

Saul on Mount Gilboa.

BY REV. E. H. DWART, D. D.,
(Editor Christian Guardian)

"As I happened by chance upon Mount Gilboa,
Behold Saul leaned upon his spear, and lo, the
chariots and horsemen followed hard after him."
— 2 Sam. 1. 6.

He leans on his spear in his desolate grief—
His life-blood is silently streaming—
Faint, wounded, forlorn, sinks the tall Hebrew
chief,
No hope thro' his dark bosom gleaming.

The chariots and horsemen are closing around,
And fear-stricken Israel is flying—
Then bravest and best lie strewed o'er the
ground,
Where the eagle-souled chieftain is dying.

His sons in their beauty, the pride of their
sire,
Repose on the battle-field gory—
No cowards, who shrinking from danger
retire,—
They are crowned with the warrior's glory.

No hand near to succor as life ebbs away—
No last words of friendship to cheer him—
Of all the loved friends of life's happier day,
Not one in this dark hour is near him.

Once envied the fame of his valor and power,
Now his star has in darkness descended—
Once the sound of his name made his enemies
cower;
Now his warfare forever is ended.

No longer by faithless ambition beguiled,
The past thrills with deepest emotion;
The thoughts that sweep o'er him are trou-
blous and wild
As the waves of the foam-crested ocean.

Not a star shines above to illumine or guide—
Every hope, every joy-beam is clouded—
The past is all darkened by wildering pride,
The future despair has enshrouded.

He remembers his folly and pride with regret—
The vows he has faithlessly broken—
The dreams that in sorrow and darkness have
set—
The words that should ne'er have been
spoken.

The shafts of the foemen are true to their
aim—
The spirit its shrine has forsaken—
He heeds not the sound of Philistia's acclaim,
In the sleep from which none can awaken.

A Canadian Young Lady in Germany.

We have pleasure in reprinting the
accompanying letter from a young
Canadian lady travelling in Germany.

BRITISH HOTEL, HANOVER.

MY DEAR A—,

ALTHOUGH we are now in Thale on
the Harz Mountains you will see that
my letter was dated in Hanover. I
commenced it while our *Kellner* (waiter)
was bringing in our breakfast. You
will say what a very unromantic name
for a hotel in Germany, but we could
not help it—we would of course have
preferred one with a many consonanted
German name, but this one was adver-
tised in Cook's Guide, as one of the
best in Hanover, and we find it exceed-
ingly comfortable.

Words would be almost inadequate
to express the enjoyment we had in our
journey here (to Thale,) and now we
are in a spot so indescribably lovely
that the only drawback seems to be
that all our friends are not with us.
We left London at 8.20 p.m. on Wed-
nesday; reached Dover a little after
10 p.m. The guard on the train was
very attentive, and conducted us to the
Calais boat, which we found very com-
fortable. We went on board with the
fullest intentions of being seasick, as
somebody said you *must* be in crossing
the Channel, but the night was so fine,
that the captain remarked as he came
for our tickets, "lovely night; not a
ripple on the water;" so that in spite
of our efforts we were obliged to forego

the pleasure (!) of being ill. We
reposed on the couches in the spacious
saloon, taking a nap during the very
short period that it took us to cross—
less than two hours.

The captain, seeing that we were
ladies travelling alone, was very oblig-
ing, changing some of our English
money into French, quite of his own
accord, as we had not thought of that
necessity, and saying, "When you get
to Calais, take the Brussels train;" as
he saw by our tickets that our desti-
nation was Hanover. At Calais the
French guard conducted us to a
luxurious first-class carriage, and told
us to "*restez tranquille*," as he would
not allow any one else to come into the
carriage, as we were alone, and that we
should not need to change cars until we
should arrive at Cologne about eleven
o'clock the next morning.

From Calais to Thale we have heard
nothing but French and German, except
a little very indifferent English in the
hotel at Hanover. We have had no diffi-
culty in understanding all the directions
given us on the way, and were happy
to find ourselves understood with com-
parative ease, by the good-natured
railway officials.

At Brussels several French individu-
als came and looked in our window
rather reproachfully, seeing we did not
leave the railway carriage, and asked
where we were going? When we re-
plied, "*à Cologne*," they were quite
satisfied, and one replied, "*Eh bien,
vous restez en voiture*." One man
who kept a coffee stall, to whom the
intelligence had evidently been con-
veyed that we were English, rushed up
with his napkin on his arm and dis-
played his knowledge of our language
in the following information which he
bestowed upon us: "If you want a
cup mit café you find it at dese little
table right here," and then rushed off
quite satisfied.

We reached Cologne about eleven
and remained till a quarter past one.
Unfortunately we were not at all well,
and we could not visit the cathedral. I
went out to have a look at its exterior,
consoling myself with the hope of
returning to it at some future time.

We could obtain no information any-
where as to the time we might expect
to arrive in Thale, and debated some
time whether to spend the night at
Cologne or Düsseldorf, finally deciding
to push right on to Hanover, where we
would arrive about 11 p.m. We were
very glad afterwards that we had been
led to decide upon this course. We
found the hotel very pleasant. Here
we had our first introduction to German
stoves and beds. And here let me
digress a little to tell you what trouble
I have with my bed every night to get
it arranged for a good *English* sleep.
We have two single beds in one room,
each with a nice mattress, and a grace-
fully upward sloping "bolster head,"
and linen white as white can be, and
surmounting these a down bed in an
immense linen case, which supplies the
place of sheet, blanket, and counterpane.
To my joy I discovered that this sloping
head is separate, and consequently
remove it every night. I arrange the
bed in proper German fashion in the
morning before our landlady comes in,
as I do not wish to hurt her feelings of
course. Then the feather bed—though
very clean, and delightful in cool
weather, is decidedly warm on sultry
nights.

But to return to Hanover. Having
enquired what were the special objects

of interest there, and being told that
the royal palace of Herrenhausen was
well worth a visit on account of its
beautiful grounds and gardens, which
are freely opened to the public, we
engaged a *Selbst Dienstmann*, to
conduct us thither. This good-natured
guide deluged us with floods of infor-
mation in German. We walked to
the palace, and such a walk! A long
avenue of tall exquisite linden trees
formed an arcade for most of the way,
so that we walked "unter der linden,"
to our hearts' content. The morning
was perfect, and the Herrenhausen
Park a scene of beauty far beyond
Hyde Park in London to our thinking.
The air was filled with the odour of
flowers; high, perfectly trimmed hedges
enclosed portions of the gardens. The
large fountain was not playing, but
our guide told us that it throws a stream
a hundred feet high, and is turned on
every Sunday, when the grounds are
"schwarz mit mannen," (black with
men.) There are swan ponds, and
goldfish ponds: the latter came in
swarms right to our feet to take the
biscuits we crumbled into the water.

We next visited the stables where
one hundred and twenty horses are
kept. In one long stable we saw
eighteen of the most exquisitely beauti-
ful horses, nine of them milk white, for
the use of the king, and nine cream
color, for the queen. The former wear
red trappings, the latter blue. These
graceful creatures are accustomed to
visitors, and seemed to accord a gentle
welcome to us, as we stroked their
foreheads, and offered them lumps of
white sugar.

Better still than this was the mau-
soleum which we next visited, where
rest the remains of King August and
his Queen Frederica. We were admitted
by a very solemn looking porter who
directed us to one side of the entrance,
where were a great many pairs of thick
German slippers, very large indeed.
We were obliged, (as is the custom) to
encase our feet in a pair of these before
ascending the marble steps to the
chamber, of which floor, walls, and
ceiling are all Italian marble. There
are two tombs, a life size statue
reclining on each. The king is rep-
resented asleep; the queen, on her tomb
a few feet distant from that of the
king, is in the act of falling asleep.
This exquisite piece of workmanship
was done by Rauch, an artist of Berlin.
I cannot give you even a faint idea of
the beauty of this chamber of the dead;
so sacred, so full of awe, that a hush
seemed to fall on the gayest party of
tourists as they entered.

We left Hanover at ten minutes
after two, reaching Thale about seven
in the evening. Although the journey
is so short we changed cars three times.

This spot is a very Eden for loveli-
ness; surrounded by mountains whose
strange shapes loom up against the sky
like petrified giants. As we take our
coffee and rolls in the morning we look
out upon the thickly wooded *Ros-
trappe*, on the summit of which stands
a hotel and restauration. The moun-
tains and legends give promise of
endless walks and amusement, but
these are yet to be enjoyed.

Yours, etc.

M. R. J.

WHEN little Fred came home from
Sunday-school the other day, he said:
"They passed round a basket with
money in it, but I *didn't take any*."

"Scraps."

PORTABLE paper houses are coming
into vogue in England.

BESIDES his duchy of Cornwall, the
Prince of Wales owns real estate valued
at \$90,000 a year,

ONE billion seven hundred and
seventy-six million letters, cards, and
newspapers last year went through the
British post-office.

TWO men went to New York. One
visited the saloon and thought New
York wicked. The other visited the
homes and thought New York good.

THE drink bill of Great Britain
reached its maximum in 1876, when it
was £147,288,759. Last year it had
fallen to £126,251,359, showing that
the effort of temperance workers have
reduced this wasteful bill over \$105,-
000,000. In 1875 the average cost of
liquor for each individual was £4, 9s.;
last year it was £3 11s. 7d.

THE *Westminster Teacher* says: The
kind of Christianity the Bible teaches
is that which flows over the rim of the
Sabbath and runs down through all
the days of the week, making men and
women better, holier, purer, truer, and
more unselfish.

THE *S. S. Times* avers that there was
never a day when the writings and
addresses of skeptics had as little
influence, actual or comparative influ-
ence, on either side of the ocean, as
since the adoption of the International
lesson system.

CAREY, the Dublin informer, seems
to have some queer ideas of right and
wrong. He stated in evidence that he
did not attend the Sunday meeting of
the Assassination Committee on account
of Sabbatarian scruples, but he thought
it no sin to assassinate Mr. Burke.

DON'T GET IN.—Daedalus was a fam-
ous builder, who was fabled to have
constructed the Cretan labyrinth, full
of perplexing windings, and once in, it
was exceedingly difficult to get out
again. In it was the den of the
Minotaur, a very savage creature, half
man and half bull.

"That is intemperance," we say.
Once amid its entanglements it is
difficult to escape; and O, how many
the savage beast within gores and
devours! The best way to manage this
labyrinth is to keep away from it.
Acquire not a knowledge of the taste
of liquor.

THE bee has long been a type of the
industrious worker, but there are few
people who know how much labor the
sweet hoard of the hive represents.
Each head of clover contains about
sixty distinct flower tubes, each of which
contains a portion of sugar not exceed-
ing the 1-500th part of a grain. The
proboscis of the bee must therefore be
inserted into 500 clover-tubes before
one grain of sugar can be obtained.
There are 7,000 grains in a pound, and,
as honey contains three-fourths of its
weight of dry sugar, each pound of
honey represents 2,500,000 clover-tubes
sucked by bees.

WHEN Dr. H. and Lawyer A. were
walking arm in arm, a wag said to a
friend, "Those two fellows are just
equal to one highwayman." "Why,
how do you make that out?" asked
his friend, looking very seriously.
"Because," rejoined the wag, "it's a
lawyer and a doctor—your money or
your life!"