

large, stiff-looking, red brick house, with lines of white stone making a kind of pattern over its imposing-looking frontage. It stood in the midst of very smooth lawns and very trimly laid out gardens—gardens in which the flower-beds looked to Dolly's eyes more like chess-boards than anything else, while the trees were cut and clipped into all kinds of curious shapes, and the thick hedges that divided one part of the garden from another were so neatly trimmed that they looked more like green walls than anything else, as she looked down upon them from the crest of a little hill, and at some half-mile's distance.

Parker had the wisdom to make no further comment on Duke's behaviour, but to leave him to himself to recover his temper, whilst she turned her attention once more to the little girl.

"That is your grandmother's house, Miss Dorothy."

"Is it?" answered Dolly; but somehow she had guessed it before, and was looking very earnestly in its direction.

Something in the perfect order and trimness of everything she saw impressed the child with a vague sense of discomfort and dread. There was nothing homelike in the great stiff pile of red brick building, and even the gardens did not look inviting. There was no shade for one thing; there were no sheltered nooks where childish feet could scamper about unseen, and childish voices ring out freely in the fancied seclusion so dear to the heart of the child. Everything lay spread out like a map before her eyes, distinct and formal, bathed in the golden light, with no relief of dark shrubbery or shady avenue. Dolly could not believe that any children had ever dared to play upon those trim lawns, or to race up and down those smooth gravelled paths. A kind of cold dismay seemed to fall upon her warm little heart, and a great wave of home-sickness fell over her, as her thoughts flew back for a moment to the far-off Indian home, and the sweet-voiced, gentle-faced mother, who had been the light and the life of that home. The child longed to bury her face in her hands and give free course to the tears that struggled hard to rise, and seemed as though they must come to relieve the little-over-burdened heart; but Dolly held them bravely back, remembering her promise to her mother, and though everything seemed to swim before her eyes in a dancing golden mist, the drops did not run over, and by the time the carriage had dashed up the smooth-well-kept drive, and had come to a stand-still before the great hall door, she felt that the inclination to cry was past, and that she could speak to people in a steady voice.

Two men in livery came to the door, and the children were lifted out of the carriage, and looked curiously round them, Dolly with timidity, Duke boldly and fearlessly.

It was a great square hall into which they found themselves, lighted by large windows, the glass of which was stained, and cast pretty-colored lights over the surrounding objects. The floor was of dark-polished oak, very slippery to walk on, and Turkish rugs, or the skins of animals, lay upon it in various places. Pictures hung on the walls, and statues stood in recesses. But more than this Dolly had not time to see, for Parker took her hand at the moment, and grasping Duke's at the same time, she led the two children, one on either side of her, across the hall, towards a heavy, dark door which was opened by one of the footmen, who announced in a loud voice—

"Miss Dorothy and Master Marmaduke Temple."

Dolly always retained a very vivid impression of her first introduction to her grandmother. It was a great square room into which they were ushered, with the same kind of slippery floor

as the hall, and the thick velvet carpet did not look large enough for the room, but seemed like a small square island in a large lake of polished oak. Heavy, dark-looking pictures hung on the walls. The chairs had high carved backs and curious twisted legs, and the cushions were of dark-colored stamped velvet. The tables were black and carved all round the edge, the book-case and cabinet, that stood each in a deep recess, were carved too, and the dark faces all seemed to Dolly to be looking very hard at her with anything but a reassuring expression upon their immovable wooden countenances. The room would have been dark but for three very large windows which opened almost to the ground, and nearly filled the whole space of one wall. Even the heavy dark curtains which draped them could not shut out the light, and through the large pains of clear glass Dolly could see an expanse of smooth lawn and stiff flower-beds, which looked just as trim and neat at close quarters as it had done far away from the hill-top.

Somehow the child seemed to take all this in before she ventured to cast a glance at the upright figure, in black satin and snow-white cap, which she knew to be sitting in one of the high-backed chairs rather near to the small bright fire which burned upon the wide tiled hearth. It was warm, almost sultry out in the sunshine, but within the great house the air felt cool, even chill. Perhaps this was the reason why the little girl trembled a very little as she was led forward by the maid into the presence of her grandmother.

"Dorothy—Marmaduke, come here and let me see you." Parker had dropped the children's hands; but until they heard that slow, commanding voice, neither had attempted to advance.

"Go and speak to your grandmother, Miss Dorothy," said Parker's voice, somewhere high above her head, and Dolly advanced with a shy, sedate air, keeping her glance bent upon the floor until she reached the stately figure seated in the arm-chair, and then she raised her eyes for the first time to the handsome, imperious, wrinkled face, and held out a hand which trembled a little, though the soft voice was quite steady as it asked—

"How do you do, grandmother?"

"Very well, I thank you, Dorothy," was the precise answer, and the old lady bent her head and bestowed a formal kiss upon the child, which did not seem to Dolly like a real kiss, and made her think, she could not tell why, of a bunch of waxen roses which a lady in India had once shown her, trying to make her think them real, which Dolly was much too knowing to do.

Perhaps it was because grandmother's face looked as though it were made of wax, and was somehow smooth and wrinkled at the same time, and did not look quite so old as the little girl had pictured, although the hair above it was silver, and even the eyebrows had turned quite white. But the eyes were like papa's, dark, dark blue, and so bright and keen. Dolly almost started at the resemblance when she first met their intent gaze, and there was a likeness to papa, she hardly knew how, in the cast of the handsome, high-bred face, and particularly in the commanding expression and the firm set of the lips. Yet the resemblance did not reassure the child, but rather awed her: for papa's face always softened as he looked upon his child, and the keen dark eyes could look very loving, and the clear voice sound very tender, and always did so when speaking to his adored wife or gentle little girl. But grandmother's face did not grow soft at all, as she scanned the child with her bright eyes, and the voice was not soft either as she spoke again—

"You have not a bit of your father in you, child."

"I am like mamma," said Dolly softly, speaking the well-loved name with a little tremulous quiver that was very pathetic.

But Lady Temple seemed in no way touched. A quick, sharp frown contracted her brow for a moment, and then she looked over Dolly's head and turned her attention to the little brother.

"Marmaduke, why do you not come and speak to me?"

"Because I don't want to."

"Children cannot always do exactly what they want. Come here directly."

Something in the tone made Duke recognise a superior authority, and brought him with slow steps nearer by many paces, but he did not offer his hand, and his blue eyes looked out with a defiant glance upon this new relative.

It was Lady Temple who bent forward a little to make the first advance; but Duke drew back promptly.

"I shan't kiss you," he said, "and you shan't kiss me. I'm not going to love you—not never; you sent my ayah away. I don't like you."

"For shame, Master Marmaduke!" said Parker's voice from the background. He turned upon her with all the insolence of a child brought up in India, and spoiled by a multitude of native attendants.

"You hold your tongue! Do you suppose I care for you! You're only a servant after all, though you are white!"

"O Duke!" exclaimed Dolly.

Parker flushed scarlet with indignation.

"Bother you, Dolly! I shall say what I like. They're only a pack of women here! I don't care a bit for any of them!"

Dolly, terror-stricken at his audacity, glanced timidly into her grandmother's face, expecting to see it very dark and stern; but to her great surprise, the face that had looked so hard and set but a minute before, had now softened wonderfully, and the eyes which were fastened upon Duke were anything but angry. She did not seem to hear the boy's words, so intently was she absorbed by watching his face and his gestures.

Dolly wondered if she was right in thinking that this was because Duke was so very like his father. Mamma had a picture of papa when he was a little boy, that was so like Duke that he might have sat for it himself.

The boy too noticed the fixed gaze.

"Don't stare at me like that," he said; "I don't choose you should."

"Parker," said Lady Temple, "take the children up to the nursery. They can come down to dessert to-night. See that Master Marmaduke is a good boy at tea-time. He must be taught to behave like a little gentleman."

And as the children turned away, Dolly heard her add softly, as though to herself,

"The very image of his father—the very image—and his father's temper, too."

"I shall do as I choose," was Duke's characteristic remark as he followed Dolly from the room.

(To be continued.)

LAW AND GOSPEL, ONE REVELATION.—There is the same love in the law that there is in the gospel, and between them a harmony as perfect as the music of that heaven where the harps are gold, and the strings are touched by angels' fingers. The hand, indeed, that wrote these commandments is the same that was nailed to the cross; and amid Sinai's loudest thunders, faith recognizes, though it speaks in other tones, the voice which prayed for mercy on murderers, and promised paradise to a dying thief.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

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