

Family Department.

OUR TEACHER AND THEIRS.

Bear with the little children, parents dear;
Suppose the Master reasoned thus of you:
"Oh, I have spoken once, yea, also twice,
Now let me try what punishment will do."

Bear, yes, to tell the twice-told tale again,
How this or that from good or evil grew;
Their little ears crave the familiar forms,
Stale illustrations though they be to you.

And once, yea twice, our Father, o'er and o'er
Goes o'er the self-same precept day by day;
The tireless patience! What though "In the Book
'Tis written!" Is it thus you hear Him say?

No rather, "Try again, My child, My child!
The will is all I want, I'll find the way;"
Then in a fresh sense "turn the new leaf" o'er
Poor little ones about your knees to-day.

—E.

JULIE.

CHAPTER IX.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

"I hope Lance will do it properly; I hope it will all come right!" Rose fidgeted and clasped her hands.

"What a long time he is away!" Elsie said. They could not settle to anything till Lance came back.

"P'raps he's beating him," suggested Chubbie, with very round eyes.

"Wif a big stick," added Puff.

"Hark!" cried Guy; "I think I heard the gate bang."

They listened and held their breaths.

"Be quiet Puff!" said Elsie; for he was hitting his boots together, his legs dangling from the window-sill, where he had a seat.

In a second the yard door opened—it was the nearest way to the play-room—and Lance bounced in.

"Oh! I say; he's the jolliest old chap in the world. We're all invited to tea to-morrow; and he lent me this book. Just look!" Lance's face was glowing with excitement as he waved, "The Bush Boys" above his head.

"Invited to tea! Humbug!" retorted Guy.

"Invited to tea!" echoed Elsie, without the unbelieving "Humbug!"

"Have I been asked? Am I to go?" cried Julie, wistfully.

"Come in," said Rose, and shut the door; tell us all from the very beginning."

All this was said, not one after another, but jumbled together in a chorus. They crowded round him, hanging on his words; and he began from the very beginning.

He drew a pathetic picture of the sick man on his couch; Rose and Elsie were entranced. Then he repeated their conversation, as much as he could remember; and Guy pronounced Mr. Atherton a trump.

"He asked, 'Who's the pretty girl with long hair?' Oh, Rose, Rose!" and Lance gathered up a handful and held it up.

"Oh, Rose, Rose!" laughed Guy, twisting the remaining tresses in his hand.

Rose blushed all over her face, and jerked her hair away.

"Oh, Rose, Rose!" echoed Chubbie and Puff, pointing their fingers at her, and tugging at her dress; while Elsie clapped her hands with delight.

Only poor dear Julie was silent; she was all anxiety for the tea topic to come round, and was wondering if she had been asked.

"And does he mean us to go to tea with him, really and truly?" Rose asked.

"Really and truly," answered Lance. "He said from five to six."

"Not all of us, of course?"

Here Julie trembled.

"All seven of us; he wants to know us all." Then Lance caught Julie's eye, wistful and glowing and fixed on him. "He mentioned Julie particularly. He said particularly, 'Julie and the kids.'"

How rosy Julie grew! Did he say me Lance? Oh, Chubbie, we're all to go—we're all to go!"

"If auntie will let us," put in Rose. "We'll have to tell her about the trick we played on him. She won't be so angry now that Lance has apologized."

"The trick we played on him! Poor old Rose! Poor pretty Rose, with her nice long hair! I like that, I must say," said Guy. "You should have told him Rose had no finger in the pie; that she always behaves like a lady, Lance."

"By George! I quite forgot. Poor Rose!" "Oh, never mind," said Rose. "I'm so glad it has ended so well. Let us see the book, Lance. What is it called?"

"The Bush Boys." Such spanking pictures you never saw! I can't make out the first—a lion's head popping out of the chimney of a house, and some fellows on the ground shooting with their arrows at him. Just look!"

"Me too! Show me! Me too!" bleated "the kids," as the fair heads of the elders bunched together over the page. Puff dragged at one arm and Chubbie at the other, and Julie struggled hard for a peep.

Puff away, Chubbie! Puff away, Puff! Lance is obliged to lower his arms—lower still. Lance's "goggles" are only on a level with the leaf "Me too! Show me! Me too!" bleat "the kids."

"Take care!" said Rose; "we must be careful of his book. Chubbie darling take your hands away."

Lower still. Lance kneels down now, and lays the book upon the rug. Chubbie and Puff are on their hands and knees. Hurrah! they've got the best place now.

"Oh! a lion!" squeaks Puff. Why is Julie in the background always? Still she's struggling for a peep. "Let me see—let me see!" Poor little wistful Julie! That's right, Guy. Guy gives her his place. He can look over Julie's head.

"Look at his teeth," Chubbie says, putting a fat finger to the lion's mouth—"can't bite me now."

"There are no end of pictures," says Lance, "all as jolly as this." Lance turns the pages; the others may only look. Wasn't the book lent to him?

"A deadly encounter," Lance reads, when another picture comes. "Just look! A rhinoceros digging his horn into an elephant's leg. This must be a rattling book, I say!"

Turn over the pages again. More lions, more elephants, baboons, and other queer-looking beasts! A man sleeping by a wagon and a fire, with a hyena prowling round!

"I say, what a splendid book this is!"

Turn over; the pictures are not done yet. The seven heads are close together still, their owners kneeling, stooping, sprawling over the rug.

"Was that a bell?" asked Rose. "Bother, no! No bells come on Sunday. Look there!"

Has Manda gone? Elsie, do you know?" Rose is not quite satisfied.

Manda has just gone; Manda puts in her head while Elsie is not "quite sure." Manda has on her new Sunday hat, with roses and narrow pink ribbons.

"Somebody to see Miss Rose."

"To see me?"

"Bother!" trembles on Lance's tongue. Guy gives him a poke; the guest is at the door.

"It's only me," says a wistful voice. "May I come in Rose?"

"Oh, Margie, is it you?"

Yes, it's Margie Rutherford. She glides into

the room with an eager glance at the group on the hearth-rug, and before Rose had time to rise has nestled down beside them.

"How nice it is in here! with a little sigh of content. "Do you mind me coming on Sunday, Rose. It was so lonely at home. Papa had to drive past here to see a patient, and I wanted so much to come; he'll call for me on his way back."

"Oh no Margie; I'm glad you've come. We were looking at some pictures," politely answered Rose.

How grandly Margie is dressed! How nice she looks! A snow-white frock so richly embroidered, long white silk gloves, and a large hat with a drooping feather!

It is not good for Rose to be with Margie much. The tenth commandment troubles Rose; she is sometimes in danger of breaking it.

"Let me look too," Margie pleads; and she squeezes herself, white dress and all, between Chubbie and Puff, cuddling them with an arm round each.

The pictures were finished by-and-by, and Margie looked round the room. "How happy you all are!" Margie sighed. "How I wish I lived here, Rose!"

"Oh, Margie!" answered Rose, blushing a little too; "and your beautiful house!"

"It is so large, and so dull; there's no one to speak to," Margie replied. "And we haven't any windows so nice as that. How lovely to watch the pigeons all day long!"

"Coothdra-coo! Coothdra-coo!" sounded from the dovecot, as if Emperor was thanking her for her pretty compliment.

"You wouldn't like it after your house," Rose said decidedly, shaking her head.

"Oh, wouldn't I?" Margie replied. "If I had Puff and Chubbie and Julie to play with all day long!"

Julie loved Margie Rutherford from that hour. Margie was as old as Elsie—a little older—just between Elsie and Rose; and Margie actually wished she could play with Julie all day long!

"And Guy and Lance and Elsie too," Margie answered with a sigh.

"I dare say you are lonely sometimes," Rose admitted, "all by yourself. But it must be nice to be rich, Margie; you have such beautiful things!"

"And a pony to ride," put in Elsie, stroking the feather in her hat.

"They're not people, though," said Margie.

"Nice things aren't much good when you want to talk to somebody very bad. Oh, if I had a lot of brothers and sisters how happy I should be! I was thinking about you all the afternoon, and thinking how dull I was, and wishing you did not live so far away. And papa was nodding in his chair—he's so tired from visiting patients all the week; and I didn't like to talk to him, he looked so sleepy, you know. Then a great bell rang, and he woke up and said, 'Hulloa, Margie! I'm poor company for you?'"

and rubbed his sleepy eyes. James came in to say that he was wanted at Whitstone at once, and papa stretched himself and yawned; and I remembered that Whitstone was past your house, and it jumped into my head how lovely it would be to pop in on you all, and I begged him to take me with him, for I was so lonely and dull. And papa put his hand on my head, and called me "Poor metherless bairnie!" and told me to be as quick as I could. That's how I'm here to-day; you won't mind it being Sunday for once?"

Poor Margie looked wistfully at the boys, for she had heard Lance's impatient "Bother!" and was afraid they hadn't such a welcome for her as the girls; but Julie, always quick to discover a want in any one's heart, gave Margie's arm a squeeze, and Margie answered gratefully—

"Julie, shouldn't you like to have a ride on my poney some day?"