

Dolly sighed a little disappointed sigh, but nevertheless she went to bed with a lighter heart than she had ever done before since she came to this new home.

CHAPTER XIV, AN UNLOOKED-FOR CHANGE.

Three mornings later Dolly was awakened somewhat before the usual time, by the certainty that there was an unusual stir and bustle going on in the house that was generally so quiet and so still.

She sat up in bed to listen, and was quite certain she had made no mistake. There were footsteps hurrying to and fro, doors opened and shut in rapid succession, and she was almost sure that she heard a man's voice speaking in an authoritative way as though issuing orders.

Dolly wondered very much what could be going on to cause such a commotion, and by and by, overcome by curiosity, she slipped out of bed, put on her little pink dressing-gown, stole softly into the lobby, and peeped over the balustrade down into the great square well formed by the turns of the staircase.

The sounds reached her more distinctly now. She heard the voices of the maids talking in low tones together. They seemed to be standing not far from the door of her grandmother's room, and every now and then the door would open, and she would hear Parker's voice giving some order, which one of the others instantly flew to execute; and things were brought up the front staircase, which was by far the shorter way, to and from the kitchen; and altogether Dolly felt very much surprised and bewildered by what she saw.

But by and by Dr. Gordon came out of her grandmother's room, and then the child felt as though she understood everything. Her grandmother must be ill that must be the meaning of the strange commotion in the house, and Dr. Gordon had come to see her.

Dolly stole back to bed with a grave face and a troubled heart. She was very sorry grandmother was ill, very sorry. During the past two days, ever since she had screwed up her courage and had asked forgiveness for her fault, she had been conscious that some of the old dread with which she had regarded Lady Temple had vanished, and she almost fancied that the severe old lady had looked upon her a little less coldly, and spoken a little more kindly than before. Dolly could not be certain of this. It might be only that the newly-found love and happiness which filled her heart had taken away the fear, and made everything look brighter and more loving. Yet even the doubt was a pleasant one, and the child's heart had warmed towards the stately grandmother as once she had never

believed it could do. She felt grieved and anxious to think she was ill, and sat up in bed, waiting impatiently till some one should come to call her.

The someone was Lucy, not Parker, just as the child had expected, and she turned an anxious little face towards her.

"O Lucy—please tell me—what is the matter with grandmother?"

"Why, Miss Dorothy, what do you know about your grandmother?"

"I know she is ill, because Dr. Gordon is here. I heard his voice, and I went and looked over the balustrade. Please tell me what is the matter? Is she very ill?"

"I really don't know much about it, Miss Dorothy. She was took in the night, they think—it's a kind of a 'stroke' they call it—and Mrs. Parker found her quite changed this morning, not knowing anything about what had happened, and taking no notice of things. It gave her quite a scare; but Dr. Gordon came as quick as we could get him, and they say she's a little better now."

"But she isn't going to die, is she, Lucy?" asked the child in a bewildered way, for she had heard of people who had had a "stroke" and had died from it.

"Oh, lor! no, Miss Dorothy!" exclaimed Lucy hastily. "What ever put that into your head?"

"I should be so sorry if grandmother died," said Dolly slowly. "Lucy, when I am dressed, do you think Dr. Gordon would let me see her?"

"Why no, Miss Dorothy; what an idea! Of course you can't see her. She couldn't bear a bit of noise. A sick-room ain't no place for children."

"I wouldn't make a noise," said the child gently. "I can be very quiet."

"Well, you can't go there anyway," answered Lucy with decision. "And I can't think what makes you want to, either."

"I am so sorry grandmother is ill," replied Dolly, simply.

"Are you fond of your grandmother, Miss Dorothy?" Lucy asked.

"Yes, Lucy. I think I am very fond of her."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Lucy with a short laugh, but she did not explain the reason of her surprise, and she did not talk much more, as she had double work that morning to get both the children ready for breakfast.

(To be continued.)

Death.

Entered Into Rest.—After an illness, borne with much fortitude and faith, at the residence of Charles L. Beard, Woodstock, Ont., September, 16 1884, Flora Louisa, wife of George A. Smith, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Peterboro, Ont., and daughter of the late Henry Wyatt, of Hamilton, Ont.

BEST BAKING POWDER.

INTERESTING TESTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST.

Dr. Edward G. Love, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use, and as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr.

Love's report gives the following:

Name of Baking Powders.	Strength Cubic Inches Gas per each ounce of Powder
"Royal" (absolutely pure).....	127.4
"Patapsco" (alum powder).....	125.2*
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh.....	122.5*
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old.....	32.7*
"Hanford's None Such," fresh.....	121.6
"Hanford's None Such," old.....	84.35
"Redhead's"	117.0
"Charm" (alum powder)	116.9*
"Amazon" (alum powder).....	111.9*
"Cleveland's" (short weight $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.).....	110.8
"Sea Foam"	107.9
"Czar"	106.8
"Dr. Price's"	102.6
"Snow Flake" (Groff's, St. Paul).....	101.88
"Lewis'" Condensed	98.2
"Congress" yeast	97.5
"Pearl"	93.2
"C. E. Andrews & Co.'s" (contains alum)*.....	78.17*
"Hecker's"	92.5
"Gillet's"	84.2
"Bulk"	80.5

* In his report, the Government Chemist says:

"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Dr. H. A. Mott, the former Government Chemist, after a careful and elaborate examination of the various Baking Powders of commerce, reported to the Government in favor of the Royal brand.

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