

Literary Department.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Oppressed beneath the heavy weight  
Of many sinful years,  
I view with pain my wretched state,  
Beset by doubts and fears.

I still can hope, but dare not trust,  
I know not what I dare;  
I only know that God is just,  
And I can not despair.

I seek in vain for inward peace,  
My cares will not depart,  
And pray for pardon and release,  
In weariness of heart.

I cannot do the things I would,  
Though conscience pricks me sore;  
I willfully reject the good,  
And choose what I abhor.

"Come unto Me," the Saviour cries,  
"And I will give you rest,"  
How willingly would I arise,  
And be for ever blest.

His words are surely meant for me:  
I labour with my pain;  
My burdened soul is not yet free  
From sin's besetting chain.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast power to save,  
I cannot strive alone;  
Send down the succour which I crave;  
Regard me as Thine own.

Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
Nor quench this faint desire,  
But Thou wilt help me in my need,  
And with sure trust inspire.

So shall I raise my head with joy,  
And sing with heart and voice;  
For Thee alone my life employ,  
And in Thy love rejoice.

WADSWORTH.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

(Translated for the Church Guardian.)

(Continued.)

Tuesday, Jan. 8.

We had a new amusement to-day. Little Lina with four of the others, Lucie and I and Herr Heber coasted down the Linden-hills. How the children tumbled over each other, and how we had to pick them up and comfort them! and yet the little people would not stop. At last, when the noses were getting a little too red, and the hands too stiff, we went in. The Frau Pastorin refreshed us from the big coffee-pot, and with bread and honey too—and our appetite was not small. I am there, at least, an hour every day, helping to cut out and arrange and plan, we shall soon have got through and shall see order and everything needful in drawers and closets. The Frau Pastorin is so grateful to me and the children love me; and I am so happy in the dear house.

Little Lucie is helping in our sewing-class; we had it to-day for the second time, the children are still very awkward at their work, but get on much better with the singing. I had a singing class yesterday with the servants in the house too; Sophie is gaining over one after another for our morning prayers, and they know so few hymns.

Wednesday, Jan. 16.

It was a great pleasure to-day when we placed the large silver tea-urn on the fine damask cloth, with cakes and confectionery. Vallberger ushered in very ceremoniously the Herr Pastor and his wife, and Herr Heber and little Marie and Lina. To my great joy the Frau Pastorin was quite at her ease, and Aunt Julchen very confidential. Lucie and I were the hostesses, we had made the cake and the tea. The Herr Pastor entertained us almost altogether. I am glad to see with what attention Aunt Julchen listened to him, she thinks him very intellectual. But I am very sorry that she makes fun of Herr Heber. Not on his account, it does not affect him, but in her own and because of Lucie too—her love and respect for her Aunt would be lessened by hearing it. I shall beg her very earnestly not to do so. Herr Heber is a kind soul, and that is saying a great deal.

Sunday, Jan. 20.

Herr von Tilsen comes to Church here every Sunday, he goes to the parsonage, and sometimes makes a short visit to Aunt Julchen. I take no notice of him. I only trust that he is sincere to the pastor and to himself.

Thursday, Jan. 24.

It snowed heavily in the night. Old Werder could not come for his dinner; towards evening I went there with Sophie. He was in bed, no one with

him. If the cold continues our store of wood will be exhausted. I spoke to the gardener, he has large heaps of dry branches cut from the trees; I think we might give it away without asking the owner.

Monday, Jan. 28.

The cold is getting more and more severe; we have coal every day for the poor. Since yesterday a number of poor children have come to the castle kitchen; the old cook gives them the fragments, but that is not enough. He would willingly cook for them, but Christina, the kitchen maid, complains of the additional work. At morning prayers to-day I read Matt. xxv. 31-46, where it says: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world; for I was hungry and ye gave me to eat, etc. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." But to those on the left hand he shall say: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.

Christina was among the others. Afterwards when the cook asked her to peel a few pairs of potatoes for the poor children, she did so cheerfully. Lucie too seemed to be losing her interest in the cook room. Sophie could do just as well and cook for the poor, but Lucie must not look at it simply as an amusement, she must do it from comparison, and learn to make sacrifices. But I said nothing, towards evening, when it had nearly ceased snowing, I proposed that she should go with me to the village. She was afraid of the cold, but took her furs and muff and followed me. We went to the sick woman, Grossen. She was lying in bed, a little boy was putting some brushwood on the embers; the room was very cold. Two little girls were crouching on the floor, the smallest child was in bed too. "O the hard winter means the poor woman, we have given our last Groschen for wood and now we have no bread." I spoke to her, Lucie listened in silence. Afterwards we went to old Werder; his stove was quite cold, but he was contented, the warm food has been his comfort, which "the dear young Fraulein Lucie" cooks for him every day. He asked God's blessing upon her. Lucie wept. I can understand why, she felt her own indifference. When we came out she begged to be allowed to care for these two houses herself every day, and she clasped me in her arms and kissed me. This evening we made a plan. Aunt Julchen, Lucie, I, Sophie, and Vollberger have divided the sick and needy families whom we must visit. The snows creak under foot, thick icellowers cover the panes; they say we are having 18 degrees of cold.

Jan. 31.

Lucie is unwearied in her visits she sews too for her poor, and cooks and cares for them most faithfully. The Herr Pastor tells us that devout works belong to a devout life; the soul cannot stand mere contemplation and doing nothing. How happy I feel in this active life, how much brighter is my heart! To be going round idle and preoccupied is a cause of great unhappiness. I have experienced that, and must not render an account of every hour, of every idle word! O, I could almost lose courage at the thought.

Monday, Feb. 4.

Aunt Julchen and Lucie must both stay indoors, they have taken severe colds. I have undertaken their visits. Joy north wind and drifting snow almost prevented me from going; the bailiff and the gardener have kindly had a path shove led out for me to the upper village. On my way back I stopped at the parsonage. They were all in the study, the cradle was there too, and one could hardly turn round. But they all looked so bright, the Herr Pastor most of all. About twilight I set off, but I would not allow anyone to go with me. It was awful out of doors; the wind swept through the naked trees and over the desolate white fields then drove the whirling snow into my face. Vollberger received me in the portico and almost scolded me for going out; Aunt Julchen kindly came to meet me with a cup of hot tea. It grew dark, the wind howled more and more. "If any one were out to-night they would perish," I said; "the roads are drifted up and the wind is so violent that any one facing it must lose their breath. As my imagination

was taken up with these things, I often fancied I heard the sound of a carriage. "Are you expecting any one to-night?" said Aunt Julchen jokingly, as she noticed that I was listening anxiously. (To be continued.)

THE BOOK FOR ALL MEN.

The Bible is not more plainly adapted to suit our short and busy life, than by the manner of the writers it is calculated to excite interest and demand repeated perusal. "Search the Scriptures"; and unless you do search them, you will scarcely read with profit. And, O let us all remember that it is the one, the only one book which in substance meets all our wants; which, like bread, is the universal food for all mankind. What are we all? We are not all merchants or men of business; and so you see the Bible is not a ledger, or a book of the markets. We are not all painters and sculptors; and so we see the Bible is not a book on art or forms of beauty. We are not all men of science; and so we see the Bible is not a treatise on natural history or a manual of geology. But we are all sinners. And here, and here only, may you find Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life: Who came into the world to save sinners. The word of our heavenly Father was given to make us wise unto salvation, by faith in Jesus Christ. All other wisdom is "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal," in comparison with knowing Him, "Whom to know is life eternal."—Old Church Path.

Giving is good, but system in giving is better. Giving is apt to degenerate into not giving without this help. Besides, there is a system in the needs, which our giving is to supply. The seasons are not more regular in their return than are the expenses of the parish. Present or absent, rainy or fair, summer or winter, these continue and return. So much is needed for each week, nay, for each day in the year. The poor, too, we have always with us, and forth from the Missionary treasury a stream is regularly flowing out. There is system in all these expenditures. And system on the one side should be met by system on the other. Not an occasional dime, or dollar, when we happen to be in Church and have the proper coin, but a regular weekly sum, whether absent or present, in the mood for it or not, stormy or fair, at home or on vacation—a systematic, conscientious amount, decided upon as before the great White Throne, and in the presence of Him who claims the silver and the gold.—Standard of the Cross.

I NEVER suffered myself to criticize preaching, but acted on the principle of endeavoring to obtain from what I heard all the edification that is afforded. This is a principle I would warmly recommend to my young friends in the present day; for nothing can be more mischievous than for learners to turn teachers, and young hearers critics. I am persuaded it is often the means of drying up the waters of life in the soul; and sure I am that an exact method of weighing words, and balancing doctrines which we hear, is a miserable exchange for tenderness of spirit and the dew of heaven.—F. F. Gurney.

A LITTLE child beautifully said, "Thinking is keeping still and trying to find out something." Who could have stated the case better than this? It makes one think of these striking words of the Highest: "Be still, and know that I am God." Silence, ye harsh noises and babbling tongues of human strife and folly and speculation. Be still. Listen. Find out something. Find out God, if you can. Climb up, in the silence of your soul, to a knowledge of the Almighty. You are not God. The world is not God. Matter is not God. The mighty forces of nature are not God. "I am God." I am come to you in the hush of your spirit that you may know Me. "Be still, and know that I am God."—Standard of the Cross.

"I'm tired to death." So you have said very often, yet you are still alive and well—"I had not a wink of sleep all night." And yet your bed fellow heard you snore many times—"I would not do it at all for the world." And yet you have done many things equally bad for a penny—"We were up to our knees in mud!" You knew very well that the dirt was not over your shoes.—Be correct, truthful and moderate in your speech.—Selected.

Children's Department.

NANNETTE'S LIVE BABY.

A good many years ago, in the city of Philadelphia, lived a little girl, named Nannette. One summer afternoon her mother went to pay a short visit to her aunt, who lived a short distance off, and gave her little girl permission to amuse herself on the front door steps until her return. So Nannette, in a clean pink frock and white apron, playing and chatting with her big wax "Diddy," which was her doll's name, formed a pretty picture to the passers by, some of whom walked slowly, in order to hear the child's talk to her doll.

"You're a big old girl," she went on, smoothing out Diddy's petticoats, "and I've had you for ever and ever so long, and I've most six. But you grow no bigger. You never, never cry, you don't. You're a stupid old thing, and I'm tired of you, I am! I believe you're only a make-believe baby, and I want a real live baby, I do—a baby that will cry! Now don't you see," and she gave the doll's head a whack—"that you don't cry? If anybody should hit me so, I'd scream I would! And then the p'lesman would come, and there would be an awful time. There, now, sit up, can't you? Your back is like a broken stick. Oh, I'm tired of you, Diddy."

Leaving the doll leaning in a one-sided way against the door, Nannette posed her dimpled chin in her hands, and sat quietly looking into the street. Presently a woman came along with a bundle in her arms, and seeing Nannette and Diddy in the doorway, went up the steps and asked the little girl if she would not like to have a real little live baby.

"One that will cry?" eagerly asked Nannette.

"Yes, one that will cry, and laugh too, after a bit," answered the woman, all the time looking keenly at her; and then in a hushed voice she asked the child if her mother was at home.

"No—she's gone to my auntie, shall I call her?" replied Nannette, jumping to her feet, and clapping her hands, from a feeling as if in some way she was to have her long-wished-for live baby.

"No; don't call her; and if you want a baby that will cry, you must be very quiet and listen to me. Mark me now—have you a quarter of a dollar to pay for a baby?"

"I guess so," answered Nannette; "I've a lot of money up stairs." And running up to her room, she climbed into a chair, took down her money box from a shelf, and emptying all her pennies and small silver coin into her apron, ran down again.

"This is as much as a quarter of a dollar, isn't it?"

The woman saw at a glance that there was more than that amount, and hastily taking poor little Nannette's carefully hoarded pennies, she whispered:

"Now carry the baby up stairs and keep it in your own little bed. Be careful to make no noise, for it is sound asleep. Don't tell anybody you have it until it cries. Mind that. When you hear it cry, you may know it is hungry."

Then the woman went hurriedly away, and Nannette never saw her again.

Nannette's little heart was nearly breaking with delight at the thought of having a real live baby; and holding the basket fast in her arms where the woman had placed it, she began trudging up stairs with it. Finally, puffing and panting, her cheeks all aglow, she reached her little bed, and turning down the covers, she put in the bundle, and covering it up carefully, she gave it some loving little pats, saying softly, "My baby, my real little, live baby that will cry." And then she carefully tripped down stairs again.

Very soon Nannette's mother came home, bringing her a fine large apple, which drove all thoughts of the baby from her mind, and it was only when night came, and she was seated at the supper table with her papa and mamma that she remembered her baby; but at that time, suddenly, from somewhere that surely was in the house, came a baby's cry; and clapping her hands, her eyes dancing with joy, Nannette began to slide down from her chair, saying with great emphasis, "That's my baby!"

Her mother laughed. "Your baby, Nannette?"

"Yes, mamma, my baby; don't you to hear it cry! 'Tis hungry!" And started run up stairs, but her mother called her back.

"Why, Nannette, what ails you? What

do you mean about your baby?" she asked in surprise.

"Why, my baby, mamma! I bought it for a quarter of a dollar! a baby that cries—not a mis'ble make-b'leve baby. Oh, how it does cry! it must be awful hungry!" And away she darted up the stairs.

Her mother and father arose from their seats in perfect amazement, and followed their little girl to her room, where, lying upon her bed, was a bundle from which came baby cries. Nannette's mother began to unfasten the wrappings, and sure enough there was a wee little girl not more than two or three weeks old looking up at them with two great wet eyes.

Of course Nannette was questioned and she related all she could remember of her talk with the woman from whom she bought the baby. Her pa said perhaps the baby had something given to it to make it sleep.

"But what shall we do with it?" asked both father and mother—

"Do with it?" cried Nannette. "Why it's my baby mamma! I paid all my money for it. It cries, it does? I will keep it always."

So it was decided that the baby should stay if nobody came to claim it, which nobody ever did, although Nannette's papa put an advertisement in a newspaper about it.

It would take a large book in which to tell all of Nannette's experience in taking care of my baby, as she called the little girl, whom she afterwards named Victoria, in honor of the then young Queen of England.

Victoria is now a woman, and she lives, as does Nannette, in the city of Philadelphia. She has a little girl of her own "mos' six" who is Nannette for the good little "sister mother," who once upon a time bought her mamma of a strange woman for a quarter of a dollar, as she thought. And this other little Nannette never tires of hearing the romantic story of the indolent "Diddy" and the "real live baby that will cry."—Wide Awake.

THREE GOOD LESSONS.

When I was eleven years old (said Mr. S., an eminent American merchant), my grandfather had a fine flock of sheep, which were carefully tended during the war of those times. I was the shepherd boy, and my business was to watch the sheep in the fields. A boy who was more fond of his book than the sheep was sent with me, but left the work to me, while he lay under the trees and read. I did not like that, and finally went to my grandfather and complained of it. I shall never forget the kind smile of the old gentleman as he said:

"Never mind, Jonathan, my boy; if you watch the sheep you will have the sheep."

"What does grandfather mean by that?" I said to myself. "I don't expect to have sheep." My desires were moderate. I could not exactly make out in mind what it was, but he had been to Congress in Washington's time, so I concluded it was all right, and I went back contentedly to the sheep.

After I got into the field I could not keep his words out of my head. Then I thought of Sunday's lesson: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things. I began to see through it. "Never you mind who neglects his duty; be you faithful and you will have your reward."

I received a second lesson soon after I came to New York as a clerk to the late Mr. R. A merchant from Ohio, who knew me, came to buy goods, and said: "Make yourself so useful that they cannot do without you." I took his meaning quicker than I did that of my grandfather. Well, I worked upon these two ideas until Mr. R. offered me a partnership in the business. The first morning after the partnership was made known, Mr. R., the old tea-merchant, called to congratulate me, and he said: "You are all right now. I have only one word of advice to give you. Be careful whom you walk the streets with." That was lesson number three.

And what valuable lessons they are! Fidelity in all things; do your best for your employers; carefulness about your associates. Let every boy take the lessons home and study them well. They are the foundation stones of character and honorable success.—Selected.

HOLD ON TO your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.