

from all storms and dangers! Has she not fulfilled her promise? Indeed, when I cease to praise and thank our glorious Mother, the Queen of Heaven, who has done so much for me, I consent to be called an idiot or a brute. I give you this little sketch of Notre Dame—years before you were born—that you may, when you return, enjoy the more your surroundings so providentially changed from a wilderness into a charming oasis, in the midst of which every one can see, from miles around, on a high throne, the sacred image of our heavenly Queen and Mother, telling the sky, not a lie, but the true love of our hearts. What a sweet reminder for a loving child of what he loves best on earth and in heaven."

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

Hymn for the New Year.

We praise Thee, Lord! for mercies past,
Thy blessing on the future crave;
Thine would we be while life shall last,
Thine from the cradle to the grave.

And shouldst Thou still our lives prolong
Another opening year to see;
Oh! may we in Thy strength be strong,
And still more closely follow Thee.

And when this mortal life is o'er,
When earthly pleasures from us flee;
May we, on Heaven's bright golden shore,
Be Thine throughout Eternity.

L. K. W.

Jan. 1st.

DOROTHY.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

BY T. M. B.

CHAPTER XIX.—DOROTHY AT WORK.

One evening as Rupert Vaughan was approaching the house Dorothy met him.

"I have come out to meet you," she said; "I want to talk to you about something I cannot speak of before papa, and I want your help, as usual."

For answer Rupert offered her his arm, and they walked on together.

"I want to get something to do," she said, "for I find that our expenses, small as they are, are eating up our little fortune rapidly, and you see that papa must not think of work any more. You must try to find me a situation of some kind which will help to support us."

Rupert did not attempt to dissuade her from her purpose, nor did he express any surprise at her intention.

"What work do you think would suit you best?" he asked, after a few moments reflection. "What would you be best adapted for?"

"Honestly I don't know," she answered, ruefully, yet with a little half laugh at herself, "but I am willing to try almost anything—I don't care what it is, so long as I can do it. Teaching, I suppose, would be the best and most natural occupation for a young lady, but I have always been such a wilful, spoiled girl, you know, that teaching does not seem my calling."

She spoke very simply and penitently.

"Still, if there is no other way I must try that, for something I *must* do at once. Surely this great London must yield some occupation even for me."

"How about drawing? I remember some etchings of yours which I thought remarkable for a school girl. Perhaps we might find some engraving for you."

"Could I make anything by copying? There is one thing that I think I may pride myself on a little, I write a good clear hand and I can write rapidly."

"Then we have it," exclaimed Rupert, quite joyously, "I know some one who will supply you with work, to whom you would really be invaluable, and who will give you a fair remuneration."

"O I am so glad, but can I do it at home? Of course that would be best."

"Yes you can do it at home. I will bring you the work and take it to him when it is done."

Dorothy was immensely relieved to find that her object could be so easily attained, and when a few days afterwards Rupert brought her some formidable documents and a roll of parchment, with all the necessary adjuncts, she felt no small satisfaction. A little explanation on his part and preliminary practice on hers enabled her to do her copying very satisfactorily; and when she received, through Rupert, the first money she had ever earned, a glow of natural pride and pleasure stole over her. She had led a life so simple and unworldly, although hitherto as the lilies of the field, that "neither toil nor spin," that it had never occurred to her to regard work as derogatory, and the thought now of being able to take upon herself some of the burdens which her father had borne so long, was sweet and comforting. Nothing could have tended so much to restore her to her wonted cheerfulness and help her to overcome the depression and regret which even her father's return had not entirely removed. True, copying law documents is not in itself an enlivening occupation, but Dorothy developed, to her own surprise, some of that capacity for patient, plodding work which her father had possessed so largely, and besides felt an almost childlike anxiety that her task should be deserving of praise. Then there was her father's presence; she had but to look up from her writing and watch him as he sat reading or thinking in his easy chair, turning ever and anon for a word or a smile from Dorothy, and any passing feeling of weariness at the monotony of her work passed away. Some hours of every day were so spent, but enough remained for other occupations, for walks, when a little sunshine brightened the wintry days, with her father, he leaning on her arm and walking far more slowly than of old, along the sunny side of the streets, and sometimes even as far as the Regent's Park, where already, though it was only February, a few hardy crocuses showed their pretty faces in the borders and tufts of snow-drops, made Dorothy long for the country lanes where she had been wont to gather them. In gloomier weather Dorothy walked alone, and sometimes Rupert Vaughan overtook her, going homeward in the dusk, her little marketing basket on her arm. The person who employed her was very regular in his payments, always made through Rupert, and, though of this Dorothy had no suspicion, very unusually liberal in his remuneration, so liberal, in fact, that the young girl found it easier than she had dared to hope to defray their modest expenses.

"How fortunate I have been," she would say quite exultingly to Rupert, "and what a good thing it is that my schooling was not quite thrown away. I am sure you always thought me a most useless member of society; now own that you did!"

He was so overjoyed to see her once more in a playful mood that he encouraged it by exaggerated statements of his former opinion of her and his present amazement at the qualities which she was developing. But, in truth, he had always known that Dorothy was made of good metal, he had always given her full credit for a brave, loving heart, for a noble, steadfast nature, under all the little disguising whims and tempers of a spoilt though charming girl.

So the winter wore away, and in the lengthening days and warmer sunshine Dorothy grew brighter too; she was full of hope that her father would gain strength in the more genial weather, and watched with loving, eager eyes for any sign of improvement.

"We must take him to the country," said Rupert, "that is what he needs; we will have a long day in the green fields, which will do him more good than all the doctors; we will take him to some new place; leave it all to me."

Dorothy gratefully submitted, and on the first day that could in all honesty be termed an unmistakably fine one, Rupert arrived in a carriage and carried them off to green fields and budding trees and flowers and country sounds of birds and brooks and village children. They found a lovely sheltered nook where Mr. Rivers could sit and rest and dream, and Rupert and Dorothy rambled off together. By the brink of a stream she had noticed a crowd of purple iris, and she was longing to gather them. And how beautiful it was—this soft, warm silence; how dreamlike after the dull, confused noises of Bell Street—these flower-spangled fields after the grey, unlovely monotony which had grown so familiar. She filled her hands with the flowers, and leaned her face against them, and even shed some loving tears upon them.

"Do not think me foolish," she said to Rupert, "I have always been so fond of them, and it is so sweet to find them just the same as when I gathered them as a child. How faithful nature is! the same year by year in her sweet ways."

"Are you happy to-day, Dorothy?" he asked; it was the first time he had ventured to put the question to her, but to-day there was a childlike, grateful tenderness about her that made him dare to hope that the cloud was passing from her.

She looked up into his face with a smile.

"I should be a very thankless creature to be unhappy," she answered, "when everything is being done to give me pleasure. Everything is in a conspiracy with you, even my old friends, the lilies!"

Whatever it might be to Dorothy, to Rupert it was the happiest day he had known since that one, so well remembered, when he had met Vere Bolden returning from his first visit to Dorothy. Mr. Rivers, too, was more like himself then he had been for months past. It seemed almost like old times, and Rupert rejoiced in the success of his experiment. They dined on country fare at a little village inn, and did not set out on their return to London till towards evening; the stars were shining and silence was holding its brief reign over the vast city when they parted.

(To be continued.)

Dreaming and Thinking.

DREAMING is not thinking. The world is full of dreamers. A few men do most of its thinking. Thinking is manufacturing. It is taking mental tools and hammering and filing and molding, and shaping, until ideas have grown into fully developed realities of brain, with dimensions and clearly marked outlines. The reason there are not more thinkers is because thinking is working; it wears away tissue and muscle. It is tiresome. It requires time and purpose. Men can dream while they sleep; to work they must be awake. Dreaming is tearing away the floodgates and allowing the flood to pour through. If anything remains, it is only driftwood that may chance to hang on the way. Minds fill with driftwood because they are not thinking.

Happiness of Children.

CHILDREN may teach us one blessing, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by judicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud sticks or oyster shells, or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large, rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.