

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Rest, weary heart, in peace abide,
Thy warfare's o'er, O sorely tried!
No more to battle with the tide,
Adrift upon the waters wide
Of life's uncertain sea.

Lo, at the ending, thou art blest,
Found is the question of thy quest,
That boon of all accounted best
The longed-for recompense of rest
Thy God hath given thee.

Hath He not led thee all the way,
Through paths where perils hidden lay?
When o'er the gathered shadow grey,
Was not thy strength then as thy day,
O mariner, most brave?

How often, on the dangerous main,
Have shipwrecked souls essayed in vain,
Without a guide, the shore to gain,
Who never could that hope attain,
Storm-tossed upon the wave?

Some perished in the tempest's might;
And some went down with land in sight;
And some who saw no beacon light,
Nor ever steered their course aright,
Among the rocks were lost.

Thou hear'st no more the stormy blast,
The heavens no more are overcast;
But thou, unscathed through danger past,
Art gliding into port at last—
The billows all are crossed!

Selected.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

(Concluded.)

Tuesday, April 16.

On the first of May the will is to be opened and the seals taken off every thing, but we want to move before then. Some people come to see the house and garden; it is very disturbing. On the third of May they are to be sold. Trichen looks so pale that I am afraid. She is fretting and I too, but I must not show it. Grey masses of clouds are piled up over the village yonder; some heavy drops are falling; the nightingales are singing. Jacob is standing under the chestnut-trees with folded arms, looking over his garden. He is often lost in thought, and has given up his work.

Sunday, April 21.

We are in the plantation-cottage. Do with us, dear Lord! We went to Church together—have been very quiet all day. Towards evening I sat down at the piano and sang, "Order Thy ways." Trichen and Jacob sang with me, and afterwards we wept together. And yet we are not sad; we have a wonderful feeling of being lifted above ourselves.

Tuesday, April 23.

Trichen is in bed. The weather is very dreary; it is well that we had moved all the most necessary things. When Trichen lies in bed looking so pale, I could lose courage. O no! "My soul waiteth upon God: from Him cometh my salvation. He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defence, so that I shall not be greatly moved." "Hope in Him always ye people." "God is our Hope."

The doctor has sent his bill; I did not awaken Trichen, besides I know that we have not the money to pay it. I wrote to tell him that we should pay in May. I found it hard to do so, but I asked him at the same time to come to Trichen; she seems to be very ill. Cold showers of rain are driven against the windows. Every thing looks desolate outside, and no letters from Braunsdorf.

Friday, April 26.

The doctor came and prescribed medicine. Jacob went with our last money to the apothecary. I left little Dorchten to keep watch at the cottage, and ran to the Amtman's. I asked them to lend me a little money. They were full of sympathy. The Amtman's wife said I was not fit for such a load of care, that I ought rather to live with other people. "I will first take care of Trichen to the end," I said, and could not help crying at the same time. When I got home I made some soup; the wind whistled down the chimney, doors and windows rattled. I made a fire in the bed-room, for it was cold. Trichen sighed and said I should not do so. How gladly I did. She looked at me searchingly, but I kept up bravely; she did not see how anxious I am about her. Jacob came back with the medicine, and towards

evening Trichen went to sleep. I went out; the house is so small I cannot cry without being seen. I went up by the wood-path. The wind moaned in the tree-tops, the hill pasture looked desolate. The shepherd was not sitting under the meadow-beech; grey rain-clouds flew over the valley. The rain drove me away. I passed by the Plettenhouse, it stood there so still, and grey, and lonely. I wanted to go in, but the doors were locked. The wind was rattling the panes in the old conservatory, a heavy shower drove me in to it, and I sat and cried for I know not how long.

A wonderful light aroused me, and I went out into the garden. The black clouds had passed eastward; the sun had won a space for itself, and shone in wondrous colours upon the spring-clad world. Purple and golden lights hung about the young green and the dark pines; the tall, poplar trees gloomed like torches against the violet-blue sky, and a perfect rainbow stood over the dear Plettenhouse. Not the smallest wind was stirring, the air was calm and soft and filled with fresh perfumes. Earth and sky seemed blended together. I drew a deep breath and folded my hands. What a miracle! what glory! I could have shouted with joy, and reverence, and adoration. Could I continue to fear, to mourn? O no! I returned to the cottage; the same glorious light rested upon it. Jacob was singing in his little room. "Let us be quiet for a while and seek our joy within." Trichen was sitting up in bed, the rosy evening-light rested on her face, and she was looking with a happy smile at the rainbow over the dear Plettenhouse. She was better; she had been sleeping and her courage and confidence had grown strong again. "It is a sign of peace, a sign of blessing," she said. "O, yes Trichen, our Lord will do all things well; my heart is full of thankfulness."

"In Thy great mercy Lord,
Accept this feeble praise,
With angel-choirs above
We'll tily sing Thy Love,
Through Heaven's endless days."

Thus we sang. Trichen is up, she is better, we have been making plans.

Braunsdorf, Sept. 26.

Our Lord blesses ten-fold, an hundred-fold in pure mercy, without any desert on our part. He has blessed a thousand-fold. I can do nothing but love Thee, Lord. Yes, take me for Thine own, with all my weaknesses, as a poor, feeble child, but take me altogether.

Trichen made me a beautiful wedding speech. "Do not suppose that you have reached the end of all your trials, and that you can now rest securely in your happiness. Life is now only beginning for you. Up to this time it was like a walk along the shore, you rejoiced in the beautiful flowers and rippling waters, but now you must go out upon the open sea, and storms and waves will not be wanting. Thank God that you will have a faithful friend beside you, but never lose your hold of the True Pilot, without Whom the love of the most faithful friend can be neither help nor comfort." Amen, so may it be! My own dear Trichen, your education of Lulu is finished; some one who loves me just as well will continue it. But every spring, please God, we shall spend several weeks at the dear Plettenhouse. Jacob is already looking forward to our visit. The old conservatory is to be a perfect flower garden for my birthday, and we are to eat ripe cherries. He is very happy that he will not have to go to live with his nephew, and he smokes Louisiana once more. Trichen is taken good care of, and has coffee-rolls for breakfast every morning. I was afraid that she might not get on well with Aunt Julchen, but Lucie writes me that they agree beautifully. The dear Herr Pastor's sister is the right link between them, and makes a better governess than I did. Though my dear lord and master said to me yesterday that as my own education had succeeded so admirably at the Plettenhouse, he thought of turning it into a college for young girls. House and situation would be well adapted for it.

Vollberger came to me just now to ask me which horses I should like to drive with; I could not help smiling. "That is for your master to decide," I said, "go and ask him." "The Herr just sends me to you my lady," he replied. "Well, go back to him and say that I should like to drive with the horses he chooses." Vollberger did not care for the message. "Will you not decide my lady? the Herr is a little cross." I was obliged to answer, "My husband is never cross." Vollberger cannot forget that he carried him about in his arms. But I

have resolved never to decide in matters which do not concern me. I want to be a very lowly house-wife, a noble lady like the one in the picture in the chancel, kneeling by the altar, so gentle, and obedient, and devout, and faithful. Help me in this, Thou gracious Lord.

THE END.

THE DEAD RAVEN.

THERE was a poor weaver living in the little German town of Wupperthal; a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, and well known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times. His constant faith expressed itself in what became his habitual utterance under all circumstances of trouble and perplexity. "The Lord helps," he was wont to say; and he said it undauntedly, even when it looked as if the Lord had forsaken him. Such a time it was when, in a season of scarcity work ran short, many hands were discharged, and the master by whom our weaver was employed gave him his dismissal. After much fruitless entreaty that he might be kept on, he said at last, "Well! the Lord helps," and so returned home. His wife, when she heard the news, bewailed it terribly; but her husband strove to cheer her with his accustomed assurance. "The Lord helps," he said; and even although as the days went on poverty pinched them sorely, nothing could shake his firm reliance on Him in whom he trusted. At last came the day when not a penny was left; no bread, no fuel in the house; only starvation stared them in the face. Sadly his wife tidied and swept the little room on the ground floor in which they lived. The window was open, and possibly the words were heard outside with which the weaver strove to keep up their courage: "The Lord helps." Presently a street boy looked saucily in, and threw a dead raven at the feet of the pious man: "There, saint, there is something for you to eat," he cried.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and stroking the feathers down, said, compassionately, "Poor creature, thou must have died of hunger." When, however, he felt its crop, to see whether it was empty, he noticed something hard, and, wishing to know what had caused the bird's death, he began to examine it. What was his surprise when, on opening the gullet, a gold necklace fell into his hand! The wife looked at it confounded, the weaver exclaimed, "The Lord helps," and in haste took the chain to the nearest goldsmith, told him how he had found it, and received with gladness two thalers, which the goldsmith offered to lend him for his present need.

The goldsmith soon cleaned the triquet and recognized it as one he had seen before. "Shall I tell you the owner?" he asked, when the weaver called again. "Yes," was the joyful answer, "for I would gladly give it back into the right hands."

But what cause had he to admire the wonderful ways of God, when the goldsmith pronounced the name of his master at the factory! Quickly he took the necklace, and went with it to his former employer. In his family, too, there was much joy in the discovery, for suspicion was removed from a servant. But the merchant was ashamed and touched; he had not forgotten the words uttered by the poor man when he was dismissed. "Yes," he said, thoughtfully and kindly, "the Lord helps; and now you shall not only go home richly rewarded, but I will no longer leave without work so faithful and pious a workman, whom the Lord so evidently stands by and helps; you shall henceforth be no more in need." Thus, He who fed Elijah by living ravens, proved himself equally able to supply the needs of his tried servant by the same bird when dead.—*Advocate.*

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

A MAN who forgets that he may die at any moment is very foolish. A man's business ought to be kept so closely in hand that he will be able to leave it at any moment in such condition that it can be settled up. His will ought to be made and his property safe. He should know whose shall those things be which he has provided. Much more is that man most foolish who does not live with his soul prepared to meet God. It is wealth toward God that will avail when a man comes to die. Death may be very sudden and very unexpected. The most certain of all future events is that we must die. The most uncertain of all

is the time when we shall die. When it comes, what a change! We work hard to make our lives here comfortable. Do we work equally hard to make our eternity happy!—*Exchange.*

Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.—*St. Luke xliii. 43.*

Blessed, but very awful, is the thought of the intermediate state between death and the resurrection. It is in some especial manner to be with Christ: there is something in the thought very full of awe and trembling joy: it is also to be with Abraham and all the dead who are with Christ, as they are selected and gathered out of this evil world. The more we think of it, and of those who have preceded us there, the more do we seem to approach them, for the dwelling-place and movement of our minds depend not on bodily change of place, but on the thoughts; we are there, where our thoughts are. How uplifting, how calming, how hallowing the thought, that before the rising of another sun we may be in that country of the faithful departed, if found worthy to be there!—*Isaac Williams.*

THE CHURCH'S SERVICE.

THERE are two ways of regarding the Church's service—two theories, apparently, which take possession of the minds of those who use it. There are certainly two modes of using it prevalent, in the pews, and sometimes even in the chancel. One treats it as a thing to be gone through with, more or less decorously and impressively, as a necessary preliminary, and introduction to the sermon that is, or is not, to follow; in short, a respectable religious performance which the Church bids us go through with, whenever we assemble for religious purposes.

The other regard it as a devout and reverent combination of prayer and praise into which we are to throw our hearts and voices, as a tribute—the most precious tribute, from living souls of men—to a living real Deity, a present Lord. This latter view of the matter is happily becoming more prevalent, and yet, how frequently do we see almost whole congregations—yes, alas, even priests, as well as people—going through the service, that is the phrase, as if there were no one but themselves to be thought of or worshipped, instead of bringing heart and voice and body all into play, to give expression to a real devotion, to a real God present, by His promise, to hear and receive such worship from his assembled people.

It is much to be deplored, that the fear of what is false, still so largely is made the reason for a disuse of what is true, that the point is taken off from so much of Protestant worship, taken off alike from the purpose of the worshipper, as from its effect upon himself and those whom he should influence by it.—*Kalendar.*

THE INDIAN MONKEYS.

A TRUE STORY.

THE blazing sun had climbed half-way up the Indian sky, and the air was getting too hot for either man or beast to bear its scorching beams. The blinds of all the bungalows at Pootna were drawn down, and the inmates were settling themselves for their mid-day sleep. The cattle had long since sought the shadow of the thickest groves; the little native boy who had been sent out to watch for his master had fallen into a doze in the shelter of the wall; even the birds were still; and as for the lizards, which had been darting about on the clay bank an hour ago, they might have been wooden lizards cut out with a knife and painted green, for all the signs of life they showed now.

Presently two gentlemen on horseback, followed by six or eight native servants, came slowly down the road. They had been shooting in the jungle all the morning, and looked weary and exhausted as they rode through the burning heat. They dismounted in the compound of one of the bungalows, and the servants advanced to take charge of the horses and the guns.

And then the cruel thing was done which caused such intensity of pain. Yet it was not done in cruelty—"only" in thoughtlessness.

A charge of shot remained in one of the fowling-pieces, and its owner raised it to his shoulder to discharge it harmlessly in the air.

Just at that moment a tiny face peeped out from the heavy leafage of a tree beside

one of the buildings—the face of a little monkey, all wrinkled, and wizened, and bald. The gun flashed, the charge sped on its way, and as the blue wreath of smoke floated off into the air, the little creature dropped from branch to branch, and then to the ground, dead.

Nobody noticed it much. The natives had not seen that their master had fired at anything in particular. Had they seen it they would have been grievously disturbed, for monkeys are amongst the thousand gods worshipped by the Hindus. The gentleman himself thought nothing of the matter then, and he followed his companion into the house.

But one pair of eyes had watched the little body dropping through the leaves; one small cry of agony had rung sharply out as the baby-monkey fell upon the earth. There was rustling in the tree, and another monkey, older and larger, crept forward to the spot where the little one lay.

It was the mother. She approached the motionless heap, and walked round it, uttering soft pleading cries, evidently entreating it to arise and come away. Then she touched it—gently at first; then she shook it as if to awaken it; then she turned it over, and found the red mark upon its side where the fatal shot had struck. She stroked it with her paws, she bent above it in a paroxysm of grief. And then the poor weak creature lifted her head and glared around, as though her impotent rage could revenge her loss.

Presently despair came upon her, and raising the little body she clasped it in her arms, caressing it, and weeping over it in a way which was terrible because of its very *humanness*.

Slowly and painfully she climbed the tree, holding her little one closely, carrying it softly and carefully, as if it might still be hurt by sudden motion or careless touch.

The leaves upon the tree were broad and heavy, and as they fell together they completely shrouded the touching sight of love and sorrow. Only the birds that were dozing near heard the meaning which came from the mother's breast, pressed tight upon its lifeless burden.

It is written that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Creator's care. And certain it is that the death of the little Indian monkey has not been uttered in vain; for from the shaded window of the bungalow a man was watching the piteous sight—a man who will never forget it in all his life through.

In heedlessness and idleness he had aimed his gun at the creature, never thinking of the life that he destroyed, nor of the pain that he caused.

But never again will he wantonly kill the least of God's innocent creatures, nor ruthlessly add to the great cry of pain which goes up day and night from all creation.

Mercy and loving-kindness are the teachings of God; cruelty and unnecessary slaughter are the promptings of the evil spirit.

And in dealing with "all things that are put under man's foot," shall we copy Eternal Goodness, or follow the leadings of Evil?—*Crown Temple in Little Folks.*

J E T.

OUR faithful friend, Jet, a powerful dog, lived with us on the Navesink Highlands. One summer we had a bright little fellow who, although not in the least vicious, yet had a boy's propensity to destroy, and to injure, and to inflict pain. Master Willie loved Jet dearly, and yet he would persist in torturing the patient dog outrageously, striking hard blows, punching with sharp sticks, and pulling hair cruelly. One summer's afternoon Jet was lying on the front piazza, taking a nap, and Willie came out and assaulted him with a new carriage whip which had been left in the hall. Jet knew the child ought not to have the whip, so he went and called the nurse's attention, as he often did when the children were getting into mischief or danger. But the girl did not give heed, as she should have done, and Willie kept on following Jet from place to place, plying the last vigorously. Finding he was left to deal with the case himself, Jet quietly laid the young one on the floor, carefully took a good grip in the girths of his little frock, lifted him clear, and gave him a hearty, sound shaking. Then he took the whip, trotted off to the barn with it, came back, stretched himself out in the shade, and finished his nap. The young gentleman did not interfere with him again, and ever afterward treated him with great consideration.—*St. Nicholas.*