

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

THOU AND I.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Sadly afar;
Thou, safe, beyond, above,
I, 'neath the star;
Thou, where flowers deathless spring,
I, where they fade;
Thou, in God's Paradise,
I, 'mid the shade.

Thou, where each gale breathes balm,
I, tempest tossed;
Thou, where true joy is found,
I, where 'tis lost,
Thou, counting ages thine;
I, not the morrow,
Thou, learning more of bliss,
I, more of sorrow.

Thou, in eternal peace,
I, 'mid earth's strife;
Thou, where care hath no name,
I, where 'tis life;
Thou, without need of hope,
I, where 'tis vain;
Thou, with wings dropping light,
I, with time's chain.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever;
Thou, by life's deathless fount,
I, near death's river;
Thou, winning wisdom's lore,
I, strength to trust;
Thou, 'mid the seraphim,
I, in the dust.

DOROTHY.

A TALE.

(Written for the Church Guardian)

BY T. M. B.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.—A PLEASANT VISIT.

Dorothy was feeding her pet pigeons upon the lawn, making a charming picture in her pretty, simple dress and broad-brimmed hat. A step upon the garden path made her look up, and at the unexpected sight of Mr. Vere Bolden she started and blushed a little.

"You see, Miss Rivers, I have taken you at your word. You said I might come to see you."

"I am sorry papa is not in," said Dorothy, as she held out her hand, "he is always engaged at your father's office until after this hour, and does not get home till towards evening sometimes."

Vere Bolden expressed some polite regret at Mr. Rivers' absence, but stated that his visit was specially to Miss Rivers, if she would accept it.

"What a charming spot this is," he continued, looking somewhat vaguely in the direction of the high-road.

"You need not consider yourself under the necessity of admiring it," said Dorothy, "I myself am not so prejudiced in its favour as to suppose that a stranger, especially one who has seen half the beautiful places in the world, must go into raptures over it. Still, in our eyes, it is very pretty, I suppose because it is our home."

"Will you let me walk through the garden with you?"

"Certainly," and Dorothy led the way across the shaded lawn and along the winding paths between her pretty flower-beds. Their progress was very slow, for Vere Bolden found something to say at almost every step, causing Dorothy to turn and answer, now with her low, sweet laugh, now with

some bright rejoinder. It was the stillest of summer afternoons, but not oppressively warm; the air was full of the perfume of flowers, and black-birds and thrushes sang among the trees, as though London were a hundred miles away.

To Vere Bolden there was a keen charm of novelty and contrast with previous experience in Dorothy and her surroundings, and again he felt in her presence that release from the pressing, almost desperate anxieties which tormented him. To Dorothy, too, there was an added sense of enjoyment. Was she not fancy-free? and was it not natural that the society of this very handsome and agreeable man, who could talk so well and pleasantly, should be acceptable to a young, joyous girl? and besides there was the subtle sense that he admired her, and admiration possessed a charm for Dorothy. Then there was the fact of their having intimately known each other in what seemed to her the "long ago" of childhood, and it was this, perhaps, which, more than anything else, contributed to the pleasure of their renewed acquaintance. An hour so spent may sometimes suffice to ripen acquaintance into intimacy, more than many days would do under other circumstances.

After loitering to and fro for some time, they found themselves, as Dorothy said, "out-side the domain of the beautiful," amongst the homely bushes of the vegetable garden, where she had been gathering the currants that day when Rupert Vaughan had found her with a tear-stained face and had come to make peace with her. There was the seat, too, under the lilacs, where she had given him some of her currants and had made friends with him. Truly a strange and complex thing is the female heart. Suddenly the remembrance of Rupert Vaughan, as he had looked that day, smote Dorothy with a sort of pain, and some laughing speech that she was making remained half-spoken. It was but a flash of thought, but so keen a flash that she saw herself for a moment as never before. How harsh, how unjust and cruel had she been to him, her old, tried friend, that day.

Vere Bolden was looking at her curiously; he noted a sudden change in the speaking face.

"That is a charming seat in the shade of those bushes," he said; "do you ever invite your guests to rest there?"

"No," said Dorothy, "the kitchen garden is ordinarily sacred to me, and Katy, our old servant, and she resents the intrusion of ordinary mortals."

"Even if one is a little tired with a long walk?" asked Vere, with a pleading look in his dark eyes. "Yes, because she would say there are seats on the lawn and 'there is the house to rest in,' and indeed, Mr. Bolden, I am ashamed not to have invited you in at first. Will you come in now and wait till papa returns? He will be back soon."

But Mr. Bolden felt no special desire to see Mr. Rivers.

"My stroll with you has been the most delightful sort of rest," he said, "and I fear that I must go soon to catch the train. I have enjoyed my visit intensely," and as Dorothy laughed to hide some slight confusion at the fervency of his manner, he added, "You can hardly imagine what a delightful impression this home of yours has made upon me; it must be that there is some spell about it."

He was lingering near her by the gate, she, truth to tell, pleased to have him linger.

"It must be the spell of a summer day and sunshine," she said, with pretty coquetry. "But summer days and sunshine do not as a general thing affect me in this way—no, it must be the association with the days I spent here with you long ago—they seem to be renewed."

Had Dorothy possessed any knowledge of Vere Bolden she would have taken this pretty speech for what it was worth, yet he was not wholly insincere in making it, and it was his own partial belief in it which made it sound true to Dorothy.

"I am glad you are not one of those who forget old times," she said, as she gave him her hand to say good-bye.

"And may I come again?"

"I should be glad to see you, but come when papa is at home; he will be sorry to have missed you."

With one more glance and smile, he went away, leaving Dorothy not quite the same Dorothy as before his visit.

On his way to the station he encountered Mr. Rivers and Rupert Vaughan walking leisurely homeward; the older man, as was his custom of late, had taken the arm of his companion. It was with some surprise that Mr. Rivers recognized Vere Bolden, who, on his part, had been scrutinizing the tall stranger as they approached each other.

"A glorious evening, Mr. Rivers; I have been paying my respects to your daughter sorry, not to have found you at home, though I might have known that you did not leave town so early."

Mr. Rivers, not very cordially, replied "that there being rather a press of business just then, he could not return until somewhat late, but hoped he should be more fortunate in being at home another time, should Mr. Bolden find his way to the cottage again." "Which I hope to do," rejoined Vere. "Do you know, Mr. Rivers, I have never forgotten your kindness to me when I was a little fellow, nor the jolly afternoons which I spent occasionally at your house when you took me out of town with you. I was saying so to Miss Rivers just now. It is surprising how such memories stick to one."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Rivers, but still without the warmth of manner which such a sentiment might have been expected to evoke. "I shall look you up at the office in a day or so; I have really too much idle time on my hands just now, and, by-the-bye, I should like to consult you about Mud-borough."

This was said rapidly, and with a friendly wave of the hand Mr. Vere Bolden quickened his steps, as the far-off whistle of the up-train sounded.

For a few moments not a word was spoken by the two friends. Rupert Vaughan was tasting the first bitterness of a new pain—a pang of jealousy. This fellow, with his handsome face—this man of the world, with his perfumed elegance and easy assurance, had been spending how long a time with Dorothy? What impression had he made upon her? Rupert knew, of course, of their meeting at dinner at Mr. Bolden's, and already there existed some undefined suspicion in his mind respecting him, but now it had acquired in an instant a definite shape which tortured him.

"So that is Mr. Vere Bolden?" he said at last. "Yes, by-the-bye, I did not introduce you."

"I was by no means anxious for an introduction."

There was a harshness in the tone which made Mr. Rivers glance at his companion.

"You were not very favourably impressed? well, I must candidly say neither am I. I knew him as a child and a youth, and from his bringing up did not expect great things of his manhood. But perhaps I misjudge him."

Rupert Vaughan was too generous not to feel angered with himself for his prejudice.

"I do not presume to pronounce an opinion," he said; "he is a fine-looking fellow certainly, and may possess qualities as good as his looks. Our antipathies are sometimes unfounded."

"Antipathy is a strong word to apply in the present case, is it not?" said Mr. Rivers, wondering at his friend's altered manner.

"Yes, but to be honest, I fear I cannot withdraw it."

Little more was said until they reached the cottage.

(To be continued.)

SAITH an old divine, "Make me what thou wilt, Lord, and set me where thou wilt. Anywhere where I may be serviceable. Let me be employed for Thee, or laid aside for Thee, exalted for Thee, or trodden under foot for Thee. I freely and heartily resign all to Thy pleasure and disposal."