

Family Department.

"THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN."

His path the folk surrounded,
Upon His lips they hung;
Children before Him bounded,
Unto His side they clung.

His touch gave life and healing,
From beds of pain release;
His look, God's love revealing,
His word, a word of peace.

Ah, hearts still bleed for sorrow,
Ah, heads still throb with pain,
Ah, hands still strive, nor borrow
Strength daily bread to gain.

Down through the misty ages
Cometh that story old,
Who ~~now~~ their grief assuages,
Whom pain and sorrow hold?

There are, whose smile sheds gladness,
Whose touch is skilled to heal;
Whose voice dispells sadness,
To whom the children steal.

His love their souls enlighten,
True Love, "Light-giver" they,
Shine in a morning bright
Unto the perfect day.

W. H. HARRIS, St. George's, Bristol.

JULIE.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED]

"It's neighborly to oblige Mr. and Mrs. Morley," she said. "It would be churlish to refuse them that little kindness."

"Neighbors, auntie!" cried Lance. "They aren't our neighbors; they live two miles away. Good job too! Old Tozer's our neighbor; I wish he'd come for a stroll on Sunday instead of the Inquisitives."

"Two miles away has got nothing to do with it," auntie said. "Mr. and Mrs. Morley are very worthy people, and I would not have them offended in the least."

We were quite sure auntie didn't like the Morleys at all, but she never would admit the fact; she stuck to the idea that it was neighborly to oblige.

"Well," said Guy, "if we've got to put up with the Inquisitives, they shan't steal our flowers. Look here! there are seven of us; we'll track every step of theirs; it will be our fault if the smallest bud finds it way to Master Sidney's pocket. Look at Puff's goggles! They're enough to frighten any thief! You just open your eyes wide like that, young man, and fix 'em on the thieves; they'll never touch a leaf, I warrant."

"Is fiefs coming into our garden?" asked Puff, stretching his eyes wider than ever.

"No, no, darling," said Rose. "Guy's only joking."

"Joking?" retorted Guy. "I'm not joking at all. You keep your eyes on the Inquisitives, Puff, and say, 'I've got my eyes on you, you thieves!'"

"Oh, hush, Guy!" said Rose. "What if he goes and says that! Mr. and Mrs. Morley would never forgive us if Sidney and Harry told."

"I wish he would!" laughed Guy. "I wish he would!"

And Lance took hold of Puff, and giggling with laughter all the time, he tried to make him repeat, "I've got my eyes on you, you thieves!" until Rose got quite vexed, and dragged Puff away, and told him she'd be very angry if he said a word to the Inquisitives when they came.

As for Puff, he didn't understand half what it all meant, and looked more scared than anything at the mention of "fiefs"; and Julie went and took his hand, and Puff looked so glad to have something to cling to, that Guy and Lance

went off into peals of laughter, and called Puff the "plucky policeman."

And Chubbie said, opening her mouth very wide, "If you say such a lot 'bout fiefs, Puff won't never go to sleep to-night."

And Julie frowned at her as a hint to keep quiet; for if Puff got the idea of "fiefs" at bedtime, there would be no end of a fuss.

We had a very large garden, with a great deal of fruit, and when the Inquisitives first came, we generally gave them a little fruit, for we didn't like to be stingy; and we had a dear little love-apple tree, crowded one year with fruit. We gave a few each to the boys; but Sidney gave his to Chubbie after tasting one, but said he didn't like them. This was before we had such a bad opinion of the boys, and when we walked about the garden with Harry, and Sidney still stayed near the love-apple, we took no notice at all; but when the Morleys called for the boys and took them home, Lance came tearing into the house with a facelike a turkey-cock's, crying.

"Who's taken all the love-apples?"

None of us had taken them, and we all said so.

"There's not a single one on the tree, then!" said Lance, nearly crying with indignation.

We all ran out to see, and, sure enough, our sweet little love-apple had nothing but leaves; and only that morning there were more than fifty or sixty little apples, as big as white-heart cherries, red with ripeness, hanging on it.

We guessed then that Sidney had taken them; but we were too ashamed to tell Mr. and Mrs. Morley about it—it seemed such a mean, sorry trick; but after that day we kept our eyes on Master Sid, to find that Harry was just as bad. So we agreed to track them like grim death; for when Guy accused Sidney of having stolen the love-apples, he looked up with his sleepy blue eyes, nearly hidden by his long lashes, and drawled through his nose, "What if I did?"

Guy said he would have thrashed him only he was such a weak, sickly fellow.

So the next Sunday, as usual, the Inquisitives came, and every fortnight Sunday after that, as auntie insisted on our being neighborly with them; but we never offered them any more fruit, and took good care they should not help themselves.

That little half-hour in the middle of the day was the worst part of Sunday, and spoilt it a good deal; but it was always over at last, and we banged the gate on the Morleys with a feeling of relief, and the next minute had forgotten all about them. We went upstairs and took off Puff's and Chubbie's Sunday things, and put on our own pinafores, and after dinner had our lovely afternoon, with Rose reading aloud.

We could not all go to church in the evening; auntie always did. Rose and I took it in turns to stay at home to mind the little ones, and after service auntie came in, and we sang a hymn and had prayers in our play-room, because we liked it best. And Manda came in too, and sat down near the door, and left a little oily patch upon the wall in the same spot always where she leaned her head.

Then bedtime came, and Sunday was over for another week.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS TEMPLETON AND JULIE.

Papa had been in India four years now; Guy was only nine when he went. Rose and he remembered him quite well; but I couldn't very much myself, and the others had forgotten him. Of course he wrote to us regularly, and we to him; but it wasn't quite the same as having papa in the house, and growing up with him.

Auntie came to us when mamma died. It seemed to me that auntie had been always with us; it was such a long time ago. Rose said auntie

had been crossed in love, though how Rose got to know I never knew. Auntie did not tell her, I'm sure. Anyway, Rose and I used to whisper about it, and Rose was always making up stories how it might have been. So once, when auntie had been sharp with us—she used to be sharp sometimes—Rose said, when we four big ones ran off into the garden by ourselves, "Poor auntie! she's been crossed in love; that's why she's so snappish sometimes."

But Guy said, "Rubbish!" and looked as disdainful as he could.

As for Lance, he wasn't listening, he was whistling shrilly as usual; so after that we never mentioned the subject to the boys again, and only talked of it between ourselves.

One idea of Rose's was that Miss Templeton had something to do with auntie's being crossed in love. Miss Templeton lived on the other side of Whitestone, eight miles away, in an enormous house, with acres of garden and grounds; and she used sometimes to drive into our town, looking sour and grim, and very thin and small in her great big carriage, drawn by, as Guy called them a spanking pair of grays. She was a relation of ours, but she never noticed us; and auntie and she used to nod to each other just the tiniest little bit, as coldly as possible, with the corners of their mouths turned down.

"Depend upon it," Rose said to me one day after they had nodded like that, "it was Miss Templeton who was the cause of auntie being crossed in love."

Lance said long ago, when he was a little boy, "If Miss Templeton's a relation of ours why doesn't she stop her carriage and pick us up, and give us a drive? The whole seven of us could get into that carriage, with Miss Templeton as well!"

And auntie said in a little sharp way, "Miss Templeton will never give you a drive in her carriage—of that you may be sure;" and then she gave a sigh and smiled a little sadly.

"Auntie," said Rose, "why do you and Miss Templeton bow so cold to each other?"

"There was a family disagreement a long time ago—before Guy was born," auntie said; "we have never been friendly since."

"Let's make friends again, auntie," said Lance. "I should like to drive in her carriage. Have you ever driven in her carriage?"

"Often and often," she answered.

"In that same carriage?" asked Guy; "behind a spanking pair of grays?"

Auntie nodded, and we gathered round her, asking heaps of questions—as many as, and more than even the Morleys ever did; and little by little she told us how, when papa and she were young, they used to go to Beechwood—that was Miss Templeton's place—and Miss Templeton used often to come to them, in the very house we were living in ourselves.

Our house was papa's own house, left to him in a will before he was married, auntie said; and he and she used to live there both together, till he brought mamma home; and auntie went away for a little, till poor mamma died; then she came back to take care of all of us.

"And the disagreement, auntie," asked Rose—"the disagreement between you and Miss Templeton?"

"It was a disagreement," said auntie, snapping off her thread; "you wouldn't understand even if I tried to explain. We left off visiting each other, and Miss Templeton only bows slightly to me now."

And then it was gradually, as we became older, that Rose made up those fancies about Miss Templeton's being the cause of auntie's having been crossed in love.

I don't know I'm sure, if Miss Templeton knew that we were auntie's nephews and nieces. We used to stare at her with wondering eyes, and turn round and gaze after her carriage and spanking grays, and think she was the richest person in the world; but we, I suppose were too insignificant for her to notice us.