

Literary Department.

THE UNSEEN FRIEND.

O Holy Saviour, Friend, unseen,
Thou weak, the faint, on Thee may lean;
Help me throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I resign,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee?

Far from her home, fatigued, oppress,
Here she has found a place of rest,
An exile still, yet not unblest,
While she can cling to Thee.

Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
I ask not, need not, ought beside,
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near, and strong to save;
Nor shudder when at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

Blest is my lot, what'er befall:
What can disturb me, who appeal;
While, as my strength, my rock, my all,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

—Selected.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

(From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

[Translated for the Church Guardian.]

(Continued.)

It is well that I did not begin any more work for there are still many things to do. The Frau Pastorin (pastor's wife) takes up much of my spare time. I am at the parsonage a great deal, and I love to be there; it seems to be my duty to give them all the help I can. She is as good as she can be, but she does not arrange matters well with her seven children, although Herr Heber takes much of the care off her hands. The children, at least some of them, are still in their summer dresses. To-day I examined an old dressing-gown of the Pastor's and some dresses of their mother's, to make warm clothes for them. Poor things! the living is a small one, and—seven children. Under no circumstances will the pastor go into debt, so they are often poorly off. It seems to me as if I must help them to bear it. I feel so much at home with them—it reminds me of my own home—'always care, but God always at hand. Yes, the more care, the nearer to Him. They must have their Christmas presents too. Herr Heber bought some sheets of soldiers the other day, and we cut them out together, stuck them on pasteboard, and put supports behind them, and now they are an imposing looking army for the boys. Lucie gave me some of her old dolls, and they have grown now under my hands, the little girls will be greatly delighted with them. So I have something for them all, and my pictures play a great part. I have nearly finished my work; next week I shall bake Vanilla cakes and make the ornaments for the trees. Down stairs in the reception-room great dusting and airing are going on. Frau von Schlichton has invited a great many guests, as a compensation for not going to Berlin. Count von Schaffau opposed their going before Christmas, but as soon as the holidays are over they are going. Where we are to remain, Aunt Julchen, Lucie and I, is undecided. It will depend on Herr von Schaffau. Frau von Schlichton does not wish us to remain here with him, Aunt Julchen says: I do not see why.

December 16.

A beautiful and happy Sunday. Just as we were about beginning our morning prayers Rosalie came in. Silently I held out my hand to her, and at the same time prayed for her with all my heart. She sang with us, "Arise, ye fellow-citizens," and she went with us to Church too. The Herr Pastor spoke more beautifully than ever, but indeed it always seems so. He told us that our preparation for our Lord must not only be in our hearts but in our households, that we must not only serve God in our hearts, but bear witness for Him boldly in our lives. The sermon was a great support to me. I tried to lay hold on every part of it. But not only was it so to me. Just as we were about to sit down to dinner, the family only, for there were no strangers, Herr von Schaffau said in a firm and yet

moved tone: "From this day forward, before sitting down to table, we will ask God's blessing." He then did so; the ladies folded their hands. No doubt they were greatly surprised. After a pause Herr von Schaffau began to speak, and seemed specially pleasant and kind. It is true, we had been in the habit of saying grace to ourselves, but always with a certain awkwardness, which made those who said none feel as if we were doing something unsuitable. I heard something of the family to-day, and listened, certainly not from curiosity, but from sincere interest. Herr von Schlichton had a small estate in the Mark Province, in which Aunt Julchen had a share. He lived so extravagantly that at his death his sister's portion was found to have been mortgaged also. Herr von Schaffau then took matters into his own hands, and, at the end of six years, had succeeded in clearing the estate from debt, in order to secure for his sister an income, however modest, of her own. Aunt Julchen cast in her lot with her sister-in-law, and considers that what she receives here is less than her due. When Herr von Schaffau, six years ago, gave a home to the ladies, he, being so much younger, could not assert his authority or prevent them from living here as they had lived on their own estate.

About two years ago Frau von Schlichton's health became delicate, and things got quieter, and shortly after Herr von Schaffau went to England. "But," said Vollberger, "scarcely was he gone when the Countess's health suddenly improved. Guests were invited, the two eldest young ladies were grown up all at once, and things went on worse than ever. The bailiff and myself had been left in charge, and he at last refused to supply oats for so many strange horses and produce for the constant guests, and as for me, I could not bear to see the goings-on of the young ladies and the governess, so I wrote to the Count. He was here like the wind. It will be a year in March. They made very different faces then, but the Count did too. It is said there is a different kind of air in England,—anyhow it had strengthened my master, and, all at once, he had courage to oppose his sister. He was very calm and kind, but he had his way. The guests he did not approve of had to go, by degrees the servants also, and one fine day the governess was handed into a carriage and driven to the station. Frau von Schlichton is too cunning. She tried to put a good face on a bad matter. But Aunt Julchen burst out. She called the Count a pietist, a dissembler, a miser, and me a hypocrite and tale-bearer. She knows that the Count is too generous to send her away, as she is as poor as a church-mouse. In the Spring the Count got the new pastor here; you know him and see how he suits the family. His sister was to have taught our young ladies, but the Countess with her slyness, and Aunt Julchen got their own way this time." I sighed; it is an oppressive feeling to know one's self to be the cause of dissension in a family. Vollberger guessed my thoughts and continued: "It is different now, you need not fear. Lucie's love for you has reconciled the Count to your youth and inexperience. It has drawn him nearer to Aunt Julchen too, and, in short, things are going on very well. But in the Spring there will be a revolution. Preparations are being made at Pluggon, and it would be a very good thing too if they found it not quite so easy to make a display. My master is guardian and can do as he will.

Frau von Schlichton is determined to have a wealthy son-in-law, and poor Fraulein Rosalie obeys her like a lamb, and no doubt many a poor young lady could not resist Herr von Tulson. What do you think Fraulein? "I have a great aversion to Herr von Tulson," I said. Trinechen would call me a chatterer but Vollberger is so good to me, and gives me good advice too. When the guests come, I shall not mix with them; I shall spend a happy Christmas here in the "quiet wing" with Lucie, and when I do go down I shall leave my heart up here, and the people will pass by me like shadows. But I wish they were gone; I wish they would all go to the capital and leave us here, then we should spend busy days after the holidays. Cooking and sewing and keeping house, then Spring, and work in the garden.

[To be Continued.]

On Tuesday the new Church of St. Stephen, Wolverhampton, which has been erected in Springfields for the working classes, was opened by the Bishop of Lichfield.

Children's Department.

CASTLE BUILDING.

Ella was comfortably seated in a great arm-chair, reading of heroic deeds and wishing, oh, so much, that she might accomplish something to make her famous—something to be talked about and win praise from all that knew her, as well as from an admiring public, far and wide.

"Now, if I were only old enough to be a Florence Nightingale, go to the seat of war and nurse the wounded soldiers, wouldn't that be splendid? Or, like Grace Darling, rescue some one from a watery grave. Dear me, what can or shall I ever do?"

And foolish Ella, forgetting her room needed righting, that she had not yet practiced her music lesson, or that her mother might need some assistance this busy morning, with nurse sick and Willie fretting over not receiving his usual attention, went on idly dreaming or planning what she could do at some future day, when big enough to accomplish something worth while.

"Ella, dear," called out a sweet, gentle voice from the parlor door, "won't you please run into the nursery and help amuse Willie? Jennie's face is aching so badly she cannot pay much attention to baby."

"Oh, dear! it is always just so; I no sooner get comfortably seated reading than I must go amuse Willie. He's a perfect bother!" mentally said Ella, as she slowly closed her book, and still more slowly rose out of the arm-chair into which she had curled herself for a good indulgence in reading and castle-building.

"Come, Ella, Willie will get to fretting real hard, and then it will be more difficult to amuse him."

"But, mother, this is Saturday, and I think I might have a little rest and pleasure of my own, without having to amuse baby whenever he is cross and fretful."

"Very true, dear, it is your holiday, but cannot you find pleasure in making others happy? I would not have my little girl grow up cold and selfish, thinking only of her own enjoyment."

"Grow up cold and selfish?" repeated Ella, as she ascended the stairs. "Why mamma doesn't know what great things I mean to accomplish one of these days. How I wish I was big enough now to go away to China or Africa to teach the heathen, or do something of the kind."

A scream from Willie quickened her steps, but her brow bore rather a sulky look as she turned the knob of the nursery door.

"Oh, Miss Ella! I'm so glad you have come. I have a distracting toothache and the neuralgia all down one side of my face, and I can't amuse Willie no way."

"You took cold talking for so long over the fence last evening," replied Ella, in no very gracious tone. "There, Willie, stop your crying, or I'll not play with you. Just see, you have upset the soapsuds and broken your soap-bubble pipe."

Willie had stopped crying upon his sister's entrance into the room, but now he stood with quivering lips, scarce knowing whether to confess he was sorry, or to rebel and again set up that defiant yell.

What has become of Ella's wish to care for wounded soldiers, or teach the heathen? Has she poured oil upon the troubled waters? Helped to ease Jennie of the torturing pain she is so patiently trying to endure? or seen what gentle words may do to comfort Willie? Alas! no. The work just before her does not seem grand enough to claim her attention. It is not one that will win praise from her fellow-creatures, and so Ella sets about amusing her little brother, in a preoccupied, listless manner. Jennie is not sent to lie down, or Willie put into a thorough good humour, until mamma is disengaged, enters the room, and by her bright sunny face and manner sets things to rights. Jennie has something given her for her tooth, and a soothing lotion to bathe her face, and is then sent off to lie down and rest. Willie is taken upon the lap and soon quieted with a pretty picture-book.

Ella watches these proceedings, wondering why she had not thought of them, and with regretful feelings tells her mother so.

"Well, Puss, it is not easy to put old heads on young shoulders."

"But, mamma, only this very morning I was planning what great deeds I meant to do, and was wishing to begin them right straight off."

"And forgot that the work directly before you was the only one God requires of you. I'm afraid my little girl indulges in castle-building. Like bright bubbles, they only fall to pieces, deary, unless you first lay a firm foundation.—Selected.

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