

not be astonished that the idea of it had almost practically evaporated from amongst us. Surely we ought carefully to redress the balance, not rushing violently in an opposite extreme, but slowly and stolidly building again the Tabernacle of David that is fallen down, and building again the ruins thereof. In a matter like this we should not allow religious prejudice to poison our minds. We should not despise or under-estimate great verities because we fancy others over-estimate them. Those of us who feel and know what is right here must make up our minds to brave popular ignorance for a time, in order to show in the end a more excellent way. There is a chastened, refined, reverent tone and type of worship that is peculiar to Anglicanism which we should cultivate; and that such a tone and type resting, as we believe it does, in faith, on the realities of the mysteries with which we are dealing, is acceptable to God, we cannot doubt, and that it has a beneficial and blessed reflex action on those who conscientiously practise it, we are equally certain.—*Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette.*

Family Department.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart those many years?
Does faith begin to fail? Is hope departing?
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne
It seemed you could no wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known;
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done:
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder-shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries: "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

STUPID CHRIS.

CHAPTER III.

One of the greatest pleasures in Chris's life was going to tea with the little Palmers. Mr. Palmer was one of the masters at the College, and his pretty wife, who looked much too young to be the mother of nine-year-old Molly, was exceedingly fond of Chris.

To her great joy, she met Mrs. Palmer in the town, as she and Alice were returning home after doing some shopping for their mother next morning, and was invited to tea on the following Saturday. Chris accepted the invitation with the saving clause: "If I can get all my lessons done early, so as to have a real half-holiday," and came home in great spirits.

She was rather elated, too, to find that she had been right in maintaining with the shopman that the lawn Mrs. Raymond wanted for a dress living was not the finest possible white cambric. There was one thing she wasn't stupid about, she reflected with satisfaction, when her mother laughed at Alice for complaining in an injured tone that Victoria lawn ought to have been specified in the list.

"I thought you had sense enough to know what I meant. It is a good thing Chris had

her wits about her!" said Mrs. Raymond stitching away briskly.

Mrs. Palmer has asked her to tea on Saturday," said Alice as Chris ran off again. "I said I thought she might go, but I can't imagine what she likes going for."

"Mrs. Palmer says she is so clever at amusing the children," remarked her mother.

"I can't think what she finds to say to them. I suppose we may have Jessie and May Sharpe to tea as usual, mother? It is our Essay Club week, you know."

She and Maud wrote essays on subjects of their own choosing with these two particular friends, and they met once a month to read them and discuss their ideas.

"By all means!" answered Mrs. Raymond. "Everyone to her taste."

Luckily for her hopes of a real half-holiday Chris managed to scrape through her arithmetic a little better than usual on Saturday morning, and at three o'clock she started for the Palmers' house. The Hollies, as it was called, was a little nearer the town than her own home, Redmount, and had a smaller garden, but Chris thought it much pleasanter. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were wonderful gardeners, and from the first snow-drops that peered in spring, to the red-hot-pokers that flourished through the winter gloom, there was always something bright to be found in front of their windows.

Then the house was so charming, with all sorts of queer little tables, and draped pictures on easels, and tall feathery palms or sweet-scented flowers in odd corners. Everything always looked so fascinatingly pretty, and yet as if it was meant for us. Chris was sure that when Molly and Birdie set up a schoolroom Mrs. Palmer would never hang maps on the walls. She might allow instructively historical pictures, pictures perhaps, but then they would be sure to be pretty ones.

The children were on the look-out at the drawing-room window, as Chris and her maid came up the little drive, and they rushed to open the door and welcome her.

"And Sarah needn't come for you," added Molly, when her first greeting was over. "Mother said daddy should take you home, and then we could keep you as long as we liked."

So Sarah departed with that message for Mrs. Raymond and Chris set forth to play in the garden with a delightful sense of freedom. They took her the whole round first to show her how the plants were getting on in the tiny greenhouse, and where the flycatcher's nest was, and how the seeds were coming up. And every child gave her a flower out of its very own garden, till she had one in nearly every button-hole.

"How grand you are, Chris," said Mrs. Palmer, as she came out on the lawn to speak to her. "I am just off to the cricket match. Tea will be ready at five o'clock, and Mr. Palmer said he would come home in time for a game, so don't let the children get too tired first."

"No, I won't," said Chris importantly. "We have a lot of dolls' clothes to make presently, you know."

She always felt as if Mrs. Palmer left her in charge of the children, which pleased her very much.

"Nurse is very grateful to you for coming to-day," said Mrs. Palmer, smiling, as she put on her gloves. "She has a great deal of mending and airing to do, but she will keep an eye on you all from the window. So none of your tricks, you naughty chicks," she added in a deep growly voice, to the children's great delight.

After they had insisted on kissing her all around, she was allowed to depart, and the children fell to playing games. They played "I spy," and "prisoner's base," and "flags," and all sorts of running, riotous games, till they were quite hot and exhausted, and perfectly happy. Chris certainly managed them all very

well, always keeping baby on her side to make things equal, and deciding all disputes by the voice of the umpire, from which there was no appeal. She was not always umpire herself, and when she was not, she bowed to his decisions so promptly that the others could not help following her example.

"What a sweet young lady Miss Christina is," was nurse's comment to the nursery-maid; as she rang a little bell out of the window as a signal that tea was ready.

Chris came slowly across the lawn, with baby hanging to her hand, and little Bertie clinging to her other arm, while Molly and Birdie walked almost backwards in front of her. She had quite forgotten that there were such things in existence as French exercises and sums, her face was radiant, and her brown hair took golden gleams in the sun, while she carried her hat in her hand.

"Isn't she sweet said admiring Rebecca. "She never seems put out whatever the children do, and she talks to Master Baby so prettily. A real little lady I call her."

Chris brought her flock successfully in other nursery, and further persuaded them to follow her good example, and wash their hands before tea.

"Oh, I can't sit down with little pigs," she said shaking her head, when Bertie rebelled against nurse's decree.

She kept up the nonsense about little pigs after tea was over, when Molly wanted her doll's frock made, and the others wanted to go out into the garden. Very stupid nonsense perhaps but it set them to build a sty of chairs to live in, and to go through all sorts of wonderful performance on all fours, to keep up their character, while she sat and sewed, and Molly watched her.

Chris had a perfect genius for making dolls' clothes. She never exercised it at home, as she had no dolls to work for, and no time to work for them in; but she had discovered how easy it was to make outfits for Molly and Birdie's large family, and she never came to tea without leaving some little garment behind her as reminiscence of her visit.

Nurse came and went with the clean linen, and watched the happy little party with approval. Once when she came up there was great grief because baby had hit his head against the table, and wept thereat; but Chris turned him into a wounded soldier with a bandage, and kissed and caressed him so fondly that he was soon comforted again.

"It's quite a pity that child has no little brothers and sisters of her own to take care of," thought nurse to herself. "It comes so natural to her to look after people."

By-and-by Mr. Palmer came home with his wife, and was heard shouting to the children to come down. He had brought two of the boys back to supper with them—boys who were old enough not to mind playing with the little ones. Chris thought they were grown-up young men, and was deeply grateful for their condescension playing games; but they seemed to enjoy them in immensely, and there was such mad running and shouting and laughing, that Mrs. Palmer declared the neighbors would think it was a lunatic asylum.

At last the children's bedtime could no longer be ignored, so they said good-night, and were carried off by nurse sad, but cheered by hopes of another game soon, and Mr. Palmer set off with Chris for home.

"It is very good of you to come and play with the chicks so often, Chris," he said, as they strolled slowly up the road in the calm spring evening.

"Oh, but I love it!" said Chris. "I have enjoyed myself so."

"Well, you have a perfect talent for amusing them, they think there is no one like you," he said with a kind smile.