

slipped out the back way; and as the windows—which her mother was putting right—were in the front, she got away without either seeing or being seen.

Dolly enjoyed herself a good deal that afternoon. When the conscience is not awakened by the love of Christ, it doesn't always speak very loud; and self-love has a way of arguing it down.

Dolly had not been in her friend's society half an hour when she had clean forgotten the whole occurrence.

But she had to come home; and that brought it all back to mind.

'Nice and cross mother'll be, I expect!' said she to herself, with a glance up at the windows as she ran up the path. 'I suppose I oughtn't to have gone off without saying "good-bye." But I hate to be nagged at! I don't see they look so bad either,' continued she. Then she turned into the best sitting-room, and pulled aside the curtains. 'They're clean enough for anything,' said she aloud.

Just then a sound in the far corner of the room made her start—a sound something between a sigh and a yawn. The room was so dark with the twilight that she had not noticed her mother lying on the couch. A blush of shame rushed to her temples. Her mother must have heard!

'Aren't you well, mother?' asked she, feeling rather uncomfortable.

'My head has been very bad all day,' replied her mother, 'so I came here to lie down. I have had a lovely little doze, and feel quite refreshed.' And she sat up.

'I wonder what made it bad?' said Dolly.

'Very likely it was rubbing those windows in the sun,' replied her mother. 'It was rather unwise of me, but I knew you hadn't time to stay just then, if you were to be in time for Maud. And to-morrow is Saturday, and brings its own work. And they could not go as they were over Sunday. I did not mean to be hard on you, my child. A bright light always shows things up, and you had not taken quite pains enough.'

But Molly flung herself upon her knees beside the couch.

'Oh, mother,' she cried, 'I see now! All the while I was so rude and selfish you were forgiving me and helping me, and making your head ache to set my careless work right. What can I do?'

But her mother drew her close.

'Love me, darling; that is all,' said she. 'And love God, who, whilst men were defying Him and living on in their wicked, wilful ways, was planning in His great heart of love how He could break their hard hearts by His love in Jesus Christ, and bring them back in penitence. For "if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, then have we fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—"Child's Companion."

The Taming of Cedric.

A Story for the Young.

Once upon a time there lived a young knight named Cedric. His father and mother were dead, and in dying his father had appointed as his guardian a good and wise knight named Merowen, whose right hand had not yet forgotten his cunning, for though he was now growing old he still led forth the troops to battle, and in the lists not one could overthrow him. Ever after the death of his father Merowen had lived with Cedric to train him to be great and brave and noble. Now the boy had grown to be seventeen years of age, and was of a hot and fiery temper, as his father had been before him, so that he often argued with Merowen and thought that he (though he was but a stripling of seventeen years), knew better than the old warrior whose hair was as white as snow.

Now it happened that war broke out in the land, and the cry arose, 'To arms,' and Cedric went to Merowen and said, 'Let me forth to fight; I am old enough and strong enough.' But Merowen made answer, 'Learn first to fight the battles of thine heart here in thy castle, and then shalt thou go forth to fight the battles of the land.'

Then Cedric went away angry, and in his

own chamber he stamped his foot for rage, for he feared Merowen and dared not oppose him openly in this.

And on the next day it so chanced that as Cedric went across the courtyard, a poor lean cur which had come to pick up scraps to still the pangs of hunger, was there gnawing at a bone; and as Cedric passed he kicked at it, and shouted roughly at the poor beast, and went on his way careless, though the cur slunk away howling for pain.

And at sunset he went again to Merowen. 'Let me go to battle,' he said. But Merowen answered, 'Learn first to show mercy in thine own castle; every true warrior showeth himself merciful.'

And Cedric went away in anger.

And after a few days it so happened that he would go a-hunting, but his esquire brought

Merowen foolish and overbearing, and little knew how great was his love for him; and he said many hard and bitter things to him, and grew so violent that all his esquires dreaded to come near him. And that night he resolved, that, come what might, he would forth to the camp and make his name great in the land, and show Merowen what a valiant knight he was. So next morning he arose with the sun, crept out to the stable, and having saddled his steed, rode off like the wind.

It was a morning to make the heart glad; the dew lay fresh on the meadows; his heart swelled with the joy of youth, and all nature seemed to call him on to victory.

He rode about a mile from the castle and came to the bridge that crosses the rivulet, and then his horse started, for there arose by the wayside, pale, emaciated, and clothed



'DRINK THIS, POOR FELLOW'

his horse for him later than he had commanded; and the boy roared at him when he came leading the steed, and flung his glove straight in his face, and went off singing to the hunt, though his esquire was sore ashamed.

And that evening Cedric went to his guardian and said, 'Let me go to battle'; but Merowen made answer, 'Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' And the young knight went away vexed and grieved.

And after a short time it came to pass that as Cedric walked in the garden there came a young maid carrying a basket of broken bits for the chickens, and as she passed along, a branch caught her apron so that she stumbled and fell, and the broken pieces were scattered. And when he saw it Cedric laughed loudly; and seeing their young lord laugh, his esquires laughed too, and not one helped the maid or gathered the pieces for her. And the maid blushed rosy-red for shame, and gathered up the pieces and limped away with the tears in her eyes, for she had hurt her ankle.

And at evening-time Cedric went again to Merowen and said, 'When may I go forth to battle?' and he made answer, 'Learn what true chivalry meaneth, and then thou mayst go to battle; every true warrior is chivalrous.'

And Cedric was very angry, for he thought

in dirty clouts, a beggar who stretched forth his hands and said, 'Help me, sir knight; give me an alms for the sake of Him who died, for I famish with hunger.' But Cedric shouted at him, 'Back, dog, thou dost affright my horse'; and when the beggar-man saw that he had laid his hand on his sword he shrank back trembling.

And Cedric rode on many miles toward the mountain-range beyond which he knew the camp lay, but when at length he came to the rocky defiles a sudden foreboding of evil seized him. High up, a speck on the blue heaven, an eagle hovered as if to watch him, and as he entered the valley an adder went hissing over the path before the horse's hoofs. A crow that flapped its wings and cawed, sat on a rock close by; 'Go back,' it seemed to say to his guilty conscience. But he swore at the crow in passing, and rode straight forward. As he rode the grave words of Merowen seemed to ring in his ears, and he could not drive his gloomy thoughts away.

The mountain gorges were dark; no sunny meadow lay stretched on either hand, and the singing birds were still. As he passed on (fearing at length the very sound of his horse's hoofs), on a sudden a shout arose, and wild rough men surrounded him.

'Down with this stripling,' they said. 'Why