

companionship or the need for earning in any way. Every day one sees or hears of sudden events that change the whole complexion of the world for the young. The first great change to girls who have lived a happy sheltered young life, always brings with it a shock of terror. It seems as if the whole world were altered; as if nothing were ever going to be the same any more. This change in surroundings is often associated with the sorrow of bereavement. There may be no necessity to earn; but the "home is broken up," to use the sad and expressive phrase, by the death of a father, or of the surviving parent.

A generation ago children used to be charmed with *Parables from Nature*, by Mrs. Gatty, and there was one, of exquisite beauty, illustrating the thought "This is not your Rest." Even to the child-heart it brought a hint of the truth that permanence in one order of things is not to be looked for here below; that the change, the parting, which seems so distressing and alarming, may be but one stage of progress towards a higher life. As we grow older, the truth is increasingly felt. We should never, ourselves, break up the loved and familiar circle, interrupt the happy routine; but it may be necessary for our true progress that this should be done, and not only good but happiness may be waiting in the future, all unknown.

For individual needs as for the progress of the world it is well that:—

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

A ship was leaving the docks for Australia, and with tears and forebodings a group of friends were bidding farewell to an orphan girl who was going across the world. A terrible new chapter in life it seemed, thus to break away from all she held most dear, with no prospect but that of loneliness.

Yet in a few months there came to England the news of one of the most perfectly congenial marriages that were ever solemnised; and the girl gratefully felt: "Had it not been for this

severance and journey into the unknown, I should never have met with this crown to my life."

Another girl was training for a musical career, and had bright hopes before her, when she was attacked by violinist's cramp. Her beloved work was stopped. The chapter in her life was closed for ever. In brave and cheerful hope she began another "chapter," and she became more successful with her pen than she ever could have hoped to become with her violin.

There may not, it is true, always be this happy development of "new chapters in life," but there are always possibilities. "Opportunity, mother of all things," as the Greeks called it, is born of change.

On the first entrance into a foreign *pen-sion*, how unfamiliar the people seem, even though they are compatriots; how one views them with instinctive dislike and feel sure one will never be at home among them! Yet in a few days, how familiar they become; what charming friends are found; what pleasant associations crop up even with those who are not so intimate! Knowledge changes everything. It may be the same with other new surroundings.

What seems forbidding and hopeless grows softened, even if not actually delightful, through familiarity.

Courage, hope, and trust—these taken together, make up a priceless amulet.

If any one of my readers who has shortly to enter upon some new chapter in her life, is looking forward to it with dismay and apprehension, let me try to comfort her. Possibly, may probably, it will not be half so bad as she thinks. The unknown is often terrible, but as it draws close, a pleasant countenance may be descried beneath the veil. Then, though it is not in one's own power to compel circumstances to be exactly as one likes, it is in one's power to do the right.

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man,

When Duty whispers low, Thou must,

The youth replies, I can!"

Let my girl-friend then brace herself up to meet that which is to come, and try, if she can, to profit by the experience of the sage who had lived.

"No longer forward nor behind,

I look in hope or fear,

But grateful take the good I find,

The best of now and here.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay

Aside the toiling oar,

The Angel sought so far away.

I welcome at my door."

Ah! you say, that is all very well; but it is difficult when one is young, and one's life seems entering upon a phase that is repellent and dreary.

It is hard, and I sympathise with all my heart with the girl who thus feels. But it is to a wonderful extent within our own power to make the immediate surroundings of our own lives.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," is a deep as well as a Divine saying. The proud and wilful, who resist and rebel at every turn, who think of their own pleasure first, find life bitter. The "meek"—those who in no craven spirit can efface their own personal demands in the presence of a larger need, can submit themselves readily to what duty requires, find pleasures undreamed-of lying close at their feet. There is in Ruskin's *Modern Painters* a beautiful passage, which I have quoted elsewhere, on this very subject.

Dante knew himself the bitterness of having to mount and descend alien stairs. Yet there is one line in his great poem which may be commended to all who are perplexed about the secret of living.

An angel when questioned as to whether she is satisfied with her position in a lower sphere, replies thus:

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace," which is, being translated:

"In His Will is our Peace."

DOROTHY EVANS; OR, PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH.

CHAPTER I.



"H, Dora, whatever made you think of doing such a thing?"

Dorothy Evans, kneeling by the open window, looked up at her sister who was carefully packing clean linen into an open drawer, and answered with a deprecating smile—

"You know,

Hilda, I was always fond of writing; it didn't seem so very presumptuous, when I had often succeeded in school themes, and things of that kind. Besides, if I do fail, it will not be very dreadful; no one need know."

"Didn't you tell father, then?"

"Yes, of course. I asked him if he had any objection to my trying; but you know the absent way he has sometimes; he smiled and said, 'not the least,' and I really think he hardly understood what it was that I had asked him about."

"I am not sure that I understand myself, even now," said Hilda. "You had better tell me all over again, for it almost took my breath away to think of your making such an attempt."

"Well, you know I saw it announced in the June number of the *Teacher's Magazine*, that the Sunday Association had offered a prize of ten pounds for the best essay on Self-sacrifice. The competition was to be open to all Sunday-school teachers under twenty-five years of age, and to all senior scholars. There were the usual conditions about the length of papers, and the marking with a motto and sending your own name in a separate envelope, and all that; and it did not seem quite impossible that, if I tried, I might happen to win. So I wrote a paper and sent it in by the 6th of July, which was the date fixed, and now I'm all on thorns waiting for the September *Teacher*, in which the result will be given."

"But, my dear child, perhaps there will be two or three hundred competitors, and some of them will have had many more advantages than you have enjoyed. What chance can you possibly have of winning ten pounds, nearly as much as my half year's salary, by the way?"

Dora looked unconvinced. "Girls do win things," she rejoined. "Only think of Harriet Martineau; she was quite a girl when she won three prizes for essays, and they came to

ever so much money, twenty-five pounds I think it was. I was reading all about it the other day."

"Yes, child, I know, but you are not a Harriet Martineau; however, I don't want to damp your ardour; what motto did you choose?"

"'Dum spiro spero,'" said Dora, with a slight blush.

"Dora, do you know what it means? Why, they will think you care ever so much about it."

"Of course I know what it means, Hilda," replied the younger sister, with still more heightened colour. "It means, 'while I breathe I hope,' and so I do hope, with all my heart and soul, that I shall win the prize. Think what ten pounds would be to me."

"Inexhaustible riches, no doubt. I wonder whatever you would do with it."

"Oh, there would be a hundred things to do with it," smiled Dora. In imagination she had laid out that ten pounds again and again, and she lapsed for a few moments into a happy silence, as she thought once more of possible success.

Hilda and Dorothy were the second and third of Mr. Gerald Evans's five daughters; they were fair, rather pretty girls of nineteen and seventeen years respectively. Hilda had for some time been a teacher in a girls' boarding-school, situated some twenty miles from Wedgbury, the country town where her father