

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## A HYMN OF PRAISE.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY GODFREY THRING.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul, praise the Lord."—Ps. civ. 35.

Raise the song, ye people, raise,  
 Raise the song of prayer and praise,  
 Prayer—that we may ever be  
 Thankful, O our God, to Thee;  
 Praise—that Thou, O God, hast given  
 Life on earth, and life in heaven;  
 May we then our voices raise in mingled prayer and praise.

Dumb indeed the tongue must be,  
 Mute the lips that hymn not Thee,  
 Dull the voice that doth not rise,  
 Mingling with Heaven's harmonies,  
 Whilst to Thee creation brings  
 All its lowly offerings.  
 Thee, the King that reigns on high, through all eternity.

Myriad worlds that gem the skies,  
 Mountains that on mountains rise,  
 Birds that tremble in the air,  
 All that liveth everywhere,  
 Heaven, and earth, and sky, and sea,  
 All pour forth their minstrelsy!—  
 Why doth silence reign so long, when earth is filled with song.

Praise the Lord, then, O my soul,  
 Who doth make the waters roll,  
 Circelling round the fruitful land,  
 In the hollow of His hand,  
 Praise the Lord, ye people, praise,  
 Praise Him to the end of days;  
 Let not man be silent when the earth resounds again.

Praise Him, ye of higher race,  
 Born again, redeemed by Grace,  
 Grace of Him who dying gave  
 All—'e'en life—"His own" to save.  
 Now, O Lord, no longer dumb,  
 With a song of praise we come,  
 And with joy fall down before Thy footstool.

Hornblotton Rectory.

## TO BE CALLED FOR.

By ELLERAY LAKE, Author of "Longleat."

## CHAPTER IV.

Heaven bless thee!  
 Thou hast the sweetest face  
 I ever did look upon!

The sun was shining brightly on Minnie's face when she awoke next morning. Mary was standing beside her little bed with a tray.

You have been sleeping soundly. Miss Minnie! she said. Your grandpa has gone off to Carstone. Minnie sat up and rubbed her eyes.

Is it late, Mary? Has Mr. Campbell gone?

Yes, he went with the Squire.

Oh, dear! I am so sorry! I did not say good-bye!

He is coming back, Miss Minnie, said Mary with a smile. And your grandpapa left orders that you were to have the pony, if you wished, and James was to ride on Bess.

But Minnie did not care to ride alone. She thought it all over whilst Mary was dressing her, and she finally decided that she should miss both grandpapa and Mr. Campbell too much. But this was in her own mind only. When she was dressed, she went with Roy into the kitchen-garden to look for her friend, old Thomas, whom, she was told, was gathering in the apples.

She found him on the height of a long ladder up among the russets, whose dark green skins had flushed to a red bronze, the side the sun had kissed.

Good morn to ye, missy! he called, when he saw her little figure tripping down the path. Hold up your frock, and I'll send you some beauties.

Bless her! said the old man to himself; she is just a beauty; and no mistake; but she favours neither Squire nor Madam.

Presently, after he had given the last shake and the last thrash with his long pole, he said, I must go to Madam's flower garden now; her will not be pleased if she finds it weedy.

The child followed him to the tool-house, where he gathered up his implements into the barrow. Minnie at once spied a small rake and spade.

Those will do for me, she said, eagerly.

Thomas shook his head, looked doubtful, and then said, half inquiringly, to her, Well, mebbe it will be no harm. Marster Harold will never want 'em agin; that's sartain sure!

Were they papa's, Thomas? she asked, eagerly. Then, in a sad, low voice, No, no; he will never want them again. Poor papa!

Laws a'mighty, missy! said Thomas, in a very brisk, rather vexed tone, Old 'uns mun give way to young 'uns—Every dog has its day.

Thomas isn't very pious, speaking of dead people like that, nor very respectful, either, thought Minnie. The gardening tools, however, engrossed her attention.

Thomas, she said, I wish I might have a little garden of my own here. We each have one at home, but mine has not been a great success yet; and, indeed, I don't wonder, because I have only had it since the spring; and the curate, you know, comes to look at them sometimes. He pretends to know a deal about gardening; but I don't believe he does, for he never gave me any ideas.

Don't he now, missy? said Thomas.

No. He only pats one on the head, and says, Ver-ee nice! Ver-ee nice! I hate pats on the head, Minnie interjected, with startling vehemence; don't you, Thomas?

Thomas took off his old, soft hat, rubbed his bald pate, and laughed until his sides shook.

Don't get much on 'em nowadays, missy!

Well, of course not, now, said the little girl, rather offended; and I really can't think why people do it to children; but he *always* did. One day—oh, dear, Thomas—how we did laugh afterwards—he brought us each a little packet for a present, you know; and he said he did not quite know *what* they were; but knew they were some kind of beautiful flower-seeds. Do you know, Thomas; they all came up *parsley*; and some other stuff that smelt so nasty!

The little girl laughed merrily.

Did he now, missy? Well, he might have done worse; though he were a bit on a soft-head, surely!

Thomas went on digging, careless of Minnie's prattle.

Done worse! And in a flower-garden! Well, Thomas, I am surprised at you!

Ay, ay! said the old man, stopping to rest his back; my missis says, many a time, as I surprise her.

Does grandmamma say that? asked Minnie.

No, no, bless your little heart! Not Madam; it's my missis, my old wife! he shouted, seeing Minnie's look of perplexity.

Oh, your wife! Well, Thomas, I would not call her that, if I were you! It sounds so—so very *masterful*, as nurse says, when the children are tiresome.

Well, she is that betimes; and no mistake, I do assure ye, missy, said Thomas, shaking his head.

Well, said Minnie, after meditating a little, with her pretty head on one side, and her large eyes fixed upon Thomas,—like a young owl, just admitted to a screeching society,—I dare say it's all for your good, Thomas, if she does worry you a bit! Nurse says, Women have all the sense.

Do she, said Thomas; a bit snappishly.

Minnie thought to herself, and then he went on working vigorously; but in silence. What a beautiful rose-tree that is, Thomas, she said, I like white roses better than any.

So does Madam, he answered, leaning on his spade. I mind Master Harold planting it. He was twelve year old, that very day; and there was bell-ringing; and a treat for school-children, and a party here in the hall, at night, for gentle folks. But pleasure was spoiled. In the afternoon, Marster Edward fell out o' that tree there, pointing to a yew on the lawn, and he put his hip out. Eh, dear! it was a sad climb, was that?

Thomas shook his head, as he added, I allus said he had nine lives! But he ventured once too often! once too often!

Did he die? asked Minnie softly.

No, missy, no! Not then and there. But he dwined and pined for a year. And then! Well, well! it comes to all of us at last! But

it came too soon to him. Such a bonnie lad he were!

Was papa sorry? asked Minnie wistfully.

Ay, missy, ay. In course he was; But Marster Harold went off to school again in a bit. He was vast fond of book larnin' was Marster Harold. Squire used to joke a bit about his turning monk; but, bless you, missy, none o' Squire's line were ever of that sort. No, nor Madam's either, for matter o' that; and them the finest women in our shire or any other shire in the land! Real beauties they all were, every one of the family! And it wasn't very long before news came as Marster Harold had got married.

The old man paused as if lost in thought.

Did the bells ring then, Thomas?

No, missy. Oh, no! There was no bell-ringing that day. I have worked for Squire and Madam ever since I was a little lad, set to shooting crows off pea-rows; grew up from boy to man to be a trusted servant. Thank God for all His mercies! reverently lifting his cap. And what was the good of the family I felt was my good; I had such a respect and such love for them; and they knew it. Well, I was at yon flower bed one morning when I saw Squire and Madam walking in the avenue. She was looking like put out as I had never seen her in my life. At last she came to me; and says, in such a trembling voice—

Thomas, the Squire and I are very much distressed this morning; and you must not mind if he is a bit peevish.

I stood, with my cap in my hand, all of a dither, for I thought then I had done summat amiss; but she went on so kindly, You have been in our employ since you were a lad, and I know how fond you are of our boys; therefore—therefore—and her voice shook, as if she could scarce say it, I am sure you will be sorry to hear that Master Harold has married without letting us know; and of course the Squire is very angry. I feel it more than I can say. He is the eldest, therefore the heir you know, and we had looked to a very different marriage to this—a secret one!

Madam's face did flush up; and the tears rolled down her face, as made my heart ache to see, I was never so took a-back in all the days o' my life. When I could speak, I said, Well, Madam, if poor Master Edward had lived; and had done it, I shouldn't have been surprised; but ray-lee! Marster Harold. Why, he's been such a book-wor-r-m, as the sayin' is, that it is an astonishment. But I says, happen, Madam, it's all for the best, and if children come, Marster Harold will be more common-sense-ful, like other folk; not so much up in the clouds; and I do wish him my best wishes.

Madam laughed then, kind of hearty, you know, Missy, as she wiped her pretty eyes; and then she put a five-pound note in my hand, and she said, Thank you, Thomas, very, very much! You must have a holiday, though we are sad, because, after all, it is our son's marriage, and it cannot be undone. God grant he may not live to repent it, nor we to sorrow more! Missy, I never said a bigger Amen in church than I said then; and Madam shook my hand. It was the first time I had the honour; but it was not the last, by many. God bless her! and then she said, Take your wife to the town, Thomas, you can have the shandry, and buy her a fairing; for it was St. Catherine's Orange Fair, of all days in the year. Eh, many's the time I had ridden behind my young gentlemen when they went on their ponies to that fair! I thought of that in a minute, and I saw Madam did, for she went away quick with a little sob. But I thought she must have told the Squire what I had said, for I heard his laugh in a bit, like himself more. So I took heart at that; and me and Peggy, that's my missis, you know, went off to the fair. I didn't say a word to anybody what I knew, because Madam had not told me to do, And I had a kind of respect for the family; that always kept my lips tight shut about their concerns, except when I had the chance to let