

We all of us may practice these, and through gentleness, unobtrusiveness and sweetness, may in time approach more nearly to the perfection of those few, favored and loved ideal girls.

ELINOR M. HANINGTON (aged 15.)

Strangers and Sojourners.

Golden cliffs on either side, clear golden haze over all things, clear golden sky reflected in clear golden sea—the "Golden Gate"—fit entrance to the "Sunset Land;" surely we are drifting to some fairy city, in beautiful Lyonesse; would that we could drift on, as in dreams, for ever—"sinking sublimely to radiant rest."

But, oh dear! a wharf at San Francisco soon shook us out of that, particularly as we had not settled where to spend the night. A devoted ship attendant hurried us through the customs, and kept most of our hand baggage till we wanted it for the southern steamer next day; but there we were, standing forlorn in the crowded square by the ferry, looking wonderingly at the scores of electric cars whizzing in every direction. Which would take us to—we quite forgot where? Somewhere somebody had told us of; but oh! we were so tired, and so weak in the knees. Our time on the steamer had been spent in—well, rather a sordid manner; steamers don't always keep as still as they might. And the worst of it had been that we had a real storm, every one had been frightened, freight had been washed away, and we had been asleep all the time—such a wasted opportunity. It has been necessary since to draw on our already hard-worked imagination when describing that storm. But now, safe on terra firma, which car should we take, to where? Fatal hesitancy! We blush to tell its consequences. A police officer (but not a common one, he must have been a general at least) came up and took us in charge. "What were we doing? Where were we going?" We didn't know. He said he should take us to a drug store to enquire where our friends might be found. What could one do under such circumstances but follow meekly? He led us in front of rushing cars; at first we shrank back, alarmed, but he held up a lordly forefinger, explaining casually that with him we were safe, and cars stood still for us to pass, waggon^s waited and pedestrians paused. But at the drug store we were less successful, our unknown friends were not to be discovered. We did not feel like facing a big hotel, and a certain Christian Association had been suggested to us, so the right car was stopped, and, put in charge of the conductor, at length we arrived somewhere. But alas! after weary waiting we were weighed in the balances and found wanting. Ineligible for their charity, but by then too faint and miserable to mind anything, we stumbled away, and somehow found a car to take us to the best hotel in San Francisco. Oh! the luxury of cleanliness and quiet! and oh! the