

## A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

A voluble stream of Italian was poured forth by every one, which Dorothy could not understand; but Giulia got Dorothy's hat, and the white scarf, and the pretty velvet jacket, and then she was dressed—not without many expressions of profound admiration for the soft white feather and the velvet—and made ready to start with Francesco. Not alone. No, Giulia was not going to trust her to the donkey boy without her, and Francesco made a funny face and showed his white teeth between his bright red lips, and whispered in Dorothy's ear the one English word he perfectly understood—

"Money, money, she get money; for the signorina—ah, ah, ah!"

I will not say that there was no thought in Giulia's mind that the mother whom Francesco had described as crying bitterly for her lost treasure might not add some silver coins to her stock kept in the old stone pipkin in the cupboard—a store which Giulia liked to see grow, because when her Anton was big and strong, she would pay it to the good master fisherman who employed her to make and mend his nets, and had often said her dark-eyed Anton was born to be a sailor.

Dorothy felt strangely dizzy and bewildered when she began to walk, and though she held fast to Giulia's strong hand on one side, and to Francesco's on the other, she tottered and tumbled about from side to side, and was not sorry when Giulia took her up in her arms and carried her with swift, firm steps down into the wide street of San Remo.

It would have been quite dark now if it had not been for the light of a crescent moon, which hung like a silver bow over the sea. Just as they reached the upper road, the doctor who attended Mrs. Acheson passed them quickly. He turned as he passed the group, and recognized Francesca, who was a little in advance of Giulia and her burden.

"Hi! Francesco," he said, "has anything been heard of the little lady?"

"Oh, Dr. Forman! Oh, Dr. Forman!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Why, here is the lost lamb," said the doctor. He had a little girl of his own, and he was as delighted as possible that Dorothy was safe. "Why, Dorothy," he said, "your poor mamma has been made quite ill with fright; and your nurse, and Willy Muntague, and that nice little friend of yours have been hunting for you high and low. Where have you been?"

But Dorothy was sobbing too much to speak, and Giulia told Dr. Forman, who understood Italian as well as his own language, the story of Dorothy's fall, the cut on her forehead, and how she had taken her into her house and done all she could for her.

"Well, bring her home," the doctor said; "and, Francesco, run off and try to find the searching party; they must be worn out."

"Please, Dr. Forman," Dorothy gasped; "this woman has been very, very kind to me." Then she lifted her little hand, and stroking Giulia's face, said—

"Grazia, Grazia."

"The little angel," Giulia said. "She is just an angel, and I am glad I found her."

In another five minutes the doctor and Giulia, carrying her burden, arrived at the gate of the Villa Firenze. A group was collected there, for, as we all know, when we are waiting for any one about whose coming we are anxious, we always go out to watch and hope that every minute they will arrive. They don't come any the quicker for this, but it is a comfort in some unexplained way.

"Let me take her to her mother," Giulia said to Dr. Forman; and he could not refuse. So he led the way to the drawing-room, opening the door gently, and standing for a moment behind the screen which protected the room from the draught of the door.

Lady Burnside, who had been with Mrs. Acheson all the afternoon, rose to see who was coming.

Oh! what a relief it was to hear Dr. Forman say—

"The child is safe; here she is!" and then Giulia strode in, and kneeling down by the sofa where poor Mrs. Acheson lay, she put Dorothy into her arms.

You may be very sure that Giulia's store of coins in the pipkin was increased, and that the delicate English lady put her arm round the Italian one's neck and kissed her,

something of a heroine; and no one, in the first joy of receiving her safe and sound, could find it in their hearts to reprove her for what had passed.

Lady Burnside felt that it was not for her to speak seriously to Dorothy; and yet, when she saw her carried away to bed by Ingleby, with her uncle's present clasped in her arms, and heard her say, "I feel quite like Dorothy Dormouse, now," she did long to say more than Mrs. Acheson did—"Dorothy will never run away by herself again and frighten poor mother."

As it proved, the fright and long watching had a very serious effect on Mrs. Acheson. The next day Dr. Forman ordered her to keep in bed; and her cough increased so much that for some days there was great anxiety about her. Dorothy was so accustomed to see her mother ill that it did not

as they had reached the door of the Villa Lucia, he left her, saying—

"The little signorina will have to hear hard things like the rest of us, one day."

Irene met Dorothy with the question—"How is your mother? Grannie is so anxious to know."

"Mother is not up yet," Dorothy replied. "Jingle is sitting with her."

The other children now came clustering round Dorothy with the same question; and Irene, after helping Dorothy to take off her jacket and hat, said—

"Come and see grannie."

"Before my lesson?"

"Yes; she wants to speak to you."

Dorothy felt a strange misgiving at her heart, and said, sharply—

"What for! What is she going to say?"

"I think," said Irene, gently, "she wishes to comfort you; your mamma is very, very ill."

"No, she isn't!" said Dorothy, desperately. "No, she isn't; not a bit more ill than she often is. I saw her last night, and she looked quite better—her cheeks pink, and her eyes bright."

"Well," Irene said, "I know Dr. Forman thinks her very ill, and he has sent for Canon Percival."

"For Uncle Crannie? for Uncle Crannie?"

"Yes," Irene said, "two days ago."

Dorothy stood irresolute for a moment, and then, with a great effort to control herself, said—

"Let me go to your grand-mamma; let me go."

(To be continued.)

## JOASH.

When Joash began to reign over Judah, after the death of the wicked Athaliah, the Temple of God was found to be in a sad condition. Both the woodwork and stonework were out of repair, and the young king gave orders that the priests should get some men to do all that was needed, and ask the people to make offerings of money towards paying for what had to be done.

The priests seem to have been very careless about their duty; for, although the people brought their offerings for this good work, many years of the king's reign passed away without anything being done in the Temple. This vexed the king very much; and at last he sent for the high-priest, Jehoiada, and for the other priests, and asked them why they did not see that the Temple was kept in proper repair?

The priests were even then unwilling to attend to the king's command, but Jehoiada determined that something should be done. So he took a chest and made a hole in the lid, and placed the chest near the altar, and he desired the priests to bring the offerings of the people, day by day, and put them into this chest.

Then, when it was nearly full, Jehoiada and the king's scribe opened it, and counted the money into bags, and gave it to some men who could be trusted to lay it out well. And these men sent at once for carpenters and masons and other workmen, and they brought wood and stone, and repaired the Temple of the Lord.—*Sunday Reading.*

A LITTLE GIRL was present at a school examination where the question was asked, "What is a hypocrite?" For some time the children were unprepared with an answer. At last the teacher supplied one: "A hypocrite is a man who makes believe to be really good when he isn't. Sometimes a man will give a lot of money to a church to make people think that he is better than anybody else." "Well, my pa isn't a hypocrite," said the little girl, "for he gives only a penny every Sunday!"



"He took a chest and made a hole in the lid."

saying the pretty word by which Dorothy had won her heart—

"Grazia, Grazia."

## CHAPTER XI.—WHAT FOLLOWED.

The consequences of self-will do not always pass away as quickly as we hope and expect. Sometimes we have to suffer by seeing the suffering of others, and feel bitterly that we have caused it. I do not think any pain is more keen than that sorrow which is caused by seeing the pain we have given those we love.

Lady Burnside had been afraid on the first evening of Dorothy's return that, in the rapturous joy of poor Ingleby, and the general delight of every one, Dorothy might be brought to think lightly of the fault which had caused so much trouble.

Seated in a low chair, her hand in her mother's, and the other children gathered round her, while Ingleby stood feasting her eyes upon her darling, Dorothy became

strike her as anything unusual; but one morning, when she was starting gaily for the Villa Lucia, Ingleby called to Stefano from the top of the stairs, that he must take Miss Dorothy, for she could not leave her mistress.

"I can go along," Dorothy said; for neither Stefano nor his wife were very great favorites of hers.

"No, no," Stefano said; "the little signorina is not to be trusted;" and taking her hand in his, he prepared to lead her along the sunny road to the Villa Lucia.

But Dorothy snatched away her hand, and said—"You should not speak like that to me."

"Ah," Stefano said, "someone must speak, someone must speak at times to little signorinas, who give pain and trouble."

Dorothy felt her dignity much injured, and repeated, with emphasis—

"You should not speak like that to me." Stefano only shrugged his shoulders; and