

"You say you are always happy now," said Molly rather gloomily, "and you look as though you were."

"Yes," answered Dolly gently, "and I told you why."

"I know. I was thinking about it ever so long in the night; but I don't believe I can ever feel as you do. It sounds just nice and beautiful while you are talking about it; but then it all goes; and things look darker than ever."

"They don't to me," said Dolly. "They all look different and better. I think you will feel the same by and by. I hope you will. I can't tell it to you like Miss Manners told me. I wish I could. But I am sure it is every word true. If it were not, how could it make me feel happy, and help me to love grandmother and not be afraid of her? And I do believe," added Dolly, sinking her voice very low, and speaking half shyly, "that something I am asking God for very often, He is really going to give me now. I am sure it is coming nearer; and when I only *wished* for it and didn't *pray* for it, it seemed quite impossible, and now it doesn't a bit."

Molly sighed restlessly.

"You must tell me some more by and by," she said, "we will have a talk and a reading every night. I am glad you are in my room, perhaps then I will understand things as you do. I should like to feel what you do."

"So should I," echoed Wilfred.

The pause that followed was broken by the sound of a call from Bruce.

"Wilfred!"

"Well?"

"Come here!"

"What for?"

"To hold this bucket for us. Come quick!"

Wilfred's face put on its frowning look. He hated to be ordered about by his brothers, and he had no wish to move out of his sheltered nook.

"Don't go," said Molly quickly, "don't you be their slave."

"You can hold your bucket for yourself!" shouted Wilfred back, "I shan't come."

"You won't, you young cub!" roared Bruce.

"I'll pay you out when I get back. You see if I don't!"

"Where are you going, Dorothy?" asked Molly in her quick, sharp way, for Dolly had risen and was tripping lightly away.

"I'll soon be back," she answered without looking round.

Bruce and Edgar were bending eagerly over a pool, too much absorbed by what they were doing to hear the light footfall of the child. They started when they heard a soft little voice close beside them.

"Can I hold the bucket for you? Can I help you instead of Wilfred?"

"Why, Dolly, is it you? Yes, do, there's a good girl. Do you see that fish there? We want to catch him for our tank. Edgar will drive him into a corner for me to catch, and then you have the bucket ready to pop him into. He's escaped us once or twice, slipping through my fingers before I could get to the bucket. Now then, Edgar!"

Dolly watched with much interest whilst the wily little fish was pursued and captured. It took some little while to do, but he was made prisoner at last, and safely dropped into Dolly's bucket.

"I wish we could get him safe home now," said Bruce. "He will be jumping out, or we shall upset the bucket and lose him or something. Edgar, I think you might run home and pop him in the tank. It wouldn't take you long."

"I'm sure I won't do any such thing. It's much too hot, and I like being down on the shore. You may go yourself."

"Not I, thank you. I'm not going to waste my time like that. We'll make Wilfred go."

"He won't," answered Edgar. "He's such a sulky little cub. He'll do nothing for us."

"I'll make him!"

"If you do he'll spill the fish out just to spite us."

"Bother!—What on earth shall we do? Why can't you go?"

"Why can't you, pray?"

Both brothers were growing angry. Hot tempers are easily excited. But before more

words could be exchanged, a gentle little voice interposed.

"Please may I take the fish home? I will be very careful; I think he will be happier in the big tank than in the little bucket. I should like to take him there if I may."

"Why, of course you may, Dolly. You're a nice, good little girl to run about for us. I'll get you some jolly shells to take back before you go. It's as good as having another sister to have you, I do think."

"Better," added Edgar, "for Dolly doesn't get cross, and Molly does."

Dolly walked off with her bucket, feeling glad at heart that the boys did not despise her little efforts to please them.

"Where are you going, Dolly?" cried Wilfred, as she passed near to them on her homeward journey.

"I'm going to take a little fish to the tank. We've just caught him, and want him put in now in case he gets away. I'll soon be back."

(To be continued.)

THE ART OF FORGETTING.

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget! Today's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says one writer:—If you would keep a book and daily put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them it would be a benefit to you. You allow the thing to annoy you, just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and lose your temper. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a book, and follow it up, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them that we would be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations.

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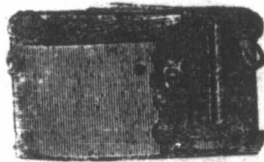
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