

—a kind that makes people loving and gentle. I don't quite know how to explain it; but I know what I mean, because my mamma was good like that, and it was that I know, that made her so beautiful and sweet. And that kind of goodness makes people happy, and it makes them patient and kind, and brave too, and it helps them to bear troubles, and it does all kinds of wonderful things."

Molly's eyes were fixed intently upon her little companion's face; she looked wistful and eager, yet a little doubtful.

"Are you good like that, Dorothy?"

Dolly shook her head mournfully. "I'm afraid I'm not at all; but I should like to be."

"Do you think you ever can?"

"I don't know. I have been thinking a good deal about it. I want to try."

"How can you begin to try? It would be very nice to have something to help us to bear troubles, and to make us happy. I should like to have it too;" and Molly sighed deeply. "But I don't see what one can do—I don't a bit know what it is you mean."

"I ought to know better than I do," said Dolly. "When mamma was teaching us it all seemed plain and easy; but yet I can't remember how one can get that kind of goodness. I'm afraid I often was thinking more of mamma herself than of what she was teaching; and now I don't feel as though I knew how to begin."

"I wish you did," said Molly, who was in an unusually gentle and thoughtful mood that day. I don't much care generally about being good, but I think I should like that kind."

"I know it has a good deal to do with God," said Dolly slowly and thoughtfully.

"With God!" repeated Molly with a change of tone. "Then I don't think I care to know any more."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't think anything to do with God can be a bit nice."

"Don't you?" said Dolly doubtfully, adding after a pause, "mamma loved God very much, and wanted us to learn to love Him too."

"Do you?" asked Molly quickly. Dolly hesitated, and her colour mounted slowly.

"I don't know. I'm afraid not. I think I used to, or I thought I did, when mamma used to be teaching us; but He seems such a long way off now, and I don't feel as though He heard what I said to Him. Nobody here talks to me as mamma did, and everything seems to be slipping away. I'm afraid I'm very naughty to feel so." And Dolly heaved a great sigh.

"Why are you naughty? I don't believe you are. Why should you care about God? He doesn't care for us."

"Yes, but He does," answered Dolly quickly. "He does care."

Mamma said so many times that He loved us, and wanted us to be His little children; but I don't know what to do to get to be one."

"I don't believe He does love us," returned Molly obstinately. "If He did, He wouldn't let things happen as they do."

"No," said Wilfred, and both girls started at the sound of his voice, for they had not seen him ensconced behind the window curtain from which he now suddenly advanced, "God doesn't care for us. He is angry with nearly every one, and sends people to hell when they die."

"Yes, I know," answered Molly gloomily; "He can't care a bit for us. Perhaps He does for good people—very good ones, I mean, who are always saying prayers and reading the Bible; but he doesn't for anybody else, I'm sure."

Dolly sat silent, feeling vaguely distressed and uneasy, and yet not knowing how to combat the arguments brought forward by the other children. Yet she could not but stand up for the one idea which possessed her.

"I don't know about all that, though I don't think you're quite right; but I do know—I'm quite sure—that if we were only good in the right way—in the way God likes us to be, we should all be much happier."

"I can't see how," said Wilfred. "I wish I could explain better; but I know it would be so."

"How?" asked Wilfred again. "Would it make us like lessons? Would it make the other boys nice to me?"

"It would make you nice to them," answered Dolly gently. "If you had that kind of goodness, you would not want to quarrel with them any more. You would be fond of them, and then perhaps they would grow like you, and you would all love one another, and be so happy together."

Wilfred's face had again put on its fretful look, but Molly's eyes were fixed upon Dolly with a rather wistful light.

"That would be nice," she said softly. "It would be nice to have people fond of us, and to be fond of them. I often think so when I read stories about children who are happy together and fond of each other. But I thought it was all nonsense. I thought real brothers and sisters always quarrelled."

"So they do," muttered Wilfred; but Dolly said very earnestly— "I'm sure they need not. I am sure God does not mean them to. I know it says somewhere, Little children, love one another." He cannot bear quarrelling. He would like us all to be fond of one another."

"And if we are good in the way you talked of, shall we do that?" questioned Molly.

"Yes, I am sure you will," answered Dolly.

"Only you don't know how we can get good like that."

(To be continued.)

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