

Literary Department.

"IN THY LIGHT SHALL WE SEE LIGHT."

From many a restless soul in darkness sighing, The cry goes up for light; As men on weary beds of sickness lying, Long for the close of night.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

(Continued). DEC. 22.

We began our holidays yesterday. I have been in the garden-saloon all day. The tables are arranged, the presents spread out upon them, the trees dressed, but I have still little things to settle and to do. I have a solemn, blissful feeling in the festive-looking room.

DEC. 21.

"Glory be to God on High, on earth peace, good-will to men." "Sing O Heavens! and be joyful O Earth: break forth into singing ye mountains, for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted."

The silver standards were lighted before the Altar, and the old knights and ladies looked more life-like than ever. We sang joyous Christmas carols, many childrens voices joined in, and even some very small, tender voices piping among the rest did not disturb us.

[To be Continued.]

MANY curious stories have been told of the incidents which caused certain passengers to go, or prevented them from going, by the ill-fated train from Dundee. One lady and her maid, who perished, had ordered their cab for the morning train, which reached Dundee in safety.

PURITY.

TEXT—Matt. v. 8: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

I have read in an ancient book the tale of an enchanter who inhabited a wide, dreary forest, whither he lured men to their destruction.

Those who ventured into it lost themselves in the gloomy forest paths, and when, faint and weary, they longed for rest and refreshment, he appeared to them as a crowned king, at the head of a stately court of lords and ladies, offering them food and shelter if they would follow him.

He led them into a shining palace glittering with gold and silver, and placed before them an enchanted cup, out of which he bade them drink.

As they raised it to their lips, they became cold and stiff as marble, so that they could no longer turn and flee.

Their eyes were opened, and they saw the enchanter, not now as a king, but as a hideous monster, surrounded by a rabble crowd of human forms all with the heads of beasts. One had the face of a wolf with fiery eyes and open jaws; another resembled a hissing serpent; a third was like a squatting toad.

Does anything like this ever happen in real life, think you?

There is a dark wood, called the wood of error, into which men wander recklessly in youth. They want to "see life"—and the enchanter comes.—Satan promising them happiness. Sin seems very pleasant, and a man, they think, must have his fling.

So they drink of the poisoned cup and the devil is made glad.

Who can wreck another's soul and leave his own unimpaired? Who can defile God's temple in the heart and not be thereby defiled?

It is thus men lose the self-respect which is their bulwark against moral evil. They blunt the noble impulses which raise them above the brutes. They blur their divinity, and stamp their souls with the sensual animal type.

Not Godwards they look—but earthwards. They have forsaken the white-robed company of the Christ, to follow the rabble crew of the enchanter. Alas for them, even if they break loose from that base society, can life ever again be quite what it might have been had they guarded as their choicest treasure the blessing granted to man and woman alike, of the pure in heart!

Are you on the borders of that dark wood of error?

Is the enchanter holding out that fatal cup for the first time to-day?

"Pray that ye enter not into temptation."—Standard of the Cross.

GRATITUDE AND FAITH.

I remember an old woman, whose great wish it was to obtain an alms-house, in which to spend the last few years of her life. She had taught herself in her old age to read by attending the daily services of the Church.

Two things struck me: one was how grateful some people are for small mercies, and how ungrateful others for God's greatest gifts. The other thing was, that if we all as eagerly desired the mansions that God prepares for us as this poor woman did the alms-house, we should be sure of reaching, because we should live so as to be found fit for, our Heavenly Home.

BEWARE OF THE BEGINNING—Temptation is sure to be early with its beginnings. So too should watching and praying: early in life; early in the day; early in every undertaking what haste the man must make who would be beforehand with temptations!—Foster.

THE Bishop of Tennessee confirmed a Methodist Deacon lately who, when asked what had brought him to the Church, said that he had begun to read the history of his Church, and had gotten to the end of it too soon. It had not enough litany.

Children's Department.

A SNOW-FLAKE STORY.

I was born among the clouds and of illustrious parentage. My father was Major General Cold, and my mother was Madam Storm, of Sleet Castle, Labrador. We were a large family. I had so many brothers that they could not be counted.

They were pale and thin like myself, and we looked so much alike that our best friends could not tell us apart. The sun never shone clearly upon our home. It was always twilight there.

As they raised it to their lips, they became cold and stiff as marble, so that they could no longer turn and flee.

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SINGING IN TROUBLE.

Mr. Stanley, in his "Dark Continent," gives a touching illustration of the influence of songs when the mind is troubled or depressed. The party had been in great danger, and had passed through severe fighting. Frank Pocock, the sunniest of them all, and the best loved, broke into a strain of singing:

"The home land! I long to meet Those who have gone before; The weeping eyes and weary feet Rest on that happy shore."

Mr. Stanley said, "Frank, you will make every boy cry with such tunes as that. Choose some heroic tune." "All right, sir," he replied, with a bright face, and struck up:

"Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers onward To their home on high."

"Ah Frank," said Mr. Stanley, "it isn't the heavenward way you mean, is it? I should think you would prefer the homeward way."

"How do you like this, sir?"

"My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, 'They will be done.'"

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows who have lately lost. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song."

He responded by singing—"Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus Going on before."

Mr. Stanley adds: "I saw that he was in a serious and religious vein of mind, and refrained from disturbing him farther."—Church Union.

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