

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

NOV. 1.]

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

1885.

*"That they may rest from their labours."*

The Saints of God! their conflict past,  
And life's long battle won at last,  
No more they need the shield or sword,  
They cast them down before their Lord:  
O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

The Saints of God! their wanderings done,  
No more their weary course they run,  
No more they faint, no more they fall,  
No foes oppress, no fears appeal:  
O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

The Saints of God! life's voyage o'er,  
Safe landed on that blissful shore,  
No stormy tempests now they dread,  
No roaring billows lift their head:  
O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
In that calm haven of your rest!

O God of Saints, to Thee we cry;  
O Saviour, plead for us on high;  
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,  
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;  
That with all Saints our rest may be  
In that bright Paradise with Thee. Amen.

## TO BE CALLED FOR.

By ELLERAY LAKE, Author of "Longleat."

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

So the summer passed, and Minnie grew in stature rapidly, and in singularly graceful elegance. From morn to night there was heard the merry laughter and ringingly glad voices of the children, the Squire's morning greetings always sounding with a hearty delight through the hall, that seemed to give briskness and freshness to everybody. Madam grows young again, said the old servants, who had become grey in her service; but over and above all there seemed to hover a strangely gentle spirit that won the love of everyone. From the kindly but strict martinet Squire and his loving, but dignified, well-ordering dame, down to the lowest servant; from the hunters in the stables, that allowed her to caress them as she would; the dogs, that were always on the watch for her when she went into the grounds, to the rich-plumaged doves that perched upon her finger with soft coos, and offered their beaks for kisses from her lips—one and all seemed to love, and to have a longing to be loved, by Minnie. Mr. Campbell noted it all—for he was a welcome and a willing guest on his return—all through the brighter months, and as the days waned to autumn he yet lingered, his strangely deep and fond interest in her increasing until his heart's tendrils were entwined but too closely round the child.

The first touch of frost had fallen upon the leaves, and was felt in the air, when one evening Mr. Campbell, having dressed for dinner earlier than usual, came into the drawing-room and found it, as he expected, unoccupied. There was a bright candel fire burning, the only light in the room. He drew up an easy chair to the fire, rested his head comfortably, and was inclined for a wee nap, when a little voice said,

Is that you, grandpapa?

He started, and peered into the shadow whence the voice sounded.

My little White Rose! Where are you? he asked, in surprise.

Here, Mr. Campbell; and then a little figure crossed the room, walking rather unsteadily.

Why, Minnie, what is the matter, dear? How flushed your cheeks are!

My head aches, she said, in rather a drowsy tone.

He took her upon his knee, and laid his hand on her forehead. It was burningly hot; he felt her pulse, it seemed to be bounding.

Minnie, is your throat sore? he asked, in alarm.

No, Mr. Campbell, but I am cold, and my head feels funny.

Cold! with that heat, which almost scorched his hand. He placed her on a couch, and hur-

riedly sought Madam. In a very few minutes Minnie had been placed in a hot bath; and the doctor sent for. He soon arrived. When he left the Hall, there was not one face upon which the shadow of a great trouble had not fallen.

Scarlet fever symptoms, he had said, briefly. The words rang like a knell in that house. Old servants heard them with a shudder. Long years ago they had seen four little coffins carried in one short week through the old porch, into the near church-yard. That dire scourge had been death's messenger.

When morning dawned, Minnie was tossing in her little bed, delirious, and in danger.

Gertrude was removed to the farthest wing of the house. Doors were locked that communicated with any corridors not needed to be used; and disinfecting sheets hung outside every room. Servants trod with softest steps; and even in the far distant parts of the house, their voices were almost unconsciously lowered to whispers.

The child is in danger, they were told, and each heart was heavy with a sadness which even surprised themselves. The dogs appeared to know that there was something wrong. They missed their play-fellow, and they licked the Squire's hand with slower caresses, and looked up into his face with wistful eyes of wondering, mute sympathy, inexpressibly touching. In her delirium, Minnie talked of her past life. Many an insight into her noble little soul, many a revelation of unselfishness that was rare; many a trait, that seemed almost sublime, was unconsciously revealed to those who watched over her with such unremitting love and care, as if they would wrest her from the hand of Death, by force, if possible. Scarcely two hours passed that did not find Mr. Campbell by her bed. He was as tender as a woman, as vigilant as the most experienced doctor, and as skillful as any trained nurse. He appeared never to sleep; for the slightest sound in the night, if he were not sharing the watch, would bring him to Minnie's room; and during the day, he was always ready to be a messenger or a ministrant.

The Squire, though seldom in the chamber, for his energetic nature could not bear inactive stillness, nor his tender heart endure the sight of suffering, was completely broken down. He would pace the terrace beneath her window, trying to catch the faint sound of her voice, as it rose and fell in her delirious wanderings; and then he would hurry away to his study, or some distinct part of the grounds, returning with eyes red with weeping, and fearful, yet anxious to be near. Minnie talked so incessantly of nurse, that the doctor said most emphatically she must come if possible. Telegrams and letters from the Squire and the doctor were sent; the latter saying that, in the position she held, there would no doubt be a difficulty about her being allowed to come in contact with that complaint especially. The Squire's influence, however, backed by his most generous purse, overcame all difficulties, and she came. It was very affecting to all to see her distress.

Poor lamb! she exclaimed, tenderly, as soon as she saw Minnie, her tears falling like rain over the child. You are not long for this world, I see that, oh, I do see it!

Hush! exclaimed Mr. Campbell, in such a tone of agony that she looked at him in mute wonder; but still she shook her head, with hopeless conviction. And his own heart echoed and acknowledged the truth of her words.

He went away to his own room, and none but God saw his agony.

Ten more days passed. The fever had left her. But how? The kindly doctors avoided the eyes that asked pitifully for the verdict, and their words were few.

She has youth on her side, said one. I have seen worse cases recover, said another. And that was all; but to Mr. Campbell they were a

doom. He felt that the mandate had gone forth, and that to him there must be less light, less joy in all the coming days.

It seemed as if Madam herself dared not ask. Her trembling lips faltered, and her eyes filled when she met the doctors outside the sick-room, and she would faintly whisper something which, without hearing, they understood.

And the Squire, all his jolly briskness gone, would look mutely in their faces, almost pleadingly, so that their own doctor could not bear to see it, and he would hurry away with a choking feeling in his throat, to which he was unaccustomed, being so inured to scenes of suffering and of grief.

So the days passed on.

No one knew how it was, but gradually and noiselessly hope seemed to have fluttered away, and there settled down upon the hearts of the watchers a resignation that was but the shadow of impending death.

One afternoon, it had been a grey day, no sunshine had brightened it at all, and there was now a wind that rose and fell in moans all through and round the house, striking a minor chord now and then that whistled through the key-holes, and then sobbed away mournfully, just stirring the falling leaves to rustles and to tremblings, and then dropping them in silence to the ground to die. The news of Minnie's illness had spread, and there had been constant and numerous kindly inquiries at the Lodge and the Hall, for Minnie was well-known now and much loved.

This afternoon Lady Maxwell and her daughter called. They lived at such a distance that they had not heard of the child's sickness, but they noticed that there was something unusual in the aspect of the place, and Manners looked so grave when he opened the door that Lady Maxwell was alarmed. Before she could step from the carriage, he went forward and said,

You will scarcely like to come in, my lady. There is scarlet fever here. He then told them of Minnie's illness.

I'm not afraid, she replied, at least not for myself, but she turned to her daughter, and added, You had better remain here.

I fear nothing, said Miss Maxwell, in an almost despairing tone, as if life had no charm, death no terrors for her; but she smiled as Lady Maxwell looked at her with yearning, maternal tenderness, and with something like awakened pity.

My dear, she said, I fear for you.

Miss Maxwell did not reply, but followed her mother into the hall.

I do not know if Madam will come down, she so rarely does, said Manners, as he drew forward an easy chair; but I know the Squire is somewhere near, and I will tell him you are here. We are so upset, my lady, he added, in a low voice.

Has the child been ill long, Manners? she inquired, kindly.

Not long, no, not long, but it seems months. He gave them some particulars, and then he said, after a little pause, Mr. Campbell is mostly with the little girl; he seems as if he could not bear to be out of the room.

Miss Maxwell started, and became deathly pale.

The nurse has come, too, from the school Miss Minnie has been at, for the little girl cried for her so continually, said Manners.

Do the doctors think the case is hopeless? asked Lady Maxwell.

I don't know, my lady. They seem unwilling to speak decided, for the Squire is nearly broken-hearted. And Madam! I have not seen her like she is now since—his voice faltered, his hands trembled nervously, and he could not go on.

(To be continued.)

Obey Jesus with cordial loyalty, and you will understand Him. Not by studying Him, but by doing His will shall you know how divine He is.—*Philips Brooks.*