

Christobel.

(A Story for Children, in 'Sunday at Home.')

(Continued.)

The flowers were so lovely. There were amongst them large lilies, white and red, and such roses of every color; and then there were delicate orchids, and all kinds of strange and wonderful plants and trees. There were orange-trees too, with their perfectly polished leaves and golden fruit; and the grass beneath her feet was like the softest velvet of emerald color, and the air was laden with rich and sweet scents.

But there was even better to come. The farther she walked the more the charm of it all seemed to hold her in a spell of happiness, and the song of the birds was something so exquisite that she stood with parted lips, gazing upwards, lost in wonder.

For awhile Christobel stood listening and looking and breathing in the sweetness of this glorious garden till presently she heard some one close to her say—

'Little Christobel! peace!'

She looked up and found an angel was standing beside her. There was something of Heaven's glory on his face, and something of the sun's shining in his hair.

'Oh!' Christobel murmured, 'how beautiful!'

The angel smiled upon her, and the smile sank deep into her heart. 'Where hast thou been to-day?' he asked gently, and his voice was soft and soothing to the ear, like the rippling murmur of a smoothly-flowing stream.

'I have been walking in this garden,' she replied.

'Before that?' the angel asked again.

Christobel stood and thought, but it was very difficult to remember. This new life had almost shut out the old life from her mind. She looked up again at the angel; he was still waiting beside her.

'I was in bed before I came here,' she said at last.

'And before that?' the angel asked once more.

Ah! now she remembered it all. The many things that had gone wrong; the tears, the grief, the disappointment and failure; and, as

she thought, the tears came to her eyes and dimmed the shining of the garden and the beautiful angel-face before her; but he gently drew her to him and dried her tears and only said, 'Tell me!'

And so she told him all, and he understood and did not ask her to explain, and he did not cease to look kindly on her.

Yet Christobel felt all that she had to tell of was failure, and she seemed to have done nothing well. Even her fairest thoughts seemed old and ugly. The day had been a very wasted one; and again she wept; and as her tears fell on the ground at her feet, a beautiful flower appeared.

'See!' said the angel, 'thou may'st take this flower with thee.'



HE ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE LED AWAY.

Its name is "Hope." Be not afraid, little Christobel. Come with me, and I will show thee how to grow happy in thinking of others.'

And as Christobel gazed into the clear pure eyes of the angel, she felt herself grow stronger, and he took her by the hand and led her on.

He led her out of the garden, and she seemed to have dropped into the old life again, for they were in the garden of her own home; and Christobel heard angry voices behind the hedge.

'You must give it to me, Dick; it's mine, not yours!'

'But I want it, Tom.' Chrissie recognized her baby brother's voice on the verge of tears. Her first idea was to run away, but the angel held her fast.

'Here!' he said softly, and he looked at her again with those

clear, shining eyes, and Christobel understood and went boldly to the other side of the gate.

'Oh! Chrissie!' Dick said when he saw his sister; 'I want the horse.'

'And he shan't have it,' said Tom angrily.

'Tom, don't be angry,' Chrissie said. 'I will get another for Dick. Come along, Baby,' she said kindly, and the little brother, surprised that Chrissie should have taken any pains to help him, quickly forgot his trouble, and allowed himself to be led away. In the meantime, Tom forgot his ill-temper at sight of his sister's kind little face, and began to wish he had given up his toy.

As Chrissie walked towards the house with her little brother she told him of the angel, but he did not seem to understand when Christobel showed him to him. He could not see him, and yet he was close to little Christobel, still with the same sweet smile.

When little Christobel had finished her task of comforting Dick, the angel called her again. He had other things for her to do—things which, somehow, she had not thought of before, but which seemed easy with that loving friend beside her to help her. First he led her into the garden again, where two brothers and a sister wanted a fourth for a game.

'It's no use asking Chrissie,' she heard them say, 'she never will come when she's wanted.'

'But I will!' Chrissie answered with a bright smile, and they were sorry they had let her hear what they said; and though she was very tired after running about a great deal, she was very happy to think she had been wanted.

And then the angel took her away to the house and to the school-room, where her governess was sitting alone. As the angel gently pushed the little girl into the room, she noticed how tired her governess looked, and how lonely she seemed to be with no one to talk to her.

(To be continued.)

The owl and the monkey put their heads together. The owl was wise and the monkey was comical. For pure fun the 'World Wide' Cartoon Number cannot be surpassed. Sent post paid for 10 cents a copy. See illustrated advertisement.