

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"THE FIELD IS THE WORLD."

BY THE REV. E. B. RUSSELL.

Each morning in the mighty field
God puts thee, saying, "Life is good;"
For thee the wilderness may yield
Beauty, delight, and food.
Each day thy strength shall be renewed;
Make use a beauty, daily toll
A blessing on this earthly soil.

And when the sunset shadows lie
Across the west, and night is here,
Though dark the hour, within the sky
God's stars for thee shall kindly clear
In blessing on thy labors here.
His life is truly then begun
Whose field is reaped, whose harvest's won.

For not stored up in idle wealth
Thy garnered sheaves shall ever rest,
But given to all for food, for health,
Thy deeds shall be a rich bequest;
In the world be helped and blest.
Thy life, although to fame unknown,
Grandest than any sculptured stone.

TO BE CALLED FOR.

By ELLERAY LAKE, Author of "Longleat."

CHAPTER V.

Feet us:

Thy love to me was perfect from the first,
Even as the rainbow in its native skies.

Angels:

The rainbow died in heaven and not on earth,
But love can never die; from world to world,
Up the high wheel of heaven, it lives for aye.

J. P. BAILEY.

Well, Minnie, what are you doing?

I am gardening, Mr. Campbell; helping Thomas to weed grandmama's favorite flower-bed. It is hot work. She stood up, took off her hat, and wiped her little flushed face; her hair hung round her like a golden veil. Very hot work, she repeated; and I am quite thirsty.

Mr. Campbell burst into such a fit of laughter that the Squire hurried to join them.

What is the fun? he inquired.

Only Miss Minnie here is assuming the role of the British workman, with a sly inclination for a little beverage—hinted at most modestly.

The Squire's eyes twinkled.

I said it was hot work weeding, grandpapa, and that I was thirsty.

Did you? said the Squire. Well, if you had been a British workman you couldn't have spoken more to the purpose, or put it more neatly.

Minnie didn't understand, and went on weeding.

Grandmama is coming to-morrow, and is bringing Gertrude with her, said the Squire.

Is she? said Minnie. Oh!

This was said in such a curt way; and the "Oh" was so drolly expressive, that though the Squire knew very well what she meant, he forbore to say anything, but took a pinch of snuff. He always carried the gold box, which had been a present from his adoring servants, but the occasions on which he used the contents were rare. It was generally a signification that he was either at a loss for words, or was much pleased.

Yes, she is coming, and we must have on our best bib and tucker, I can tell you! Thomas, to the gardener, Madam will be here to-morrow, please God! Set the boys to work in yon avenue; the wind was rather fresh last night, and there musn't be a leaf on the gravel.

Aye, Squire, said the old man, everything shall be spick and span, bright as a new penny. No fear. Madam, touching his cap, shall see that.

The Squire went away. Mr. Campbell met him, and said, as he put the local newspaper of that day into his hand, Have you seen this advertisement? pointing to a paragraph.

Haven't seen the paper at all to-day, said the Squire, stopping to put on his glasses. What is it? He read in a low but audible voice:

Lost or kidnapped, a little girl, belonging to the — School, at —. Was sent by train

with ticket on shoulder, To be Called For at Welgrove Station, County Berkshire, June 28. Any person knowing anything of the said child will be rewarded on giving information to — at —.

Then followed a full description of the lost child.

Minnie, who was beside her grandfather, exclaimed in an excited voice, Why, Mr. Campbell, grandpapa, that's me!

So it is, child! Bless me! what do they mean by advertising? Never heard of such a thing in all my days! And this is the school you go to, eh?

Oh, grandpapa! I daresay it's nurse. You see, I never thought of writing to her a little letter, said Minnie.

Nurse! shouted the Squire. O, Lord, that woman will be the death of me, I believe. Why, child; why, in the name of common sense, should she advertise for you?

I don't know, grandpa, faltered Minnie, the tears starting, for the Squire's passion frightened her.

There, there, child! he said, cooling down at the sight of them. Never mind, it's all of a piece. But, Gad! I shall have something to say! I am quite calm, Campbell, quite calm! (the Squire was at white heat) but I shall have something to say to that nurse.

I do not think the nurse has anything to do with it, my dear sir, said his friend, composedly—in a tone strongly contrasted with the Squire's vehemence—why should she? It is my opinion that they have got into a sudden fright about Minnie at the Rectory. You have not written once, have you? You always were careless about your correspondence, even where business matters were concerned,—you know that as well as I do; and no doubt they have felt a sudden alarm about the child, and have thought well—in their haste, certainly, more than in their reason—to advertise, without alarming you; or else!—or else!—but no, that can't be, surely!

What can't be? said the Squire, impatiently.

Well, I was just going to say that possibly Harold and Madam have inserted this advertisement, knowing that it would meet your eye, as a little practical joke, just to punish you for not having written of the little one's safe arrival, as you ought most certainly to have done. I would have written myself, had I known.

Gad! exclaimed the Squire, with a broad smile; Madam used to be as skittish, and as spirited as a young colt; perhaps that's it—but it's a queer joke too!—shaking his head—and I am surprised at Madam, when she must know that the child was sent without nurse, and very likely, too, that she was labelled! Faugh! it makes me—well! well! No doubt it will be all right when Madam comes; but I'll be shot, if I ever heard of such a piece of foolery in my life! Now let us go and have a cut off that round, and a glass of October brew, for I am like Minnie, I find this sort of work thirsty.

Many a chuckle did the Squire give at the table during luncheon. Now and again he would pat Minnie's head;—he had drawn her chair closer to his own than it usually was—and would repeat, Advertise her, oh! Well! well! she is worth it, and double too!

Minnie ate quite contentedly; but still Mr. Campbell noticed, that she seemed to be pondering something. At last she said, quite suddenly, rather startling the Squire, especially as she fixed her eyes upon him most intently, I hope somebody paid for that piece in the paper; that it didn't come out of nurse's pocket, for she is poor, I can tell you! Grandpapa, what would it cost?

Hang! hem! hem! coughed the Squire, as he helped Minnie to a little more, conscious that Mr. Campbell's quizzing smile was directed full upon him.

Mr. Campbell himself was more perplexed, more secretly surprised than he cared to own to his somewhat excitable host; and he resolved to have a little quiet chat in the garden with

Minnie during the afternoon; but his scheme was put aside by several of his old friends calling to see him, as Lady Maxwell had spread the news of his return. When the Squire went to the drawing-room he took Minnie, and she was the object of much curiosity and of attraction to some of the visitors, who knew the circumstances of Harold's marriage. But one and all, in some way or other, conveyed the impression that they failed to see any likeness in her to her father, or to his family. The child stood beside her grandfather, silent and grave, but, as Mr. Campbell noticed, her eyes were keenly observant of every one, and her intelligent interest in the conversation was manifest in the varying expressions of her face. He beckoned to her once, seeing that the Squire was deep in an agricultural discussion with a neighbouring land proprietor, and the pleasure with which she went to him, and the smiles they exchanged, were evidences of the terms on which they were.

Why, Campbell! you have come back for a sweetheart, surely, said a loud-voiced, rosy-faced gentleman, who, judging by his attire, had come on horseback.

Just for an instant Mr. Campbell frowned, and an expression of haughtiness swept over his face, but as Minnie turned quickly and looked at him, he smiled, and said distinctly, and rather slowly, as if he was even deeply feeling his own words, Yes, I think she is that to her grandfather, and to me she is indeed the sweet heart of a bud-rose.

The child looked at him with wistful, loving eyes, and nestled closer to his side, and it was an indication of her character that she at once began to ponder in her thoughts what she could do for Mr. Campbell, and to show how much she loved him, and how grateful she felt for all his kindness to her.

She did not think a pin-cushion nor a pen-wiper would be of much service to him, but it soon became notable through the whole house that Miss Minnie was Mr. Campbell's shadow, that ere he had time to name a thing, or express a wish, the one was at his hand, and the other, if possible, fulfilled. And this greatly pleased the Squire, not only because he always liked to see children bright and active, but, still more, because he loved his friend as his own soul.

(To be continued.)

QUIET TALKS WITH GIRLS.

(From The Young Christian Soldier.)

I—Continued.

MY DEAR GIRLS:

But there are, too, as we well know, many homes which are sadly overshadowed by cramped and insufficient means; where there seem to come more little mouths to be fed and bodies to be clothed than there is food and raiment awaiting them; and in such homes, influenced by no discontent or selfish dissatisfaction, the older girls, seeing younger ones rapidly growing large enough to fill their places, may very justly feel that, if possible, they should earn a support for themselves, and relieve an overworked father of a portion of care.

There are others still, who, through bereavement or other causes, have none to whom they may rightfully look for maintenance after reaching womanhood, and who would, therefore, with a self-respect and a womanly pride only just and commendable, prepare themselves as early as possible for self-support.

To all such only encouragement and aid should be extended, and it is to such earnest young hearts that these letters are especially addressed, with the sincere hope that they may convey some helpful word from one who would be truly a friend.

II.

Taking it for granted, my dear young friends, that some of you have read our former letter,