

Literary Department.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

We would see Jesus—for the shadows lengthen
Across the little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.
We would see Jesus—for life's hand hath rested
With its dark touch upon both heart and brow,
And though our souls have many a billow
battered,
Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see Jesus—the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace,
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
We would see Jesus—other lights are failing,
Which, for long years, we have rejoiced to see,
The blessings of our pilgrimage are falling;
We would not mourn them, for we go to
Thee.

We would see Jesus—sense is all too blinding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee to gain a sweet reminding
That Thou hast promised our great debt to
pay.
We would see Jesus—that in all we are needing,
Strength, joy and willingness come with the
sight;
We would see Jesus—dying, risen, pleading,
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.
—Southern Churchman.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY

(From the German of MARIE NATHANUS.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

(Continued.)

ALL at once we heard the sound of a postillion's horn, and a carriage drove rapidly over the bridge and into the court of the castle. We sprang up in surprise, but I was the only one who could leave the room. I ran to the portico. It was he, Herr von Schaffau, covered up with furs and snow, and he greeted me joyously. I do not know which was greatest, my pleasure in seeing him or my sympathy for his frozen condition. I went before him into the room, but Lucie already came to meet us. There was great rejoicing, and we did all we could to refresh him. Then Lucie sat on a stool at his feet. "You dear uncle, we are very happy to have you back," she said tenderly. "We?" asked Herr von Schaffau, jostling, and looked at us. "Yes we, dear Frederick," said Aunt Julchen affectionately, and patted him on the shoulder. It was the first time that I had heard her call him by his christian name.

I am so glad to see the light in his turret again. He has not told us much about Berlin, only seemed to want to know about here; Aunt Julchen told him everything. But Rosalie has written me a long letter. Herr von Tilsen has been there for some days, and has made friends again with her mama. Rosalie does not trust him, and warns us against him. I don't know what he has been telling them about us. Herr Heber is mixed up with it; I don't understand it, but indeed it matters very little to me. The next morning the whole household met for prayers. I felt that now Herr von Schaffau must take my office; he did so for the first time with so large a number. I thanked God with all my heart. I thought of the first Sunday when I had sung in the same place: "Thee, Holy Spirit, we implore!" I sang it to-day; how different from then.

After breakfast, Aunt Julchen had a conversation with me. I do not quite see her purpose. She begged me to be perfectly candid with her. I have nothing to conceal. She inquired whether it was really my intention to refuse Herr von Tilsen's offer; I replied that the matter had been settled long ago. She begged me seriously to consider whether I was not throwing away a good fortune, whether I should not repent my decision. I was able to convince her of the contrary. She hinted that he would be my greatest enemy, that he would endeavour to injure me. She was convinced that he was trying to get me away from here. That does not trouble me either. What can he say against me? My life is open before everyone. Aunt Julchen blamed me for my thoughtlessness; and when I still could not understand how I could be injured, she hastily drew a letter from her pocket, and read in about these words:—"The girl is more cunning than you think. If you will not believe me, dear Julie, judge for yourself. Does she not already rule her whole surroundings? I

hear that she is regarded as the mistress at the castle and in the village; and, having watched her manner, I find this quite conceivable. I should call it an all-absorbing nature. Of course, she does not do it forcibly; and her power really consists in that. She does it all under the guise of affection and gentleness. Examine how far you yourself are under her sway. Rosalie speaks of her with actual longing, and even Thekla declares that I do her an injustice. Thus, I am the only one who can form a true opinion of her,—I accept Frederick, who, at least, so far, does not appear to be deceived by her, although von Tilsen hints to the contrary. In one thing, I cannot understand her, why she leaves Herr von Tilsen so long in uncertainty. The foolish old man really believes her pious expressions about poverty and riches."

"Can it be possible?" I said, when she had finished reading. "Yes my child and more still," replied Aunt Julchen. "I only wanted to prove to you that you are not wiser than other people, to make you believe me." When she saw how very much cast down I was, she tried to comfort me. "Go on your own way quietly," she said, "and don't let them sour you." "O, no indeed, it shall only serve as a warning to me to put away the appearance and to cultivate the spirit of true charity," I answered. "If only Frau von Schlichten were here now that I might convince her of my sincerity—with God's help I will yet do so. Assure her that I shall never marry Herr von Tilsen, and that I wish I could show her that I speak in all truthfulness, though in my weakness I so often fall short of what I say." Aunt Julchen embraced me tenderly. "My sister-in-law is very wise, but I am wiser, my knowledge of mankind is not less than hers," she said. At the same time she begged me always to give her my confidence. "Could you really prefer the life in a little parsonage to a brilliant position?" she asked. "Certainly!" I replied. "And Herr Heber?" she went on hesitatingly. "I could not help laughing heartily. 'Is there a Herr Heber in every parsonage?—good, kind Herr Heber!' Aunt Julchen laughed with me. 'I thought as much,' she said, 'people don't know what to say next, but tell me is your heart quite free?' My face flushed, but I could say truly that I never had encouraged any foolish fancies. 'If they will sometimes fit through my brain, I cannot help it, but I don't give them any lodging there.' 'Then we have done with that matter,' she said merrily. 'You will stay with us, like a good girl, and the storms will blow over.'"

We grow very light-hearted, and joked with each other about the strange ways of the world. I cannot say that the letter caused me anxiety; rather it encouraged me to go calmly on my way. Herr von Schaffau wished to go with me on my rounds. I took him to those who are most in need. The winter being so severe, there are some large families amongst them, whose fathers are capable of work, but cannot get any. Herr von Schaffau was pleased with our arrangements, and especially praised the Herr pastor's practical advice. On the way back we went into the parsonage. It was a very unpleasant surprise to me to find Herr von Tilsen there. He had brought the children beautiful toys from town, and appeared to be quite the friend of the family. Filled with the impressions which the letter had made upon me, I tried to show him what I felt. I trust it is not on my account that he remains in the neighbourhood. The Herr pastor himself had to remind him of his return home; it was already twilight, and the wind was drifting the snow. Herr von Tilsen took a very friendly leave of the pastor's family, then he turned to Herr von Schaffau and said, with great irony and bitterness, "I leave the field open to you." Herr von Schaffau made no reply; he looked grave and calm. On our way back he walked silently beside me, then the wind grew so violent that he went in front to protect me. "Steer as bravely against all the storms that may meet you," he said, brightly, as we reached the portico. "This was not a very bad one," I answered. "Nothing is bad," he said; "everything is as we make it; but we are often so weak, and regard the actions of other weak men as misfortunes to ourselves." I thought of Herr von Tilsen's injurious words, of Frau von Schlichten's letter, and such things. "They cannot hurt me," I said aloud, and he appeared to be glad to see my confidence.

[To be Continued.]

MORALITY AND LAW.

"Amongst a people without moral sense, law can do little or nothing to advance virtue; amongst a people whose moral sense has been awakened and strengthened by religion, law can do much. It was long felt in this country that it was as dishonest to adulterate food as to steal, and very frequently much more mischievous; still adulteration continued until a law was passed to facilitate the detection of the crime. Many forms of adulteration have now ceased to exist. Here, then, the law has, I will not say made men honest, but prevented their being dishonest, and so served the cause of virtue; and this in two ways. For, in the first place, by proving that the community at large condemned the transactions of a class, it made it much more difficult for the latter to deceive themselves; and in the second, by arresting one kind of imposture, it has diminished the familiarity of the world with evil. In like manner, the laws forbidding and punishing drunkenness are useful; first by stamping the condemnation of society on an odious vice, and secondly, by deterring men from indulging in it. But inasmuch as the wholesome effect of law is in this case greatly neutralized by temptations, sanctioned by the law itself, it is, as it seems to me, the bounden duty of the Church to demand of the State the extinction of those temptations, or, at any rate, power for the people to restrict them. If drunkenness, as the State declares, is a crime, the State has no right to facilitate the commission of it. Many, even of the most temperate, are not without moral sense; and would hail such a change in the law as would enable them to get rid of well-nigh irresistible incentives to evil. The State sins, she sins greatly, when she says that the people against their will shall be tempted to offend against God."—*Prebendary Greer.*

OVER-SENSITIVE PERSONS.

You are our friend. You are warm-hearted and generous, and have many other good qualities for which we love and praise you. Yet you have a fault, and a growing one, which, if you do not regard, will embitter your future life. You are over-sensitive to the opinions of every person in the little world in which you live and move. You place your happiness entirely too much in other people's keeping. A word of praise unduly lifts you up; and a word of censure casts you down. The slightest dart of criticism leaves a wound which is very slow to heal. It will be very hard for you to forgive an honest friend who thus dares to tell you this plain, unpalatable truth. You deny with warmth the charge—of course. But your very warmth of manner betrays you. It is hard for any man to know himself, and it is doubly hard for you. Glance backward on the past and mark how often your over-sensitive spirit has been wounded. Only see how quickly and how often you have taken a slight when really no slight was ever intended. Pray, then for two things: First, for grace of humility. Take care how you rate yourself higher than any one else in the whole world will rate you. If others fail to see your good qualities, so much the worse for them. They are blind; so pity their misfortune. Praise God for all your gifts and use them wisely and constantly. Then pray that you may do your work in life as in the sight of God. Seek to please and honor Him, and put away all selfish motives. Whether men smile or frown, go straight ahead, and you will have an approving conscience and at last a great reward.—*Selected.*

BE TRUE.

THERE are persons whom you can always believe, because you know they have the habit of telling the truth. They do not "color" a story or enlarge a bit of news in order to make it sound fine or remarkable.

There are others whom you hardly know whether to believe or not, because they "stretch" things so. A trifling incident grows in size, but not in quality, by passing through their mouth. They take a small fact or slender bit of news and pad it with added words, and paint it with high-colored adjectives, until it is largely unreal and gives a false impression. And ones does not like to listen to folks when so much be "allowed for shrinkage."

Cultivate the habit of telling the truth in little things as well as in great ones.

Pick your words wisely, and use only such as rightly mean what you wish to say. Never "stretch" a story or a fact to make it seem bigger or funnier. Do this, and people will learn to trust you and respect you. This will be better than having a name for telling wonderful stories or making foolishly and falsely "funny" remarks. There are enough true funny things happening in the world, and they are most entertaining when told just exactly as they came to pass. One has well said, "Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend."

Dear young friends, be true. Do the truth. Tell the truth. There are many false tongues. Let yours speak the things that are pure, lovely, true.—*S.S. Advocate.*

Children's Department.

TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

Four little foxes met a large black kitten one day under rather peculiar circumstances. It was amid-ship, on board of a great ocean steamer. So there was no getting very far away from one another, you see. The little foxes belonged to one of the sailors, who kept them in a large wooden house-like cage near his berth; and the kitten, a very travelled person indeed, had come all the way from Paris to Liverpool in a large wicker cage, and was on her way to America with her little mistress, who took the best of care of her black pet, supplying her with plenty of milk and nicely-cooked beefsteak every day.

Now shouldn't you have thought that the kitten might have been grateful, and stayed in her cage as her little mistress begged her to do every day? But, no; instead of that, whenever she was left alone, she gnawed at the string fastening of the door, and pulled with her paw the wooden bar it held in place, until both gave way; and this very afternoon Mistress Puss had managed to get the door open, had lurked under the berths and behind the locker, until she was quite sure no one was looking, and then had darted away like a black streak, and here she was wandering about where she had no business at all to be, until at last, after many adventures, she had come across the four little foxes.

"Dear me! dear me!" exclaimed little Miss Fox to one of her brothers when she spied her. "Do look at this strange creature coming! What do you think it can be? It has fur, and so have we; four paws, too, and whiskers; but oh, dear me! so ugly and black. Surely it cannot be even a second cousin twice removed of ours, I hope."

Little Miss Fox, in her surprise, quite forgot her good manners, and spoke out loud. The black kitten heard her. "A second cousin twice removed, indeed! No I thank you, ma'am. Your fur is harsh, and such an ugly yellow color; mine is soft and glossy. Then your ears—how sharp and long they are! And your noses! Ah, well, it isn't good manners to mention noses, I know, but yours—ahem!" And Miss Puss coughed scornfully behind her paw, and looked over the little foxes in a way that was very unpleasant indeed.

Of course they couldn't be expected to endure that; having lost their mother long before they would have been able to understand what she meant had she tried to teach them to return good for evil; and Miss Puss had to listen to remarks about claws that scratch, green eyes, and what the little foxes called a "thin tail," until she was really very angry indeed.

I'm sure I don't know how the quarrel might have ended—for animals, as well as little children, find it very hard to leave off when they once begin to say unpleasant things to one another—when, fortunately, a wise old parrot, who had made several voyages in the ship, and was supposed to know a good deal of the world, called out:

"Children listen to me." And when the little foxes and the kitten had stopped quarrelling and shouting unpleasant things at one another, and turned to listen to what she had to say, she went on:

"There was once a great poet, who wished very much that people had the power to see themselves as others saw them. That is, he wished that people might see for themselves how pointed their own ears or noses were, or how sharp their claws; because then, he thought, they wouldn't be half so apt to

notice other people's sharp noses and green eyes. So, my children, it is just the same with you. Miss Puss thinks you little foxes have ugly fur, and quite forgets her claws are good only for scratching; while you, my dears, see only her painted ears, quite forgetting that yours are much the same—only larger. Try to discover one another's amiable qualities, and you'll be very much happier, I'm sure."

When the old parrot had finished this long speech the children, as she had called them, looked very much ashamed, and hung their heads, till, finally, one little fox said to Miss Puss, softly, "I think you have really a lovely voice."

"And I'm sure that your eyes are very bright," was her answer. "Won't you have some of our dinner?" inquired another little fox.

And pussy's "Thank you" was a very sweet one.

So good did these five find the old parrot's advice that they soon, by help of it, became great friends, and spent a very cheerful afternoon comparing their experiences of life; and when the little girl, with three of the stewards to help her, having spent several hours in searching for the kitten, found her at last in the company of the foxes, they had but time to whisper that they had spent a most delightful afternoon, thanks to the parrot's good advice, and parted with mutual regret, when the little girl pounced upon her kitten, and a steward drove the foxes back to their house and fastened up the door.

DO MORE FOR YOUR MOTHER.

"It there any vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," was the answer. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in a situation; have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then, recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw when the gentleman detained him, by asking him why he did not stay at school another year or two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reply, "but I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already?" said his interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy quietly.

"Yes, but you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

For an instant the boy hesitated; then he replied, with half reluctant frankness, "I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said with a quivering voice, "My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If in the meantime, you need a friend come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I left alone to help each other; but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tremblingly entered.—*S. S. Times.*

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high position or fashionable attire.

Hold on to truth, for it will serve you well, and do through all times.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.