

Literary Department.

WHY DOST THOU WAIT?

Poor trembling lamb, ah, who outside the fold Has bid thee stand, all weary as thou art?

For miracles like this who bids thee wait? Behold, "The Spirit and the Bride say come."

Nor trust the love which yet thou canst not see? Thou hast not learn'd this lesson to receive;

Still dost thou wait for feeling? dost thou say, "Fate would I love and trust, but hope is dead;

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

(Continued.)

Lucie and I again asked to be excused from dinner; we wanted to enjoy our beautiful presents. Frau von Schlichten received that very graciously, she had just seen me refuse Herr von Tilsen's offer to escort me to dinner.

Weary now I go to rest, Close mine eyes in sleep, Father, may Thine eye of love Watch above me keep.

What to-day I have done wrong Pardon gracious Lord; Through Thy grace and Jesu's blood, All may be restored.

Father watch o'er those I love With Thy tender care, And let all men, high and low, Thy sweet mercy share.

Send Thy peace to troubled hearts, Weeping eyes now close; Let Thy moon keep watch in Heaven O'er the earth's repose.

I felt just in the mood for singing that, and did so with a moved heart. Afterwards, when I was gathering my beautiful things together, and Aunt Julchen, with Herr von Schaffau, and Lucie stood near me, I could not refrain and, with tears in my eyes, I said to Aunt Julchen that I trusted they would all have patience with me, that I wished so earnestly to be worthy of so much kindness.

Christmas Day.

I did not sleep much and got up early, for I knew that my Lucie was to have a special pleasure. She came earlier than usual, and we had our prayers. Voll-

berger came just after to see if we were ready, Sophie was going to and from Lucie asked for breakfast. "There won't be any to-day!" said Sophie, laughing. Lucie had no time to wonder, for Aunt Julchen and Herr von Schaffau took us into the 'cooking-room.'

When we came out of Church, my dear children from the parsonage came round me. They wanted to take me with them at once, but I had still some things to get at home. Though I sent the best confectionary to aunt, there were some little sugar figures and sweets which must go to give pleasure at the parsonage.

I felt greatly distressed,—that unfortunate letter! It seemed to me as if he were going to say something to me, but he remained grave and silent, so different from last evening. It hurt me very much. O, the heart is weak, the bright Christmas gladness was clouded. But yet the dear Christ-child remained in my heart and once more helped me. On my way back I met Herr von Tilsen. I could not avoid him. "Have you read my letter?" he asked at once. I said I had not had time. "Not time?" he said very bitterly. I felt afraid. "I did not know it was so urgent," I said, timidly. He laughed aloud, and I felt more and more frightened. But then he grew calm and gentle, and, in many strange words, made me an offer of his hand. I shook my head. He said that he could not endure to see me here; that I should occupy a very different position in the world; that it would be a sweet thought to him to release my aunt from her present painful circumstances, all his wealth he would lay at my feet; I should reign supreme, and with delight he would follow me to bring my aunt, Truchon and Jacob to my realm. The last thought was an unexpected one; with a long-drawn breath I looked up to him. He wanted to take my hand. "Lulu, say yes," he said, urgently. Then I was terrified at my own thoughts. It seemed as if I were tempted by the devil, and the words escaped me, "Away from me! I have nothing to do with thee." He continued to speak very earnestly. I tried to leave him. At last he entreated me to be as though he had said nothing; that he felt he had been premature; that I was still too young; that I did not know the world nor how to value an honest heart and manly protection; in time I should think differently; but that when the world forsook me I should remember where I might seek help and protection. My heart swelled at those words. Who is my protector and my help? "Thou art my confidence, Lord, and my hope from my youth up." "O," I said, "poverty is not hard to bear. The Lord in Heaven is my Father, and he has great riches. He will give me what is best, and will never forsake me, and he will not forsake my aunt. He has always poured His mercies upon me. I will

worship my God, and Him only will I serve." I hastened away; up by the hedge I stopped once more. Lord keep me in Thee! I prayed, and Christmas came again; I went into the lowly hut to the little child. I would have laid down crowns before Him. O, dear Lord, in Thy sight all the gold of the world is but dust. Rich and poor are alike before Thee.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF SONG.

In one of the hospitals of Edinburgh lay a wounded Scottish soldier. The surgeons had done all they could for him. He had been told that he must die. He had a contempt for death, and prided himself on his fearlessness in facing it.

A rough and wicked life, with none but evil associates, had blunted his sensibilities, and made profanity and scorn his second nature. To hear him speak, one would have thought he had no piously-nurtured childhood to remember, and that he had never looked upon religion but to despise it. But it was not so.

A noble and gentle hearted man came to see the dying soldier. He addressed him with kind inquiries, talked to him tenderly of the life beyond death, and offered spiritual counsel. But the sick man paid him no attention and respect. He bluntly told him that he did not want any religious conversation.

"You will let me pray with you, will you not?" said the man at length. "No; I know how to die without the help of religion." And he turned his face to the wall.

Farther conversation could do no good, and the man did not attempt it. But he was not discouraged. After a moment's silence he began to sing the old hymn, so familiar and so dear to every congregation in Scotland:

"O mother dear, Jerusalem, When shall I come to thee?"

He had a pleasant voice, and the words and melody were sweet and soothing as he sung them. Pretty soon the soldier turned his face again, but its hardened expression was all gone.

"Who taught you that?" he asked when the hymn was done.

"My mother."

"So did mine. I learned it of her when I was a child, and I used to sing it with her."

Weeping, and with a hungry heart, he listened to the Christians thought of death, and in his last moments turned to his mother's God and the sinner's Friend.—Selected.

I study over and over Acts iv: 13: "Now, when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, they took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus" See there that ministerial power which springs from being with Christ, and this alone. Other things may polish, but the power is His soul touch, arousing a faith that is bolder, braver, stronger than the world's far stronger is he that is in us than he, that is in the world. We are to carry this world for Jesus by force of spiritual arms, and not by diplomacy. The devil can beat at diplomacy twenty to one. The power of a man's ministry, after all, settles down on the power of his faith. As thou hast believed so be it unto thee, is a law of God's power in the human soul.—Bishop Penick.

HUMILITY.—Humility is the truest abstinence in the world. It is abstinence from self-love and self-conceit; the hardest and severest abstinence. It is abstinence from wanting our own praise and exploits, and lessening the merits of other men. It is abstinence from ambition and avarice,—the strongest propensities of our nature; and, consequently, it is the severest mortification and the noblest self-denial.—Delaney.

PROFANE SWEARERS NOT TO BE TRUSTED.—Trust not to the promise of a profane swearer, for he that dare sin against his God for neither profit nor pleasure, will trespass against thee for his own advantage. He that dare break the precepts of his Father, will be easily persuaded to violate the promise unto his brother.—Quarles.

THE HOLY SPIRIT'S AID IN PRAYER.—As the sails of a ship carry it into the harbor, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God. But as the sails cannot of themselves speed the progress of a vessel, unless filled with a favourable breeze, so the Holy Spirit must breathe upon our hearts, or our prayers will be motionless and lifeless.—Toplady.

Children's Department.

THE HARE AND HER FRIENDS.

A hare, which was known to be kind, was a friend to all the beasts of the field, and they said that they were true friends of hers. She was so good that she could not doubt this, and so she put her full trust in them.

One day the dogs caught sight of her and gave chase. She ran through a wood, and from field to field, and then turned and went back to the place from whence she came.

But the fierce hounds kept the scent, and chased the hare far more than an hour. She made her way through grain, and shrubs, and brakes, till at last she lay quite faint by the side of the road.

To her great joy, the horse came along the highway. "Let me mount you," said she, "and the hounds will then be thrown off the scent."

"Poor Puss," said the horse, with a sigh, "I am sorry to see you thus; but look up, for all your friends are near."

She next sought aid from the bull. "I should feel quite safe on your back," said she, "for you are strong and swift, and can push with your sharp horns."

"I would gladly lend you help, and you may be sure that I wish you well," said he; "but I am the head of the herd, and I must now join it."

The goat, which came next, said, "I fear my coat is too rough for you; but there comes the sheep with his soft wool."

But the sheep told her that he was too weak to bear her weight, that he did not wish all the wool pulled off his back, and that hounds worry sheep as well as hares.

A young calf came last, and he said to the poor hare, "If these who are grown up, and who are strong, did not help you, what can I do, who am but young and weak?"

Just then, the hounds came in sight, the calf ran off, and so the hare was left to her fate.

"Ah," said she, "friends are like bees: on bright days they swarm; but when the clouds shut out the sun, they are not to be found, though sought far and near."

When your friend is in want, you should lose no time, but help him at once. The friend in need is the true friend.

THE PARADISE OF BABIES.

The real "paradise of babies" is Japan,—as has been said many times; for not only do the children have every imaginable toy, but many persons get their living by amusing them. Men go about the streets and blow soap-bubbles for them with pipes that have no bowls as ours have. These young Japs have tops, stilts, pop-guns, blow guns, magic lanterns, kaleido-scopes, wax-figures, terra-cotta animals, flying-fish and dragons, masks, puzzles, and games; butterflies and beetles that flutter about; turtles that move their legs and pop out their heads; birds that fly about, and peck the fingers and whistle; paste board targets that, when hit, burst open and let a winged figure fly out; and—most wonderful of all, perhaps—little balls looking like elderpith, which, thrown into bowls of warm water, slowly expand into the shape of a boat or a fisherman, a tree, flower, crab, or bird.

The girls of Japan have dolls' furniture and dishes, and, of course, dolls. They have dolls that walk and dance; dolls that put on a mask when a string is pulled; dolls dressed to represent nobles, ladies, minstrels, mythological and historical personages. Dolls are handed down for generations, and in some families are hundreds of them. They never seem to get broken or worn out, as yours do; and, in fact, they can hardly be the dear playmates that yours are. They are kept as a sort of show; and, though the little owners play with them, they do not dress and undress them, and take them to bed as you do. A good deal of the time they are rolled up in silk paper and packed away in a trunk. On the great festival day of the Japanese girls,—the Feast of Dolls, of which no doubt you have heard,—there is a great show of dolls and toys, and it is the event of the year for the queer little black-eyed maidens. The Feast of Flags is the boys' great day, and they have banners, flags, figures of warriors and great men, swords, and other toys suitable for boys.—Olive Thorne, in St. Nicholas for November.

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you, under all circumstances.

Collegiate School, WINDSOR.

HEAD MASTER: REV. C. E. WILLETS, M. A. Graduate and formerly Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The next Term will commence FIRST SATURDAY IN SEPTEMBER. 1871

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

resident..... The Lord Bishop of Toronto.

This School offers a liberal education at a rate sufficient to cover the necessary expenditure, the best teaching being secured in every department. The only extras are Music, Painting and Dancing white open to all, are the Languages (English, French and German) Mathematics, Natural Science, Drawing, Needlework, Calligraphy and Vocal Music in Class. Special attention is given to the English Language and Literature and English Composition.

The Building possesses great advantages in size and situation, the arrangements for the health and comfort of the inmates are perfect, and the grounds spacious and secluded.

The Lady Principal and her assistants earnestly desire the happiness and well-being of their pupils, and strive to keep constantly before them the highest motives for exertion and self-discipline, being anxious to make them not only educated and refined, but conscientious and Christian women.

The Scholastic year is divided into four Terms of ten weeks each. Midwinter Term begins FEBRUARY 1st, September 3rd. Fees per Term, \$4 to \$15. Additional for boarders, \$45. Apply for admission or information to MISS GRER, Lady Principal, Wyckham Hall, Toronto.

Compton Ladies' College, Compton, P.Q.

An Incorporated School for the Higher Education of Young Ladies, embracing also a Junior and Preparatory Department. ESTABLISHED 1874.

President & Visitor—The Lord Bishop of Quebec. Principal—The Rev. J. Dinzey, S. A. C. Lady Principal—Mrs. M. C. L., London, Eng. Lady Superintendent of the Household—Mrs. Dinzey.

This well-known School for the daughters of gentlemen, so noted for the Healthiness and Beauty of its situation.

WILL RE-OPEN SEPT. 10th, With an able & efficient Staff of Teachers.

The facilities offered in this Institution for a thorough education are second to none in the Dominion, while no effort is spared to make the School a REFINED, CHRISTIAN & HAPPY HOME for the pupils. The MUSICAL DEPARTMENT is under the able management of MISS HOLLAND. FRENCH, by a FRENCH teacher, is taught DAILY in the School. YOUNG PUPILS will be the exclusive charge of a kind and experienced Governess, specially engaged for the purpose, and will also be tenderly cared for by the Lady Principal and Mrs. Dinzey.

TERMS.—Board, Laundry, and Tuition Fees, including the whole Course of English, French, and other Modern Languages, taught in the School—Drawing, Painting, Calligraphy, Needle, Work, Medical Attendance, and Medicine, \$185 per annum. A reduction of \$20 per annum for each Pupil is made in case of sisters and the daughters of Clergymen.

REFERENCES.—Rev. J. A. Kaulbach, Truro, N. S. E. Kaulbach, Esq., M. P., Lunenburg, N. S. Wm. M. Jarvis, Esq., St. John, N. B. Hon. J. J. Fraser, Fredericton, N. B. * * * For "Circulars," address the Principal, Rev. J. DINZEY, Ladies' College, Compton, P.Q. 16-17

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.

Cambridge House, 25 and 27 Tobin Street, Halifax, N. S.

Principal, MRS. DASHWOOD, (Formerly Miss STUBBS, for Ten Years Principal of Rolleston House, Toronto,) assisted by

Dr. Dashwood, Two Resident Governesses, and a Complete Staff of Daily Visiting Masters.

Terms begin September 3rd, November 10th, February 9th, April 20th. 1-ly

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies,

ROLLESTON HOUSE, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Principal, MRS. NEVILLE. Sister and Successor to Miss Stubbs, (now Mrs. Dashwood, of Halifax.)

The above School has been established 13 years, and is now in full operation, offering undeniable educational advantages, combined with the comfort of a refined home. 2-ly

MENEELY & COMPANY, Bell Founders, West Troy, N. Y.

Fifty years established. CRUCER BELLS and CHIMES, ACADEMY, FACTORY BELLS, etc. Improved PATENT MOUNTINGS. Catalogues free. No agencies. 20-ly