

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

WHOLE-HEARTED.

Whate'er you find to do,
Do it, boys, with all your might;
Never be a little true,
Or a little in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great and small things,
Be as thorough as you can.

Let no speak their surface dim,
Spotless truth and honor bright;
I'd not give a fig for him
Who says any lie is white!
He who flatters,
Twists or alters,
Little atoms when he speaks
May deceive me,
But believe me
To himself he is a sneak.

If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain,
They are treasures,
Yielding pleasures,
It is wicked to retain.

Whate'er you find to do,
Do it, and with all your might.
Let your prayer be strong and true—
Prayer, my lads, will keep you right.
Prayer in all things,
Great and small things,
God will hear and answer too.
Trust Him ever,
Doubt Him never,
Then He'll show what He can do.

—Selected.

TO BE CALLED FOR.

By ELLERAY LAKE, Author of "Longleat."

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

You are alone, I find, my dear, she said to Minnie.

Yes, ma'am. Grandpapa and Mr. Campbell have gone to Carston.

Miss Maxwell started. Whom did you say? she asked.

Mr. Campbell. He is an old friend of grandpapa's. They have not seen each other for a long, long time.

The two ladies exchanged glances.

Don't you feel lonely, my dear? asked Lady Maxwell, kindly, drawing Minnie to her side, and caressing her long bright locks.

Oh, no, said Minnie. I have been in the orchard with Thomas, and in the garden. He is a nice old man, she added, a little old-fashioned, you know; but very sensible.

The ladies laughed; the elder with kindly amusement; but the younger shrugged her shoulders, and said, with a look at her mother, They are matched then, such an old-fashioned little piece!

Minnie's sudden flush showed her resentment. There was quite as much dignity in the child as in the woman, with an equal touch, too, though unconsciously on Minnie's part, of *hauteur*.

Will your grandmamma return soon? inquired Lady Maxwell.

I don't know, ma'am. They have measles there.

Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

How very tiresome for her, said Miss Maxwell.

I daresay it is more so for the little folks, said her mother, kindly. Measles are not pleasant things.

The child looked at her with a smile; and she instinctively nestled closer to her side.

I hope grandmamma will not be much worried, she said, so sedately that the ladies laughed.

Is Mr. Campbell staying long? inquired Miss Maxwell, with slight hesitation of manner.

I don't know, but I hope so, answered Minnie, so quickly and so emphatically that Lady Maxwell looked at her, and Miss Maxwell, again raising her eye-glass, surveyed her attentively.

I wonder if she only sees with one eye, thought Minnie; it's very disagreeable to be stared at so.

I am very sorry your grandfather is away,

my dear, said the elder lady, I have not seen him for a long time; and I cannot often drive such a great distance.

Minnie was one of Nature's gentlewomen, and, with instinctive politeness, she said, prettily and earnestly, Will you not stay to have some lunch, Lady Maxwell? I am sure grandpapa would not be pleased if you did not.

She was speaking when Manvers entered to announce that luncheon was on the table. He was evidently a favorite with both the visitors, for they spoke very kindly to him, and made many inquiries about Madam and her probable return.

I took the liberty to send the horses round to the stables, he said, for the Squire will not be back before three o'clock, my lady.

Not until three! said Miss Maxwell; mamma, we will stay, of course.

For a moment, her mother hesitated, but her daughter had already drawn off her gloves. She spoke, too, in a commanding way that seemed habitual. Minnie assisted Lady Maxwell to unfasten her cloak, with fingers so deft, that she won a smile and a very loving kiss.

Miss Maxwell preceded them to the dining-room, her long gown sweeping the floor, and her whole bearing haughty in the extreme. She at once took the head of the table. Manvers waited upon her with, as it seemed to Minnie, just an added touch of deference that secretly irritated Miss Minnie. That observant little maiden thought she had no right to take that place instead of the older lady; and she listened to all the questions, not a few either, that Miss Maxwell put to Manvers, with inward comments that would have considerably astonished that lady had she known.

After luncheon they returned to the drawing-room. Minnie tried to entertain her kindly friends as best she could by talking of her grandpapa, and opening books of engravings for her. Lady Maxwell noted it all, passed judgment upon her tiny hostess, and the verdict was a very favourable one.

Miss Maxwell had passed through the open window on to the terrace, and was pacing up and down, stooping occasionally to pat Roy, who walked beside her as if they were old acquaintances.

Minnie chatted with a child's innocent freedom, but with a rear and delicate tact. Lady Maxwell questioned her a little about her studies, but asked no questions that touched her surroundings. They were still talking when the sound of wheels was heard coming along the avenue. Minnie went to a window; then, with a little exclamation of joy, rushed into the hall.

Grandpapa, she said, as he entered, there are visitors here—Lady Maxwell and Miss Maxwell.

Indeed! little maid, answered the Squire, in his loud, ringing, pleasant voice; are there? Glad to hear it. Are you glad to see us? as he stooped down to kiss her.

Yes, grandpa, I am, said the child; and then, lowering her voice, she added, in a distinct whisper, I like Lady Maxwell; but I don't like Miss Maxwell—not one bit.

Nay, nay, said the Squire, running his fingers through his thick, iron-grey curls, always speak kindly of those who are under your roof-tree. My little girl must always remember that whilst she is in her grandfather's house.

Mr. Campbell could not repress a smile, as he saw the almost imperceptible but decided shrug of her shoulders. His face had flushed when he heard Minnie's announcement; but it was so transient, that when the Squire glanced at him he saw nothing but the bright smile which greeted Minnie.

They went to the drawing-room. Both the ladies reciprocated their host's friendly greeting, particularly the elder, who then turned to Mr. Campbell, and said, This is a most unexpected and a very pleasant surprise.

He bowed low over the hand she offered, and said, I am fortunate in having retained a place in your memory, Lady Maxwell.

Miss Maxwell was standing near to a window. The full light shone upon her tall figure, stately in its height; and upon the red gold of her luxuriant hair. Her eyelids were lowered, her hands were loosely clasped. She was deathly pale, and did not look up, but acknowledged the bow of Mr. Campbell by a slight inclination of her head. Minnie, who held her friend's hand, watched her with fascinated curiosity.

I trust I see—Miss Maxwell?—well.

It was the faintest indication of a query.

Miss Maxwell is quite well, Mr. Campbell, she answered, coldly; but a sudden flush suffused her face and throat, and her lip trembled.

Again he bowed and turned away with a peculiar expression, it was scarcely a smile, on his face; more an unspoken sarcasm; but it passed away quickly.

I trust that my little maid has been a good proxy, said the Squire to his visitors.

All you could desire, answered Lady Maxwell, warmly; then in a low tone, I am charmed with the child; but I fail to see any likeness to, or, indeed, any trait whatever of your family, or of Madam's. But it is so sometimes in odd members of families; and yet she reminds me of some one.

No, she is not like any of us that I can see, answered the Squire, a little testily; must take after her mother, I should think.

Perhaps so, said Lady Maxwell, gently. Well, I am glad, very glad, that your wife has gone to the Rectory. Family jars are the saddest of all troubles; in a world that is so full of them, I think every one of us should try to make the sorrows of others less.

You always were as good a creature as ever the Almighty made, Caroline, and if that world were full of such as you, gad, there would be less trouble in it!

She smiled, and gently patted his arm.

Always the same, old friend, always the same, leal of heart, kindly of tongue, and, I rejoice to infer, with a significant glance at Minnie, kindly forgiving at last.

Yes, yes, he replied, rather huskily, the little maid brought her handkerchief of love with her, as they say babies do, and, with a very perceptible tremor of his lips, I suppose Madam will have her boy again in the old home at last. She is a bonnie little bairnie.

And may she prove to be the angel in your house, old friend, said Lady Maxwell, as she rose to leave.

And that lady thought it was even so, when, looking back through the long avenue of limes, to wave a last farewell, she saw the grandfather and the child, standing hand in hand on the green lawn, with the glorious sun flinging over and around them his brightest panoply of gold.

(To be continued.)

QUIET TALKS WITH GIRLS.

(From The Young Christian Soldier.)

I.

MY DEAR GIRLS:

Not very long since, your friend Miss Emery and I were talking of you, of the many things that make the happiness or unhappiness of girls, of the many things that help them onward or hold them back in the effort to lead a useful life, when she said to me,

"Why don't you write a letter sometime to our girls, and give them the benefit of these thoughts?"

"But," I said, "do you think they will care to read letters of that kind—quiet, friendly talks on everyday subjects? I fear they would rather have stories."

"Perhaps the little ones might," she answered, "or those not capable of *thinking*, as all womanly girls must think in time. But all others, I believe, would feel a deep interest in these things of which we have been speaking."