

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER II.—PREPARATION.

"Well, Dorothy Dormouse!" exclaimed Canon Percival, when he came into the drawing-room after dinner that evening.

"Don't call me Dorothy Dormouse, Uncle Crannie."

"Oh, but we call people what they are; and when little girls roll up into a ball, and sleep away their time, they are like nothing so much as—dormice."

"Mother has been telling you at dinner all about my dream, Uncle Crannie. I know she has, else how do you know?"

"Oh, perhaps one of the swallows told me. I say, Dorothy, I have to talk seriously to you for once. I am not joking this time."

Dorothy looked up in her uncle's face, and saw that he really did look grave—almost sad.

"Before mother comes into the room, I want to tell you that Dr. Bell thinks her cough is a bad cough, and that Coldchester is not the right place for her to live in during the winter months. So poor Uncle Crannie will be left alone all the long winter, and you must go with mother and Ingleby to the sunny South—to Italy; think of that!"

"I don't want to go," said Dorothy. "I mean—I mean I don't want to leave Puff and Muff and old Nino, and—"

"Poor old Uncle Crannie; but, my dear little niece, this is not a question of what you like or what you want. It is a question of what is right to do. Perhaps, little Dorothy, neither mother nor I have taught you enough the meaning of the word duty. It means, what you owe to others of service or love. Now, you owe it to your mother to be as merry and happy as a bird; and, after all, many little girls would jump for joy to be off to San Remo."

Dorothy was silent. "How long will it take to get there," she asked—"to the sunny South?"

"Well, you won't go quite as fast as the swallows, but I daresay we shall get there in less than a week; it depends upon the weather, and upon how your mother bears the journey. You must ask God to-night to bless your dear mother, and to make you a very good, helpful little daughter to her. Will you do this?"

"Yes," Dorothy said—"yes, Uncle Crannie. Why won't you stay with us there all the time?"

"Well! the cathedral might run away if I was not here to prevent it; and what would the old Canons do if I deserted them?"

"You are the young Canon, I know," Dorothy said. "Ingleby says that's what you are called."

"Ah!" said the Canon, rubbing his bald head, "there are degrees of comparison, and I am afraid it is old, older, older, and oldest, in the cathedral chapter. But I wanted to tell you that at San Remo you will have playfellows—nice little girls and boys, who are living there with their grandmother; and that is what we cannot find for you in Coldchester."

"I don't want any little girls and boys," Dorothy said. "I shan't play with them."

"Oh, nonsense, you will learn to play with them—Hoodman Blind, and Tom Tickler's ground; won't that be jolly?"

Dorothy made no response, and her mother coming into the room, with her shawl closely wrapped round her, she slipped down from her uncle's knee and took up her position at her mother's feet, with one of the kittens in her lap, saying—

"Read, mother, please read."

"Your mother can't read to-night, Dorothy," said the Canon, who had taken up the *Times*. "She has coughed so much to-day, and is very hoarse."

Dorothy pouted, and her mother, clearing her throat, said—

"Oh, I will try to finish the chapter we left unfinished last night. That will not hurt me."

It was a pity that Dorothy was so seldom

denied anything. It was simply that there was no absolute necessity for refusing her what she asked, and she had no idea yet that giving up her own will was a sweet gift the youngest child may offer to her Father in heaven—the Father of the dear Lord Jesus Christ, who offered Himself in life and in death for the sinful, sad world He came to save. So Mrs. Acheson finished the chapter of the story, and then it was time for Dorothy to go to bed, for Ingleby appeared at the door, and said it was past eight o'clock, and much too late for a little girl to be in the drawing-room.

I daresay you wish to know what Dorothy was like, and as she goes up the wide staircase of Canon's House, she makes a very pretty picture. She had long, silky, fair hair, which was not frizzed and crimped, but hung down to her waist, and even below it, with soft, curled ends.

sunny South, I shall not play with any one."

"Well, that will be very uncivil, my dear; though, to be sure, you are an odd child, for when the little Miss Thompsons and Master Benson came to tea on your last birthday, it did not seem to make you happy."

"It made me miserable," said Dorothy. Then, with a sudden impulse, she got up, and throwing her arms round her old friend's neck, she said, "I want nobody but you and mother, and Puff and Muff, and Nino."

Ingleby was certainly flattered by her darling's preference, and took her on her knee and undressed her as if she were seven months, instead of nearly eight years old, and brushed and combed the silky hair with great pride and pleasure. Dorothy's face was rather too thin and colorless for child-

HE NEVER FORGOT HIS PROMISE.

I was scarcely sixteen (says Robert Moffat), the Missionary, when, after working in a nursery garden near my parents for about a twelvemonth, I was engaged to fill a responsible situation in Cheshire.

The day arrived when I had to bid farewell to my father, mother, brothers and sisters. My mother proposed to accompany me to the boat, which was to convey me across the Firth of Forth. My heart, though glad at the prospect of removing to a better situation, could not help feeling some emotion natural to one of my age. When we came within sight of the spot where we were to part, perhaps never again to meet in this world, she said,

"Now, my Robert, let us stand here for a few minutes, for I wish to ask one favor of you before we part; and I know you will not refuse to do what your mother asks."

"What is it, mother?" I enquired.

"Do promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask, and I shall tell you."

"No, mother, I cannot, till you tell me what your wish is."

"Oh, Robert, can you think for a moment that I shall ask you, my son, to do anything that is not right? Do not I love you?"

"Yes, mother, I know you do; but I do not like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfil."

I kept my eyes fixed on the ground. I was silent, trying to resist the rising emotion. She sighed deeply. I lifted my eyes and saw the big tears rolling down the cheeks which were wont to press mine. I was conquered, and as soon as I could recover speech, I said, "Oh, mother, ask what you will, and I shall do it!"

"I only ask you whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and another every evening?"

I interrupted by saying, "Mother, you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do; but you do not read it regularly, or as a duty you owe to God, its Author." And she added,

"Now I shall return home with a happy heart, inasmuch as you have promised to read the Scriptures daily. Oh, Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament! Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels! Then you cannot well go astray. If you pray, the Lord Himself will teach you."

I parted from my beloved mother, now long gone to that mansion about which she loved to speak. I went on my way, and ere long found myself among strangers.

My charge was an important one for a youth, and though possessing a muscular frame and a mind full of energy, it required all to keep pace with the duty devolved upon me. I lived at a considerable distance from what are called the means of grace, and the Sabbaths were not always at my command. I met with none who appeared to make religion their chief concern. I mingled, when opportunities offered, with the gay and godless in what were considered innocent amusements, where I soon became a favorite; but I never forgot my promise to my mother.—*Child's Companion.*



"YOU ARE THE YOUNG CANON."

As Ingleby had no other child to look after, it was natural that she should bestow much pains on Dorothy's appearance. She wore a pretty white cashmere frock, with a wide rose-colored sash, her black silk stockings fitted her legs precisely, and her dainty shoes had pretty buckles.

Puff and Muff had been sent to bed downstairs, and only old Nino was allowed to come into the nursery. He was a favored dog, and slept at the foot of his little mistress's bed.

Dorothy went slowly upstairs, heedless of Ingleby's repeated—"Come, my dear, come!" And when at last they had reached the nursery, Dorothy seated herself in the old rocking chair, put her head back, and swinging gently backward and forward, said seriously, almost solemnly—

"Jingle"—it was her pet name for her faithful nurse—"I hate 'playmates,' as Uncle Crannie calls them. If I go to the

hood; but her features were regular, and her large, blue eyes, shaded by dark lashes, were really beautiful.

"She is too much of a little woman," the Miss Thompsons' mother said—"the child wants companions, and to be roused from her dreams;" while Master Benson went away from the birthday party declaring it was slow and stupid, and that Dorothy was a stiff-starched little thing, and he longed to shake her!

Dorothy could not remember her father; he had died when she was scarcely a year old, and just at that time her uncle, Canon Percival, went to live in Canon's House, at Coldchester, and invited his sister to come and take up her abode there, with Ingleby and her little girl.

(To be Continued.)

Don't be a Sabbath Christian only. The devil labors 365 days in the year.—*Needham.*

"HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SERMON?"

Let us, if only for the sake of variety, change this trite commentary on our Sabbath engagements. How did you enjoy the prayers? How did the reading of God's Word affect you? How much reality did you feel in confessing your sins? How many of your sick, weary, sorrowful, and sinful friends did you remember on your knees? How much did your thoughts go with the hymns you sung? How much did you pray that the servant of God might be blessed in his Word, and that your own soul might be humbled and assured in the love of Christ? And how far has the prayer been answered? Oh, but you say, these are really private questions. Then put them to yourself, dear friend.

BETTER die for a good cause, than to see a good cause die.