

ties, who sent out men with authority to ordain others (2 Tim. ii. 2).

IV. OUR WORK IN THE CHURCH.

Christians are never intended to be idle; each one has his work to do. In the first place the Church is "militant," i. e., fighting; the great battle is always going on, both within and without. But Christians must *work* as well as fight, building up the great temple in which all are living stones; and the work will be tried by fire (1 Cor. iii. 11-15). We should be like the Jews, who, when rebuilding Jerusalem, worked with one hand and held a weapon in the other (Neh. iv. 17). Christ, the head of the Body, gives each member his own particular duties; the work He sets each one is always the best and most important thing he can do, even though it may be only learning lessons or minding the younger children. S. Paul tells that even eating and drinking should be done to the glory of God (1 Cor. x. 31). Our Lord has promised to reward even such a little act of love as giving a cup of cold water to another (S. Matt. x. 42), and see His wonderful words (S. Matt. xxv. 40.)

Family Reading.

"Changed Lots; or, Nobody Cares."

CHAPTER XVIII.

To all Mrs. Miller's questions, beginning, "Why, don't you remember, Miss Dorothy?" or "Do you remember, missie?" she was obliged to shake her head regretfully; she could not remember one single circumstance her nurse recalled.

"It was all that terrible fever, Daunt," said Mrs. Chisholm, taking pity on her child's evident embarrassment, and the disappointment which was depicted on Mrs. Miller's face.

"The fever accounts for everything; it affected her brain, and she was delirious for many weeks. She does not remember a single thing distinctly that happened before that fever—just a few things she seems to be beginning now to remember faintly; but very few."

The fever was an awkward reminiscence, and Mrs. Miller began to talk of something else.

"Look, Daunt," said Mrs. Chisholm, suddenly getting up, "you will remember this scar; I never saw it till after her illness, when her hair was all cut off, and she could recollect nothing further than that she had been thrown from a donkey; but you will remember all about it; of course, you did not tell me of it, fearing to make me anxious—I was so ill and nervous at that time; but I have often felt curious to know how it happened and when."

As she spoke, Mrs. Chisholm lifted Lil's hair and showed Mrs. Miller a distinct white line as of a deep scar just below where the hair began to grow on the child's forehead.

Mrs. Miller looked at it with apparent astonishment and bewilderment.

"That was never done while I was with Miss Dorothy," she said, in very injured tones, "and whoever says so says what isn't true; Miss Dorothy had no accident with me, I'll take my oath. I know nothing about it; that must have been a very bad cut when it was done, and I never let her go on a donkey, I was always afraid of them myself; she was always wanting to ride one, I remember, but I never let her; whoever says I know anything about that cut tells a lie!"

Her tone grew so angry that Mrs. Chisholm hastened to assure her that it was a matter of no possible consequence; she had been only curious, because she could not remember anything about it herself, and when it was first noticed by Mr. Chisholm during the child's illness, the doctor had assured him it was a scar of some months', if not years' standing.

"And she said she fell off a donkey," said Daunt, only half mollified.

"Oh! she said all sorts of wonderful things," said Mrs. Chisholm, carelessly. "Now Dorothy," she added, "I know Miss Knox is waiting for you; you may go; you shall see nurse again by-and-by."

"And she said she fell off a donkey," repeated Daunt, still harping on what was evidently a grievance. "It's very odd, ma'am, but I hope you believe what I say when I tell you I know nothing about it."

"Oh dear, yes, Daunt! do not think any more

about it. I tell you she fancied all sorts of extraordinary things during that illness," replied Mrs. Chisholm, anxious to get off the subject, and feeling very puzzled indeed what to believe.

Daunt was, of course, shown the picture, but without any comment, and exclaimed at the strange likeness, though she also affirmed that Miss Dorothy was "a sight prettier." Later, when Mr. Chisholm heard of this conversation, he agreed with his wife that it was very mysterious that Daunt could not or would not account for the scar which he well remembered noticing for the first time on Dorothy's forehead. It was difficult to assign a motive for the denial of all knowledge of it, and yet it was equally difficult to believe that she spoke the truth.

Mr. Chisholm brought back no news from the artist of his gipsy model, but he had promised to make further inquiries in the winter; and in spite of all his reasoning, his wife so constantly recurred to the subject that he was afraid she might worry herself ill, and was glad to think that the expected visit of his old friend Mrs. Carey would change the current of her thoughts.

Mrs. Chisholm and Mrs. Carey had been friends in childhood, and though they seldom corresponded, and had not met for twelve years, their friendship had not been broken, and it was with great pleasure that Mrs. Carey had accepted an invitation to spend a week on her way home at Sunnydale Park.

She arrived just before dinner, and it was only when she returned with Mrs. Chisholm to the drawing-room that she was introduced to her old friend's daughter, for whom she had been making inquiries while describing her recollections of Dorothy as a baby between two and three.

When Lil, looking very slim and tall, in a white frock and hair floating to her waist, rose to greet her, Mrs. Carey, after the first kiss, gazed at her with interest but also with an astonishment which she did not like to show.

"Why, where have I seen her before?" she wondered, and instantly the face of the poor gipsy girl whom she had not thought of for months rose before her, but she only said, "What a tall girl for fourteen; why she towers above me, and she is nearly as tall as you are, Louise, but she is not like what I remember you."

"No, not a bit like me," replied Mrs. Chisholm, but she is very like some of the pictures, pictures of my people, I mean, and also a good bit like her father."

"Yes, I see a strong likeness to her father," replied Mrs. Carey, and the words gave great pleasure to Lil.

When at breakfast next morning Lil took her place opposite Mrs. Carey, this time with her hair in a long thick plait, she could not repress the exclamation:

"But it is such an extraordinary likeness!"

"Likeness, what likeness? do tell me, Emily. I see it is Dorothy you are looking at," questioned Mrs. Chisholm, eagerly. "Who is she like?"

"Well, you won't think it a compliment, I fear," replied Mrs. Carey, laughing, "but all the same it's not the reverse. She is so curiously like a girl who was in our hospital for some weeks last spring whom I admired very much."

"A gipsy girl," exclaimed Lil, with a sudden rush of bright color to her face.

"Yes, she was a gipsy girl," answered Mrs. Carey, with much astonishment, and then in a few words she told the story of her interest in the poor girl, who seemed so ready to learn, and of her failure to do anything for her.

A great many questions were eagerly asked her by all present, and Mrs. Carey did her best to answer them. The girl was called in the hospital, she said, Nelly, or Milly, or it might be Lily; she had forgotten which it was; she seemed to have a father and a mother and a blind sister; she had been leading this blind sister when she was knocked down by a carriage, and it was this accident that had brought her to the hospital.

Mrs. Carey heard with great interest of the picture and of the quest for the original, and when it was shown her she was able to say with confidence that it was the girl she remembered, only that it represented her younger.

"She is certainly marvellously like you, Dorothy," she said in wonder as she looked from

one to the other, "but a Dorothy who has had hard times."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Chisholm, "and she has a firmer, perhaps a stronger mouth than Dorothy, but then, think of the life she has led; I am quite determined to find her, and so is Dorothy. We cannot let her double go wandering about the country in this way; can we, Dorothy?"

Lil, who had been listening with a beating heart, made no answer to her mother's appeal, and presently slipped out of the room.

"She is so sensitive," said her mother; "so hyper-sensitive, she makes herself quite miserable over this sad story, as she thinks it, and over any other story. I know she is quite unhappy about this girl; if it is only for her sake we must find her."

Mrs. Carey promised readily to make all inquiries possible on her return home. She explained that when she had been in Southampton, in May, she had been told the gipsies had left the town, but they very often wintered there, and she thought she could find people who knew something about them, and might soon tell her where they were to be found.

As her two boys were at school, and she was a widow, she was often away herself, but was now returning home for the winter. This girl, she felt sure, in spite of all discrepancies as to her family, must be the one the Chisholms were looking for. She remembered hearing from her that she had lately lost a brother.

Mrs. Chisholm said no word even to her old friend of the vague, and she knew very well, hope which the strange likeness between the girls filled her, with a hope which haunted her, put it away as she tried. To her husband only did she dare to speak on the subject; and his calm, cool reasoning as to the improbability of anything but disappointment attending her inquiries, could not extinguish it.

Meantime, as the days of Mrs. Carey's visit passed on, the topic of the gipsy girl was often recurred to. The parents grew anxious as they noticed how pale their Dorothy became, how nervous and excited in manner, and when Mrs. Carey invited Miss Knox and her pupil to return home with her for a fortnight's visit, the invitation was gladly accepted.

The leaves were falling fast. Sunnydale was, no doubt, a little damp, and a change and holiday would do Dorothy all the good in the world.

(To be Continued.)

The Spring,

(Of all seasons in the year, is the one for making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter, the system becomes to a certain extent clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to the lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season, and which must be overcome, or the health may be broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs, and skin, gives to the blood the purity, and quality necessary to good health, and overcomes that tired feeling.)

The Vice of Gambling.

Resist evil in its beginnings. No one becomes bad at once. There is a law of moral gravitation, parallel to the law of physical gravitation. A stone marvellously increases the rapidity of its fall each succeeding second. So if a young man yields little by little he will soon yield much by much.

There is a devastating but very popular vice—I mean the vice of gambling. Its evil influence is advancing rapidly—even amongst women. But what can be more silly or absurd than this habit of gambling? One man says a cup of tea is sweet; another contradicts him. Then follows a bet, ten to one that it is sweet. We are told it is right to back our opinion; but the only way to back an opinion is to give information to support it. But betting is often based on the grossest ignorance. What do many who bet really know of horses that