

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A HARVEST HYMN.

"Praise ye the Lord."

Giver of good, to Thee we raise
Our loud, united song of praise!
From Thee have come the sun and rain,
From Thee the fields of golden grain:
Our lips declare
Thy gracious care
As autumn brings Thy gifts again.

Not by the art of men, well skilled,
Are all the nation's garner filled;
We look above the reaper band,
And trace our Father's gen'rous Hand:
Thy love Divine
In corn and vine,
And all the blessings on the land.

Oh, may Thy burdened sheaves that yield
Food from the glorious harvest field
Tell us of treasures that appear,
Now from Thy Hand each circling year:
Thy gifts we see,
So fresh and free,
How can we harbor doubt or fear?

Father, we pray Thee still to bless,
Be Thine our shield from all excess;
Enriched in basket and in store,
With grateful hearts we'll sing and soar,
And daily long
With nobler song
In Heaven to praise for evermore.

J. BURBRIDGE.

Emmanuel Vicarage, Liverpool.

TO BE CALLED FOR.

By ELLERAY LAKE, Author of "Longleat."

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

At this, his companion turned in his chair, and with droll solemnity asked: Squire, were you ever shut up in a small nursery with a lot of children on one wet day?

Certainly not.

Were you ever at sea, with a family of children on board—weather bad—ship tossing—and one poor woman to look after them?

No, thank God! answered the Squire, emphatically.

Then wait until you have had either experience before you run down this nurse. If that child praises her, she's a good 'un! I'll take my oath on it.

Perhaps so, but I shall never pardon her sending the child so.

You don't seem to me to be reasonable, Squire; you don't blame the child's parents at all, apparently.

Well, the fact is, Campbell, Harold, as you must know, has always had as much practical sense as any moon-blind horse that ever walked; always looking and talking over folks' heads, and you may be sure his wife would be a cobweb of a woman; in fact, the child herself talks only of the nurse. And now I think of it, she said something about the vicar's wife meddling. No doubt she is a sensible, practical woman. At any rate, the facts are there, and I do expect that there will be a bit of a stir over this stick and his nursery stuff, whilst Madam is there.

When they went into the hall, Minnie was there with "Roy," a magnificent Collie dog that had attached itself already to her little person.

We are going to the stables, Minnie, will you come? said the Squire.

She took his hand with evident delight, and as her grandfather grasped the tiny fingers he felt, as his friend had said, happier than he had felt for years.

They were turning out of the avenue into a walk that led to the stables, when they saw a red-capped lad approaching, who, seeing the Squire, ran forward.

Bless me! another of 'em, said the Squire, as he opened it in haste. It's from Madam. He read,—

"Gertrude taken poorly, do not like to leave. Nothing serious, think measles."

Dear, dear! said the old gentleman. This is bad news.

Well, I'm very sorry for grandma, said Min-

nie, shaking her head. When we had the chicken-pox nurse said that Gertrude was more trouble than all the rest put together. She never would keep her arms in bed; and she was always wanting, though she wasn't half as ill as the others were, the doctor said.

It strikes me, missy, that Gertrude is no favorite of yours, and I don't like to see it, said the Squire, gravely, and very reprovingly.

Indeed, grandpa, it isn't that, said the little girl, earnestly. I like Gertrude very much, when she is the right side out; both the gentlemen smiled involuntarily. But it is so silly not to bear things quietly that can't be helped. And it is so unkind, too, to give nurse extra trouble when she tells us so often that we shall know some day what it is to have a back and legs, as she does, poor thing!

Her listeners laughed heartily now.

Quite right, little lady, said Mr. Campbell; it is better to bear things with fortitude, or, as you say, quietly, when they cannot be helped; but it is easier for some persons to do that than it is for others.

The doctor said that, replied Minnie, impatiently; but he hadn't the nursing. I did wish sometimes, grandpa, that he could have stayed to have done that, and have let nurse have a long ride in his gig to get some fresh air.

Did you, dear? said the Squire, looking down upon her little face, with a smile; you have a large heart, though you are such a mite.

Campbell, what do you say about this measles? It's a bad stroke of ill luck for Madam.

Oh! measles are nothing, said Mr. Campbell. All kids have to go through 'em.

Kids, indeed! thought Minnie, indignantly; and I daresay it's such a long time since he had them, he forgets how bad they are; but, she said, in quite a consoling tone to the Squire, don't be afraid for grandmamma, I don't think she will take them.

No; rather past her time, I should say, said the Squire, both the gentlemen laughing at her.

What do you say to a gallop? Perhaps, though, your sea-legs are out of that sort of thing, Campbell.

On the contrary. I should like nothing better than another look at Devil's Crag, and the place I tumbled from when I was after that nest. Do you remember old Watt, the shepherd, telling me I was safe to be hanged or drowned, after such an escape as that?

I do, said the Squire, gravely, and to his last days Watt swore that my hair did really stand on end, when my cap rolled after you, as I stretched over and watched you go down. I don't like to think about it, even now.

Don't doubt it, said Mr. Campbell, for in my travels I have seen things that seemed to turn my blood to ice; and that is saying much. Will this little lady accompany us?

Of course she will. Run for your skirt, Minnie, and your hood, for the child was bare-headed. But when she came daintily tripping back to them, holding her little skirt in one hand, and a tiny whip in the other, she had a little scarlet Tam-o'-Shanter perched on her locks of gold.

Come, now, that's better! said the Squire, approvingly. Where did you fish that from, Mary?

Old Mrs. Burns knitted it for Miss Minnie, sir. Mrs. Burns was the lodge-keeper.

Why, the bees will be taking you for a poppy, child.

It is very pretty, said Mr. Campbell.

It's very comfortable, because it will stick on, remarked Minnie, sedately. I do hate things that nurse called wombly.

Do you mean shaky? asked her grandfather, laughing.

Minnie nodded. The groom lifted her on to the saddle.

No, no! exclaimed the Squire, hastily; can't allow that, William! Miss Minnie must learn to mount properly. Gather your skirt nicely,

child, in your hand, and dismount.

Minnie looked surprised for a moment, then did as he bade her. Mr. Campbell, however, with an amused look, had stepped forward, and offering his hand as a step for the little lady's foot, quietly gave the lesson in the art. Two or three times it was repeated; then the Squire was satisfied. You are all right now, he said.

Well, that's a comfort! replied Minnie, in her old-fashioned, grave way. Nurse always told us there was a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and it was ten to one if most of us didn't take the wrong one. But you see, grandpapa, Dobbin was such a very strange donkey, poor thing! you had to get hold of him anywhere, if you wanted to mount him. So, of course, one couldn't learn the proper way. Could we?

No, of course not, dear, answered the Squire, with a droll smile; the marvel to me is that Dobbin had a bit of him left to mount on, with the lot of you! Who groomed him?

We all did by turns, said Minnie. I used to get old brushes if I could; but his coat was rather ragged generally.

I've not the least doubt of it, said the Squire.

If Minnie enjoyed her first ride, she thought it was nothing to this. They went at once to the heart of the country, along bye-roads, up hill-paths steep and winding. More than once Mr. Chapman quietly slipped from his horse, leaving it to follow him, whilst he took her bridle-rein, and led her pony past treacherous looking places. And the child smiled her thanks, not speaking, as if she had always been accustomed to his protecting care, and simply rested upon it.

After many devious windings and almost perpendicular ascents, they reached the top of a hill.

Oh, grandpapa! exclaimed Minnie, involuntarily, her eyes sparkling, her cheek flushing.

In truth, it was a scene so fair, as well as a view so grand, that an older, a more world-worn heart than Minnie's might have been enthralled.

They were on the edge of a great valley, which was, no doubt, once the crater of a volcano. Mountains rose on all sides, peak beyond peak. Some had their sides clothed with masses of purple-green trees; some were red, grey, or chalky-white; and on others grew large tracts of golden broom that lay like sunbeams which had fallen from the heavens and were loth to die. A lake or tarn, black and rippleless, was beneath, overshadowed by the Devil's Crag. Indeed, it was said to be always in shadow, for no one living had ever seen its waters give back smiles for sunshine.

Why is it called Devil's Crag, grandpa? asked Minnie.

There is an old tradition, my dear, which a shepherd once told me, connected with it. It tells that some monks had built a church yonder on the top there where you see the semblance of one in ruins; and that the first time the bell rang for vespers the devil came and knocked the church partially down; and for punishment, St. Peter condemned his Satanic majesty to come every night to have one wing stretched out and pulled to pieces, feather after feather, and as they were pulled out others grew. The devil's tears, dropping down into the valley, made that tarn, which is always as black as you see it now. They say, too, that at times the mournful tolling of a bell is heard, rising from the water. But I think, Minnie, between you and me, when the wind is in a certain quarter, that Wingfield church clock can be heard striking.

Minnie was silent, looking down thoughtfully for some time.

Poor devil! she said at last, with a deep sigh.

Her companions burst into such hearty laughter, that the little girl's face flushed rather angrily.

I call that charity that covers sins, at any rate, said the Squire. Oh, Minnie, Minnie!