

Literary Department.

RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

BY JOHN HAY.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;  
The scowling rabbis gazed at him,  
He recked not of their praise or blame;  
There was no fear, there was no shame,  
For one upon whose dazzled eyes  
The whole world poured its vast surprise.  
The open heaven was far too near,  
His first day's light too sweet and clear,  
To let him waste his new gained ken  
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?  
What hast thou been? What art thou now?  
Thou art not he who yesterday  
Sat here and begged beside the way;  
For he was blind.

—AND I AM HE;

FOR I WAS BLIND BUT NOW I SEE.

He told the story o'er and o'er;  
It was his full heart's only lore;  
A prophet on the Sabbath day  
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,  
And made him see who had been blind.  
Their words passed by him like the wind  
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock  
The hundred fathomed-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide:  
They could not touch his Hebrew pride,  
Their sneers at Jesus and His band,  
Nameless and homeless in the land,  
Their boasts of Moses and his lord,  
All could not change him by one word.

I KNOW NOT WHAT THIS MAN MAY BE,  
SINNER OR SAINT: BUT AS FOR ME,  
ONE THING I KNOW, THAT I AM HE  
THAT ONCE WAS BLIND, AND NOW I SEE.

They were all doctors of renown,  
The great men of a famous town,  
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,  
Beneath their wide phylacteries.  
The wisdom of the East was theirs.  
And honor crowned their silver hairs.  
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn  
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born:  
But he knew better far than they  
What came to him that Sabbath day:  
And what the Christ had done for him  
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

—Harper's Magazine.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

(CONTINUED.)

When I had arranged my belongings and begun a letter to my Aunt, it was noon and Sophie appeared, as she had promised to call me to Frau von Schlichten, who was at the "second breakfast" with her daughters and the guests. There are some old uncles and young cousins here for the pheasant shooting, also several ladies, and every day there are festivities at one or other of the neighboring country seats. The lower story is very magnificent—carpets and vases and brocade furniture every where. I stood with a beating heart in the ante-room. Through the open door I heard the murmur of many voices; it is very hard to go alone among strangers. Trichen's words rose in my soul to comfort me: "When the Great Lord of all is with you, you can appear fearlessly any where, armed with His weapons—humility and love—you will make your way in any place." Frightened as I felt, I went in. Aunt Julchen came to meet me; there was a silence, I was looked at curiously and introduced. Frau von Schlichten greeted me with a kind of graciousness which was not pleasant to me. Then Thekla and Rosalie, the two daughters, came forward, they are both very pretty girls, but rather too small, I think. When they had said a few words to me I was left alone. Aunt Julchen turned to me occasionally and invited me to eat. I had the opportunity now of seeing and hearing. There were, for the most part, ladies; the gentlemen having gone shooting. A young, handsome man was addressed as cousin by the ladies of the house, and as Herr von Reinberg by the visitors. He appeared to be leading the conversation, but seemed so silly, and even so coarse and rude that I wondered how the young ladies could laugh at his jokes. An old gentleman with a very large mustache was even worse, and at the same time displayed a

familiarity of manner with the ladies which disgusted me.

Trichen's descriptions of the world recurred to me, "We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told." Some time afterwards there was a measured step in the ante-room. "Uncle Schaffau!" exclaimed the ladies, and to my surprise the conversation took a different turn, only the old gentleman seemed to wish to continue as before; but he, too, seemed to give way to the quietude and gravity of Count von Schaffau. I begged Aunt Julchen to direct me to my employment, and to allow me now to go in quest of Lucie. She was extremely kind, and had I not feared that she was so out of opposition to Herr von Schaffau, I should have felt her goodness deeply.

I found Lucie in a room, quite near my own, which was occupied by the three sisters. I did everything that we do to win children's hearts, and I noticed to my great joy that she seemed to become less constrained. Suddenly, she said:—"Will you be as nice to-morrow as you are to-day?" I was shocked by the sharp, unchildlike tone in which she spoke. "I hope, with God's help, to be nicer every day," I answered gravely. "With the Lord's help?" she said wonderingly. "Do you not know what that means?" I asked. "O, yes, but"—and she shook her head. I went with her to the window. "Do you see the arch of the sky, the shining sun, the splendid trees, the lovely flowers? He who made all that, can He not do with our hearts also as He will?" "Of course," said Lucie hastily. Then I will pray Him," I continued "to make me more deserving of love every day, and I will pray him to give me your heart and your love." While I said this, my heart was greatly moved, I clasped the child in my arms, and kissed her lips. She looked at me thoughtfully, and her dark eyes glistened with tears. Her face no longer looked ugly, but pleasing and touching. We went into the garden together. As the sun was shining so brightly, I put on my bonnet, and instead of the heavy shawl, I took my... stared at me. "What do you look like?" she said. "Well, what?" I asked, rather disconcerted. "You look like Donna Petronella in "Preciosa," she exclaimed with evident satisfaction, as if she had had a happy thought. The comparison was not agreeable to me, for she had told me before about a troupe of actors who were staying in the village, and where she had seen "Preciosa." I suppose she read my feelings in my face, for she added quickly, she is beautiful too. I was ashamed of being so sensitive, laughed at the whole affair, and we went into the garden. We were sitting in a lovely spot, under some maple trees; I had made a wreath for Lucie of the beautifully coloured leaves, when we heard and saw some of the party from the castle approaching us. When some distance off they stopped. I don't know whether my hearing is better than that of other people. I am sure it was not their intention that I should hear them. My toilet was the subject of their wit. "She looks like a princess on the stage," said Thekla, after other remarks. "A vain, foolish person!" added Count von Schaffau. Lucie read the expressions of my face anxiously and kindly. The colour rushed into my cheeks, and involuntarily I took off the unfortunate bonnet. Lucie put the maple wreath upon my head, and leaned against me, saying tenderly, "don't be sad." I kissed the child's forehead; when I looked up Herr von Schaffau was standing before us. He seemed surprised at our familiarity, and turned very kindly to Lucie. I don't know why his harsh judgment should have hurt me most of all.

[To be Continued.]

WORTH OF THE SOUL.—The real value of an object is that which one who knows its worth will give for it. He who made the soul, knew its worth, and gave His life for it.—Jackson.

Children's Department.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

A group of boys stood on the pavement before a large chemist's shop, pelting each other with snowballs. In an unlucky moment, the youngest threw his ball so wildly, that it went spinning through the frosty air against the large plate-glass of the druggist's window. The crash terrified them all, but none so much as the little fellow who now stood pale and trembling, with startled eyes, gazing at the mischief he had wrought.

"Won't old Kendrick be cross? Run, Ned! we won't tell. Run! quick!"

"I can't!" he gasped.  
"Run, I tell you! he's coming! Coward! Why don't you run! He wouldn't catch me!"

"No, I can't run!" he faltered.  
"Little fool! he'll be caught! Not pluck enough to run away! Well, I've done all I can for him," muttered the older boy in a tone of disgust.

The door opened; an angry face appeared.

"Who did this?" came in fierce, angry tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this, I say?" he shouted, as no one answered.

The trembling, shrinking boy drew near; the little delicate-looking culprit faced the angry man, and in tones of truth replied:

"I did it, sir."  
"And you dare to tell me of it?"  
"I dare not deny it, sir; I dare not tell a lie."

The reply was unexpected. The stern man paused; he saw the pale cheek, the frightened eyes wherein the soul of truth and true courage shone brightly, and his heart was touched.

"Come here, sir; what's your name?"  
"Edward Howe, sir. Oh! what can I do to pay you? I'll do anything—only don't make my mother pay it, sir!"

"Will you shovel my pavement when the next snow falls?"

Ned's face was radiant. "I'll do it every time; and more too, sir; I'll do anything."

"Well, that's enough; and do you know why I let you off so easy? Well, it's because you are not afraid to tell the truth. I like a boy that tells the truth always. When the next snow falls be sure you come to me."—Selected.

THE CHILD AND THE UNBELIEVER.—A sceptic once said to a little girl:—"Do you believe there is a God?" "I do," she immediately replied, "I will give an apple if you can tell me where He is," he promised. "I will give you a dozen if you tell me where He is not," was her unanswerable retort.

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