

early days of "teetotalism," and even now that "ism" is too frequently looked upon as a substitute for religion, and as Canon Wilberforce, in spite of the almost craze which seems to possess him, says that the temperance cause must not be divorced from religion, allow me to suggest that the badge be a distinctly religious one, which the "bit of blue" certainly is not, nor has it any associations, and as such it could not assume a better form than that of a Red Cross. It might be of any size the wearer chose or the society should determine, provided it was distinctly to be seen; it might be worn round the neck, as some now wear that sacred badge, only let it be worn as a mark of profession, not as a trinket, which in any case is a profanation; or it might be worn as a pectoral, or attached to a watch chain. Only let it be distinct as St. George's, or a Latin, or a foliated Cross.

Yours faithfully,

PHILECCLESIA.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

FAILURE.

ART thou nigh beaten in the battle dread,
Beaten down on thy knee and sore bestead?

Then on thy knee
Beneath the stars to the great whole upsoar,
In dust and ashes worship and adore.

Is thy sword shivered in thy helpless hands,
Smiting the wrong that still thy force withstands?

Then in thy heart,
Thy fainting heart, the splinters hide, that so
Thy blood may richer for the world's life flow.

Dost thou weep bitter tears o'er hopes foregone,
O'er ills unrighted, faith belied, undone?

Arise, praise GOD!
Who gives thee deep-sea pearls of priceless worth,
To diadem the right discrowned on earth.

Are all thine efforts fruitless, vain, ill-spiced,
Futile and weak as broken ends of thread?

Yea, even so!
Of broken shells He maketh, so He wills,
The everlasting marble of His hills.

'Evil is all too strong,' dost fainting cry?
'It conquers life and labour, let me die!'

Yet ere thou die,
Show thou the stronger: good that conquers death,
Failing, grows strong, struck down, but wins new breath.

Out of the tumbling deeps comes thy last cry,
'There is no GOD, what good to toil and die?'

Go to, faint heart!
Strike from the dark the light that proves the Light,
No GOD? Create Him, dying for the right!

DOROTHY.

(Written for the Church Guardian)

BY T. M. B.

CHAPTER IX.—THE TURNING POINT.

(Continued.)

The young girl had fallen into a deep reverie, a reverie in which the image of Vere Bolden had begun to mingle, when a springing step upon the stairs made her start nervously and listen. The rooms occupied by the other clerks were below, her father had told her; but to-day was a holiday for them all. Was anyone coming to her father? Yes, the step mounted the second flight, and stopped upon the landing. There was a light tap at the door, and while she hesitated for an instant before opening it, a voice, which she had learnt to know well within the last month or two, said: "Will you let me in, Miss Rivers?" Then blushing and even trembling a little, Dorothy un-

locked the door, and Vere Bolden stood before her.

"You startled me, Mr. Bolden," she said. "I was foolish enough to feel a little frightened when I heard a tap. Did you meet papa?"

"Yes, by the happiest chance. I met him on his way to get a carriage. He told me I should find you here, and here I am."

There was a slight confusion in the young man's manner, and he was a little pale, with an eager look in his eyes.

It was not unnatural that the thought should touch Dorothy like a flash of light that it was their meeting which caused this, and that in consequence the flush should deepen on her own fair face.

"You have not told me yet that I might come in," he said, and Dorothy, who had indeed been standing in the doorway, stepped aside laughing.

"Well since you are Mr. Vere Bolden, I suppose I cannot refuse you admittance," she said, "and you may share the responsibility with me."

She took her former seat at the window, and he the one which she had vacated before her father's desk, on which the letters he had written were still lying.

Vere Bolden had reached a crisis in his life. The clouds which threatened him were just about to burst upon him, and he was ready, as a desperate man, to seize any way of escape from the storm. His mind was in a whirl of passionate excitement, and he stood as one pursued who is about to take a leap into an abyss. Yet even now the presence of Dorothy moved him; he noted the pure beauty of her face, her musical voice, her girlish grace, and he felt, even now, that she was different from any of the women he had known.

"You are going to Richmond, your father tells me," he said, looking at her rather wistfully.

"Yes, we always enjoy a day in the park, and I think it does him good."

"You will have a glorious day; how I should like to meet you there. Could there be any such good fortune in store for me?"

He met Dorothy's glance for a moment.

"Did you intend to go there to-day?" she asked evasively.

"I do intend to go since I know that you are going," he answered. "I am sure the park will look its best to-day, and I know you are too compassionate to let me wander about in a fruitless search for you. You will tell me where I am likely to find you?"

"How can I tell," said Dorothy, "papa has a variety of pet places, hard to describe."

"But about sunset, I am sure you will be near the river on the slope. You know that spot which is said to be the best for seeing the river. May I not hope to find you there?"

There was a curiously troubled, almost feverish manner about him which affected Dorothy strangely.

"We can ask papa," she said; "he will be here presently; yes, I dare say we shall be there."

"Then I shall have that to look forward to," he said, still with that troubled look, "it will help me through the day."

"Why do you need anything to help you through the day?" asked Dorothy; "why should time pass heavily with you, Mr. Bolden? You so young, and with life so full of interests?"

"O wise woman!" he said, with mingled bitterness and tenderness in his tone, "you remind me of the fable I have read about a dove preaching peace and content to an eagle whose wing had been broken by a shot and whom she met brooding in anguish after his misfortune. She tells him of the beauty and peace of her life, and speaks of all the occupations which fill up her time. And he answers, oh wisdom, wisdom thou speakest like a dove! Not that I resemble the eagle," he went on with a laugh, "but, you just then recalled the wise dove to my remembrance."

She had never seen him in a mood like this before, and felt a little wounded that he should place her in altogether a different category from himself. "I assure you I am very far from being

a dove," she said, "although no doubt you are right about my incapacity to enter into your views of life, you must pardon my presumption." This was said with an indescribable little touch of coldness and even irony, which showed Dorothy in a new light. "You can be severe," said Vere Bolden, "but I throw myself on your mercy, which after all is more natural to you." They looked at each other and laughed, though the next instant the shadow had grown again upon Vere Bolden's face.

In a little while Mr. Rivers returned for Dorothy. "Can we put you down anywhere, Mr. Bolden?" he asked, and Vere accepted a seat in the carriage as far as Regent street. Before leaving the office Mr. Rivers took from his desk the letters which he had written.

"I must stop at an office to post these," he said, slipping them into his pocket, and as they drove along he stopped the driver. "Allow me to post them for you," said Vere, and noticing a momentary hesitation on the part of Mr. Rivers, he added, "Come, you must not think me incapable of so small a business transaction as that." "Let Mr. Bolden post them, papa," said Dorothy, seeing that the young man seemed desirous of doing her father this small service, and the next moment Vere, holding the letters in his hand had disappeared in the door way.

There was a delay, enough for father and daughter to glance once or twice in the direction he had taken, and then he came out and again took his seat opposite Dorothy. "I hope I did not keep you waiting very long," he said, speaking in a rapid tone, "Some of these officials are such blundering fellows, and I had a letter of my own which I wanted to register abroad."

"Are you unwell Mr. Bolden?" Dorothy half started from her seat as she saw his face suddenly turn deathly pale, but by an almost superhuman effort he recovered himself. "Thank you, just a momentary spasm, I have always been subject to it," he said, "I shall be all right presently." And indeed by the time they reached Regent street a dark flush had succeeded the pallor which had alarmed her. "And now I will ask you to put me down," he said. "But are you really better?" asked Dorothy with gentle solicitude in her face. The look haunted him like that of an accusing angel, when they had driven on and left him standing for a moment or two as one in a dream.

The plunge had been taken, and Vere Bolden had in a moment, as it were, freed himself from the pursuing terrors which for months past had robbed him of peace and enjoyment, but he had exchanged them for a far worse tyranny; he had taken the step which leads from folly and error into crime, and bought a reprieve from exposure and disgrace by taking upon himself that burden of self-contempt which drags men too often into lower and lower depths of abasement. Three days more, and the term allowed by his creditors in Paris would have expired. To-day, he had been ready to seize any means of escape which offered. And now he had secured one. He did not give himself one moment for thought, the voice pleading with him as it pleads with every human soul, he resolutely turned a deaf ear to. No, he would be free, free at any price. He hastened to his club. It was still so early in the day that he found himself alone in the library. He sat down at a writing table, and drew writing materials towards him. Then from a letter which he drew from his breast—a letter which had been opened—he took a cheque and laid it on the table before him. It was a cheque for a moderately large amount, but which by a very little skilful alteration could be increased in value ten-fold. He dipped the pen in the ink and then, while the sweat stood in great beads upon his forehead, the change was made, and a line written on the back. Then scrawling a brief note he enclosed it with the cheque in an envelope addressed to Monsieur Adrien de Chateaudun, at a certain hotel in Paris, and putting on his hat, he went out and posted it.

(To be continued.)

THE charities that soothe, heal, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.