

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

The children were ready in a few minutes, and presented a strong contrast, as usual.

Dorothy was a little too smart in her pale blue cashmere, with grebe trimming, and it was hard to believe she had been in the train all night; for they had left Paris in the morning of the preceding day, and had reached San Remo at half-past ten. Irene, on the contrary, looked travel-worn, and she was a good deal more tired than Dorothy, who had slept off her fatigue and her sorrow for poor Nino's loss, and looked—so Ingleby said to herself—"as fresh as any daisy."

When the two little girls reached the sitting-room, which, like Lady Burnside's opened on a verandah, they heard voices outside, and presently a boy and a girl stepped into the room.

Ella shrank back, but Willy, who never knew what shyness meant, said—

"Grannie said we might come and fetch Irene—she is to come home now, if she is ready."

As Willy surveyed the two girls, he wondered which was his cousin. The thought passed through his mind, "I hope it is the pretty one;" and advancing, he said to Dorothy—

"Grannie has sent us to take you to the Villa Lucia; are you ready?"

Ingleby, who was busy looking after the travelling basket, from which she was taking some of Dorothy's favorite biscuits, said—

"Your cousin, Miss Packingham, had better take her dinner before she goes with you; perhaps you will sit down with her and Miss Dorothy. Now, my dear," Ingleby continued, addressing Dorothy, "I hope you will be able to fancy something," as Stefano brought in a tray with coffee, and crescent-shaped rolls, and a dainty omelette done to a turn by his wife.

Willy now put his hand out to Irene, and said in a tone in which there was a little ring of disappointment—

"Then you are my cousin?"

"Yes," Irene said, "and I am very glad to come and see you all—and grannie."

"Do you remember her?" Willy asked.

"Just a very little, but she always writes me very kind letters, so I feel as if I remembered her."

"Come, Ella, don't be so silly," Willy said, pushing his sister forward; "go and speak to Irene."

Irene took Ella's hand, and then, at Ingleby's advice, they all sat down to their meal together.

Two thick-edged white cups were brought by Stefano, and Willy and Ella enjoyed the good things more than the two tired travellers did.

Irene could scarcely touch the omelette, and Dorothy, in spite of Ingleby's entreaties, only nibbled a quantity of her own biscuits, which were, as Ingleby said, "not fit to make a meal of." They were those little pink and white fluffy light balls, flavored with vanilla and rose, a large tin of which had been bought in Paris, and were Dorothy's favorite food just then.

They found favor with Willy, and he took a handful from the box several times. Dorothy did not approve of this, and said to Ingleby—

"Put the lid on the box, Jingle; there won't be any biscuits left."

This was not very polite, and Willy shrugged his shoulders, and said to himself, after all I am glad she is not my cousin."

Irene was really thankful when Willy said it was time to go, for her head ached,

and she was far more tired than Dorothy was.

And now poor Dorothy began to cry, and say that she did not want Irene to go away—that she must stay with her, and not go and live with that big boy who was so greedy.

"Hush! hush! my dear," said Ingleby; "you must not forget yourself."

"I don't mind," said Willy, good temperedly; "she is only a baby, and is tired."

"A baby!" sobbed Dorothy. "I am not a baby, and I love Irene, and she is not to go away with you."

Ingleby was anxious to cut the parting short, and said to Irene, who was trying to comfort Dorothy—

"Make haste and have it over. She will forget it, and—"

"I shan't forget Irene. You said I should

forget her—lonely—a stranger in a strange land.

Irene had not seen her grannie for some years, and with the instinct of childhood she had discovered, without being told, that her father did not care much for her grannie. He rarely mentioned her, and, indeed, he always called her step-mother's mother "grannie" when he had occasion to write of her.

Till Irene had seen Lady Burnside she felt no difference between them. Mrs. Roscoe was a very grand, fashionable lady, who had called on her at Mrs. Baker's sometimes, and sent her large boxes of chocolate and French sweets.

But that did not make Irene feel as if she belonged to her; and now, when the gentle lady by the fire rose to greet her and folded her in a warm embrace, Irene felt a strange choking sensation in her throat, and when

THE WIDOW'S SON.

A widow woman once lived in a city called Zarephath with her only son. She lived in very troubled times. Ahab, the king of Israel, had sinned against God, and set up idols in his land, and taught his people to worship them. God was angry at this, and He punished the king and people by keeping back the rain. It was of no use to sow corn or to plant vegetables. The ground was parched and dried up, and not one drop of rain fell to water it. Soon the grass all withered, and no fresh grass grew, and then the cattle as well as the people began to perish for want of food.

The widow and her son lived for some time upon the food which they had in the house, but before very long this food was all gone, and the poor mother knew that she would not be able to get any more. At last she had only one handful of meal left in her barrel, and a little oil in her jar. She went out feeling very sad, to gather a few sticks for her fire; and then she thought she would make the meal and oil into a little cake of bread, and when she and her son had eaten it they must die.

But while she was looking for sticks, she met a man who seemed to have walked a long way. He was very tired, and he asked the widow if she would fetch a little water for him to drink. The widow turned back at once to get the water, for she had a kind heart, and was willing to do what she could for people who, like herself, were in need; and as she went the man called to her, saying, "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand."

Then she was obliged to tell him all the truth. But the man, who was God's prophet, Elijah, told her not to be afraid, for God would make her store of meal and oil last until the rain came and the famine was over. And Elijah went home with her, and stayed at her house, and she shared her food with him, and God made it enough for them all.

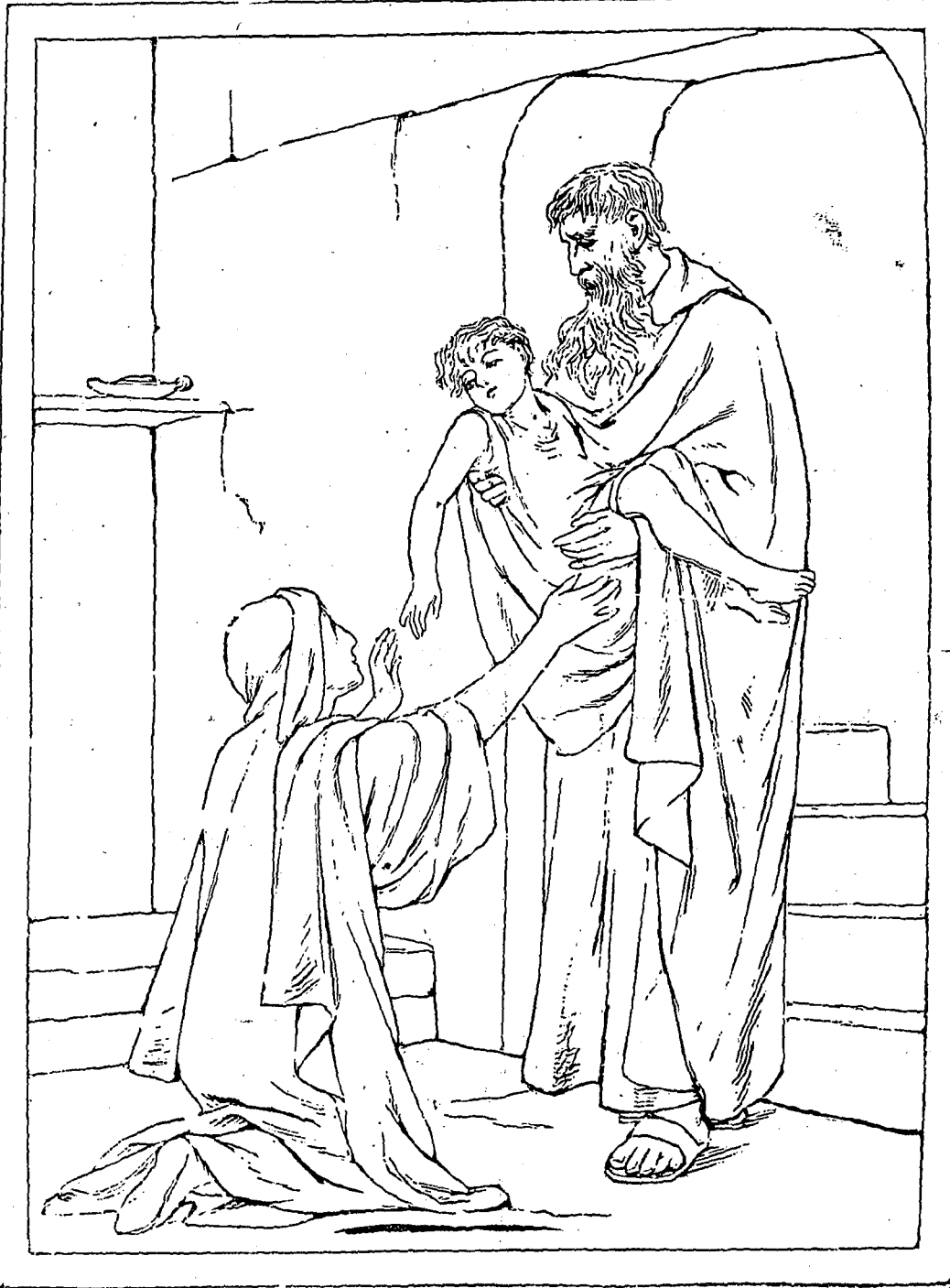
After a time, the widow's son fell ill and died, and then she thought that this trouble was sent to her as a punishment for her sins, and she wished that Elijah had never come to her house to teach her about his God. In her sorrow she spoke angrily to him, as if it had been his fault that her child had died.

But Elijah did not answer her unkindly. He said, "Give me thy son." And he carried the child's dead body to his own room, and laid it on his bed. Then he prayed very earnestly to God to let the boy's soul come back again. Did God hear his prayer? Yes. Very soon the child began to breathe, and Elijah saw that he was alive.

Do you not think the mother must have felt very happy when Elijah brought her son to her! She had thought that he was dead, but God gave him back to her. She did not say any more unkind words to Elijah, but she believed that his God was the true God, who had power to bless those who trusted in him.—*Sunday Reading.*

SEVEN GOOD RULES.

- Acquire thoroughly. This puts the knowledge in.
- Review frequently. This keeps the knowledge in.
- Plan your work. This begins well.
- Work your plan. This finishes well.
- Never think of self. Selfishness spoils all.
- Never look back. Waste no time over failures.
- Earn, save, give all you can for Jesus, Happiness.—*Christian Weekly.*



THE BOY WAS RESTORED TO HIS MOTHER.

forget Nino—dear, dear Nino. I don't forget him, and now—now I have lost him, I want Irene, I do."

"I shall see you very often," Irene said, kissing her; "don't begin to cry again."

"Dear me," Willy said, as they left the house, "she is worse than you, Ella. At first I thought her so pretty, and now I find she is only a little spoiled thing. However, we will soon teach her better, won't we, Ella?"

"Ella, who had possessed herself of Irene's hand, said—

"You must not be so rude to Dorothy, as you are to me, Willy, or you will make her cry."

"No; I'll cure her of crying; but here we are. This is Villa Lucia."

Irene followed Willy into the house, and very soon Irene felt she was no longer

she looked up at her grannie she saw tears were on her cheeks.

"I feel as if I had come home," she said, simply, "and it is so nice."

Happily for every one, a loud voice was heard at the door—"Let me in! let me in!" And when Ella ran to open it, there was Baby Bob, who came trotting across the room to Lady Burnside, and said—

"I want the cousin; is that the cousin?" "Yes. Go and give her a kiss, and say you are glad to see her."

But Baby Bob sidled back towards his grannie, and suddenly oppressed with the solemnity of the occasion, hid his round rosy face in her gown, and beat a tattoo with his fat legs by way of expressing his welcome, in a manner, it must be said, peculiar to himself.

(To be Continued.)