

Literary Department.

TRANSVERSE AND PARALLEL.

My will, dear Lord, from Thine doth run
Too oft a different way;
'Tis hard to say, "Thy will be done,"
In every darkened day!

My will is set to gather flowers,
Thine blights them in my hand;
Mine reaches for life's sunny hours,
Thine leads to shadow-land;

Yet more and more this truth doth shine
From failure and from loss,
The will that runs transverse to Thine
Doth thereby make a cross;

But if in parallel to Thine
My will doth meekly run,
All things in heaven and earth are mine,
My will is crossed by none;

—Selected.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

(Translated for the Church Guardian.)

(CONTINUED.)

THERE is nothing which looks less cheerful than a party worried out with dancing and waking all night, especially to a person feeling fresh and rested as I did. I had awakened in very good spirits, and only regretted with Lucie that we had been sleeping when the ice-creams arrived.

It was noon when I met the ladies in the breakfast-room. Frau von Schlichten had decided that we should commence our "conversation-lessons" to-day. But if the party had looked rather melancholy in the "small hours," they looked still more so now.

The conversation turned on last night. Thokla and Frauloin von Ramberg displayed great wit as they reviewed the company. I felt indignant. Lucie was listening to it all, and laughing too.

"What do you say to all this pulling to pieces?" he asked me, jestingly; "do you not think it is abominable?" "I do, indeed," I answered, gravely.

"You may be very sure that your friends are remembering you just as affectionately; comfort yourselves with that." "Do you think we gave them any cause?" asked Thokla, pertly.

"That is nothing," I replied; "it all depends upon the unscrupulousness of the judgment." "Yes, and on the love of scandal," said Herr von Tilsen, interrupting me; "remember that the ladies in Grauberg are just as much in want of amusement as you, and don't be surprised if they entertain each other in the same way."

"I leave it to Frauloin von Ramberg to discuss it seriously," he said; "she is fond of the discussion of such matters. May I beg her to explain the commandment?" "You are mistaken," she said, insolently; "I am not the governess here."

not speak falsely of our neighbour, neither to deceive, speak evil of, nor injure him; but excuse his faults, speak in his favour, and act for his advantage." Frau von Schlichten and some of the older ladies now came up and interrupted me.

They had migraine, and were very cross. Like the young ladies they made the ball the subject of conversation, and were even more severe than they. It was really extraordinary.

"As the old ones sang so the young ones twitter," whispered Herr von Tilsen. Thokla and Rosalie laughed. "Will you not explain the 9th commandment to the mamma?" said Thokla.

I looked at her gravely, and said nothing further. You see, my dearest aunt, that I keep up my position, but I can do so best in trying to live as in the sight of God. Pray for me.

Only think, Herr von Schaffau sent up some splendid ices for Lucie and me to our room. I made a sketch of Vollberger with the dish in his hand. It is for Jacob. I wish the ices could turn into real ones for you. Fondlest love from Your own, LULU.

P. S.—One joke I must tell you, Trichen, but you must not be angry with me for my silliness. Frauloin von Ramberg asked me the reason why I did not dance.

You must know that she has undertaken your office of making me humble, but she does it in a different way, and I rebel. I replied that I had never had any opportunity of learning to dance with my equals.

"My aunt is extremely conscientious in these matters, and our first family affliction was when a near relative, a short time since, married a Countess K."

"Thirty-two generations—and a Countess K. a messalliance?" "Certainly," I rejoined haughtily; "not more than a hundred years ago this family lived over a baker's shop!"

The castle is still all astir, but I have not much to do with it. To-day I met Aunt Julchen in the kitchen-garden, by the sunny grape-wall. She was gathering the last sweet bunches. I helped her and spoke about Lucie at the same time.

I begged her very earnestly not to let Lucie be so much at the grown-up parties, and not to take her to Grauberg to-day. She looked at me with surprise.

"Do you wish the child to remain here alone?" "I shall be here," I answered. Aunt Julchen kissed my forehead. "That's a good girl," she said; and gave me the finest bunch of grapes as a reward.

"You may bring the children something home," I said jokingly. "I will, indeed," she said; "Sophie shall sew another pocket into my dress, and something must come home in it." Aunt J. has a violent temper, and is somewhat coarse, but I like her better than any of the ladies here.

with me to church, and assured me that I need not suppose she had "any objection to a person being religious." [To be Continued.]

Children's Department.

THE BOY WHO BECAME A WHEEL.

"I wouldn't." That is what Ping Wee's mother said. "I will." That is what Ping Wee did not say, but what Ping Wee thought.

"Ping Wee, if you keep turning over so you will catch it. You will have trouble," said his mother. As before, Ping Wee said nothing, meaning to do just as he had done before.

The very wise booby! So Ping Wee kept at it, standing on his head, turning somersaults, doing outwardly as the silent Ping Wee thought fit inwardly.

One time Ping Wee made a turn or two, but found to his surprise that he kept turning. At first, he was greatly delighted. It had been his ambition to make four or five successive turns without stopping.

"Won't Chang Pi and Hang Ho, my chums, envy me when they see me?" thought Ping Wee. But he began to be a little alarmed when he found he could not stop.

Right ahead were his two chums, Chang Pi and Hang Ho. Chang was holding a big kite for Hang to fly. "Look out!" said Ping Wee; look out for your kite, dear Chang.

How could he help it? Ping Wee did not, could not, stop to repair damages, or even offer an explanation. He left the astonished Chang to his own reflections.

"What next?" thought Ping Wee. "Oh dear me, that apple-woman!" It was old Mrs. Teng Fa, at the corner. While Tong Fa was admiring her apple heap, something awful came.

It was Ping Wee. He saw the disaster, but could not prevent it. He struck that heap in the middle, and away went those apples, as if veritable cannon balls sent out of the mouth of a columbiaid.

Poor, pitiful, persecuted Ping Wee! "What next, this hot July day!" Yes, what next? Say quick, for he is turning fearfully fast.

"Dear me," thought Ping Wee, "there's an oak tree. Let me steer out of its way. It will surely kill me." Steer out of its way! No, sir, impossible.

On came poor Pingie, trembling, shivering, anticipating certain death. At full speed, and with all his power, he struck that tree. "Ugh, ugh, ugh-h-h!" Ping Wee was sitting up in bed, rubbing his eyes, shivering as if he had been running a Western laundry and had caught the ague.

when they persist in turning over. You have had a rush of blood to your head. It hurts you. You had better stop. And another thing, Ping Wee, boys sometimes get in the habit of saying or doing naughty things, and they find it hard to stop.

Ping Wee stopped.—Rev. E. A. Rand, in Christian Weekly.

United States.

JUST IN TIME.

We find ourselves fairly caught. On page 4 of this number we ask from our esteemed contemporary, the Standard of the Cross, some acknowledgment of our articles on Foreign Missions, which have been copied into its columns without credit being giving us.

Last week's Standard entirely changes the complexion of things, containing, as it does, and as we are glad to see, several of our articles, for all of which it gives us credit.

Three kittens have died of diphtheria in Ogdensburg, N. Y. They contracted the disease from children affected with it. The post mortem showed plainly the diphtheritic membrane in the kittens' throats.

The latest mushroom mining town is Eureka, Ark. On July 4 there were but six persons there, and not a house. On the 15th of November it had 300 houses and a population of 2,000, and the only attractions there are lead mines.

Births.

SILLS.—At Halifax, Dec. 5th, the wife of Rev. C. Morten Sills of a son.

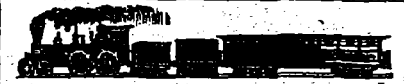
Deaths.

DENNISON.—At Kentville on Friday morning, November 28th, Henri Shaw, youngest child of John H. and Phoebe Dennison, aged 3 years.

THE BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

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Intercolonial Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT—1879-80.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 17TH NOVEMBER, TRAINS WILL LEAVE

Halifax (Sundays Excepted) AS FOLLOWS:

Table with columns: Express for Pictou and St. John, Express for Quebec, Accommodation for Toronto, Will Arrive, Railway Time, Halifax Time.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Express leaving at 1:00 p.m. and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached at Montreal.

St. Margaret's Hall, HALIFAX, N. S.

DIOCESAN SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

VISITOR: The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia.

PRINCIPAL: The Rev. John Padfield.

This School will Re-Open August 21st. Classes will be formed at once for the University Examinations. The title "Associate in Arts," can now be obtained from King's College, Windsor.

There is a Preparatory Department for young Pupils.

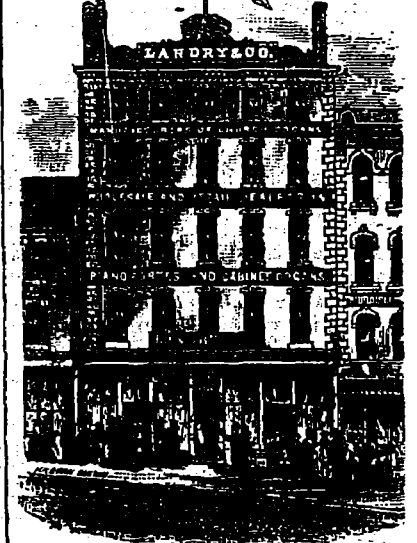
STAFF: THE REV. J. PADFIELD, MISS WATKINS, MADAME DEPLANARE, MISS COCHRAN, Mlle Marie-Paule Parot, Visiting Mistress.

Collegiate School, WINDSOR.

HEAD MASTER: REV. C. E. WILLETTS, M. A.

Graduate and formerly Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

The next Term will commence FIRST SATURDAY IN SEPTEMBER.



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