

Literary Department.

WANDERING.

I have wandered to the mountain, And the night is dark and cold; I am lost! O Heavenly Shepherd, Where is the Fold?

I am weary, I am helpless, But still hoping as I stand, Reaching out into the darkness, To feel Thy hand.

I am looking for Thy coming, For the fold and safety there—I shall perish, loving Shepherd, Without Thy care.

Hark! I hear the Shepherd calling, And the morning sky of gold Sends a light across the mountain— I see the Fold.

—Selected.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

(CONTINUED.)

Herr von Tilsen received me. "Fraulein," he said, "to-day you look like a Sister of Charity." "I wish I were one," I replied pleasantly. "For pity's sake, don't!" he replied; "it is easy to be seen that you have been to church! There it is now! I assure you if you go to hear that parson often, it will be dangerous for you." He went on to speak in a very frivolous way about the sermon and the service. Most of the young people seemed amused at it, and only looked occasionally across to Herr von Schaffau, who was standing near us, but so engrossed in conversation that he did not hear. I looked round to see whether no one would interrupt this blasphemy. Suddenly he said, "Fraulein, you are quite silent!" I replied that I was silent from fear, because I had never heard anything of the kind before. He reddened, and that gave me courage. "You must not think me such a bad christian," he replied. "You are no christian at all," I answered, earnestly. He tried to defend himself, said that he was an admirer of intellectual sermons and good church-music. I was glad that his hollow words seemed to make no impression, but I had no further conversation with him, only when he called our church-hymns "lullabys," I stood up and asked him whether I should play and sing the one we sang in church to-day. I used both pedals to imitate the sound of the organ, played in full chords, and sang, "Thee, Holy Spirit, we implore." O, yes, I felt His power; He seemed to move the hearts of the listeners; chattering and laughter ceased; when I had ended I only saw wondering faces. "Magnificent! magnificent!" said Herr von Tilsen. I did not listen to him. Rosalie put her hand on my shoulder, and said, "how beautiful!" Aunt Julchen praised me loudly; she did so to impress the others. Herr von Tilsen is on her side; he asserted that my voice was a "five-thousand-dollar" one; and only wished to hear me in Rome. He begged me to sing something else, and I felt tempted to do so. For the moment it was agreeable to appear something before those people; oh, how ashamed I am! Herr von Schaffau, who listened to Aunt Julchen's praises with a very indifferent face, looked at me scornfully. "Is she a shallow, foolish person after all?" I read in his look. I felt that I was so at the moment, but no one should know it. I declined Herr von Tilsen's request to play the symphony, and seeing that the young people were preparing for a walk, I left the room with them and Lucie. A great many foolish, idle thoughts came into my head afterwards. O, how true it is that we must be always upon our guard. "Lead us not into temptation." The tempter is very subtle. Can it be wrong to take one's right position in the world, and to be respected? It was thus that he whispered. Aunt impressed this upon me as a sacred duty, and she assured me too that I could otherwise possess no influence in my calling. This seemed so reasonable. If I have no weight in the house I cannot influence my pupils. Ah, no! all the deception is over, the solitary hours have done me good; would that I could keep away from the glitter. Dear Master! give me strength; let me ever feel Thee near me.

LETTER FROM LULU TO HER HOME.

Dearest Aunt,—This letter shall be finished to day and sent to the post to-

morrow, that you may at last hear from me. You will feel quite at home in my little room, and I can only assure you once more that I have every comfort. You need not mind my doing my own hair; I do it well and quickly, so that even when Sophia has more time and could do it for me, I shall not let her. Now let me tell you about the ball. Jacob is to hear about it too, it was magnificent. I wish, dear auntie, you could have seen Countess von Romberg in her blue brocade with the yellow bird-of-paradise; ah, no! how happy you are in your peaceful world. By the way, tell Trinchen that Sophia has taken the white feather off the bouquet and put on a cardinal ribbon in its place. It looked too remarkable, and now it is less pretentious, and yet looks good. The rest of my wardrobe is excellent, and quite sufficient. It would be quite absurd to attempt to vie with the ladies here, who appear in three different toilets every day. Sophia came in the evening to help me about my dress. She seemed quite shocked at my having nothing in the shape of a ball-dress, but when I produced uncle's handsome dress she was surprised. She pinned white chrysanthemums in my hair and in the waist, and they looked beautiful with the glistening gold-brown. So now I could rustle down the stairs and through the rooms. Several servants in livery were standing in the ante-room. I made an exact drawing of one of them afterwards, and sent it to Jacob, that he may see how livery-servants dress now. I hope at Christmas to be able to send him some things, only don't tell him. But do tell him, dear aunt, that, except Vollberger, there is not one among the servants so well-mannered and well-trained as himself. When I entered the ball-room I felt quite dazzled by the magnificence of the dresses, and the furniture and decorations. The older ladies in brocade and feathers and laces, the young ones in gauze and crepe and flowers; everywhere a soft whispering of courteous compliments. The gentlemen, with white ties and gloves, walked lightly over the polished floors; the violins were being tried in the orchestra. I must confess that I felt quite solemn. I did not venture to walk through the room alone, and gladly put myself under Lucie's protection, who took me over to the young ladies. Dear Trinchen, are you frightened? No, the temptation passed away. I did not dance. Do you know why? I was not asked to do so, at least not until the first impression had worn off. I saw the elder ladies gliding before their daughters through the rooms, then I saw the daughters growing more and more excited, literally flying past, and then standing near me panting. I cannot describe their expression as they looked down on me with condescension and pity. I made a promise to myself never to dance. But not on that account, dear Trinchen, no; but because I thought of you, and of all we had spoken of together. I seemed to see in all this what would be to me a temptation, a snare for my soul. My Trinchen, I know you were in your little room praying for me also: "lead me not into temptation!" I felt a sudden strength given me. It seemed as if all the brilliancy was gone, and I saw only a scene of perishable vanity. Just then Herr von Tilsen came to ask me to dance. I declined. Then some other younger gentlemen, but I declined. I wanted to leave the ball-room, but Lucie begged me to remain till the ice-creams came. So I remained in my corner, pushed a flower-stand in front of me that I might not be seen, and went on thinking. Lucie sat in the other corner of the sofa. The ice-creams did not come, and after a while she fell asleep. The dance-music began to sound as if from a distance, my eye lids got very heavy, and I went to sleep too. Herr von Tilsen awoke us with his loud laugh. "Well, is it possible! How could you sleep here?" "Why not?" I answered. "What! in the midst of all this noise?" It had seemed to me as if I had been in my own little room, with a storm of thunder and lightning going on outside. Herr von Tilsen wanted to discover whether I liked dancing. I avoided his question. Rosalie and some strange ladies came over to us. Their dresses were crumpled, they looked tired, so we made room for them on our sofa. If I had been dazzled at first I was disenchanted now.

(To be continued.)

Miss ETHEL GRAY, a young Englishwoman of literary pretensions, has announced her intention of becoming a candidate for a position on the London School Board.

Children's Department.

ROOM FOR ALL.

A few days ago I saw three children playing on the floor with a large baby-house. It was built of wood, like a regular house, three stories with a kitchen basement, and a mansard roof on top. Every floor was furnished as prettily as the heart of children could desire, and they seemed very happy and content, until a little boy, the youngest brother came along. Then arose quite an outcry.

"We didn't want you here," said the oldest child, a little girl of about eleven years of age. "The dolls are having a birthday party, and boys are not admitted."

"Please let me come," said the baby boy, dropping down on the floor in the midst of them. "I won't hurt the dollies; I promise I won't hurt the dollies."

"But there isn't room," spoke up the second sister. "Three's all that can see it; if there's four it crowds; besides you're a boy."

"Yes, yes, there isn't room. Can't you see for yourself? I'd be ashamed to crowd in where I was not wanted."

And so the poor little fellow was driven out of the room crying, and complaining bitterly.

Now I hope such things don't occur often. It seems hard that a child is turned off, away from play or company, just because there isn't room, and I thought perhaps it would do the older sisters and brothers good if they were told of a little incident that occurred this past summer, in Massachusetts, in a small country place where I was staying. Will you listen while I tell it to you, my little friends?

A gentleman with whom I am acquainted had in his wood-shed a half-barrel, or rather keg, nearly full of hay, in which a speckled hen of his took a fancy one day to deposit an egg. The egg pleased her so much that she determined to lay another, and she went on until she had seven nice white eggs there. Then she sat down upon them, and made up her mind that if the eggs were nice chickens it would be better, and she would have some. Before this, however, the old tabby cat spied the comfortable keg, filled with nice hay, and not objecting in the least to the seven white eggs, she slipped in the barrel, and the first thing that the hen knew, there sat Mrs. Puss with three snips of kittens by her side.

The hen peeped over her nest, clucked, fluttered her wings, and undoubtedly said "Get out!" Possibly, like the children, she may have remarked, "That's my barrel! There isn't room for you!"

The cat in return arched her back, distended her tail, sissed, and coolly demanded, "What are you going to do about it?" After a minute's parley, during which they undoubtedly matured their plans, the hen walked contentedly away, leaving the cat sole possessor. Tab spread herself over the eggs and kittens, and when she became tired or wanted her food, in hopped the hen and covered the kittens and the eggs. When night came and it was time for respectable people to be in bed, the cat and hen cuddled down together, and were as happy as possible. There was plenty of room you see in that house for two families.

Presently one little, downy chick burst its shell, then another, and lo! there were soon seven chickens peeping and chirping, and looking about to see what a strange world it was, to be sure. And there was a great animal with green eyes, and a purr that sounded like the biggest kind of a hand organ, to say nothing of three blind kittens, with pink noses and very feeble voices. The kittens weren't blind always, and when their eyes opened what a wonderment there must have been, and a comparing of notes very likely followed! The greatest mystery of all to solve was whether they were chickens or kittens, and who was the mother, the cat or the hen. And they haven't really found out yet. The house must be crowded, but still there is room for all. I presume this state of affairs will not last long, for it must be a very uncomfortable house for them even now, and my friend says there is a great deal of conversation going on in an unknown tongue when it is bed-time in the wood-shed, but as yet there has been no serious disagreement.

And if animals can dwell lovingly together, even under such circumstances, what ought little children to do who

have so many things to make them happy? Wouldn't it be well to try and see if there isn't room for the baby brothers and the troublesome sisters? And the way to begin is to make room for them first in your hearts.—Pacific Churchman.

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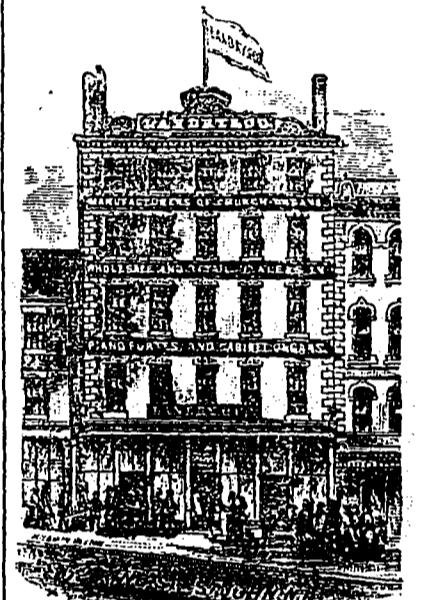
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