatient frown smoothed itself out from her brow, but yet she sighed, "I don't want you to go."

"But if grandmother sends for me I shall have to; and you will soon learn to do without me."

"No, I shan't."

"I think you will," persisted Dolly gently; "I think perhaps it may be better in some ways when I am gone."

"What do you mean?"

"You will have more time to talk to the boys, and to be interested in what they do, when I am gone. I know that will please them, for they like showing their things and telling what they have done. They will soon grow very fond of you, when you have more time to attend to them."

Molly lay silent, staring at Dolly.

"What a lot you do think about the boys!"

"I think more about you," answered Dolly, smiling. "It will be so nice for you when they come to you to tell you everything, and to get you to do little things for them."

A few weeks ago Molly would have indignantly repudiated the notion of that's being anything but a dreadful infliction; but she had insensibly altered her views of late, and now she answered half grudgingly, half smilingly—

"I don't believe they will ever care for me as they do for you; but they are much nicer than they used to be. I cannot think what you have done to change them so."

"I!" cried Dolly in surprise.

"Yes, you."

"What do you mean? I haven't done anything."

"You have made the boys quite different. They were always quarrelling till you came."

"But I couldn't have stopped them."

"Well, I can't tell quite how it has been; but I know it's all you somehow. We all like each other better than we did, because you like us all; and the boys got ashamed of quarrelling when they saw you didn't like it. You are a regular little 'peace-maker,' Dorothy, whether you know it or not."

Dolly coloured with pleasure, wondering very much what it was she had done, and not at all understanding how anybody so quiet and timid as herself could gain any real influence over a number of strag, noisy boys. She wondered if what Molly had said could be true.

The same afternoon her letter to Dr. Gordon was carefully written and dispatched, and the answer very eagerly waited for by all the party.

The boys made a great fuss of Dolly during the days that followed. She had had no notion how popular she had grown, and felt quite overwhelmed. Indeed they were rather surprised themselves to find how fond they were of her, and were rather shy at first of admitting it to one another. Girls had been held rather in contempt by them heretofore, and they could not exactly tell what had made them change their views on the subject.

But that made no difference to their feelings towards Dolly; they loaded her with all their choicest shells, sea-weed, pebbles, and other treasures, until she was obliged to tell them that Lucy could not find room in her trunk to pack any more, and even that information hardly restrained them.

In due course Dr. Gordon's letter arrived. It contained permission for Duke to remain a week longer with Lucy, and the information that he was coming down that very day to fetch Dolly home. Lady Temple thought the little girl had had sufficient holiday and wished her to return home to her studies now.

There was no loving message to the effect that the grandmother would be glad to have the child near her again, not one hint of that kind; but Dolly would not allow herself to feel chilled. She had not expected any such message.

Loud lamentations greeted the reading of this letter, which contained the death-blow to the lingering hopes of the Lennox children.

Lady Temple was voted a nasty, cross old woman, and every voice was raised in pity for poor Dolly, who had to go back to her and to lessons.

But Dolly did not look as though she felt any need of pity. She was full of her own purpose, and very eager to do everything that lay in her power for her poor suffering grandmother.

The day was not an unhappy one for the little girl, even though she did have to say so many "Good-byes." Words that were spoken left behind them a sweet sense of surprise and pleasure.

"Well, Dolly," Bruce said in a hasty, rather shamefaced way, when they happened to be alone together, "I'm awfully sorry you have to go—we shall all miss you dreadfully; but I don't think we shall forget the sort of things you've taught us. We shall all of us always be glad you came."

"O Bruce!" and Dolly coloured to the roots of her hair, "I don't understand. You all think I have done so much more than I have. I have had such a happy time; and you have all been so very good to me. I want to thank you all. It has been so very nice."

"I don't see what you have to thank us for," continued Bruce, "you've done hardly anything but slave for one or another of us all the while you have been here. But I shan't forget how you came to me down on the shore that day, and in the evening too, and what you said," and then Bruce stopped short, overcome by a natural boyish shyness, and Dolly, who felt shy too, tripped off elsewhere.

When Dr. Gordon appeared, there was not much time to lose, for he had only an hour to spare before the train started which was to take them back again. He thought both children looking well, and said that the sea air had done wonders for Duke, and was all he wanted to make a man of him. Molly too had gained strength and spirit, and he spoke kindly and encouragingly to her, bidding her be brave and patient, and he thought in time she would be able to run about and play again. The visit, short as it was, gave pleasure to the children, and Molly said good-bye to her little playmate with a brighter face than seemed at all likely during the earlier hours of the day.

It was not until they were seated in the railway carriage, being rapidly whirled away towards town, that Dolly had the opportunity to have any kind of quiet talk with Dr. Gordon.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several letters received too late for this issue will have early attention.—ED. E. C.

NEW CATALOGUE OF ORGANS.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company have just issued their new Catalogue for the

season of pamphlet accurately of organs description with quite constructi which the world the great World's I with pictu of honor (logue one which the ed. Two: made, unc not and (

THE G

versus I M.A., B.D., of Ont., with D.D., and pa man Hall, I Principal St. Thomas, ity in the Hc with force objections t abandonmer porting ord an introduc tions are for Hall and old of a man w clearly appr ple.—Canada

Even a h pages shows dence that tendency to church.—Bu

The book excludiveness President of This work, Methodist d nomina:ions primatur of dents of the striking w ciples which advocated by of England.

subject befo likely to be i ample of Cl are presentat ner, we hope and adopted.

We are he able work, Buffalo Chri

This book lead, consult Church has by its Found interest, and it. That it pews to cons ing Journal.

It is an e an unscriptu seems to be it effectually which this di many. . . \ book as beir as yet met Canada Chri

This voium sympathies, tersely expr interest wha that have no book with un to end.—St. J

It is a vigoir ing system a the Gospel. — It contains value, and ou days.—Micht, the book ti well written.

Christian pe This is an i in our chure pew system li amount of n raising chure earnestness Newman Hal larly interest should be t Baptist.

In this vigoir Principal of dietment age . . . We fully scripturalnes the old West and proporti det Magazin It should b as it brings a importance to of the Gospel.

Manilla Boa Sent post pe