

Literary Department.

CONSIDER.

Consider

The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief.
We are as they.
Like them we fade away
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account.
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,
He guards us too.

Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair.
What profits all this care
And all this toil?

Consider

The birds that have no barn nor harvest weeks.
God gives them food.
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

—Boselli.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

A TALK FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

(Continued).

I had not been sitting here very long before I heard Aunt Julchen's quick stop. She was surprised at my absence, and assured me that she had been anxious about me. She did not take it at all amiss when I told her how sad I had felt, and that I had been comforted at the parsonage. She stroked my hair and said: "The storm seems to have blown over, Herr von Tulson did not ask for you, and was very lively, especially with Rosalie. But my sister-in-law is very foolish—the old man is neither going to marry you nor Rosalie. However, you must be on your guard, such things might often happen—you really are not suited to us." I begged in future to be allowed to leave with Lucie after dinner. I said I wanted to live up here with Lucie, that her affection and my duty should be of more importance to me than gaieties and excitement. She looked at me doubtfully. "Good intentions," she said. "Yes—intentions!" I replied, "but pray for me that I may be able to carry them out, as I each day pray for you." I looked at her with confidence and affection while I spoke. "You are a little dreamer," she said, "but if you are sincere I have nothing to say against it." Since then a week has passed. We have been very regular and industrious. The Countess seems to be convinced of my sincerity and is more friendly. But Herr von Tulson is insufferable as ever, though he does not say a word to me.

November 2.

The castle has grown quiet. Frau von Ramberg, with her daughter and Herr von Tulson were the last to leave yesterday. He is expected again at Christmas. The ladies down stairs are tired out and nervous. From doing nothing, Aunt Julchen says. Rosalie sits for hours together, her arms folded in her negligé, while Thekla reads in the "Ladies Conversation Lexicon," or writes letters to her cousin. The Countess suffers from headache and is in bad spirits. Lucie and I feel dull down stairs, but up here we lead a merry life together. Aunt Julchen, after great coaxing, has made over to us the sugar and coffee department. I asserted that when girls are accustomed early to little practical employments, they learn to enjoy them, and that they become a treasure for one's whole life, and a protection against nervous and tediousness. I spoke so rationally and suitably to my position that I felt pleased myself. Aunt Julchen had to agree with me, so now we rule over sugar boxes and basins. The keys of the pantry accompany us, and at times we crush, and grate, and arrange. We are ambitious now of having control of the tea and desert department. I feel no doubt that we shall get it. Extensive plans are connected with this; we are going to bake tea-cakes and tart ourselves, the kitchen aprons are being sewn. Aunt Julchen wondered when she had to give us the holland for them; poor thing, she does not know what enemies she is generous to, and what is to be made of it.

November 10.

Lucie said to me to-day, isn't it unjust that God should have made me so ugly and my sisters so pretty? I told

her that it was great folly to suppose that beauty made happiness; that rather it was often the cause of grief. A pure heart and a faithful life as in God's sight, was a far surer road to happiness. I asked her did she want me to explain this to her. "No," she said, "I know Thekla and Rosalie are not happy. I am more so than they, even now, and I know that I can become more and more happy, in spite of my ugliness. "My Lucie," I said, pray to our dear Lord that he may give you a pure heart, that he may enter into it, that His gentleness, His love, His humility, may shine in your eyes, and you will become so beautiful that you will draw hearts to yourself, and your happiness will be so great that all approaching you will share it." I spoke to her about the Advent season which was approaching, and how we must adorn ourselves to receive our Lord. She clung to me and nodded her head. May the Lord bless us both.

November 12.

It has been raining and raining for a whole week. We have not been out since Monday, I only once in the rain; even the roads in the park are impassable. Down stairs it is very gloomy. Frau von Schlichton is determined to go to Berlin; Count von Schaffau wishes them to try one winter here. He does what he can to entertain them. He has begun to read aloud, and I have often to sing and play. I sing a duett with Lucie, "I am weary, go to rest." Even the Countess was pleased with it. Aunt Julchen admires with great affection everything which Lucie does. But Lucie is beginning to be vain, she teases her sisters about their illness and their finding it so dull; she is greatly rejoiced about the work for Christmas. Our turret-room often looks like a tailor's shop. Aunt Julchen has been looking through every wardrobe for old things which we are cutting up and making over again; twenty children are to have gifts at Christmas. We never go down to the reading without our work-baskets. Thekla makes fun of us, but Rosalie has helped several times. To-morrow after Church we may go to the pastor's. Lucie is very anxious to know Lina and Marie, she has heard with astonishment that Lina has a knitting-class of six little girls. I had told her before of my colony. She would like to have something of the same kind, but I do not urge it upon her, remembering what Trichen used to say about such things.

Saturday, Dec. 1.

The first snow has fallen, the earth is white, and it is pretty cold. Aunt Julchen asked kindly whether I was going into the garden without my cloak. I was rather disconcerted; I said I had none, but that I was not used to wrapping up. She lent me a quilted jacket, which I accepted thankfully; she asked me would I accept it as a present. Indeed I was very glad. "Then I shall need no mantle," I said, "and the money—" "The money?" asked Aunt Julchen. I felt all at once as if I could confide my money cares to her: From Trichen's last letter I see that they are in want, and are looking anxiously for Christmas and my remittance. I confessed too to Aunt Julchen that my boots are a good deal worn and that I have no money for new ones. She scolded me for not having told her before, and soon came back with 50 thalers. I don't know how I felt; it is a strange thing about money; how much was in my power all at once! how much I could do. I fastened my door, that I might think undisturbed. I do not need a mantle, as I have the jacket; twenty thalers, therefore, I could send to Trichen. I shall have fifteen over for a coat for Jacob, and a merino wrapper for Trichen. I should have to speak to Vollberger first about the price of a coat. I ran to look for him at once, and, as always, he was most willing to be of service to me. But how frightened I was when I heard what a coat like his would cost. I had wished to get something very nice for Jacob, but even when I gave that up and reckoned up again, with quite coarse cloth I found it still a great deal. Vollberger proposed my getting the cloth on credit, but I decidedly declined; I should not have felt comfortable, and Trichen would have seen it in the coat. I went away sighing, to consider the matter. Good, kind Vollberger, a little while after he came to me, and really he did it so delicately and respectfully. He said the Count, sometime before, had given him a coat of his own to give away, and if I had this coat lined and faced, it would

make a splendid one for Jacob. "He deserves, indeed, two new ones when I would deserve none"—he added—he thinks a great deal of Jacob on account of his faithfulness and self-sacrifice. And remembering Jacob's humility I gratefully accepted the coat for him. I think with delight of Jacob at Christmas, handing Aunt her chocolate. Vollberger is to buy me three pounds of chocolate for Aunt, and the brown merino for Trichen; he often goes into town. I can have my boots repaired here. Sophie has a cousin who, she says, is a very neat workman. So everything is arranged, and I am happy. An express messenger has taken my letter with the money to the post. They will have it by the first Sunday in Advent. O, that I could be there too!

[To be continued.]

Children's Department.

WILFUL WINNY.

Do you know there once was a little girl, and her name was Winny? Everybody called her "Little Winny," because she was so tiny. She only reached up half way to her mamma's knee, and her hands and feet were like a baby's, and she had a cute little round face, for all the world like a little round "lady apple," so pink, and chubby, and hard. But in spite of her being so little, she had something so big about her, that people often wondered over it; and that was—her will. She liked to do as she wanted to, and not as her mamma or any one else wanted. And so, you see, although she was so very little, she sometimes could make a very big noise, for she would kick with her little feet, pound with her tiny hands, and scream with her shrill voice, until she got what she wanted, or did what she pleased.

One day she took it into her tiny head that she would like to write a letter on her mamma's new pretty writing desk, that stood in its corner over the window in the library. It was a beautiful walnut desk, and had drawers and nooks on top, and a closet that looked up underneath for papers and books, and was altogether a very handsome affair. Well, Winny wanted to write a letter on it one morning, "just like mamma was doing."

"No, no, Winny," said mamma; "I can't let you—you will spill the ink and spoil the pretty velvet cover; and besides, I am going down town now; so you run up in the nursery and play with baby." But Winny didn't want to run up in the nursery. She wanted to write on the new desk; so she opened her little mouth and screamed and cried, "I will, I will write a letter," and put out her little feet and kicked and screamed like a colt.

Mamma went out in the hall then, and called to Bridget to "come and get the naughty little girl and carry her up stairs;" and then she put on her hat and went down in a hurry to post her letter to papa, who was camping out in the Maine woods, and was glad to get a letter from home often.

When Bridget came down to the library after little Winny, she could see nothing of her. She called, but receiving no answer, concluded Winny had gone down in the kitchen to coax some sugar from Norah the cook; so Bridget pulled down the shades, and darkened the room, and picked up the papers, and shut the desk that Winny's mamma had left open in her haste, and then closed and locked the closet doors underneath, and went up stairs quickly to baby, who was crying for her.

When mamma had got a little way down town she discovered she had left her pocket-book lying on her desk at home, and having some purchases to make she turned round and went home after it. When she entered the library, she thought she heard a strange kind of noise—the room was dark and she could not see distinctly; but it sounded like smothered little gasps and sobs. She quickly opened the windows and called out, "Winny, baby, where are you?"

A little faint moan reached her ears; it came from the closet underneath her new desk. Quickly unlocking the doors, she found, curled up inside in a little heap, her wilful Winny half stifled and smothered with the close atmosphere. Being so tiny, she had easily hid herself in the closet when she heard Bridget coming for her; and determined to have her will and write a letter on her mamma's new desk, she had thought to stay there until Bridget went up stairs—never dreaming that Bridget would close and lock the

half-opened doors and go up stairs before she could make herself heard. Poor little Winny! she was well punished for her wilfulness this time; and indeed, if mamma had not forgotten her pocket-book, and gone directly back after it, it might have proved a very serious thing, for Winny might have smothered to death before any one came to her relief.

She grew up into a nice, obedient little girl afterwards, and often tells her own sometimes naughty little girls of the day she wanted to write a letter on her mamma's new desk, and was locked inside the closet.—Wide Awake.

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