

2. *Working in us by His Spirit.* We pray in Collect "come among us." Looking back to a past coming of God in Christ, and forward to a future coming, we here acknowledge a present coming—that by His Spirit (John xiv. 18, compared with John xv. 26). The Holy Ghost sent by Christ to dwell in the hearts of His people (1 Cor. iii. 16; vi. 19), to strengthen them day by day (2 Cor. iv. 16). Hence called "the Comforter." Could Christ do more for us? Here is "bountiful grace and mercy."

3. *For Christ's sake.* Look at concluding words of Collect. "Through the satisfaction, &c. [Illustr.—Debtor and creditor: debt paid, creditor "satisfied."] Had it not been for Christ, we could not even have tried to run. Christ paid our debt. Now, through faith in Him we are alive (Eph. ii. 1, 5), and are the objects of the Father's "grace and mercy," because "He ever liveth to make intercession for us" (Heb. vii. 25). All our prayers heard and answered "through the satisfaction," &c. (John xiv. 13; xv. 16). Look again at Heb. 12: 1. We are to run looking unto Jesus. It is through faith in this that we have all grace and power. The more complete and entire our dependence upon him the stronger we are.

### Children's Corner.

#### LADY TEMPLE'S GRANDCHILDREN.

##### CHAPTER XXI.

(Continued.)

And upon the very first day after their return home, Dolly asked and obtained permission to go across to see Molly and to tell the news to her.

The meeting between the two little friends was a very loving one. Molly had grown stronger with her six weeks of sea-breezes and salt baths. There was a faint color in her cheeks, her eyes were less hollow, the expression of her face was more serene than of old and her smile brighter.

"You have grown quite pretty," said Dolly admiringly. "Oh, Molly, isn't everything just lovely? I am so glad you have come back," and the child broke into a laugh of pure happiness.

"I am glad to be back. I am glad to see you. Why, Dolly, what is it? You look different somehow. You look as though you had something to tell me. You look so happy."

"I am happy. I have got something to tell you," answered Dolly, her face quivering all over with eagerness and delight. "Oh Molly! such a wonderful thing has happened. What do you think—no, you must guess what it is."

"What? I don't know what to guess. Has your grandmother given you something nice?"

"Ever so many things; but that's not what I mean. Guess again."

"Perhaps—perhaps," Molly hesitated; "is it that your grandmother has got fond of you?"

"Yes, that is part of it, but it is better than that even."

Better than that! Molly was puzzled.

"Tell me," she said.

"Yes, I will. I can't keep it any longer. Grandmother has written to mamma to ask her to come home—back to England to see her—and I know she will," and Dolly paused, watching the effect of her words.

Not from Dolly's lips, but from other sources Molly had learned quite enough of the Temple family history to be greatly impressed by this piece of intelligence.

"Really!" she ejaculated. "Has she really?" and then she looked curiously at Dolly and added, "So you have done it?"

"Done what?" asked Dolly.

"Made the peace."

The child looked at her quickly.

"What do you mean, Molly?"

"You know."

"Yes, I know," answered Dolly slowly. "But how do you know?"

"I think everybody knows," answered Molly. "People talk about it enough any way. I never cared to listen to what they said till I knew you. Now I always do. Every one has been wondering how this would end."

"What?"

"Why, you coming to live with her, and Duke."

Dolly made no answer, she hardly knew what to say. Molly looked curiously at her and concluded triumphantly—

"I knew how it would be. I always said so."

"Said what?"

"Why, that you would make the peace."

A smile broke over Dolly's face.

"Oh Molly, I am so happy," she said, "but I can't understand how it all comes about. I don't know what I did."

"That's just what I want to know," interrupted Molly quickly; "what was it you did?"

"I don't know," answered Dolly sedately; "I often try and think. I sat in her room and did little things for her when I could, and I read to her a little; and that was all—oh, and I used to sing to her often when it got dark."

"That doesn't sound very much, does it?" said Molly, and then added with a gleam of inspiration, "But you loved her perhaps?"

"Oh yes, very, very much. She was so kind and good to me."

"Was she?" Molly opened her eyes wide. Presently she said shyly—

"I suppose you prayed for her perhaps—prayed that she might love you?"

"Oh yes, always," answered Dolly earnestly.

"Perhaps that had something to do with it—do you think it had?" suggested Molly, blushing and hesitating.

"Oh yes," answered Dolly eagerly. "I know it must have had—I could never have done it alone."

Both children were silent awhile, then Molly spoke slowly and thoughtfully.

"I think praying does help in lots of things. I didn't believe in it a bit once; but I do now. I think it does a great deal."

"Do you?" replied Dolly. "I am glad; for I do too."

"I know you do. It was you first told me. I have been praying for the boys lately. I used never to; but I never forget to do it now. I'm sure it helps me to love them—and—and I think it helps them to love me."

"I am sure it will," answered Dolly earnestly; "because you see I have tried it myself. And you really do love the boys?" she added after a little pause.

"Yes, I really do—all of them—not so much as I ought perhaps, but much better than I used. They are so much kinder and nicer to me, too. They got worse again after you went away; but they are much better—ever so much. Bruce is nearly always kind, and he and Wilfred hardly ever quarrel now. Wilfred isn't half so sulky as he used to be. Things are much nicer every way. I am so glad you came with us, Dolly. You are a real peacemaker everywhere, I think."

"Don't praise me, Molly, dear, I don't like it. I am only so very glad and happy that everything comes so nice. I think God has been very good to us all."

"And your mother is really coming back?" said Molly, recurring to their early topic, which had almost escaped her memory for the moment.

"Oh yes, I know she will—directly she has the letter. Papa can get furlough whenever he likes, I know. It is due to him or something, I don't quite understand what. And I think perhaps he will never go back to India at all, for he likes England, and so does mamma; and if grandmother is fond of us all and we are all happy together, I think perhaps they

will stay here altogether, and oh! we shall be so happy."

Dolly's day-dreams were very bright ones. She was full of eager anticipation, and Molly was as sympathetic a listener as she could wish for.

The boys came in presently, eager to see Dolly again, and very pleased at her delight in the news she had brought with her.

Bruce's foot was nearly well. He limped a little still, but very little, and he could walk a good distance without difficulty. He and Wilfred were still capital friends, and Dolly was soon carried off to see the model ship which was the admiration of all beholders now that it was completed, and stood in a place of honour in the library. Then there was the tank to be visited and admired—the tank which had been transported home with extreme difficulty and danger to itself and its occupants, and in which Dolly's old friend the spotted fish swam lazily and contentedly about.

"He is grown, I am sure," said the child, laughing. "Do you remember how I carried him home, Bruce, and what a hot day it was?"

"I remember," answered Bruce. "That was the beginning of it."

Dolly looked up quickly, with a shy, glad smile. She knew what he meant, and was pleased that he had not forgotten.

There was a pleasanter kind of understanding now between the Lennox boys. There were not so many rough words bandied about between them. They did not abuse each other on every little difference of opinion, nor fly into a passion on the smallest provocation.

They were not model boys yet. They were still hasty and thoughtless, and not always good-tempered or kind to each other; but the old continual striving and quarrelling was at an end. They did not tease each other from malice or unprovoked ill-humour. They could play without blows and rough words, and were better friends than they had ever been before.

"And it is all Dolly's doing," Molly would sometimes say, when this was commented upon, and nobody denied it. It did not seem very clear what Dolly had said or done, but none of those concerned seemed to doubt that she had taken an active share in their reformation.

Dolly was very happy. What with her lessons with kind Miss Manners, her quiet hours with her grandmother, and her games with Duke, her days were very fully occupied—time flew swiftly by.

There was only one trouble upon Dolly's mind now, and that had reference to Duke.

"Duke dear," she began one evening as they were sitting upstairs together. "Aren't you very, very pleased mamma and papa are coming home?"

"Yes, awfully," answered Duke, imitating the manly style of Bruce Lennox. "Lucy says she believes we shall go and live in papa's old castle sort of place in Warwickshire. It will be jolly. I don't care for this stupid old house of grandmother's."

"Oh Duke, it is a nice house. I am fond of it. But if we go to live somewhere else, grandmother will come to live with us too, won't she?"

"I don't know," answered Duke; "and I don't care."

"Oh Duke," said Dolly half reproachfully, "have you not learned to be fond of grandmother yet?"

Something in the tone shamed Duke a little.

"She is much nicer than she used to be," he admitted.

"She is kind and good, and she loves us both," answered Dolly. "It would be very wrong of us not to love her too."