

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## REMEMBER—NOVEMBER.

Children, remember  
That first in November  
The Feast of All Saints has a place:  
That feast, more than others,  
Makes sisters and brothers  
Of all who receive the Lord's grace!

Children, remember  
That last in November  
The Feast of Saint Andrew will be:  
That one who was ready,  
With true love and steady,  
When Jesus said—"Come, follow Me!"

So, children, remember,  
That, guarding November,  
Two Saint's Days like sentinels stand.  
The Church in such beauty  
Has thus marked our duty,  
And we should regard her command!

—Young Churchman.

## LUCILE'S GIFT.

BY D. R. G.

Down the broad village street comes Lucile, walking with her usual rapid step. On she goes—past the village store with its group of idlers lounging in front of the door, past old Mother Brewster's tumble-down, rickety house, with even, at her present mature age of sixteen, a scarcely perceptible shiver at the thought of the weird witch stories told of the poor old woman. On she goes, with a song in her heart; and, like a modern Red Riding-hood, a pot of fresh peach-butter in one hand, and a book in the other. But instead of a grandmother, it is dear Aunt Lois she is hurrying to see this beautiful October day. Aunt Lois, whom she has not seen for two whole weeks, she has been so busy. Just as she leaves the plank walk for the country road, a little figure jumps from behind the roadside hedge, with a startling shout. A figure at sight of which Lucile's face changes from its radiant, happy look to one of stern reproach.

For the little, short, plump figure before her is that of a boy not more than eight years of age, dirty and ragged, no cap on his head, nuts falling from his numerous pockets, and in a state of demoralization only possible to a boy of his age.

"Richard Hanover," Lucile said, sternly, "what do you suppose mother will say?"

"Oh, now, Lucile, you'll mend me up to-night, won't you? You needn't be so very particular—just so you use real strong thread—you can have some of my ball of twine. Now do, Lucile; you always help a fellow, you know," bringing his little grimy face closer, and adding, in a wheedling voice, "I'm awful sorry, but I never saw such cloth in my life," confidentially "it just tears if you look at it."

"And you never do anything but look at it," his sister replied, with fine sarcasm. "But indeed, Dick, you ought to be more careful," and as the boy turned around, a cry of dismay escaped her, for in each stocking was a gaping rent, showing the bare legs underneath. "Dick, Dick! those stockings that I darned so carefully."

"Stocking," asked Dick, with an innocent air. "What's the matter with them? Well, when did I do that, anyhow?" he asked, with a puzzled look.

Lucile paused a moment thoughtfully. "Dick, you musn't go home that way now," she said, "for poor mother is just resting after such a busy day, and I must see Aunt Lois. You stay here and gather nuts until I come back, will you? Who is with you?" she asked suddenly, as another figure emerged from behind a great tree in the distance—a boy, who, in spite of his rough clothes, looked trim and neat beside her shabby brother. A little sigh escaped her at the contrast, but she only said, "Well, Dick, you don't mean to do it, I suppose, and I'm glad you're with Fred Arnold. What was the use of scolding, anyhow?" she thought, as she looked back and laughed, in spite of herself, at

the comical, ragged member of the Hanover family, then hurried on; but not before shrill tones called down the road, "Oh, Lucile, do lend us your silk pocket-handkerchief for our nuts, I forgot my bag," at which she deigned no reply.

She turned into a little gate by the roadside, and then stopped short in admiration at the sight before her. Across the country were the hills, crowned with trees glorious in their autumn beauty—pale ambers, rich, deep yellows, brilliant reds, with here and there a dash of vivid green. Below was the stream, unknown to history, but still beautiful, with its rippling surface falling over rough boulders, reflecting in its smoother places a perfect picture of the trees on its banks.

"Oh, if I could but paint it!" escaped from the girl's lips as she stood there, and then a little sigh at the thought of the little time the eldest daughter in a large family ever had to devote to sketching or painting, or indeed to anything but the strictly necessary, practical things of life.

Cousin Lois in the cozy living room within her pretty cottage, answered the well-known rap instantly; and no one could doubt Lucile's warm welcome as she put down her little offerings and threw off hat and wrap, and drew up a low rocker beside the lounge, where Miss Lois spent most of her time, for she was one of the Father's "shut in" ones. There was an unusual bond of sympathy and understanding between this bright young creature and the elder woman, and to her Lucile came with all her little perplexities, the joys and troubles of her own little world.

"I've taken off my wraps, Cousin Lois, because I'm going to pretend that I can stay a long while, and haven't a host of things waiting for me at home," Lucile said, taking her cousin's small, slender hand in hers. "I've brought you a lovely book—at least I think it's lovely—it's Gwen, and dear old Bert sent it to me out of his allowance." Bert was an elder brother away at college. "The dear old fellow hasn't been in a scrape this term, and stands so well in his studies."

Miss Lois smiled as she thought of the short time that had passed since the term had began.

"But Aunt Lois," the eager voice went on, "boys can do so much. They haven't a thousand children to wait upon, mending and sewing and half a dozen other things to do, besides school-work. And here this long summer vacation, just think of all the sketching and painting and reading I planned to do, and then mamma was so sick and had to go away, and Dot had the croup, and Dick cut his foot, and the summer has passed, and only a single little painting to show for it. And it is always so. I seem to be the one who must step in to fill the odd corners."

"Yes," said the elder woman, "you are your mother's comfort and 'help in time of need.' She told me once she considered you a gift straight from the Lord."

The brown eyes filled with sudden tears, which were not allowed to fall.

"But I don't do half that I ought, and I'm not uncomplaining," said Lucile quickly. "And this afternoon, even you cannot love me, Cousin Lois, for I'm discouraged and cross—yes, cross, for I must go home, and instead of the charming evening I had promised myself, with the 'Century' to read, I must mend Dick's clothes for Monday. Cousin Lois, don't you think eight children almost too much for one woman to bring up?"

The question was asked so gravely that Miss Lois could hardly keep from laughing, but she said instead, "Well, dear, the children are here, and you would not be without them. I know how you feel—you see other girls of your age accomplishing so much—Ada Carter going twice a week to Redfield to take music lessons of Professor Alexander, and Ella Turner paints so beautifully, and Lucy Brown intends to fit

herself to teach German and French abroad, and you think that while you have the talent to draw and paint, there are so many hindrances to keep you back, and the expense could not be thought of now. But, Lucile, have you never thought of the real gift you have? Your brothers and sisters love you far more than elder sisters are usually loved, you are far more help to your mother, being so thoughtful and efficient as you are, than you could possibly be at anything else; and then there is absolutely no one who can take your place. And what can there be better than helping such a mother as you have?"

"Nothing," said Lucile, brightly, "and I'm a wretch ever to have a discontented thought, with such a bundle of blessings as I have—such a mother, such brothers and sisters, and such a dear Aunt Lois! But I must go, for Dick is waiting for me, and I have a long walk, but you have done me ever so much good. Why is it, Aunt Lois, that you always seem to understand me so well, and yet you never could have been like me, you are so patient and gentle."

"Don't be too sure, Lucile, and do look in the secretary drawer, right hand side, and get a little package which has been waiting since your birthday, and Dinah's rheumatism has kept her from taking it."

Then from Lucile's expectant hands fell a delicate, creamy cape with its satin ribbons, out from the folds of which came a pair of gloves.

"Oh, Aunt Lois, did you make this lovely thing? How did you know that I just longed for one? and how did you know that my best gloves are so shabby that I'm ashamed to wear them?"

She threw the cape over her shoulders, making a pretty picture—all the more that it was unconscious—to stay in Miss Lois' mind for many a long day. A picture far more interesting than any on canvas, was this young creature, with her dark eyes happy and bright, her hair of that peculiar reddish tint the old masters loved to give their saints and virgins, the shapely head thrown back, and the full red lips, which, far more living and real than any painting, bent down to kiss the sweet pale face on the pillow.

Off went Lucile at last, singing down the road. Her little world looked different; it always looked brighter after a visit to Aunt Lois. Perhaps, after all, her gift was something not to be despised, and anyhow she determined to make the very best of it, to cultivate it with as much care as Ella Turner did her art, even if it was a homely, every-day accomplishment.—*Shadow of the Cross.*

WOMAN'S CALLING.—What surely is woman's calling but to teach man? And to teach him what? To temper his fiercer, coarser, more self-assertive nature by the contact of her gentleness, purity, self-sacrifice. To make him see that not by blare of trumpets, not by noise, wrath, greed, ambition, intrigue, puffing, is good and lasting work to be done on earth; but by wise self-distrust, by silent labor, by lofty self-control, by that charity which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things; by such an example, in short, as women now in tens of thousands set to those around them; such as they will show more and more, the more their whole womanhood is educated to employ its powers, without waste and without haste, in harmonious unity.—*Kingsley.*

HOSPITALS.—Let us learn to look on hospitals not as acts of charity, supererogatory benevolences of ours towards those to whom we owe nothing; but as confessions of sin, and worthy fruits of penitence; as poor and late and partial compensation for misery which we might have prevented.—*Kingsley.*