

Family Department.

TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

Arise in your strength, young men of to-day,
The Master hath need of you, haste and obey.
Go, carry the message St. Andrew first
brought:

"The Messiah hath come—I with Him have
talked."

Go, there is work for you to do,
For Him who on Calvary died for you;
For there are priceless souls to save,
And snatch from out sin's dark rolling wave.

Sit ye not down with folded hands,
While your brother in error's darkness stands,
And say not the flesh is so weak.
Christ is your strength, He will give what is
meet.

O, do not let the toil retard
The efforts put forth your brother, to guard,
And count not the struggle, toil and pain,
For the soul for whom Christ will come again.

But thank God for the wonderful gift of
strength
That will enable your life in His fields to be
spent.

And from out the hot breath of the battle's din
To carry to Him a soul saved from sin.

And as thus you work in the fields below,
And in the sacred footprints of the Master go,
A holy fragrance like the breath of a prayer,
Will follow your labors every where.

—MRS. MARY E. FOX-VEILL.

In the Rubric.

Molly and Nan.

CHAPTER II. [CONTINUED.]

"Well, my dear, I'm sure I've no objection
whatever, if you haven't. When did your
brother leave England? Not more than three
years ago, is it?"

"Five next October," said his wife decidedly
"and Molly was eleven in June. We are her
god-parents, you know."

"Dear, dear," replied her husband, who had
quite forgotten the fact, "how times flies!"

Yes she was quite a tiny child when I went
to say good-bye to them—just after Nicholas
was born, a dear little creature with big brown
eyes. I think it really is most fortunate, for
Nan would grow very mopish all alone; and
anyway she is getting rather big to run about
with the boys. Molly is sure to have been well
brought up. Alice was always so particular
about her—and of course she has had unusual
advantages abroad. I am sure she would be a
good companion for Nan."

"When do they want her to come, my dear?
I suppose Hugh would bring her over?"

"No, he's too busy to do that, and they leave
on the 14th of October; but he says if we can
have her they know of a lady coming to Eng-
land about the 8th, who would look after the
child."

"It certainly does seem an excellent arrange-
ment," said her husband. "I shall leave it to
you, my dear to fix her train and all that sort
of thing."

And so it was settled that Molly should come
to Bramblere.

CHAPTER III.

Molly was the first to wake. She gazed
round the unfamiliar room wonderingly, until

her eyes rested on Nan, who was still sleeping;
and on the pictures of her father and mother and
little brother, which had been thoughtfully
ranged in a row on her side of the mantelpiece.

It was a misty morning, heralding one of
those days which St. Luke kindly brings us:
days bright enough to cheat the birds into a
belief that winter is after all far away; to coax
the roses into one more rash glory of golden
petals; to fill the air with the scent of migno-
nette and heliotrope, grown even sweeter than
their wont; to bring out the last wasp of sum-
mer, and set him crawling in a sickly stupor
over the apples that still hang russet on the
bough, until the wind shakes them down to lie
with the mulberries among the rich rank grass
below: days which soothe without exhilarating,
and which warn careful gardeners to cover up
their more delicate plants, lest the frost come
by night and nip them unawares.

The windows were open when they all
met in the dining-room, and in the sun lay
Adelaide the cat, purring her heart out, and
twitching her nostrils in the blessed assurance
of fish for breakfast. Outside the old retriever
sat up with watching mouth and cocked ears,
ready to catch the smallest morsel thrown to
him, in a finished style which would have been
the envy of any ordinary cricketer; while run-
ning perpetually in and out of the window, and get-
ting in everybody's way with perfect self-posses-
sion was Bill, the small fox-terrier, his hand-
some face seamed with scars from many a com-
bat; and the pigeons were hurling themselves
recklessly off the roof, filling the air with the
flutter of their wings, and the cooing of their
soft voices.

"Molly had better stay with the little boys
this morning, I think," said Aunt Delia when
breakfast was over, and the animals attended
to. "Next Sunday she might have Philip's and
Dick's class. I can manage them all to-day."

"What did your brothers teach them?" asked
Molly, to whom the idea of teaching any one
was new and alarming, and she turned to Nan,
who looked very important with her classbook,
as she arranged some gaudy prize tickets for
her favorites among the little girls whom she
dragoned in the Sunday-school.

"Well," she answered, "the boys took them
in turns, you know, and they've been learning
the hundred and nineteenth Psalm for Dick for
a very long time; but Philip was more particu-
lar about them having clean hands. He always
made allowances in walnut time though."

"Nan, dear, are you ready? There's the
bell," said Aunt Delia, and telling Paul to take
care of Molly and bring her to meet them at the
church gate in half an hour, she started off down
the walk, with Nan running after her, putting
finishing touches, as she went to a prayer-book
much encumbered with little markers and
scraps of scented verbona.

Molly was ready at the proper time, with a
large posy from Robin's gardens in her button-
hole, and they all met in the porch as the
clock was striking, and the old clerk was shud-
ding his eyes to make out the rector's well-known
form advancing through the pine trees.

Molly, who had seen the glories of foreign
cathedrals, did not feel that thrill of ecstasy,
which Nan had expected, but she was a reverent
little soul, and the soothing influence of the
quiet gray church was not lost upon her. She
followed her cousins along the bricked aisle,
past the beautiful old oak pulpit, painted a
bright mustard yellow by some zealous and un-
aesthetic churchwarden in Georgian days, and
up the chancel steps into the big white pew,
where they all settled down: Molly next to
Nan, who whispered under cover of the
voluntary, "That little window opposite of the
Good Shepherd and the Lamb is for our baby
sister Grace. Isn't it pretty? She was only
nine days old. I'll show you her grave outside
afterwards."

After this, Molly was still engrossed in a cal-
culation from the figures in the inscription of
how many weeks younger than herself her
cousin Grace would have been had she lived,
when she became aware that her uncle with
reverent face was reading the words "and doth
that which is lawful and right," and that service
had begun.

She was a good deal distracted, as it progress-
ed, between Robin, who sang the tunes of the
hymns to words of his own out of a prayer-book
held upside down, and Paul, who described him-
self with great fervor as a miserable "cinder;"
and once she drew Nan's attention to the fact
that the black retriever was lying with his
head inside the open door, and Nan was obliged
to whisper back, "He always comes. He likes
the music. He won't come in any further."
With which assurance Molly had to be satisfied.

Who does not know the restful feeling of a
country Sunday? Of a church where there is
nothing particular to look at in the way of bon-
nets; where through the open door one hears
the singing of the wind among the long grass,
and sniffs the scent with which it is laden; and
where if the school-children's singing is in fault
at times, it is swelled by a chorus of young
sparrows whose mother "hath found her a
house" in the ivy outside.

Molly and Nan will have many of these
memories to cherish in after years; for the
present they are just a little glad perhaps, when,
at the first note of the "March from Scipio,"
the congregation clatter out with more noise
than you would believe possible from their
number, and the children, after waiting for the
rector to take off his surplice, follow them into
the sunshiny churchyard. Here Nan takes
Molly to see the little grave with its wooden
cross made by her father's own hands and then
points out to her the plantation of the Grange,
adjoining the churchyard at the opposite end to
the rectory orchard.

"That's the Grange through there," said
Nan, and they scrambled on to the top of a gate,
from whence the old house could just be seen.

"Isn't it a pity that no one lives in it except
old Dan?" she went on. "There's been nobody
there, except him, ever since I can remember;
but father remembers old Mr. Knype ages and
ages ago. He was such a horrid old screw,
father says, and he used to count all his apples
every morning—and he had the wheels of his
carriage wrapped in brown paper—and he gave
his housekeeper hardly anything to eat—and
Hannah says he was mean enough to take the
mice away from the cat for his dinner!"

"But who's old Dan?" asked Molly, as Nan
paused, out of breath, in the midst of her
catalogue of Mr. Knype's enormities.

"Oh! he's just a poor old man, quite old and
ugly, but awfully nice, and Mr. Knype said in
his will or something that he was to be allowed
to live in the house and take care of it. I'll take
you to see him after dinner, if you like, and he'll
show us the haunted rooms, and tell you all
about Sir Knype Grabbet, and the little boy who
was bricked up in the big chimney-piece."

CHAPTER IV.

It was the custom of the rectory children to
spend the time on Sunday between their early
dinner and afternoon church in going to read to
some of the poor old people in the village. The
boys did their visiting by fits and starts, but
Nan was very faithful to the old man whom
Paul had brought so abruptly into the conversa-
tion on the night of Molly's arrival, and who
was none other than the solitary tenant of the
now deserted Grange.

"You're coming with me to see Dan this
afternoon, Molly, aren't you?" she said, looking
up from the collect which she was writing from
memory in a copy-book, with very inky
fingers. "It's the nineteenth Sunday after
Trinity, you know, such a dear little short one