Literary Department.

OUR REFUGE.

Lord as to Thy dear Cross we flee, And plead to be forgiven, So let Thy life our pattern be, And form our souls for Heaven.

Help us through good report and ill, Our daily cross to bear; Like Thee to do our Father's will, Our brethren's grief to share.

Let Grace our - elfishness expell, Our earthliness roline ; And kindness in our bosoms dwell, As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly, And grief's dark day come on, We in our turn would meekly cry " Father Thy will be done."

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife Forgiving and forgiven, O may we lead the pilgrim's life And follow Thee to Heaven.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

(From the German of Mante Natiousius.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

(Continued).

Dac. 27th.

We had a holiday again to-day. wrote to Aunt this morning; so much

main. He looked across to the ladies deal from him, even what I did not unwith a shrowd smile, and remarked, in derstand. rather a loud tone, that, although Lucie felt reassured. Count Reden spoke to had many vain and idle thoughts here, me a great deal; his manner won my had been listless and dilatery in my

far preferred them.

burgers; he is going home with them to-day, and has not done yet. day. He begged me, if I would not dance, at least to stay down stairs. I replied that I had promised to spend overy ovening with Lucie, and showed to mo, and that she would feel quite satisfied in leaving her here in my care. will greet my uncle, from me. When I asked Herr von Schaffau whether he was to leave early, he said he would cortainly see me before he went. Lucie was in Aunt Julchen says laughing, but she but her thoughts will be here, and we

shall think of her and pray for her.

Herr von Schaffau came in before our morning prayers, he asked for Aunt had happened that the letter grew long, morning prayers, he asked for Aunt There were many pleasant things to tell Julchen; she had not come in yet. For her. She will be so pleased to hear of the first time he spoke to me long and the miditions to my wardrobe. My confidentially. All is well. He is not constrained and confectionery is packed up, and Vollberger will take it to the Station to-more forced me with gentle, kindly words. I like the first one force well to the station to-more forced me with gentle, kindly words. I row. I did not go for a walk; I painted, am to remain here, and go my own way the picture must get done, I thought of cheerfully; and in case of necessity, he giving it to Herr von Schaffau before will take my part. I was much moved they leave. Sophie dressed me for din- by his goodness. Lusic came in, he drew ner in my 'gold-brown' with the orange her gently towards him, and told her to blossoms—it was the farewell party, the obey me. "Though indeed," he said, Graubergers and others came. I went down with a calm, firm heart—how different the world looks then. Herr von more than I. I could be almost jealous." Tülsen should not triumph any more, Lucie assured him tenderly that she loved though Fran von Schlichton was so re-him much better than she used to de, markably rude to me that I fear she has and Aunt Julchen, too, and everybody. determined to drive me away. Lucie She said he was her dear uncle, and must looked at me compassionately, and at the not stay away from us too long. "You same time imploringly, I could kiss her really wish that?" he asked. "I do wish forehead and lock cheerful and she it," she answered, and Lulu, too, don't understood me. "They are all going you?" "Yes, indeed," I said. And he away to morrow," she said, to comfort must have seen that I meant it. Aunt me I was very much surprised and Julchon came in new, and Sopkie disconcerted when Count Roden came to at the same time, we had not had eur take me in to dinner, and I was obliged to prayers. Herr von Schassau asked if he take a seat near the head of the table. might remain. Aunt Julchen, too, sat Herr von Schaffan was my other neighbour. To-day, as always, he asked a
blessing before we sat down. I looked
up and mot Fran von Schlichten's
gained courage and gladness. The follies
nieraing area fixed upon up always and weeknesses which had surveyd up piercing eyes fixed upon me; she ap-peared very angry, and whispered as she heart the last few days, seemed swept sat down to Frau von Ramberg, who also away. I felt a true sympathy with those looked horrified. I felt afraid, I could who were with me, and who are very not remain where I was. I bogged to be dear to me. I prayed with them, and for allowed to take my place boside Lucie, thom with my whole soul. If we had who was all alone, and I was about to prayed togother thus every morning, rise.

Things would have been different. I have Count Rodon looked me with surpriso, often mis-judged Horryon Schaffau. Now and Herr von Schaffau, who, strangely I asked his forgiveness in my heart for enough, always seems to read my every thought that had wronged him; thoughts, almost commanded me to re- if he were not gone, I could hear a great

rather a lead tone, that, although Lucie After the carriages had rolled away I was looking very longingly for me, she went once more through the empty would have to do without me to-day, rooms down stairs. I thought of the the solitary and awful hour of our de-Frau von Schlichten had seen my move hours I had spent here; I had to struggle parture, honce, let us remember to think ment. Her face flushed. She must with a feeling of sadness, for I had so on the Descrition, the Death, the Burial, shining, and the clouds will break away to-night or to-morrow, and then we'll see confidence more and more. I told him profession. I might have been much a great deal of home; the memories of our warmer and more affectionate to Thekla, home life animated me, and when we have shown more interest in Resalie. I londiness, for Christ is with him. It is rose I did not know how the time had sat down in my favorite window, and there are the rast company of the passed. After dinner it struck me unpleasantly that he mentioned what a good fellow flerr von Tülsen was and his friendskip for myself. Herr von Tülsen had been telling him that my life hore was a sad one. He has been painting everything in dark colors, and I fear move the breakfast things and to make the breakfast things and there the vast company of the just made perfect, who shall be one with him in the fellowship and blessedness of heaven forever.—Charles Kingsley.

"But we'll try to be cheerful, wont there, is an unknown country, for Christ is thore; and there the vast company of the just made perfect, who shall be one with him in the fellowship and blessedness of heaven forever.—Charles Kingsley.

"But we'll try to be cheerful, wont there, is an unknown country, for Christ is thore; and there the vast company of the just made perfect, who shall be one with him in the fellowship and blessedness of heaven forever.—Charles Kingsley.

Tülsen had been telling him that my life berger found me here. He came to reing everything in dark colors, and I fear move the breakfast things and tarning of the party. But there is an unknown country, for Christ is there; and there the vast company of the just made perfect, who shall be one with him in the fellowship and blessedness of heaven forever.—Charles Kingsley.

Tillsen had been telling him that my life berger found me here. He came to result the leaf of the party.

The Roman Catholic marriages in howled outside weither the very leaf of the party.

The Roman Catholic marriages in howled outside weither, dear? before mamma gets downstairs.

Here's the picture-book we like best; let's look at the picture-book we like best; let's hore; and there the vast company of the pust had a look at the picture-book we like best; let's look at the picture-book we like best; let's look at the picture before mamma gets downstairs.

Here's the picture book we like best; let's look at the p ing everything in dark colors, and I fear move the breakfast things and to put the that it was owing to his suggestion that count Roden made me the generous offer of coming to live at his house as his daughter's friend; my Aunt should be cared for too. Herr von Tülsen lives in the same little capital. He seems not to have abandoned his foolish thoughts about me. I tried as much as possible to change Count von Roden's idea. I as a master has done what he could, but his

customed to quiet and a country life, and he has done. It is to be hoped that they wont be back here any more, I The others had begun to dance, and spoke with Vollberger for some time, he have not to go far to prove the truth of Herr von Tülsen begged me to join them is very good to me. I am glad he has this old saying. We may see it every lt must have been to annoy Frau von stayed with us. This evening Aunt where. How many families or neighborhichten that he asked me while she Julchen took tea with Lucie and me in bors are at discord simply because some standing quite near me. He seems to my room. I began to real. Aunt Jule- hasty words have been repeated and kept have broken with her altogether, and to hen fell asleep and snored loudly. She alive! If we wish to live peaceably have made close friends with the Gran-had a great deal to settle through the with all men there is no better rule to

[To be Continued.]

him that she was waiting at the door. To of our Lord's to break the silence and remy surprise Frau von Schlichten now tirement of the first thirty years of his of our Lord's to break the silence and resaid a few friendly words to me, that life. But what an Epiphany! How she was pleased to see Lucie's attachment clearly is He manifested by this one utterance to be the Son of Goo! He makes it known at once that God is his Eather. that she should be friendly. Count light to do Thy will. O my Continuous will greet my uncle, from me. wards he says; 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish this work.' Thus at every step, all through His life, He makes it His aim, ' Father, not my will, but thine be done.' we made plans for the next quarter. Father, not my will, but thine be done. Here you Schaffan has given us the charge of the poor in his absence. Voltage of the poor in his absence. Voltage in the poor in his absence. The poor in his absence in the poor in his absence. The poor in his absence in the poor in his absence. berger will remain here, as "the spy," must do for Gon. Let us seek to make this first recorded word of Christ's our Rosalie own. Let us see that we have all some does not fear him any more. Rosalie own. Let us see that we have all some may not stay, though she would like to, week to do for Goo. We shall find it in our homes, or with our friends, in the shop, or in our social intercourse. Let us be careful that nothing hinders usrelations, leve of the world, selfishness, the fear of man, neglect of prayer. We shall thus make it manifest that we are Goo's dear children, as we show that we

A PURITAN in Boston writes thus of the Church : "To go to it, to become allied with its venerable forms, hely ex amples, inspiring sentiments and unshaken truths, seems the logic of plain seuse. Here is a body of worshippers tracing descent through the Church of England—the stream of priceless boons to maukind. We all know that no Church exists so free, so modern, so progressive as the Church of England, and abreast of it, twenty-five years from now, will the Episcopal Church of America be. Yet what deep roots into the past! What symbols of beauty! What traditions of devotion! What ancestral glery, and what elemental principles!

THE rich man in the Gospel was a bad accountant, when he set down a false sum to his soul, saying, "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years."--Luke xii. He sets down years for days, nay years for hours, like the deceitful trades men that sets down pounds for shillings. Thus many men are out of their reckonings and much decoived. They busy themselves in addition and multiplication, and dream of many years that they are to live; whereas they should be careful to practice subtraction and diminution-to know that every day, nay, every hour, every moment, calleth off a part of their lives .- Selected.

THE day must come, when each person who reads this, must be forsaken of all the world, when relations, friends and acquaintances, shall all retire, unable to afford him any help and assistance. In Bishop Horne.

It is not darkness the Christian goos to at death, for God is light. It is not lonoliness, for Christ is with him. It is

London in 1879 were only 1172, about

REPEATING EVIL.-"He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. observe than that of the wise man-"If thou hast heard a word, let it die with thee." Yes, "let it die." The trouble "Wist ye not that I must be about is, we keep it alive by repeating it, and so my Father's business?" is the only word the evil grows. "Evil words," says a of our Lord's to break the silence and remove the first thirty years of his spoken." We cannot always avoid hearlife. But what ap Enighany! How ing avil words, but we can always avoid repeating them. We can let them die with us. Those are the "words better left unsaid."-Selected.

> The number of churches in London in 1869 was 620; in 1879, 872-an increase of 252.

Children's Department.

MAMIE AND HER DOLLIE.

The wind blew, the snow flow, and danced about in great white waves through the air. This was outside the window; inside the fire crackled pleasantly, passy purred softly from the depths of mamma's easy chair, whore she had or a nap, and Mamie, Little Curly
Golden Locks, as everybody called her,
was sitting on a low stool in front of the

an Incorporated School for the Higher Education of Young Ladles, embracing also a Junior and Preparatory Department.

ESTABLISHED 1874. was sitting on a low stool in front of the fire, showing pictures to her dolly.

Now, Dolly was a very, very gay young person indeed, if you looked at her carefully. She had on her best dress, a fine pair of earrings, her long, yellow hair had been carefully brushed, and was tied back with a most elegant blue bow.

If you looked at Mamie, too, there was no doubt at all that she had on her best dress as well as Dolly, though it was carefully covered with a white apron. The yellow hair that never would say in place had been brushed until she really did look like Golden Locks; and her hands and face were as pink and white as possible after plenty of washing. Evidently something had happened, or was going to happen, or had been going to happen.

Listen, Mamie is talking to her doll "There, Dolly dear, you mustn't mind I know it's very, very hard to get all dressed for a party and then have to stay at home," and a corner of the white apron went up to the blue eyes and came away again quite wet through. "Te get all dressed to go to a beautiful party as both of us did, Dolly, and then have to stay at homo because it snows se hard. And I've just had a sore throat, and you've had wheeping cough, Dolly; you know you have.

"I've cried too, Dolly, up in mamma's room, before we came downstairs, and I guess I'm crying a little now. But you mustn't, Dolly. You must set me a good example, just as mamma told me to set you, only I can't. Mamma says every body in the whole world—she and papa and everybody—has to be disappointed sometimes, Dolly. Aren't you sorry for them if they feel as you and I do? I 25 and 27 Tobin Street, Halifax, N. S.

"And then mamma said afterward that if we try hard to be cheerful it wont be such hard work in a little while. (Formerly Miss STUBBS, for Ten Years That out of the window there, behind Principal of Rolleston House, Toronto,) those thick gray clouds and the snow assisted by that makes us stay at home, the sun is Dr. Dashwood, Two Resident Governit again. And she said—it seems very hard to believe it now, Dolly, don't it !that you and I'll have lots of nice times again.

"But we'll try to be cheerful, wont

So the fire crackled cheerfully and the howled outside, while the two looked over their pictures; and when mamma hers from under the curly yellow hair—a face that was tear-stained and a little serrowful, but that smiled cheerfully and unless I was sent away; that I should has taken her now to Berlin among unanswerable. Published by the S. P. hard to believe that she had ever cried at not be happy in a city; that I was ac-people who may influence her more than C. K. Price, 35 cents.

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