

Family Department.

PAT'S ANGEL.

BY ANNABEL A. MARROE.

The morning was cold and cloudy,
A regular Chicago day,
I had just got my batch o' "Herald's,"
And was hurrying right away.
Newsboys can't do no pokin'
Or there'd be the mischief to pay.

There had been a sleet a-fallin',
And it made things awful slick,
And I saw a man come down, sir,
Jus come down double quick—
Then pick himself up a haplin',
I laughed till I's nearly sick.

But somehow while I's laughin',
My feet went from under me,
And I come down jus' ker-whallop,
And the stars that I did see!
I thought of a song I'd heard sometime,
'Bout "layin' me down to dee,"

I thought I's dead for a minute,
So I let myself jus' lay,
And I wondered kind o' stupid,
If I'd get to heaven that day—
And then, thinks I, "I've g't there,"
For I heard an angel say:

"Poor fellow, he's had a tumble,
Just help me lift his head,"
"And your scarf will stop the bleeding,"
Another angel said.
And I thought, "If this is heaven,
It's jolly to be dead."

Somehow I didn't know nothin',
Till I opened my eyes up wide,
In what I guess was a drugstore,
'Cause there's bottles on the side,
And the loveliest lady a-standin',
And lookin' as if she'd cried.

At first I's so awful happy
I couldn't say a thing:
Then I said, "If you're an angel,
Won't you let me hear you sing?"
And she answered, "I'm not an angel,
I'm the daughter of a King."

She said I could allus tell 'em
By the silver cross they wear,
And she explained to me her meanin',
And I thanked her for her care.
I tell you I'll not forget her,
That lady good and fair.

And now when I meet a lady,
Who wears a cross like that,
I bow as polite as I can, sir,
And take off my old felt hat.
For I believe they're all of 'em angels,
As sure as my name is Pat.

—Christian Observer.

STUPID CHRIS.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED]

Chris brought a chair gladly, and sat down by Dorothy.

"Here's affection!" said her sister, smiling. Dorothy was pretty and dark, and very young looking for her eighteen years. Even the glasses that she wore on account of her short sight could not make her look ancient and dignified.

"I wanted to sit where I could see the sky," explained Chris calmly.

It was a lovely evening the sky a soft pale blue, fading through a clear green into a tender daffodil hue in the west, and flecked with soft pearly clouds. The trees outside the window were beginning to burst into leaf, and the garden wore a spring-like look of faint delicate tints in the evening light, while the thrushes sang their sweetest in the lilac bushes on the lawn.

"Well, Chris, what did Mr. Woodhouse say to you?" asked her father.

"Were you very shy of him, Chris?" asked Dorothy.

"No not a bit, I liked him," said Chris. "He was very sorry not to see you, futher."

She gave a clear account of his visit, and delivered his messages accurately, suppressing only his advice to herself. That she felt was private, and for no one's ear but her own. Her father listened with great interest, asking questions and giving his whole attention to the subject.

"He used to be very good to me when I was a lad," he said. "Many a day's fishing we had together. And I went to coach with him one holiday, just before I went up to Cambridge."

"Is he clever then father?" asked Dorothy. "Very. He was a high Wrangler," answered Mr. Raymond. "He is a splendid preacher too. But his talents have been quite thrown away, buried all his life in a country village."

Chris looked up sharply at the idea of Mr. Woodhouse burying his talents.

"Why did he never get a better living?" asked Dorothy.

"He has been offered several, but he refused them all. His wife is a great invalid, and can only live in that particular part of the country—the air there suits her so well. I believe it is a model village," went on Mr. Raymond. "The schools are wonderful, and his people adore him; but he might have done much more in the world."

"I suppose it is a good thing for a country village to have a clever man at the head of it sometimes," said Dorothy; "but of course in a town Mr. Woodhouse would have had a wider sphere of work."

"Yes, of course; besides he has such a wonderful influence over young men," answered her father. Do you remember that Mr. Robins who came down for a few weeks to fill a gap when Sharpe was ill?"

"The one who got such a good scientific appointment afterwards? Yes, of course; he was a remarkably clever man," said Dorothy with interest.

"He was the son of a farmer in the village, and educated entirely by Mr. Woodhouse till he went to college. I was very much struck, I remember, by his general knowledge, and the breadth of his views. He told me he owed everything to his old rector, and he could not say enough about him. It is not every one who could have discerned the lad's bent in early life, and given him the exact training he needed," said Mr. Raymond.

"And of course Mr. Woodhouse must feel that he has benefitted the whole cause of science by developing Mr. Robin's talent," said Dorothy eagerly. "Through him his influence will reach to numbers. I think that is fine, father."

"Yes, of course it is, looked on in that light," said Mr. Raymond. "But still one feels that he might as well have exercised a more direct influence, and have seen the result for himself."

Chris could hardly follow the last remark, but she was quite sure of one thing. Whatever Mr. Woodhouse had done, he had not buried his talents.

"It was so tiresome, Dorothy, I could not call on the Thompsons to-day," put in Mrs. Raymond, as a slight pause ensued, "I have quite forgotten their new number, and I destroyed her last letter without copying the address into my book. I never do such stupid things as a rule; I can't think how it happened."

"The number is fourteen mother," said Chris.

"How do you know, Chris?" "Because I remember thinking it was the same as the day of father's birthday, and that is the 14th of July."

"Thank you, Chris. If you are quite sure, I will make a note of it," said her mother.

"Do you have to make an artificial memory in order to remember figures?" asked her father, smiling.

"I don't know," said Chris, blushing in alarm

lest he father should inquire into her methods of working sums. "That's what I always do."

"How do you remember dates?" he asked. "I don't. I always forget them," she answered in confusion; a reply which produced a general laugh.

Chris hastened to turn the subject. "We shall have a windy day to-morrow," she said, I hope it will be calm again on Saturday for the match."

"Why do you think so, Chris—there are no indications of the anti-cyclone giving way?" asked Mr. Raymond.

"A green sky at sunset always means wind," replied Chris, much surprised that he should not know such a simple fact.

"Really! I never heard that before," he said "I must look at the barometer presently."

"It has been such a lovely day," said Dorothy, "I wish you had been with us this afternoon, Chris."

Chris was not sure if she echoed the wish. She would not have missed seeing Mr. Woodhouse for a great deal.

"The birds were singing so beautifully," went on Dorothy. "There was one just like those that are singing now,—a nightingale isn't it?"

"Oh, Dorothy! It's a thrush!" cried Chris. "Well a trush then," said Dorothy good-naturedly. "It was quiet exquisite. The woods were so beautiful, and the sunlight flickered through the trees,—it was like the Aria in that suite of Raff's."

If they were going to talk music the conversation was beyond her, so Chris gave up listening, and watched the sky melt into a deeper blue, and a faint star came peeping out, while the young May moon came gradually into sight round the corner of the house.

"Very tiresome, I can't find it anywhere," were the first words of her father's that attracted her attention as they lingered over dessert.

"What is it like, dear?" asked Mrs. Raymond.

"A plain dark green book, with 'Handbook of Physical Science' on the back. It is particularly annoying, because the Doctor wants to have my opinion on it to-morrow," said Mr. Raymond in a tone of vexation. "I can't think where I can have left it."

Neat as he was in all matters connected with his work, in his home he was the untidest of men. In fact, it was rather a family failing to get books and papers into wild confusion.

"I don't remember seeing it," said Mrs. Raymond.

Chris sprang up with a sudden idea. "Oh, I think I know!" she said. "Wait a minute!" and she flew out of the room.

In two minutes she was back panting, with the lost volume in her hand. "You left it in the drawing-room two nights ago, and Mary put it away with the Waverley novels. I thought she might have done, they are very much alike."

Chris' eyes shone, and her face was bright with eager pleasure. It was so seldom she could find a little service to do her father.

"Thank you very much, dear child," he said gratefully. "It was clever of you to think of that. You have saved me a long hunt, and great waste of time."

Chris felt absolutely elated. She threw extra fervour into her good-night kiss, and even found courage to proffer a petition.

"I generally know where things are, father," she said half shyly. "Perhaps next time you lose anything, if you ask me first—"

"I certainly will. You may depend on that," he answered smiling.

"Oh thank you, father!" said Chris, as if he had granted her a favour.

"My dear, I can't think Chris is such a stupid child," remarked her father reflectively, when she had said her other good nights, and gone to bed. "She remembered Mr. Woodhouse's messages most accurately, and it was