

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

They were at Giulia's house now. She was sitting on the doorstep, netting so fast, and such a big brown net lay in a heap behind her. Anton was the first to see the visitors, and exclaimed—

"Madre! madre mia! la signorina!"

Giulia flung down her netting, and starting up, to Dorothy's surprise caught her in her strong arms once more, and kissed her.

And now what seemed to the children very wonderful, Canon Percival began to talk to Giulia as fast in Italian as he did in English. And such a history was poured forth by Giulia, and then followed such gestures, and such exclamations! And Anton was caught by the net, and then she pointed to Canon Percival, and when Dorothy caught the word "Giulia," she knew that her uncle was promising to do some kind thing. Ella, who from long habit could understand a great deal of what passed, told Irene and Dorothy that Canon Percival was promising to pay the money for Anton's apprenticeship to the master boatman. The Canon was writing the name in his pocket-book, and said he would go down to the quay and harbor to find him, and if he received a good character of mother and son he would have an agreement written, and the boy should be made an apprentice, without touching that store of silver pieces in the old pipkin in the cupboard.

Then they all went into the house, and Dorothy showed the bed where she had been placed, and Ella and Irene quite agreed with her that it was very stuffy in the little low room, and the smell of tar and smoke anything but nice.

Then there was the old crone by the chimney-corner, who muttered and murmured, and beckoned Dorothy to her side.

Poor little Dorothy bore the kiss which was given her with great composure, but she could not help giving a little shudder, and told Ella afterwards the smell of garlic and tobacco was "dreadful."

Canon Percival said a few words which were not intelligible to Dorothy, but Irene whispered to her—

"He is speaking to them all about the Lord Jesus; that's why Giulia is crossing herself. That is her way of showing reverence."

Poor Giulia's eyes were full of tears as Canon Percival went on. He was telling the story of the Cross, simply and earnestly, to these poor people; as they seldom, if ever, heard it, in their own tongue—the soft Italian tongue, which is so musical.

When they left the house they were all very quiet, and could Dorothy have understood what Giulia was saying as she stood on the large stone step, watching them down the narrow street, she would have known she was praying in her own fashion that blessings might follow them.

Canon Percival next went down to the harbor, and there, from the pier, is a most beautiful view of the old town, rising up, higher and higher, to the crest of the hill till it reaches the large church which belongs to the lepers' hospital. Canon Percival inquired for Battista. Angelo Battista, the master fisherman, and fine sailor, with a face as brown as a chestnut, and big dark eyes, smiled when Canon Percival disclosed his errand.

"Yes, Anton was a good boy; his mother had a long tongue, but she was very industrious—industrious, with tongue and fingers alike," he said, and then he laughed heartily, and two or three men standing near joined in.

At last all was settled, and Angelo Battista was to bring a written document and Anton that evening to the Villa Firenze, to make the needful declaration required in such cases by the notary, that he agreed to the terms proposed.

Canon Percival left San Remo the next day, saying that Coldchester Cathedral could not get on without him. He was so cheery and so kind, the children all lamented his loss.

But now golden days came for them all, for Mrs. Acheson got, as Ingleby expressed it, "nearer well" than she had been for years. She took long drives in the neigh-

borhood, and they visited the old Italian towns, such as Taggia and Poggio. The road to them led along the busy shore of the blue Mediterranean, and then through silvery olive groves, where flowers of every brilliant color were springing.

When May came, and the swallows twittered on the roofs of the villas, and were seen consulting for their flight northward, the whole party set off with them, homewards.

Canon Percival met them at Paris, and they stayed there a week, and saw many of its wonders—the beautiful pictures in the Louvre, and the noble galleries at Versailles, where the fountains play, and the long, smooth avenues which lead to La Petite Trianon, and which are full of memories of poor Marie Antoinette.

Nothing made more impression on the children than the sight of her boudoir in the palace at Versailles, where, whoever looks up at the glass panels, sees, by their peculiar arrangement in one corner, the whole figure without the head. It is said the young girl

And he told the story of Nino's discovery in a few words.

The day when he was at Folkestone, on his way to San Remo—summoned there by Mrs. Acheson's illness—he saw a fisherman on the pier with a little white dog by his side. It seemed hardly possible, but the fisherman explained that, near one of the Channel steamers, in his smack, he had seen a little white dog fall over the side, that he had looked out for him as they crossed the precise place, and found his little black nose just above the water, making a gallant fight for life. They lowered a little boat and picked him up, and read the name on his collar, "Nino."

That collar he still wore, and it was evident that the sovereign Canon Percival gave him did not quite reconcile the man to the parting. "His children had grown so fond of the little dog," he said.

But Nino, though he gave the fishermen a parting lick of gratitude, showed his old love was the stronger; and I do think it would be hard to say which was the happier

which could not fail to be noticed in its effects—the influence which a child who has a simple desire to follow in the right way must have over those with whom she is associated.

Dorothy's flight with the swallows had taught her many things, and with Irene for a friend she had long ceased to say she did not care for playmates. She was even known to devote herself for an hour at a time to share some riotous game with Baby Bob, while Nino raced and barked at their heels!

THE END.

MR. SPURGEON ON WASTE.

Something ought to be done by Christian people, if it were only on economical grounds, to try to stop this dreadful waste. Well may we be a nation of beggars, if we are a nation of drinkers. No good comes of the drink. I can go into a working man's house and I will not speak to anyone about him; but I can tell you in three minutes whether he is a teetotaler or not. Look at the furniture and arrangements of the man's house, and judge for yourself. The abstainer's room is like a little palace. There is everything in it for convenience and for comfort. How did he get it? "Oh, he has good wages!" No; it so happens that the persons I am thinking of have not particularly good wages; that is not the root of the matter. I go into another house and poverty reigns there. There is a candle stuck in a ginger-beer bottle. The whole thing is dilapidated, and the children are down at the heel, and the wife looks wretched; and they all look half-starved. "This man has bad wages." No, he has not. This man has half as much again as the tenant of the first house. Why has he not the furniture then? Why has he not the blankets for the bed? Why has he not the shoes and stockings for the children? He has swallowed them all. He has swallowed bedsteads and chests of drawers. He drank the eight-day clock down at one sitting. He drank the table; he drank his wife's shoes; and he drank his own Sunday breeches. If I were talking like this to the negroes somewhere in the centre of Africa, they would say that it could not be true. But it is understood here because it is so common. You know that every word is true; and it is being done thousands of times over in this city every week; and the misery and the cry of it go up before God to heaven, and they say to every one of us, "Set your foot down, and set an example against this crying, this destroying evil, every one of you, as much as in your power."—*Alliance News*.

WHAT IT COSTS.

The annual liquor bill of the United States is \$900,000,000, an amount so large we cannot comprehend it. The amount spent annually in prosecutions, that are the legitimate fruit of this illegitimate business, is estimated at from six to seven hundred millions. We will call it \$684,000,000, and this added to the drink bill makes the enormous sum of \$1,584,000,000, as the annual expense to this nation of the drink traffic.

This sum changed into silver dollars would make a belt clear around the globe, and go half way around the second time, or make a solid line of 37,500 miles long.

The population of the United States is now estimated at 60,000,000. This sum would give an annual income of \$26.40 to each man, woman and child. It would pave a walk four feet wide and 1,171½ miles long.

This sum, in silver dollars, reckoning \$16 to a pound, would weigh 39,500 tons. If this were loaded on waggons, a ton to each team, it would make a procession 281½ miles long.

THE NUMBER OF BIBLES printed last year was greater than in any year since the beginning of the world. The issues of the British and Foreign Bible Society were 3,118,304 copies. The issues of the American Bible Society, last year, were 1,807,215. The British and Foreign Bible Society has decided to publish, in good type, an addition of the New Testament to be sold for one penny. Never were so many people studying the Bible as now, and never was there so much light poured on its pages.



Dauphiness glanced up at this, and starting back with horror, said—"Ah! J'ai perdu ma tete!" ("I have lost my head.") A strange coincidence, certainly, when one remembers how her head was taken off by the cruel guillotine in later years—the bright hair grey, the head bowed with sorrow, and the heart torn with grief for her husband, who had preceded her, and still more for the children she left behind.

At last the time came to cross the Channel once more. The passage was calm, and the children enjoyed the short voyage.

At Folkestone a very great surprise awaited Dorothy. She hardly knew whether she was dreaming or awake when in the waiting-room at the station she saw a man in a fisherman's blouse with a white dog in his arms.

"Nino! Nino! Oh, it must be my Nino!" There could be no doubt of it this time, for the little dog grew frantic and excited, and leaped whining out of the fisherman's arms, and was in ecstasies at again meeting his mistress.

This, then, was Canon Percival's secret.

at the renewal of affection—Dorothy or her dog Nino.

Certain it is, we always value anything more highly when we recover possession of it, and Nino went back to Coldchester full of honors. The story of his adventures made a hero of him in the eyes of the vergers of the Cathedral, who in past times had been wont to declare that this little white dog was a deal of trouble, rushing about on the flower-beds of the Cathedral gardens.

With the homeward flight of the swallows we must say good-bye to Dorothy. A very happy summer was passed in the Canon's house, brightened by the companionship of Irene, and sometimes of Ella and Willy and Baby Bob. For Lady Burnside took a house for a few months in the neighborhood of Coldchester, and the children continually met. But it was by Mrs. Acheson's express desire that Irene did not return to Mrs. Baker's school. She pleaded with Colonel Packingham that she might have her as a companion for her only child; and they shared a governess and lessons together.

Irene had the influence over Dorothy