

Family Department.

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

*By the Right Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh, D.D.,
Lord Bishop of Ossory.*

The eye of Jesus watching
The tollers on the lake,
When winds and waves are thwarting
Their efforts for His sake;
"Be not afraid."

The ear of Jesus hearing
The strong and earnest cry—
"Lord, save us, or we perish."
Ascending to the sky;
"Be not afraid."

The heart of Jesus yearning,
And pleading in His might,
Whilst their frail bark is tossing,
And struggling all the night;
"Be not afraid."

The form of Jesus moving
Across life's troubled sea,
To still its angry waters,
To make them calm for thee;
"Be not afraid."

The feet of Jesus coming
Through darkness of thy grief,
To light thy desolation,
To bring thy heart relief;
"Be not afraid."

The hand of Jesus guiding,
When waves of trouble roll;
When billows of temptation
Are surging round thy soul;
"Be not afraid."

The promises of Jesus—
They're flashing round the tomb,
Like signals from the mainland,
To light thee through the gloom;
"Be not afraid."

The morning watch is breaking,
The darkness fleeth fast!
He comes! and He is speaking!—
(It is Himself at last!)
"Tis I: be not afraid."

JULIE.

CHAPTER XV.

MISSING.

Where was Julie? It was too bad of Julie to be away somewhere when they were getting ready to go to Mr. Atherton's. Her hair had to be brushed and her hands had to be washed, and she would turn up at the last moment when there was no time left for anything. Rose was in despair.

"Julie! Julie!"

Chubbie and Puff hadn't seen her "all the afternoon. Julie had hid herself. Puff had a very large pair of reproachful eyes all ready to fix on Julie the moment she turned up. "Hid herself all ve afternoon." They had wanted to play "horses," and they had wanted to play "shop." "Horses" and "shop" couldn't be played properly without Julie, and Julie had "hid herself."

She had done that once or twice before when she was tired of amusing the little ones, and had got hold of some story-book, and had hidden herself away; but sooner or later the one pair or other of the two pairs of eyes had come peering round the corner, and found out her hiding place; and "Julie, come and play," had been repeated wistfully or reproachfully, till the tender heart was conquered, and Julie was carried off.

To-day she had hid herself so safely that neither pair of eyes had peered upon her yet.

"Such a disgreoble girl!" Chubbie said.

"I know what she's done," said Lance. "She's

gone off to Mr. Atherton's by herself. I bet you she's looking at the pictures in his big picture book. Did any one ever hear of Julie's being so sly!"

That was it, of course. But Rose felt very angry indeed. Mr. Atherton had invited them at five. What a nuisance Julie must have made herself! She would give her a good talking to when they came home, she said.

"Mr. Atherton's awfully fond of Julie," put in Guy. He was rather inclined to laugh at Julie's cuteness in getting rid of the little ones like that.

"He won't be fond of her much longer if she bothers him," said Rose. "Julie wouldn't have run away like that if auntie had been here."

Guy laughed again, and suggested that as they were all ready, they needn't wait any longer, and called Lance to go ahead with him.

Rose hurried on the little ones at once. If Guy met Julie with a laughing face, Julie would never think how naughty she had been, and might think it fun to play such tricks again. She would put a stop to it directly.

"Come in," cried Mr. Atherton's pleasant voice. And there he was in his usual place upon the sofa, with a smile of welcome for his little friends.

"I say, sir, where's Julie? You've hidden her!" cried Lance, seeing in a minute that the host was the only occupant of the room; and he lifted up the curtains with a shake, and peered behind.

Mr. Atherton was taken up just then with welcoming the little girls in his usual courtly style—"Just like a cavalier of olden days," Rose said—so Lance's question had fallen unheeded on his ears.

"Isn't Julie here?" asked Rose.

"Julie?" repeated Mr. Atherton—"Julie? No. Haven't you brought her with you?"

"He's joking!" cried Lance. "He wants to take us in."

The host looked in a puzzled way at them, and smiled. "Julie isn't here," he said. "I'm not joking, really."

"Hid herself all ve afternoon," said Puff, eyeing a tempting sponge cake.

"Then where can Julie be?" It was a chorus with the elder ones as they turned and gazed at each other.

"What is it, Rose?" asked Mr. Atherton. "Explain; I don't understand."

It didn't take very long to tell him what was amiss; and "Where can Julie be?" they cried in chorus again.

"I saw her running down the garden dressed to go for a walk. She kissed her hand to me. It was three o'clock or half past," Mr. Atherton said in his turn.

"Then she went out somewhere," said Guy, knitting his brows together. "Where do you think she went?"

"Julie never goes out alone," said Elsie, looking scared—"only to school, you know, or just about the village. She's too little to go out by herself."

"Could she have gone to Mrs. Martin's do you think?" suggested Rose. Mrs. Martin sometimes invited the little ones to tea.

"I'll go and see," said Guy. "Will you excuse me, sir?" And snatching up his cap, he ran out of the room at once.

"It's all right, Rose," said the host, in a reassuring voice, as she stood fidgeting with her gloves, and looking scared as well. "Very likely Julie's gone to Mrs. Martin's; or perhaps the Morleys met her in her walk, and took her home with them. Come, let us sit down to tea; Guy will be back very soon."

He put them in their places, and talked to each in turn, but Rose and Elsie were too puzzled to enjoy their tea. It was such a strange thing for Julie to go out by herself, without letting even Manda know.

Mrs. Martin's was only ten minutes off, and

so Guy soon returned. "Julie's not there," he said. "Mrs. Martin has not seen her this afternoon. What can be up, I wonder?"

Elsie began to cry, and Mr. Atherton, too, looked anxious. "Elsie! Elsie!" he said, in a half-bantering way, "don't cry like that, my child. Little Julie is all right, I hope." And he mentioned about the Morleys again.

"I'll go to the Morleys'," said Guy. And he could be persuaded to drink only a cup of tea.

He was the head of the family now that auntie was away, and he could not sit down to a grand spread-out till this mystery was explained. So off he started—poor Guy!—to tramp into the town; a useless tramp, we know. And Mr. Atherton let the children go as soon as tea was done. His tea-party was not such a success this time.

"Oh, I'm glad auntie's coming home to-morrow," Elsie cried. "How naughty of Julie to run away like that, and give us such a fright!"

Manda suggested that the little ones should be put to bed. "It's past their time," she said.

And Rose, glad to have something to do, dragged them off there and then. She went to get her little apron then that she had left on a chair in her room, and in the pocket, one corner of it sticking out, was a piece of paper with "Rose" on it, written in Julie's crooked hand.

And then the mystery was explained at last.

Lance ran off to let Mr. Atherton know, and Rose and Elsie held an indignation meeting as they put Chubbie and Puff to bed, running every minute to the stair-head to listen if Guy had returned.

Miss Templeton, indeed! And after all their talking to Julie before. Auntie would punish Julie when she came back; of that Rose was very sure. Gone to ask Miss Templeton for money! All the family of Bridges were disgraced for evermore! What would Miss Templeton think? How ashamed they would be when she passed them in her carriage again!—Miss Templeton, who bowed so frigidly to auntie, and never looked at them. Rose could have cried for shame.

Then Guy's voice was heard in the house, and the girls ran tearing down. Rose gave him the letter with a tragical flourish, and wrung her hands while he read.

It was such a relief to know where she was; he could not feel so indignant as they. He felt too amazed at small Julie's pluck to be very angry with her.

"Fancy Julie doing such a thing as that! It's come from our talk last evening. I suppose Miss Templeton's going to keep her for the night, or she'd have been back long before this."

"Guy, what ought we to do?" cried Rose. "What will Miss Templeton think?"

"I can't go after her to-night," said Guy. "I'll go the first thing in the morning. I hope Julie hasn't made a simpton of herself. Miss Templeton will see she's only a kid. I wonder what auntie will say?"

"Auntie will be dreadfully angry. She will punish Julie, I know."

But no one was angry when auntie came. There was no room for anger left. Guy met her at the station with a pale, scared face, with a dreadful tale to tell; for Julie was lost, it seemed.

Guy went to Miss Templeton's early in the morning, to find she had not been there.

"No, little girl had come to the house," the servants all surely declared. "Miss Templeton was not at home just now; she was away on the Continent for a while."

Then where could Julie be? You may imagine auntie's feelings—but no, you could not imagine them at all, as, with a heart cold with fear, and lips trembling and white, she questioned them one and all.