

mas. The Rev. W. B. Carey, the energetic Rector of St. Paul's, excels in the act of Church decoration, and never seems to think any pains too great or any labour too arduous to be undertaken in the interest of his Church, and he is ably seconded in his various plans by a band of skilful Church workers. Graceful wreaths of golden wheat and oats, knotted here and there with bunches of scarlet berries, intertwined with the dark green leaves of the ivy, made, in the gas light, an effect long to be remembered. Autumn leaves of every possible tint, massed with the white wax berry, and an almost endless variety of growing plants and vines, hanging baskets and garden vases, with their rare fragrant blossoms, made of the chancel for the time an enchanting garden. White bannerets adorned the pulpit and lectern, while a lovely white cashmere altar cloth, with golden fringe and monogram, was upon the Holy Table, above which were placed the ever-symbolic wheat and grapes, interspersed with vases of cut flowers, a golden sickle was thrust through a miniature sheaf of wheat. St. Paul's has one of the best interiors in the country, and the spacious chancel affords room for a large choir and almost any number of visiting clergy. Just now the choir is fortunate in being trained by a choir-master fresh from the cathedral services of old England, a host in himself both as regards singing and responding. Under his enthusiastic leadership the choir chanted the Psalms, gave musical amens throughout the service, and rendered in fine style the various selections. The clergy present were the Rev. Messrs. Carey, Kirkpatrick and Spencer, of Kingston, and the Rev. E. P. Crawford, of Brockville, the preacher for the evening. The text was Psalm cxlv. 15-16.

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord: and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

"Thou openest Thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness."

"The opening sentences showed the meaning of such a service and how suitable it is to beautify the House of God in such a manner, and especially in these days, to testify by every possible means our belief in the Supreme Giver of the harvest. For there are men, some of them mighty in intellectual power, striving to reduce everything to a system of mere law, ignoring the great controlling Mind, the Source of all law and order."

Nature herself keeps a harvest festival, decked in the gorgeous colours of the autumn woods and fields, worn for a while before taking her snowy mantle for the winter's rest and sleep.

The ancients represent the Goddess of Plenty as pouring out treasures from a cornucopia. How much stronger and more beautiful the Psalmist's idea of a Supreme Hand which holds the destinies of men in its grasp, opening and "filling all things living with plenteousness."

"The eyes of all wait upon Thee." How eagerly are the eyes of all turned towards the heavens in time of drought, watching for signs of the refreshing rain, or in immoderate rains for the returning sunshine. . . . Dwellers in cities hardly realize the value of the harvest. Money in hand, they buy at the shops the necessities and the luxuries of life, little thinking or caring whence they come.

It has been reckoned that the product of the earth for each year is just about sufficient for the present needs of men and to carry them over to the next year. What if the harvest of the whole earth should fail *once*? The factories would still be here, the rich fabrics of the merchants would still lie in costly piles; but there would be no meat and no flour in the city, no grain in the barns, no cattle in the fields, all would be gaunt famine, one universal cry for food. This has never yet occurred. If a drought or a flood visits one part of the world, other parts are able to spare enough for the emergency, and the God-given invention of steam-travel enables the deficiency to be quickly supplied." The above is an imperfect sketch of a grand sermon, which closed with impressively urging that thankfulness be shown in the *deeds* of daily life, mere *words* of thanksgiving not being a sufficient acknowledgment of daily blessings. The preacher gave expression to thoughts which must have found an

echo in many hearts. No wonder then that the large congregation gave such close attention to such a truly thanksgiving sermon.

[This letter by some means was overlooked; it should have appeared two weeks ago.—Ed. C. G.]

## DOROTHY.

(Written for the Church Guardian)

BY T. M. B.

### CHAPTER XII.—BELL STREET.

"Let us go as soon as possible, papa," Dorothy had said, with a certain feverish eagerness, and in a very few days all necessary preparations had been made, and Dorothy was looking her last at the familiar spot which had been her happy home so long. She shed no tears, but it was with a weary heartache that she wandered through the house and garden which had been her innocent pleasure and pride. What would Rupert Vaughan say when he came back and found them gone? how desolate it would all appear to him. She remembered her jesting words to him as he stood with her at the gate that evening; how little had she dreamed that they would be realized. She remembered herself as almost another person; how bright the world had always seemed to her, all sunshine and happiness! And now a grey shadow had come over it, and it was full of pain and perplexity.

Mr. Rivers had found lodgings in a quiet, dingy street leading out of one of the great thoroughfares—a street where the houses looked as if they had all seen better days, but had settled down to shabby mediocrity which did not even aim at gentility. The landlady was a decent, grave-looking woman, who seemed to have arrived at a philosophy of her own, which considered sunshine, literal or metaphorical, a superfluity. She seemed to have forgotten how to smile, but had no appearance of discontent or ill humour. The "parlour front," for which the Rivers had exchanged their charming little drawing-room at the cottage, where the climbing plants peeped in with the sunshine through the ever-open windows, was a grim apartment, furnished with funereal horsehair, and carpeted with an extraordinary design in black and yellow, and whose narrow windows were deeply shaded by curtains of an indescribable hue. But everything was clean, which, as Katy observed, was "one comfort," and Dorothy, in her then frame of mind, was scarcely conscious of the surpassing ugliness of her new surroundings. Katy, with true tact and wisdom, made friends with the landlady, and was thus enabled in a hundred ways to soften the asperities of "life in lodgings" to Dorothy and her father.

It has been said, times without number, that London, that vast centre of life and human activity, is the most solitary place in the world, and within a few days of the arrival in Bell Street of Mr. Rivers and his daughter, Dorothy felt to the full the truth of this assertion. She had all her life been, to some extent, familiar with London, but she had never actually felt herself a unit in that enormous sum of human life which it contains until now, that the consciousness of the vast labyrinth of streets and dwellings, peopled with millions of human beings, surrounding her on all sides, began to grow upon her. Truly they were alone in this multitude, lost, as it were, in this great sea of existence. Had they sought concealment they could scarcely have done so more effectually. Bell Street was the counterpart of fifty other streets in the near vicinity, and the white-haired gentleman and his daughter were as unheeded in their going out and coming in as were any other of the thousands whom they met in their daily walks. It was natural that Mr. Rivers in his search for lodgings should have chosen a part of the city as far removed as might be from the familiar streets which he had daily traversed on his way to and from Mr. Bolden's counting house. He wanted nothing to remind him of that

long chapter in his life which had ended so painfully. Neither had he any desire to encounter Vere Bolden; it was best, he told himself, that the young man should know nothing of their whereabouts, that there should, by no possibility, be any further intercourse between him and Dorothy, for Mr. Rivers could not divest himself of a vague apprehension that his little girl, his one treasure, the apple of his eye, had a source of secret anxiety or regret. He trusted to Time, the healer, to bring back the roses to her sweet face, but she must run no further risks of pain or disappointment.

So the days began to go by in a quiet, grey monotony, and Dorothy felt as though she might soon lose her count of time and live on in the shadow, learning after a while not even to yearn for the sunshine. Day after day her father would sally forth in search of a position of some kind, oftenest in reply to some advertisement, always to be told, however, that he did not possess the necessary qualifications or that the place was already filled up. It pierced Dorothy to the heart to see his look of patient disappointment when he returned, and she would rouse herself to be as like the old Dorothy as possible in order to cheer him.

Some weeks had passed thus; dull, grey, autumn weather had set in, making Bell Street still more unlovely. Mr. Rivers had gone out early in the afternoon; Dorothy had watched him noting down some addresses from the advertizing columns of the morning paper, and felt an almost irrepressible longing to implore him not to go out any more on these fruitless missions. She was yearning to tell him that she, in her youth and strength, was the one who should assume the cares of their little household, to ask him to suffer her to try her fortune among the many thousands who were earning their daily bread in the great city, but she knew that it would grieve him were she to make the suggestion, and she tried to be patient for a while longer. She watched him out of sight, then turned from the window with a sigh. The afternoon wore slowly away; she felt restless and anxious about her father. When it grew dusk she told Katy that she would go to meet him. "Only to the end of the street, Katy," for the old servant had remonstrated at her going out so late alone; "he must be nearly home by this time, and he will be glad to see me." As she left the house she noticed two men sauntering to and fro on the opposite side of the street, and it struck her that they seemed to watch her curiously; she did not see that after exchanging a word or two one of them left his companion and followed her. When she had reached the end of the long street she was rewarded by seeing her father approaching; as usual of late, he was walking, with bent head, wearily and slowly. Dorothy hastened her steps, and with a loving smile passed her arm within his.

"I have been watching and waiting for you," she said tenderly, and, in spite of Katy, made up my mind to come and meet you. I am so glad you have come home. All the afternoon I have felt worried about you."

"Did you think I had been kidnapped, Dotie?" he said, trying to speak lightly. "I think I ought to know London pretty well after spending half a lifetime in it."

Just then a step very near them caused Dorothy to turn her head and she saw a man—was it not one of those two whom she had previously noticed?—walking close behind them. She started a little and then laughed at her own nervousness. As they approached their own door, however, the man came in front of them, and lifting his hand as though in signal, was joined by his former companion. Mr. Rivers had not noticed this action, but Dorothy, with a sudden quickening of her pulses, felt a premonition of evil. Her father had already touched the bell, when one of the men, advancing close to him, laid his hand upon his shoulder. "Mr. Rivers, I arrest you in the Queen's name, on the charge of forgery."

"Are you mad!" cried Dorothy, turning like a young lioness upon the detective, for such he was; "how dare you insult this gentleman."