

the professions contain learned men. The press multiplies the means of communicating thought. But there is one field where the pulpit is unapproachable—namely, in the utterance of the message of salvation with all earnestness and simplicity of purpose, preaching the Gospel in the most direct and personal way. Here there is promise of blessing and the preacher who is willing to humble himself and become simply a voice to speak God's truth will not want eager and teachable hearers.—(*Church Helper, West Mich.*)

## Family Department.

### MY FAITHFUL GOD.

*Translated from the German by Weingartner.*

In God, my faithful God,  
I trust when dark my road;  
Though many woes o'ertake me,  
Yet He will not forsake me;  
His love it is doth send them,  
And when 'tis best will end them.

My sins assail me sore,  
But I despair no more;  
I trust in Christ who loves me,  
From this Rock nothing moves me  
Since I can all surrender  
To Him, my soul's Defender.

If death my portion be,  
Then death is gain to me,  
And Christ my life for ever,  
From whom no death can sever.  
Come when it may, He'll shield me,  
To Him I wholly yield me.

Ah Jesus Christ, my Lord!  
So meek in deed and word,  
Didst Thou not die to save us,  
Because Thou fain wouldst have us,  
After this life of sadness,  
Hells of Thy heavenly gladness?

"So be it," then, I say  
Heartily, day by day!  
Guide us while here we wander,  
Till safely landed yonder;  
We too, dear Lord, adore Thee,  
And sing with joy before Thee!

## STUPID CHRIS.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Chris had indeed made a happy suggestion, when she proposed that Louis should buy a camera. He went perfectly mad over photographs, and never seemed to have an idle minute when he had once started this fascinating occupation.

At first he was always rushing down to the Hollies to develop his plates; but it became evident at once that he must have a dark room of his own. So Chris, in her capacity of knowing where things lived, had to toil up and down to find fresh homes for the racquets and mallets, and odds and ends turned out of a large cupboard in the hall, while Louis and Alice engaged in the fascinating occupation of pasting paper over every crack and cranny inside, that could possibly admit light.

Alice, girl like, thought this operation completed before Louis did, so she retired from the field. But he continued to examine and test, and paper, for the best part of another day, while Chris held the paste-pot and scissors, since man like, he could not work alone. Then he established his negatives, and baths, and bottle, on the shelves, and took proud possession of his studio.

At first, Alice was a partner in photographic firm, but, as she aspired to know as much about the subject as he did, she was always carrying on processes of her own, which were not always

successful. After she had spoilt a print by moving it when in the frame, and over-developed a negative, not to mention various little failures in toning and washing, she and Louis fell out on the point. He objected to having his chemicals and plates wasted, and she argued that her processes would have been all right if he had let her alone. Finally, Louis said he would much rather have Chris to fag for him, for at least she could do as she was told, and Alice, who rather grudged the time taken taken from her studies, withdrew from her position contentedly.

Chris was overcome by the honor of being chosen to help Louis, and quite ready to make herself useful. She was willing to wash his prints by the hour in the scullery, and to do all the manual labor, while he directed the operations. If she understood very little as to how or why the photographs were produced, she knew exactly what had to be done; and when she accompanied Louis on an expedition with his camera, she never failed to warn him when he was about to expose the same plate twice over, or commit any other blunder in his excitement.

Mr. Palmer had just set up a large camera which was Louis' envy, and he evolved all sorts of schemes for buying one of his own. He was a very careful person, and had quite a large balance in the savings bank; but he could not make up his mind to spend so much of it at once.

Meanwhile he went on perfecting himself in the mechanical part of his art, and turning out lovely little views, and charming groups of the Palmer children, who were all pretty and picturesque.

His mother was only too glad to see him occupied, and let him do as he liked, and scatter his printing frames and negatives all over the house. Louis was rather a spoilt boy, and he soon wheedled permission out of her to rearrange the drawing-room, and turn the furniture round. Chris helped him heart and soul in that, and though she was not allowed to have many views of her own on the subject, between them they worked a great change in its appearance.

Chris' instincts were naturally housewifely. She was perfectly happy dusting and tying the various knick-knacks that Louis brought to light, and she arranged her flowers to please him with unflinching good nature and patience. Louis patronized her, and made a perfect slave of her, and began to think there were advantages in having one sister who was not entirely taken up with her studies.

But, alas! those same studies got grievously neglected. Rushing about after Louis, or dabbling in cold water with his photographs, was so much more amusing than doing her lessons, that Chris relaxed her efforts to learn, and Miss Wilson began to be annoyed.

Things came to a climax one morning, when yesterday's turned lessons were repeated no better than on the previous day, and the governess began to make enquiry.

"Why did you not learn those lessons properly?"

"I haven't had time," pleaded Chris.

"What were you doing last night?"

"Louis wanted me to wash some photographs, and they took longer than I expected."

"You should have got up in time to learn them this morning, then," said Miss Wilson.

"I did get up early, but I had the flowers to do, and the breakfast bell rang before I had time to finish my lessons," said Chris rather ashamed.

"This will not do. I shall speak to Mrs. Raymond," said Miss Wilson, and Chris was quite crushed.

She meant to have sat down to her sums as soon as twelve o'clock came, but Louis was heard shouting for her, and she fled at once.

"Hollo! What's the matter?" was Louis' first remark.

"Miss Wilson is angry because I didn't know my lessons; I am afraid she will ask mother not to let me be so much with you," said Chris mournfully.

"Nonsense! You can do as you like out of school," said Louis, who was carving initials on a hazel stick as a present for Molly Palmer. "I want you to come and do a lot of toning with me."

"If I were to do my lessons properly I never should be out of school," said Chris sadly. "I really can't, they are so difficult. Oh, Louis! Have you hurt yourself?"

"No," said Louis, laughing. "You needn't look so scared, as if I had cut an artery!"

His knife had slipped and cut his finger rather deeply, but he tied his handkerchief round it, and laughed at Chris' anxious face, and offers to help.

"What is an artery?" she asked, when she found her assistance rejected.

"Why your blood comes away from your heart in big sort of channels called arteries, and then goes back in smaller ones called veins," explained Louis. "These are veins," and he clenched his fist till a blue net-work stood up on his hand, rather white and delicate for a boy.

"Can't I see an artery?" asked Chris, much interested.

"No but you can feel one. Your pulse is an artery; don't you know how it jumps? If ever you see any one cut an artery, you must stop it at once, or else that person will bleed to death," said Louis impressively.

"Really, Louis? Why?"

"Because the blood goes such a pace. Don't you feel it? If you were to cut one you would see the blood come jumping out as if it were being pumped; in fact your heart is a sort of pump. We learnt all about it in some ambulance lectures. I'll show you how to stop your pulse," said Louis, rather amused at Chris' serious face.

He showed her on her own arm how to check the flow of blood by pressing the artery against the bone in the upper part of the arm, and then made her practice on his. Chris was quite absorbed in this fascinating proceeding, when she heard her name called in serious tones from the house, and saw her mother standing in the drawing-room window.

"Oh dear!" said Chris, quite crest-fallen, and went in with lagging step.

"Chris," said her mother gravely, "Miss Wilson has been making very serious complaints about you. She says that you are idle and inattentive, and that you do not give the proper time to your lessons. I am afraid it is what I expected. You have too much upon your hands. You must not put up any more flowers here for a week, and I shall trust you not to go and amuse yourself with Louis till you have done your work properly every day. Your father would be very much vexed if he knew what Miss Wilson said. Think how hard he works to provide you all a good education and every advantage! I think you should be ashamed to let all his care and pains be thrown away. Go now, and learn the lessons you ought to have known this morning. I shall see at the end of a week whether you can be trusted with the care of the flowers again."

Chris went, with her eyes full of tears, and reaching the empty school-room, she sat down and wept copiously.

Her mother passed out to speak to Louis.

"Dear boy," she said, "I am afraid you have been tempting Chris away from her work. I have been obliged to speak to her about neglecting her lessons. Can't you get the others to help you sometimes? You make a perfect slave of Chris."

"The others are always busy," objected Louis.

"So ought Chris to be. You see this is term time."

(To be continued.)