

be very sanguine as to the salutary effect both of the gathering and of the conclusions at which it arrived."

### FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

#### "UNANSWERED RIDDLES."

In the poetry, under this title, to be found in August 8th number, a line of the 3rd verse was unfortunately dropped: add

"But when the roads converge at death's fresh start,"—

In the last verse, 2nd line, omit "of," and in the fifth line read "mists"; and "quest" instead of guest.

#### IN MEMORIAM, S. L.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth,"  
Our Saviour said, long years ago.  
And still the same words He repeateth  
To fond hearts weeping here below.

He is not dead, but gone before,  
To rest upon the farther shore;  
Sorrow, and pain, and toil are done,  
The faithful laborer's rest is won.

He is not dead, but sleeping,  
His soul is in God's tender keeping;  
And now, through love's redeeming grace  
He sees our Saviour's blessed face.

God's ways are past our finding out;  
Though sore perplexed we cannot doubt  
That He knows best, Who planned that  
life

And took our loved one from the strife.

He's gone, but we have still to fight,  
And struggle onward thro' the night;  
Lord, give us grace to walk in love  
That we may meet again above.

Not him alone, but that great band  
Of loved ones in the Better land;  
Through Faith redeemed, a mighty throng  
They raise the victor's triumph song.

Soon to us will come that solemn day  
When God shall call our souls away.

May we, like him, who is at rest,  
Find refuge then, on Jesus' breast.

Shawville, P. Q., July 30th.

M. D.

#### SONNET: SELF-RENUNCIATION.

Must life, then, be a daily pruning pain  
Of tender branches? A sharp severing  
From eager life of faulty limbs that cling  
And still are dear, even when we know them  
vain

To bring true joy? The wavering will would  
fain

Lose the old sins, which thought of, ever  
bring

Heart sorrow,—but the keen knife's piercing  
sting

Must one bear this to know a future gain?

Oh dull, short-seeing soul! Thou must be  
made

Ready for Heaven, thy earth limbs lopped  
that wings

May grow unimpeded. Self-denial brings  
Even here its good,—Heaven to our purer  
sight

Lies bare—and we may say, earth's pleasures  
weighed,

His Yoke is easy, and His Burden light

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

Pictou, Nova Scotia.

### EDITH'S GREEN DRESS.

#### A STORY OF SELF DENIAL.

By M. Payne-Smith (From the Quiver for August.)

It was such a charming dress, that it was no wonder Edith Mapleson lost her heart to it. She saw it at a concert soon after Christmas, and it so took her fancy, that before long she began to wonder whether it would not be possible to have one like it some day.

Mr. Mapleson was a poor man, with a large family of daughters, and as they had plenty of brains, and but little money, he and his wife came to the very sensible conclusion that the girls had better learn to work while they were young and strong, and so have something better to trust to for their future than the little money he could leave them or the chance of marriage. So Maud went to Newnham, and then got a situation as mathematical mistress in a high-school, and Edith, who cared only for music, spent two years in a German Conservatoire, and then came home to try her best at teaching. She was fortunate, too, for the music mistress at Maud's school was rather overdone with pupils, and was glad to hand over the younger ones to Edith, who thereby earned enough to pay for her dress, and put a little money into the savings bank for a rainy day. After a year or so she got a few more pupils, and then her extravagant design gradually took hold of her mind.

It was such a tasteful dress, so simple and yet so elegant, soft folds of elegant green with the faintest suspicion of blue in it (not enough to make it a decided peacock), and the draperies hung as only an Indian silk can hang—just the colour for a fair girl, just the material for a slender figure; and Edith was both fair and slender.

The Maplesons were not gay people, but when there is a house full of pleasant, pretty girls, there is sure to be a little society, and Tom, who was in his father's office, never lost an opportunity of bringing his friends home to see his sisters, so that evening dresses were wanted; and as the girls made them at home, they did not cost much.

Now Edith's idea, when it got so far into shape as to be confided to Maud and Katie (the eldest sister, who stayed at home and looked after household matters), was this. She would buy a soft Indian silk in the spring, and wear it on Sundays and for grand afternoon occasions, tennis parties or "at homes," during the summer; then in the autumn she would alter it a little, and make it her best evening dress for the winter, so that by using it for two dresses she should not be afraid of spending the extra money it would cost her. Maud and Katie both agreed that it would be delightful, for what girl is not interested in pretty dresses? and Katie promised to help make it when the time came, and the precious silk was really bought. Then Edith began to save up her money, and soon found out several ways of saving a little. She mended up her old gloves, and decided that she would have no new ones while she could hide them in her muff. She went in the orchestra at the Saturday "Pops," instead of the balcony, thereby saving two shillings nearly every week, for she was a regular attendant at concerts, knowing that nothing is so useful for a musician as hearing good music well played. Then it struck her that she might just as well walk to and from the high-school, and not only save her omnibus fare, but get some wholesome exercise. This last ceremony brought her a new friend, and in a very natural manner. Among the numerous teachers at the high school were two Miss Hendersons, the elder a careworn middle-aged woman, who taught one of the younger classes;

the younger a bright-faced girl about Edith's age, who gave drawing lessons, and, being an afternoon teacher, left about the same time as Edith. It was not long before the two girls found that their roads lay together, and soon they got into a habit of waiting for each other, and in their daily homeward walk soon grew from acquaintance to friends.

Faith Henderson talked a good deal about her own affairs, and before long Edith found out that teaching for a living was a very different thing from teaching when there was a home to go to, and when the loss of a pupil was not a very serious matter. The two Hendersons had nothing but their earnings to live on, and as Faith could not make much money as yet, there was a very narrow margin, and Miss Henderson had every reason to look anxious and careworn.

Faith had a castle in the air, which she confided to Edith, which was that if only she could get some illustrating to do, she might make more money by her original drawings than by teaching, and so save her sister anxiety and worry. But illustrating is not to be had for the asking, and all Faith's inquiries so far had been fruitless, which was a great pity, as she had considerable talent, and had been thoroughly well taught.

So the short winter days gave place to the promise of spring, and Edith's savings grew larger, and her dress became something more than a hope. "I saw just the colour I want in Regent street to-day," she told Maud one evening. "It was three and eleven-pence a yard, so with enough velvet for collar and cuffs, and a little nice lace, I ought to be able to get it for four pounds."

"Four pounds is a good deal for a dress," said Maud thoughtfully. "How much have you got towards it?"

"I have saved fifteen shillings in little expenses, and I mean to put the money I get for my lessons to the Johnsons to it. I shall have three guineas from them, so I have only two more shillings to make up," answered Edith. "Isn't it nice to earn money and be able to buy one's own things? I should hate to have to go to father for everything, like some girls do."

"Some girls don't have sensible fathers, who teach them to work," answered Maud; "but you are quite right, Edie. You will wear your dress with much more satisfaction than if it were just given you."

"I am quite sure of that," said Edith; "and besides the pleasure of earning it, I have had the pleasure of saving for it. It is quite astonishing how many pence one wastes when one is not looking after them. And then, if I had not taken to walking home after school, I should not have known Faith Henderson, so I have gained that as well."

"Yes: that is a good thing too," said Maud, who was getting sleepy. "Had not we better go to—sleep?" which remark was accompanied by such a tremendous yawn that Edith could only agree to it.

March winds were more than usually trying that year, and one day a sudden heavy shower caught Faith Henderson on her way to school, and though she made light of it, the cold rain and the damp clothes in which she gave her lessons told on her, and the biting wind on her way back finished by giving her a severe chill. Edith missed her at school several days, and then asked Miss Henderson what had become of her. Miss Henderson's anxious face was a little more troubled than usual as she answered, "Faith's cold has turned to congestion of the lungs, I am sorry to say;" then, as Edith's sympathising face drew her from her usual reserve, "She is so good and patient, but I am afraid it will be some time before she is strong again, and she won't be able to come back this term at all."

"Never mind," said Edith, who guessed at the anxiety which the elder sister must feel, "she will soon get better, and the holidays will set her up again. May I come and see her?"

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