

whom we found at home, and were most kindly welcomed by his Lordship, Mrs. Inglis and their daughter. Heard here of Mr. Keble's letter to Justice Coleridge. *The Bishop rings clearly, as to the great question of the day, Catholic truth and order.* Halifax has taken me by a most agreeable surprise."

VERBUM SAP.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A Scene in Bond Street.

ALONG a crowded thoroughfare,
It chanced, I took my way;
The jostling crowd from every side,
Moved onward, without stay.
In gorgeous equipages borne,
Fair ladies, richly clad,
Passed on, amidst the busy whirl,
Their looks, their voices glad.
Then suddenly my eyes did rest
Upon a figure small;
A ragged urchin near me stood,
Unheeded he by all,
No charm for him the motley throng
Possesses, as he stands,
With face upturned and upward gaze,
And eager, outstretched hands.
Unconscious of the swaying crowd,
That elbows him the while,
All spell-bound he. Around his lips
There plays a sunny smile.
"And what," methought, "can thus arrest
This youthful truant's sight?
Lost to all else around, whence comes
The source of his delight?"
Whilst thus I mused, anon he stirred,
And further from me drew;
More eager grew the wistful face,
The hands more eager too;
Then reaching forward with a bound,
He caught his longed-for prey.
A thistledown! I saw him clasp,
Within his palm it lay.
This then the object of his zeal!
A silky thistledown!
Whence winged that airy traveller
Its way to London town?
One moment only did the lad,
Triumphant, hold it fast,
Then ope'd his hands, and to the winds,
The downy stranger cast;
And then his cap into the air,
With vig'rous swing he tossed,
Forgetful of the precious prize,
So late obtained, and lost!
The boy a picture of the man,
Who, in ambition's pride,
Pursues an object which, attained,
He, reckless, casts aside.

MRS. HENRY CREWE.

DOROTHY.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

BY T. M. B.

CHAPTER XVIII.—RETRIBUTION.

(Continued.)

As for Benjamin Bolden he sat half through the night motionless, his head bowed on his clenched hands. Was *this* the end of all his pride and his ambition? was this the fruit of his life-long toiling after wealth? of his visions of the future for his noble looking, aristocratic son, who was to take his place among the highest in the land, the representative, as it were, of the vast wealth and the power it entailed, which in the future, the far

future it had seemed, Benjamin Bolden was to leave behind him? So prosperous all his life through, so used to the smoothly running wheels of life, such a favorite of fortune, it had seemed to him as though the adversities which beset other men could not touch him where he stood upon his broad-based, golden pedestal, and now, for all his gold, England did not hold a man more wretched to-night than Benjamin Bolden. The bitterest drop, however, in his most bitter cup was the thought that it was due to the clemency of Arthur Rivers alone that Vere would escape this overwhelming disgrace becoming public.

"It would be but common justice," Rupert Vaughan had said, "that the stigma of this crime should be publicly transferred from Mr. Rivers to your son, and you can judge for yourself, having heard the defence I have prepared, whether it would be so, but my client does not desire this. It may appear quixotic on his part, but he has no wish to clear himself at your son's expense. He merely demands that you should withdraw the prosecution, stating that you are now persuaded that you were in error in suspecting him to have been guilty of the charge against him."

He, Benjamin Bolden, would henceforth owe a debt, so great as never to be repaid to Arthur Rivers, the man whom he had injured irreparably, whom he had habitually despised; the proud man writhed under the thought. And on the other hand, this deadly secret about Vere was in the possession of another on whose discretion there could be no claim. What guarantee existed that it would not be whispered abroad, that it would not become public gossip? a blight upon the name which was to have stood so high? and not all his wealth could buy back a stainless name for Vere Bolden. The torturing anxiety which grew upon him seemed to confuse his brain. Things which had transpired in his own life, not crimes of which the law could have laid hold, but actions which were best buried out of sight and forgotten, and indeed had been so for years, rose up now one by one and confronted him. They had been hidden away somewhere in the chambers of his memory, and he had lived on untroubled by a thought of them, the proud, important man; but now they stirred and woke and passed before him in a long procession of ugly shapes which he could not shut out, and mingled with them were the remembrances of Vere's childish faults, of his youthful follies and his manly vices, all unchecked, save when they interfered with his Father's absolute authority; and Vere's CRIME appeared as the fitting climax of them all.

Sitting thus in the dead hours of the night, the distant sound of wheels caught his ear, he started, listened; he knew what the sound meant, it was Vere leaving his father's house without a farewell.

CHAPTER XIX.—OUT OF THE SHADOW.

It had been snowing steadily throughout the afternoon, and London, east and west, wore for a brief season a mantle of pure white over its dingy squalor as well as its magnificence. At sundown the sky had cleared, and now innumerable stars began to glitter in the wintry blue, and a new, keen-edged moon shone out above the monster city, for even in London winter sometimes asserts himself in his beauty and rigor.

Dorothy had been for an hour past restlessly wandering about the parlor, now looking with longing, expectant eyes up and down the street, though she knew they would not come before nightfall, now surring the fire into a blaze, now giving some transforming touch to the arrangements of the room. She had put on her prettiest dress, with delicate frills of lace about her neck and sleeves, and a flower which Rupert Vaughan had brought her in her bosom. She wanted to look her very best, and was glad that excitement had given a rosy flush to her cheeks, which of late had been so colourless. A little supper-table, spread with a snowy cloth and appetizing fare, was laid for three, and on it stood a bouquet of choice flowers. Everything betokened loving preparation. How unspeakably she longed for her father's return to her, yet when at last the sound of the closing house-door and steps upon the stairs

told her that they had come, her heart seemed to stand still, and the colour died out of her face. The steps came slowly, and now they had reached the door, but her trembling hands could scarcely open it.

"Papa," she sobbed, "my darling!" and clasped her arms about him, as though she could never let him go. How much, much older he looked—quite feeble and so weary. But he smiled on her with love unutterable as he suffered her to lead him to a seat, the easiest of easy chairs, which Rupert had sent the day before.

"Home again with my little girl," he said, and that was all, but he could not take his eyes from her face.

Rupert had gone to the window and was looking out at the white roofs and the starlit sky. In the depth and tenderness of his sympathy he felt that this meeting was too sacred even for the eyes of one who loved them both so well. But after a little silence he felt the touch of Dorothy's hand upon his arm.

"I want to thank you," she said—"oh, you must let me thank you; you must let me say at least a little, a very little, of what I feel, for my heart is too full. I will pray God to bless you every day of my life, and the day when I can do something to prove my gratitude to you will be the happiest to me."

He was too much moved to answer her. There was but one way in which she could add to his happiness, and of that her heart knew nothing. He took her hand and led her back to her father, then drew a seat near them for himself. Katy had not yet seen her master, but now Dorothy rang to summon her, and the faithful woman came, trying to hide her agitation as best she might.

"Katy, you have been a true friend," said Mr. Rivers, holding out his hand; "next to Mr. Vaughan there is no one to whom we owe so much."

"Bless you, sir," said Katy, "don't talk to me like that, it breaks my heart. Could I have left her, poor lamb? wasn't she like my own? Thank the Lord you have come back, master."

But in the privacy of her little attic room that night Katy indulged in a long, hearty cry. "He was sadly changed, sadly changed," she said, shaking her head, "more shame on them that brought this trouble on him, that was the best and kindest and honest-heartedest gentleman she had ever known."

They did not talk much that first evening of his return. He was indeed very weary, though wondrously happy, too, to be once more with his child. He had come out of the dark shadow, but it seemed as though it had left a chill upon him.

"You will come to-morrow," said Dorothy once more to Rupert when he was going.

He smiled.

"I will come to-morrow and as often as I can," he answered, "but remember that I have large arrears of work to look after."

"I know, of course, you have put everything aside for us, but you must not think that we can do without you now," she said, with something of her old sweet unreasonableness.

A few days passed, and it was plain to Dorothy that for the future her father would not be the bread-winner for the little family. The money which the sale of their furniture had realized had been diminishing with startling rapidity, though Katy had striven hard to husband it, and Dorothy was fully alive to the necessity of rigid economy. Yet where her father was concerned she could not find it in her heart to economize. True it was under protest that he partook of the little delicacies which she procured for him, but she could be imperious still, and he was too feeble to remonstrate very vigorously.

(To be continued.)

THE most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.