

TO A YOUNG MAN ON LEAVING HOME.

[Written for THE CHURCH GUARDIAN.]

Go forth, young soldier, pledged to fight
In the cause of Truth and Right!
Quail not, though unnumbered foes
Aye thy onward course oppose.
Blench not, but the stronger smite.

Press on, nor be thou turned aside,
(Though they censure thee for pride,
By the clamour of the schools,
By the blame or praise of fools,—
"Till thy goal be far descried.

Swell not thou the conqueror's train;
Better on the battle plain,
Die beneath the silent stars,
Than behind thy prison bars,
Nurse a captive's rage in vain.

Better like a hero fall
Fighting by Truth's leagured wall,
Than to linger on, a slave
Abhorred by all the good and brave,
Since even silken cords can gall.

Yield not lightly to despair,
Though in thy path lurk many a snare.
Spirit-legions all unseen
Fence thee round, a charmed screen.
Ah, heed their whispered charge, "Beware!"

Yet falter not, nor leave thy faith,
If on earth no victor's wreath
Of fadeless laurel crown thy brow.
Since all is well! Remember, how
There is One who somewhere saith

"The soul that wins eternal fame
Must first endure the Cross of shame!"
Then, trusting in this sacred word,
Its precepts graven on thy sword,
Go, triumph for His holy name.

FRED. J. FULLER.

N. Wakefield.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.
(Continued.)

June 13th.

I could not go to sleep last night, my heart ached, and when at last I *did* fall asleep I had a strange dream. When I awoke I seemed to see the words "love your enemies." I never thought that this was hard, I always supposed that I was very loving and forgiving. Is Trichen then my enemy? I thought. Oh how hard it is to bear injustice. I got up and looked into her room. The moon shone on her pale face, her hands were folded. The tears came to my eyes. I went back and stepped to my window. The full moon was high in the heavens and poured her silver light upon the sleeping earth. I looked upward and would have drawn the peace and purity of heaven into my heart. I prayed very earnestly and then the feeling of oppression left me and all was well. O my dear Lord, I am ashamed and contrite that I could not bear such a *small* thing, that all day long I thought only of myself, that I had not the strength to think of Thee. All my disquiet was gone. I knew what I had to do. I went to bed and slept quietly and got up early, made the chocolate and got our breakfast and did not go to sleep again. When Trichen was going to get up, I begged her gently not to do so. I told her she was sick and that even if I did not do it right, I was going to do the work of the house to-day. She looked at me wonderingly, then she took my hands and kissed them and cried, and so did I. Good Lord forgive me that I had one unkind thought of her; she loves me too much, thinks too well of me, far better than I deserve. She got up to prayers but had to lie down again.

June 20th.

I feel frightened, as if some misfortune were near, Trichen has been ill in bed for a week with fever. She is a little better since yesterday. I have been to see the tailor's young wife three times during the week. She has been in bed for five months in consumption. Trin-

chen was often with her and strengthened and comforted her. She asks me every time if Trichen is not coming soon. "The Lord will not let me die till she comes to me again," she said yesterday. I am so sorry I cannot speak to her, all that I can do is to read a chapter or a hymn. But she is glad of that, and smiles at me each time I go. But she is getting weaker all the time and I fear she will die without seeing Trichen again.

June 26th.

Last night I was sent for after I had gone to bed. The tailor's eldest little girl stood crying at the door. Mother is dying. "Jungfer Trichen is to come." Trichen could not get up; it was quite impossible; she sent me. "The Lord give you strength; we can do nothing without Him;" she said. The child had run on home; I stood under the beech-tree on the hill. I had never seen any one die. My heart beat quick. What should I say to the poor, dying woman? I did not know. The stars were shining in the clear sky. I knelt down, and said the Apostle's Creed, "Dear Master, Thou didst come to us from Thy beautiful Heaven out of Thy great love. Thou didst die for us, wast sacrificed that our sins might be done away. Thou hast conquered the gates of Hell, and opened Heaven for us. O, dear Lord and Saviour, come now and help this dying woman." I went into the sick room. The pale mother was lying on the bed, the father and children stood beside her. "Not Trichen," she whispered. "What do you want her to do?" I said gently. "To help me, I am going to die." "No human being can help you," I said, "only our dear Lord and Saviour can help you now; we will pray Him to come to us." The sick woman nodded. "Come dear Lord," I said. A wonderful feeling came over me, and the dying woman smiled. I said the Creed, and she repeated it slowly after me, her voice getting fainter and fainter. I knelt down, the father and children with me, and we sang, "Jesus, my certain hope." The woman looked more and more happy; how my heart leapt at the thought that He had helped us, and may I never forget it! She had died while we were singing. I wept with the father and the little ones, and soon went away. I sat under the beech for some time. It was still, very still, the stars were sparkling. I forgot the present. It seemed as though I could look far into the future, as though my own life lay behind me. Sorrow and joy seemed alike. Trichen's life, full of care and grief, so rich. I passed through the garden, the roses were in bloom, the lime-trees full of perfume. How sweet and lovely is a rose in bloom. O, it is lovely to be happy too. If I could only see Trichen and poor Aunt happy.

July 16th.

My uncle, the Chamberlain, has written. Such a short, hard letter. Aunt is quite crushed, (thank God that Trichen is well again.) He calls it folly for aunt to think of my going to court. Many young girls, daughters of deserving men, were vainly trying to obtain such a position. He proposes a place as governess with a Countess von Schlichton at Braunsdorf. Trichen is only sorry on account of aunt. She is reconciled to my going. To-morrow will be a sad birthday.

July 17th.

I put the roses round Trichen's birthday-cake, and laid my embroidered cap beside it. Jacob brought the table-boquet as he calls it. Everything was ready to greet aunt on her birthday. I never got up on this day feeling so sad, and yet it never was more lovely. The perfume of roses and lilies mixed with that of the lime-blossoms, the tops of the beeches looked so full and soft against the shining morning sky. The children came washed and combed, and in their Sunday frocks. I gave each one some flowers, and held the largest bunch myself. I had put on my white muslin as I always do, though it is very short. When aunt was sitting in her arm-chair we stood in a half circle and

sang "Lord help us by Thy grace." At first I felt like crying, but Trichen sang out with a clear voice, and then I did better. The tears rolled down aunt's cheeks. I knelt down by her and kissed her hands, and begged her to be comforted. She stroked the hair away from my forehead, and looked at me kindly and said: "Yes, it will all be well."
(To be continued)

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN KETTLE.

RENT'S
STOVE & KITCHEN FURNISHING
DEPOT,
31 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

Full Stock complete of all the leading
BASE BURNER STOVES,
such as the CROWN JEWEL, SULTANA,
GOLD COIN, SILVER MOON, and QUEEN;
also a nice assortment of
**Portable Cook Ranges, and Cook, Parlor,
and Bedroom Stoves,**
All of which, having been purchased for
Cash, at a very low figure, are offered at prices
that defy competition. Also a full Stock of
**TINWARE AND KITCHEN FUR-
NISHING HARDWARE,**
In Dish Covers, Toilet Ware, Bird Cages, Jelly
and Pudding Moulds, COAL VASES and
FIRE IRONS, Hearth Brushes, Door Mats,
Clothes Wringers, and everything required for
House Furnishing, **Wholesale and Retail.**
EXTRA DISCOUNT allowed to clergymen
purchasing at this establishment.
GEORGE RENT, - PROPRIETOR.
9-11

JACOBS'
PATENT LITHOGRAM.
Patented in Canada, July 16th, 1879.
Patent applied for in the United States.

WONDERFUL SAVING OF TIME,
LABOR AND MONEY.

A New, Simple, Perfect and Wonderful Method of
PRODUCING OVER FIFTY COPIES of
any Writing, Documents, Plans, &c.,
FROM ONE WRITING. No Press, Roller,
Pad or Prepared Paper required. This apparatus is
so simple a child can operate it.
TEN IMPRESSIONS PER MINUTE.
An Invaluable Article to Official Assignees,
Lawyers, Architects, Surveyors, Bankers,
Merchants, Tradesmen, Schools and
others.

Send all orders to
T. P. CONNOLLY,
Sole Agent for Nova Scotia.
Corner of George & Granville Streets
25-3m

I. MATHESON & CO.,
ENGINEERS
AND
Boiler Makers,
NEW GLASGOW,
NOVA SCOTIA.
1-17

THE REV. R. WAINWRIGHT,
Having been appointed
CLERICAL SECRETARY OF THE
DIOCESE,
(Vice VENERABLE ARCHDEACON GILPIN,
Resigned,) requests that all Communica-
tions, Reports, and Contributions from
the various Parishes be sent to him,
addressed **REV. R. WAINWRIGHT,**
Clerical Sec., P. O. Box 494,
HALIFAX, N.S.

The Rev. Secretary will be happy to see his
Friends of the Clergy and Laity, when in the
City, at the Diocesan Rooms, Church of England
Institute, Building, 54 Granville St.
CLAYTON & SONS, CLOTHIERS,
11 Jacob Street, Halifax.
Men's, Youth's and Boy's CLOTHING made
to Order or Ready Made. Good Value. Orders
carefully and promptly executed.
Trousers made to order, \$4.75. Terms CASH.
CLAYTON & SONS,
11 JACOB STREET.
1-6m

SUMMER!!
ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
"Torrey's Arctic" and "White Mountain."
WATER COOLERS.
Ice Cream and Jelly Moulds,
Wire Dish Covers,
Hip, Hat & Flat Circular Sponge Baths,
TOILET SETS,
Rubber Hose, Watering Pots,
OIL STOVES, for Summer Cooking,
Mrs. Potts' Polishing Irons.
TINWARE, OF ALL KINDS,
And the numberless
CULINARY CONVENIENCES
USUALLY FOUND IN A STOVE SHOP.
REILLY & DAVIDSON,
59 BARRINGTON STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.
1-6m

1870 1870
Army and Navy
HAT STORE.
THOMAS & CO.
Hats, Caps and Furs, Umbrellas,
Rubber Coats, Trunks, Valises,
Satchels and Carpet Bags, Sleigh
Robes, Horse Clothing, Gents' and
Ladies' Fur Coats, and Mantles.
Civic and Military Fur Glove Manufacturers,
MASONIC OUTFITS
Always on hand.
OUR SILK AND FUR HATS are from
the Best Makers in England, viz: Christy,
Woodrow, Bennett, Carrington, and Luck.
** To Clergymen, on all purchases we allow
10 per cent. Please give us a call.
44 to 48 Barrington St.
CORNER OF SACKVILLE. 1-6m

WILLIAM GOSSIP,
United Service Book and
Stationery Warehouse,
NO. 103 GRANVILLE STREET.
Winsor & Newton's Oil and Water Colours;
Drawing Papers, all sizes;
Bristol Boards;
Crayons, and Crayon Papers;
Wax in Cakes, and Sheet Wax;
Moulds, Pins, &c., &c., &c.
**Writing and Note Papers; Mourning
Note; Foreign Note, &c.**
Account Books; Blank Books, all varieties.
Slates and Pencils; School Requisites;
COLLEGE AND SCHOOL BOOKS;
General Literature;
S. P. C. K. School Libraries; BIBLES;
Church Services; Books of Common Prayer;
Sermon Paper.
Superior Writing and Copying INKS, black,
blue, and red,—Antoine's, (Paris); Walk-
den's, (London); Stephens', (London.)
PAPER HANGINGS,
All New this Spring, beautiful patterns,
bales and lesser quantities.
Aiken & Lambert's Celebrated GOLD PENS.
Subscriptions received for every de-
scription of Periodicals.
BOOKS IMPORTED TO ORDER.
WILLIAM GOSSIP,
United Service Book and Stationery Warehouse,
3-17r
103 Granville St.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.
DIOCESE OF NOVA SCOTIA.
President, - - - THE LORD BISHOP.
Collections—Offertories earnestly asked.
Funds Greatly Needed.
"freely ye have received freely give."
Treasurer—Wm. Gossip, Esq.,
Granville St., Halifax
Secretary—Rev. R. Wainwright,
P. O. Box 494, Halifax.