

A FLIGHT WITH THE SWALLOWS.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER V.—ONLY A DOG.

Irene was not particularly attractive to strangers, and the passengers who turned upon Dorothy admiring glances, and even in that foolish way some people have, exclaimed, "What a lovely child!" scarcely gave a thought to her companion.

"A plain girl," one lady said; "they cannot be sisters!"

Then one of the ladies ventured to put her hand on Nino's head, who was curled up under the rug which was tucked round both little girls' legs, with his head and ears and black nose just appearing. Nino growled, and Dorothy made a gesture as if to get a little further away.

"Oh, what a cross little doggie!" was the remark.

"He is not cross," Dorothy said, pressing Nino closer.

"Don't you think so?" the lady said, in an offended tone. "Perhaps he has learned of his mistress to be cross."

She laughed, but Dorothy did not laugh, or even smile.

"He is a spoiled little dog," said the younger of the two ladies, reaching forward to give Nino another pat.

Another growl, and this time a snap.

"Horrid little beast!" was the next exclamation. "Children ought not to be allowed to take pet dogs about with them, to the annoyance of other people."

Dorothy edged away, closer and closer to Irene, who, to Dorothy's surprise, spoke out boldly.

"Nino did not growl till you touched him," she said; "no one ought to pat strange dogs."

"My dear, your opinion was neither asked for nor wanted," was the reply. And Dorothy struggled from the rug, and hastened to call her uncle, who was talking to a gentleman.

"Uncle Crannie, do come and move our seat; there are some very rude ladies who hate Nino."

But Canon Percival was busy talking, and did not immediately listen to Dorothy. Nino had toddled off to inspect the boat, and by some means, how, no one could quite tell, had slipped over the side of the steamer, and was engulfed in the seething waves below. Irene saw what had happened, and cried out—

"Oh! Nino has fallen through that open place. Nino will be drowned."

Then poor little Dorothy, turning, saw Irene rushing to the place, and called aloud—

"Nino, Nino will be drowned! Nino, Nino, my Nino! will nobody save him? Oh, Uncle Crannie, Uncle Crannie, save him!"

"It is only a dog!" the passengers on the steamer exclaimed, some with a sigh of relief, for at first it was rumored it was a child.

"Only a dog!" and Canon Percival said that to stop the steamer and lower a boat was out of the question. They were much behind as it was, and there would be barely time to catch the train to Paris.

There was no sign of Nino, and the surging waters had closed over him. Poor Nino! Two or three fishing snacks were in sight, and almost within speaking distance, but there was no hope of saving him.

"Only a dog!" but the heart of his little mistress felt as if it would break. She rushed down into the cabin, and with a wild cry of distress, threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Nino! my Nino is drowned. Oh, Nino! Nino!"

Poor Ingleby roused herself from her sickness to comfort her darling.

"Oh, Miss Dorothy, perhaps it is all for the best; he would have been unhappy, and in the way, and—"

But Dorothy refused comfort; and by the time they were in the train—which there was a great rush to catch at Boulogne—Dorothy was exhausted with crying, and

was only too glad to be tucked up on a seat near her mother, and soothed to sleep and forgetfulness of her trouble.

Irene felt very sorry for Dorothy, but she had never had a home and pets, either dogs or cats; and she could not therefore enter into the extent of Dorothy's grief. Having offered all the consolation in her power, which had been repulsed, Irene resigned herself to a book that Ingleby had given her out of her well-stocked basket, and before long she, too, was asleep.

"Perhaps we can buy another white dog in Paris," Mrs. Acheson suggested to Canon Percival.

"Oh no! that would not answer. I don't think you want any more trouble, and if poor old Nino was troublesome sometimes, a young successor would be certain to be ten times more troublesome. As a rule, dogs are unwelcome visitors in other people's

houses, and again and again did Mrs. Acheson wish that she had followed her brother's advice, and left poor Nino at home.

It was not till the two children were left together, after partaking of crescent-shaped rolls and coffee, that Irene ventured to say anything to Dorothy.

"Don't cry any more, Dorothy; it makes other people so unhappy, and," said Irene, wisely, "it won't bring Nino back!"

"I know that! I know that! What do you tell me that for? Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Well," Irene said, "I want to tell you anything which will make you try to stop crying."

"That won't," said Dorothy, crossly; "you never, never had a dog; how should you know what I feel?"

"I am not thinking so much about what you feel," Irene said, with refreshing frankness; "I am thinking of your mamma, and

"Five year old, ma'm'selle, and as lovely as an angel."

"What did your mother do?" Irene asked; "your poor mother!"

"She comforted my poor father, for it was when cutting the rushes with him that Antoine fell into the water. She dried her eyes, and tried to be cheerful for his, my father's sake. The pain at her poor heart was terrible, terrible, but she said to me, 'Jeanette, I must hide the pain for the sake of the dear father. I only tell it to God.'"

Both the children listened to Jeanette's story with keen interest, and Irene asked—

"How is your poor mother now?"

"She is calm, she is quiet; she does her work for them all, and her face has a look of peace. M. le Cure says it is the peace that comes of bearing sorrow, as the Lord Jesus bore the cross, and that is the way for us all; little and young, or old, it is the

same. But I must go; there is so much work, night and day, day and night. See, dear little ma'm'selle"—and Jeanette foraged in the deep pocket of her white apron—"here are some bon-bons, chocolate of the best; see, all shining like silver."

She laid some round chocolate balls, covered with silver paper, in Dorothy's hand, and said—

"Try to sleep away your sorrow, ma'm'selle, and wake fresh and happy for madame's sake."

"Every one tells me that," said Dorothy, "except mother. She does not tell me I don't care for her; she does not tell me to be happy for her sake. As if I could—could—forget my Nino."

"No one thinks you can forget him," Irene said; "but if crying makes you ill, and makes your mamma miserable, you should try to stop."

Dorothy began to taste the excellence of Jeanette's chocolate, and offered some to Irene, saying—

"That was a pretty story of Jeanette's about her poor little brother. Didn't you think so, Irene?"

"Yes," Irene said, thoughtfully; "I hope God will comfort Antoine's poor father."

"It's the mother that cared the most—it was the mother who was so miserable."

"Ah! but it was the father who let the little boy slip into the water; it was a thousand times worse for him," Irene said.

(To be Continued.)



"OH, WHAT A CROSS LITTLE DOGGIE!"

houses, and Lady Burnside may dislike the race. I am sorry for Dorothy's trouble, and for the poor little creature's end, but, as Ingleby says, there are worse sorrows than the loss of a dog."

"I suppose he was drowned at once," Mrs. Acheson said; "I do hope he did not struggle long for life."

"He was probably sucked under the steamer, and it would be over directly, let us hope." Then Canon Percival pulled his travelling-cap over his eyes, and was soon wrapt in profound slumber.

When the party arrived at Paris at Meurice's Hotel, Dorothy's tears broke forth afresh, and she had to be conveyed to her room by poor Ingleby, followed by Irene, who carried Miss Belinda and a number of other miscellaneous articles.

Mrs. Acheson, tired and worn out, was forbidden by Canon Percival to go to Dor-

othy, and again and again did Mrs. Acheson wish that she had followed her brother's

advice, and left poor Nino at home. At this moment a door from another room opened, and rattling a big bunch of keys, a pretty, bright *femme de chambre* came in.

"Ah!" she said, in her broken English, "Ah! what pains little ma'm'selle? Is she ill? Does she want a doctor?"

"No," Irene said: "her favorite little dog was drowned as we crossed the sea. He fell over the edge of the steamer, and we never saw him again."

"Ah! but that is sad; but oh! dear *petite*," the kind woman said, going up to Dorothy, "think what grief my poor mother has, for my little brother Antoine fell into the river when all the flowers were coming out in May, and was dragged out cold and dead. Ah! but that was grief"

"How old was he?" Dorothy said.

other's faces. That seemed the end of their exchange of thought. No; suddenly the Hindoo exclaimed, "Hallelujah!"

The New Zealander shouted back, "Amen!"

These two words of another language than their own each had engrafted upon his native dialect even as they had taken the love of Jesus into their hearts. And thus Christian heart could hold communion with another Christian heart.—*Pansy*.

COUNT WILLIAM BISMARCK, the Chancellor's youngest son and deputy-governor of Hanau, recently reminded the younger school teachers of his district of their duty to stay away from saloons and to quit card-playing. The young gentlemen took offence and told him to mind his business, but he answered them, that he was minding it exactly.