

## Liturgy Department.

## IN MEMORIAM.

On the Rev. F. S. WOODMAN, who departed this life, 17th March, 1880, at Westfield, where he had been a faithful Rector over 20 years.

He is not dead, but only calmly sleeping  
In the sweet refuge of his Master's breast;  
And, far away from sorrow, toil and weeping,  
"He is not dead," but only taking rest.

What though he standeth at no earthly altar,  
Yet, in white raiment, on the golden floor,  
Where love is perfect, and no step can falter,  
He serveth as a Priest for evermore.

Oh! glorious end of life's short day of sadness,  
Oh, blessed course, so well and nobly run!  
Oh, hour of true and everlasting gladness!  
Oh, crown unfading, and so meekly won!

Though tears will fall, we bless thee, oh! our  
Father,  
For the dear one forever with the blest,  
And wait the Easter morn when thou shalt  
gather  
Thine own long parted to their endless rest.

## DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

## A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

(Continued.)

The few days since I left Braunsdorf, seem to me like a long life-time.

On my birth-day I got up early and went towards the shrubbery. I saw the quiet parsonage and the castle, as it were, dreaming in the soft spring mist. I did not think it was for the last time. When I went back how joyfully surprised I was. Herr Schultz himself was standing in the corridor to offer me his congratulations, and, as a present from his wife, a tea-napkin which she herself had spun from Braunsdorf flax. O, how much it pleased me! The gardener handed me a little group of dried flowers, the most fresh and beautiful that I had ever seen. But in my room there was a perfect flower-garden, and lights, and cakes, and gifts. Aunt Julchen, and Lucie, and nearly all the servants were there, and when I had entered they sang "Praise be the Lord, the mighty King of Glory." Full of emotion, I sung it with them; afterwards I shook hands with them all. Aunt Julchen kissed me tenderly and wished me every happiness, and Lucie hung about my neck. Ah, the love was the best of all. Suddenly I saw Frau von Schlichten standing at the open door; she had seen everything, for she said quite excitedly, "Why, you are receiving a complete ovation here!"—"an ovation of sincere love," replied Aunt Julchen sharply. But my heart sank. I begged Frau von Schlichten not to be angry with me. She looked indignantly at me and left the room. Aunt Julchen tried to comfort me. "Things cannot go on like this," she said. Then I must go? I asked. "Or she must," replied Aunt Julchen. A feeling of delight darted through me—O, what folly and what pride! We had prayers and breakfast together as usual. Scarcely half an hour had passed, I was alone and enjoying my beautiful presents, when Betti, Frau von Schlichten's maid, a very malicious girl, came in and handed me a letter. I read it. I felt chilled to the heart, and had to support myself by the chair to prevent myself from falling. The letter was written in the most intense anger—she had seen through my plans, and I was to leave the castle immediately, but if I left my room before I entered the carriage I should be exposed to a scene which would disgrace me. "Shall I help you to pack up?" said the girl in a mocking tone. I was calm and friendly in my manner towards her and let her help me, hard as it was. "Betti," I said, "do you know that I am sorry for you when you try to grieve me?" She looked at me doggedly. "O, Betti, you will regret it; I never did anything to hurt you, and if I have offended you, I ask you to forgive me—to-day, when I am leaving this place. She looked astonished. "Yes," I said, "Frau von Schlichten, too, will regret her hastiness, but tell her that I feel no anger towards her, and that I am only grieved that I could not make her feel kindly to me." From that moment Betti seemed ashamed, and grew kinder. She even said that her lady was furious, "but," she added, "perhaps it will be all of no use," and then she hinted at what the Frau Pastorin had spoken of. Ah, how ashamed I feel to have given any cause for such remarks. I said nothing more, except that I asked after Aunt

Julchen and Lucie. "They are in the Countess' boudoir and know nothing."

My things were soon packed up; the carriage drove up, and I got into it. I had put Frau von Schlichten's letter in an envelope, and sealed it. I hoped for an opportunity of sending it to the Herr Pastor—it would be in good hands, and my departure would be explained to him. I had begged him to break the matter to Aunt Julchen and Lucie. Betti herself, undertook to deliver my letter, for the time being she was well disposed towards me. In the portico, she again handed me a letter, the one with a black seal from Trinchen. I tore it open—I read—I cried bitterly. I don't know how Betti got me into the carriage. I was like one in a dream. In the court, Vollberger ran towards me, asking what had happened. He saw me crying. The coachman did not want to stop, but was obliged to do so. I gave Vollberger Trinchen's letter, and begged him to give it to Aunt Julchen. So that my departure will be explained, even if Betti does not deliver the other. The coachman did not drive me to the nearest station, but to the second. That grieved me, but Frau von Schlichten had read my thoughts. I hoped and wished to meet her brother at the train, he was to come that morning; I wanted to pour out my heart to him, he was to share my grief. I got out—I stood waiting for my train, when all at once the one from the other side came up. It stopped. Suddenly, I saw Herr von Schaffau's astonished face at a window. Involuntarily I lifted my hands towards him, the train rushed on, and a few moments afterwards, I was being hurried in the opposite direction. I got unwillingly into the ugly mail cart. Is it not quite as good for me as for the peasant women? There are many things in this life which I shall have to get over. At Wönderberg, I saw Jacob. That was a sad, silent walk. The first day, we read a great deal together, and sang hymns, and I went again and again to the side of the coffin, and saw how beautiful, and how peaceful she looked. O, I always thought that she should see happier times through me; and now, perhaps it is well that she did not live to see my misfortune.

## LUCIE TO LULU.

BRAUNSDORF, March 28.

Dear, dearest Lulu,—Will you open this letter? Will you not hate us all too much? O, what a rage I am in since yesterday. But Uncle, too, bit his lips, and turned away. Dearest Lulu, when you are back with us again—true, we cannot undo the wrong that has been done you—but, only wait till you are here! If I could only have gone by the train yesterday! I ran after you, but had forgotten to take any money, and then Uncle came after me so soon, and took me back. Lulu, I am to tell you that we are all very sad. Aunt Julchen was dreadfully angry, Uncle preached patience. O, dear Lulu, I struggled with myself, I prayed for Mama and for myself that I might have patience and love in my heart. "What was Fraulein Plettenhaus doing at the station," asked Uncle Schaffau very hastily, when he came home. I laughed at him.—"Why she is spending her birth-day," I said. Ah, no! he had seen you too plainly; he grew very angry, and insisted on hearing the truth. Mama was very gentle and friendly, spoke of domestic peace and affection, and I don't know what beside, but she owned that she was the cause of your sudden departure. It was then that Uncle turned away, and that I ran off through Graubergen. If Uncle had not come after me so quickly, I should have managed it. I should be with you now. I would comfort you—O, and love you very much. If you do not come, I cannot love Mama. Forgive these words! I cannot live without you. Write at once. I am so impatient to hear.

Your LOVING LULU.

(To be continued.)

## THE EASTER OPPORTUNITY.

Our Lord appeared after His Resurrection only at intervals. He manifested Himself here in the upper chamber, there on the mountain in Galilee, or to the wayside travellers, or on the shore of the northern lake. He vanished as He came; His disciples knew not at any moment whether the thin air might not yield before their eyes the outline of His glorious Form. They knew not whether, as He spake with them and blessed them, He might not forthwith melt away, veiling His Sacred Presence from the rude

touch of sense. The Risen Life of Jesus was as a whole "hidden with God." And in this it is typical of the life of a Christian. Whether we will or not the greater part of life is passed alone; and oh! how much depends on the upward guidance of solitary thought! How piteous is the degradation and the waste of thought of which again and again we have been guilty when walking or sitting alone, or during the still hours of the stirring precept at the needful time, and "Seek those things that are above!" Why should thought gravitate perpetually earthward, as if it were a senseless tone? Why should it revel habitually amid the petty ambitions, self-assertions, personalities, passions, lusts, which form the moral mire through which our souls have so often to drag heavily their anxious way? Why do we not insist at these times of providential opportunity that thought shall rise upwards and to heaven? Why not make an effort of strong purpose, that "whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, of good report," we will think of these things? A passage of Holy Scripture committed to memory; some sentence of a great author consecrated by the recognition of ages; some lines of an ancient hymn, or, if you will of a modern one,—these may give wing to thought. But for your own sake, let your thought rise. Bid it, force it to rise. Think of the Face of Jesus, of your future home in heaven, of those revered and loved ones who have gone before you, and who beckon you on towards them from their place of rest in Paradise. Think of all that has ever cheered, strengthened, quickened, braced yourselves. In such thoughts, to such thoughts, Jesus will assuredly and increasingly reveal Himself, thought will take a new shape, it will melt insensibly into the incense of a prayer that shall greet His Presence.—*Standard of the Cross.*

## EMERSON ON ATHEISM.

UNLOVELY, nay, frightful, is the solitude of the soul which is without God in the world. To wander all day in the sunlight among the tribes of animals, unrelated to anything better; to behold the horse, cow, and bird, and to foresee an equal and speedy end to him and them; no, the bird, as it hurried by with its bold and perfect flight would disclaim his sympathy, and declare him an outcast. To see men pursuing in faith their varied action, warm-hearted, providing for their children, loving their friends, performing their promises—what are they to this chill, houseless, fatherless, aimless Cain, the man who hears only the sound of his own footsteps in God's resplendent creation? To him, it is no more creation; to Him, these fair creatures are hapless spectres; he knows not what to make of it. To him, heaven and earth have lost their beauty. How gloomy is the day, and upon yonder shining pond, what melancholy light! I cannot keep the sun in heaven, if you take away the purpose that animates him. The ball, indeed, is there, but his power to cheer, to illumine the heart as well as the atmosphere, is gone forever. It is a lamp-wick for meanest uses. The words, great, venerable, have lost their meaning; every thought loses all its depth, and has become more surface.

## TRUST.

In one of those more privileged homes, poor but thrifty, sat a young mother plying her needle in the soft summer twilight, for the wee Willie whose ringing laughter from the little garden told its own sweet tale. The husband sat near his wife, in that weary listlessness which is made such a luxury by a hard day's toil.

"How shall we ever get on when winter comes, George? 'Tis hard enough in summer; what will it be then?"

The question awoke something within that man's slumbering soul that sent a quiet glow over every look and tone.

"Mary, lass, what art making there?"

"A warm winter coat for Willie, George."

"I guessed as much. Does the young rogue know about it?"

"Not he, dear lamb."

"Won't you tell him, to hinder his worrying about winter?"

"He worry! Why hearken to him, George! He's as happy as the day is long; and even if he had the sense to think about winter, he'd trust mother to keep him warm."

"Ay, lass. And I vow the boy is wiser than his mother."

Mary's eye filled as she caught her husband's upward look, and the cloud of distrust was rolled from the hearth by their child's trustfulness.

Now and then this baby-faith rises from a child's heart beyond it mother to its mother's God.—*Mrs. Umphelby.*

THERE is nothing which tends so powerfully to demoralize a nation as a non-observance of Sunday, and the personal habits which follow. There is practically no Sunday in Germany, and the consequence is a constant and social demoralization. They have a system of preserving statistics in that country, which is much more perfect than with us. These show us that the number of offences legally investigated in Berlin in 1871, 82,000; in 1876, 133,000. Perjuries increased from 491 to 800; offences against morality from 1,072 to 2,000, and bodily injuries, from 7,900 to 15,400. The increase of crime has kept about even pace with the growth of infidelity and Sabbath desecration. And the same may be said of this country. Just so far as the moral barriers erected by our fathers are broken down by the inrush of German infidelity and continental customs, does demoralization follow.—*Kalendar.*

WHAT do you think the beautiful word "wife" come from? It is the word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that dreadful word *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes or embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night cold grass may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless. This I believe to be the woman's true place and power.—*Ruskin.*

THAT which is most pure in man is most Divine: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." That which is most tender in God is most human: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

These two rays of light meet in Christ. Do they neutralize each other as a light beams sometimes do? Does the Divine weaken the human? The pure diminish the tender? The reverse. It is sin that hardens and dehumanizes us. So, then, with what confidence we may cast ourselves on a sinless Saviour, "holy and yet harmless!"—*Thoughts by the Way.*

I REPENT of all my life, but that part of it I spent in communion with God, and in doing good.

*Dr. Donne, on his death-bed.*

## Children's Department.

## A LITTLE SERMON.

THE baby, who is usually and generally a very good little boy, had a very hard day. Nurse says he got out at the wrong side of his crib in the morning, she thinks. At least he came down to breakfast with a very pouting face, cried because he could not have hot cakes, pulled the cat's tail till she mewed for mercy, promised his mamma to try hard to be a good boy, but went into his papa's study two minutes afterward and spilled a bottle of ink over his white apron, promised again to be good, but very soon afterward forgot again, and slapped the very little baby because she had his rubber ball.

It was a miserable day for the little boy, always falling down and getting up again only to repeat the performance. He was really glad to go to bed an hour earlier than usual, even if it was for punishment, because he was so tired out with trying to be good, and only being naughty after all.

When he had said prayers, and asked the dear Lord to take care of him all the night, and forgive him all his naughtiness, he looked up in his mother's face, and said: "Mamma, me'll go to sleep and the Lord'll tate care of Baby Ben,

and when me wakes up again me'll be all good again." Then he laid his curly head on the pillow, shut his blue eyes, and in a moment was fast asleep, with Polly-dolly hugged close to his side.

So, little children dear, it is and will be with us all. Everybody who loves the Lord's and wants to do as He tells them, means to be good, tries hard, but falls down a great many times during this earthly day of ours, and then, as Baby Ben did, gets up to try again.

Don't be discouraged, little children, and ready to give up, no matter how many times you forget and do wrong when you mean to do right. The dear Lord can look way down into your hearts and see whether you really mean to do right. Only keep trying all your day, all your earthly life, and then when the night of death comes, and you lie down, trusting in the Lord, to take your rest, He will take care of you, and surely waken you to the new day, when all sin and sorrow shall be wiped away forever.

And the reason why we celebrate this holy time, dear children, is just this reason I've been telling you.

The blessed Lord himself lived through earthly days more terrible, more full of sorrow and suffering, than any He will ever send His children to bear. He laid Him down and slept through the night of death, and rose again as at this time, that we, through Him, might be saved, and live with Him in that everlasting Easter-day beyond the grave, where there will be unhappy or naughty, but all will be peace, love, joy, righteousness around the great white throne.—*Churchman.*

## BOOK NOTICES.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE MORNING AND EVENING SERVICE, OCCASIONAL PRAYERS, THANKSGIVINGS, LITANY AND COMMUNION SERVICE, ACCORDING TO THE BOOK OF PRAYER, Prepared by the Rev. MARK BURKHAM, A. B., formerly Rector of Burnham, Ont., and edited by the Rev. W. C. BRADSHAW, Peterborough.

We have before us a copy of this very interesting and valuable little work which, in a concise form, conveys a large amount of instruction. In the Bishop of Niagara's words, "anything calculated to make our Prayer-Book better understood and appreciated by our people, ought to be hailed with thankfulness. This, in my humble opinion, the Analysis of the Prayer-Book is well calculated to effect." It is a sad fact that many who attend the Services of the Church are very deficient in a knowledge of their full meaning. We heartily commend this little work to our brethren of the clergy, feeling sure that the study of it, under their direction, would greatly tend to an intelligent appreciation of our beautiful Liturgy. It is suggested, that as a text-book among the higher classes in Sunday Schools, its usefulness would be great. We may add, that a number of the Canadian Bishops have spoken warmly in its favour. Copies may be had by mailing to Box 194, Peterborough, Ontario, the sum of 35 cts. As a specimen of its contents, we give below the Analysis of the

## MAGNIFICAT.

St. LUKE I. (Evening.)

I. *General Thanksgiving*, expressing both the manner and objects of the Virgin's praise:—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

II. *The Reason of Her Praise*, viz:—  
1. God's peculiar favor to her—which she confesses by showing—whence she is raised—"He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid"—whither she is advanced—"For behold from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed"—by whom this is done—"for He that is Mighty hath magnified me,"—for which she returns thanks by praising His name—"and holy is His name." 2. His general providence towards all, viz: in His mercy to the pious—"and His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations"—in justice on the proud—"He hath showed strength with His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts"—in His dealings with the mighty and meek—"He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble and meek"—in His different dealings with the poor and the rich—"He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent empty away." 3. His special grace in our redemption, in which He showed His mercy—"He remembering His mercy hath holpen His servant Israel"—His truth—"As He promised to our forefathers Abraham and his seed forever."