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THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

"When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well
He sha! his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread."

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

"WHAT do you think of your new acquaintance?" asked Captain Warburton on re-entering; "is she not charming—so amiable, so animated, so everything that a woman ought to be?"

"I am sorry that I cannot agree with you," replied Katherine. "If Lady Marley were all that she ought to be, she would love and revere religion and religious people."

"Pho! you would have every one to be moping Methodists; cheerless indeed would the world become then."

"Have you never seen cheerful, happy Christians, Neville, or worldly people full of care and melancholy?" inquired Katherine.

"Perhaps I may, but more frequently the reverse; for instance, Lady Marley and yourself—what a contrast! the one all light and sunshine, the other sad and gloomy. Is this encouragement, think you?"

"Lady Marley has much to make her happy, while I—." Here Katherine paused from emotion. "Yet believe me, Neville," she continued, smiling through her tears, "I would not change destinies with her, if I could; from my trials, have sprung many blessings unknown to her."

Captain Warburton began whistling, to disguise a pang of remorse that at that instant smote him, while Katherine, anxious to arrest his attention, again resumed:

"Could you witness the happiness that exists in the dear circle at Woodford Abbey, you

would discover more of the merits of religion: there is no gloom nor sadness visible under that roof."

"Because misfortune has not reached them, probably," replied her husband.

"They have suffered many sorrows; remember both the Ladies Woodford are widows."

"But they have wealth to console them; were I only rich, I should be perfectly content with this world, imperfect though it may be; without money, man is a wretch."

"Ah, Neville! what importance do you attach to that, which God considers of none! Sufficient means, I grant you, are necessary. This might be ours if you would only limit your desires."

"Very fine, indeed! Much you know about it. I tell you I have not sufficient means to live like a gentleman; am I to be satisfied with that?"

The gesture of impatience accompanying these words made Katherine pause, but only for a moment. In the softest tone she then said:

"Neville, you would not make the choice of the young ruler in the scripture, who preferred his wealth to following his Saviour?"

"I should be sorely tempted to do so. Why give up a certain good for that which is uncertain?"

"Doubtless he thought so at the time; but could the same offer be made to him now, what would be his decision, think you?"

"I cannot say, indeed."

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