

mentally, though his experience has been enlarged, his powers did not admit of enlargement.

Remainder in our Next.

### NARRATIVE.

#### THE STORY OF LA ROCHE; OR, THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.

[Extracted from an Alpine Tale.—Suggested by Fact.]

(Concluded.)

"While occupations at once so profitable and pleasing were granted to us in our domestic circle, limited though it was, it will easily be believed that we had not a wish beyond it. Yet the duties of religion and humanity often called us to minister to the temporal and spiritual necessities of our tenantry and others; and it was to us a subject of thankfulness and gratitude, that we were permitted the high privilege of relieving the wants of our fellow-creatures, and pouring balm into their wounds. The poorest outcast at our door was still a human being with passions and feelings similar to our own, and we considered nothing that regarded him as foreign to ourselves. While we beheld him, therefore, we could say, and sympathize with him accordingly,

'Is he not man by sin and suffering tried?  
Is he not man, for whom the Saviour died?

Thus, in one even, uninterrupted stream of happiness—of happiness such as falls to the lot of few—time advanced, until our Emily had completed her seventeenth year. But if He who knows our frame, and provides what is best for us, occasionally allow us consolations in our pilgrimage, he yet seldom lets his children remain long without some memorial that they are 'strangers in the earth.' He sees it requisite that we should oftentimes go mourning as we journey to the heavenly Canaan, lest we should be too much inclined to take up our residence in 'this waste, howling wilderness.' My amiable partner, it is true, with that mixture of reproof and affection which she could employ with such inimitable delicacy, frequently reminded me, when I spoke of the felicity which was the portion of my cup, that 'this was not my rest.'—'Remember, Claude,' she would mildly say to me, 'the hand that bestows our comforts, when we lean on them with too ardent an attachment, generally withdraws them, lest they should prove detrimental to our eternal interests. Did not God remove the best-beloved of the wives of Jacob, and deprive him, at least for a long and painful season, of his favourite son? No, dearest Claude, set not your heart too much on me and on your child.'

"At this period our daughter was almost too fair, too perfect, to be human; and we more than once expressed our mutual apprehensions (and, O may a fond and bereaved father be pardoned for calling them *apprehensions!*) that she was ripening too fast for a better world to be permitted to sojourn much longer in this. We felt as if the Lord was preparing her for himself. But it was the appointment of Him who 'doeth all things well.'" Here the eyes of the venerable sufferer filled. He stopped for a moment wiped the tears as they flowed along his furrowed cheeks; and, with a sigh that excited the deepest commiseration, resumed his narrative. "Sorrow, it has been observed, seldom comes unattended. Yet, if

the truth of the remark has been justified, too forcibly justified, in me, should I not bow in submission to the will of Him, 'without whom not even a sparrow falleth to the ground?' If my affections were too closely entwined around created things, they were soon to be torn away from me, and I was to be left without a support, without a refuge to cling to, but the hand which held the rod that brushed me.

"It was towards the end of that autumn in which, 'by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving,' we had commemorated the seventeenth return of the day which had brought us such an augmentation to our happiness, and such an addition also to our anxieties, that my wife and daughter, invited by the serenity of the evening, wandered to a considerable distance from our abode. That department of the province in which the mansion of my fathers stood, was peculiarly beautiful. Diversified with wood and water, hill and dale, it was a spot almost where angels,

'Sate down on errands of supernal love.'

might not refuse to dwell; and in, perhaps, the fairest part of it my domain was situated. Upon the banks of a river which bounded it in that direction, and rolled its clear wave peacefully along, my Amelia, who had much taste for rural improvements, had had a walk constructed which commanded a view of some of the most picturesque scenery in Alsace; and here it was that she and my child lingered on that memorable night. Their conversation, as they mutually told me afterwards, was so interesting, and their meditations so sweet, in looking forward to a world where nothing that is carnal shall enter, where the intercourse of the redeemed shall be unbroken as unalloyed, and where the pang of parting shall never more be felt, that they forgot the dews were falling heavily, and that they were already far from home. O, the recollection harrows up this icy heart! But was it not needful, and shall I repine. Before they reached our dwelling, the star of evening had long sunk beneath the horizon, and the chill damps of night, whitening about their path, were reflected in the moon-beam, whose peculiar paleness seemed to presage some impending calamity.

"On our arrival we put Emily to bed, and administered such simple medicines as were beside us, and had before been found effectual as preventives. For some days no unpleasant symptoms appeared, and we were willing to flatter ourselves that no injurious consequences would result; but it had been otherwise ordained. Shortly after, she complained of a pain in her chest, which was attended with a cough. Her breathing became difficult, and a hectic flush overspread her fair cheek. But it is unnecessary to detail the particulars of her advancing disorder. Enough to say, it baffled the skill of her physicians; and we were compelled, however reluctantly, to think our beautiful blossom drooping to the grave. As a gentle flower, she was rified by the unseasonable blast, and fading when its loveliness was only beginning to expand. Her meek humility, her pious resignation, and her lively hope, were indeed edifying to us all; and constrained us, in the midst of our affliction, to glorify God on her behalf. Not a murmur ever escaped her lips; and we were aware of her sufferings only by the remedies which she requested might be applied at inter-

vals for momentary relief. And, O how often would she try to comfort us, pointing our anticipations to a scene where we should ere long be reunited, never to part again!

"Scarcely had we beheld the sun of her morning (and it was 'a morning without clouds') when her day declined, and went down—still serene indeed, but O how soon! In a few months, our Emily was no more. Her life had been one of early and singular devotedness to her heavenly Master; and her heart was truly peace. Consoled we were by the assurance that we should go to her though she would not return to us, yet the stroke could not but be severe which bereft us of the delight of our eye and the centre of all our earthly attractions. But I was still further to be made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men. Her mother, who, though nineteen fleeting years had shared alike my sorrows and my joy—she, whose tender affection had brightened many a gloomy moment, whose converse had so often cheered me in seasons of dispondency, and whose counsel I had found so sweet—my Amelia—was soon to be taken from me also.

"Though aware of the danger she incurred by her unremitting attendance on her dying child, as there was already a predisposition in her frame to the same fatal disease, I felt it would be more than cruel to withhold this last melancholy gratification from her maternal solicitude. The seeds of decline were laid; and hardly had we followed Emily to the tomb, when my beloved wife was attacked in a similar manner. The symptoms, from the first, were of the most alarming nature, and we mutually foresaw that the hour of our separation was at hand. O these were the billows! 'floods of great waters!' But I had an arm to lean on which was able to sustain me, else they had assuredly gone over my soul!

"As the winter was approaching, I proposed removing with her to a milder climate. Not that I had any expectation she would derive material benefit from the change; but I was willing to do whatever was recommended as affording the distant possibility of her restoration to health. No persuasions, however, could induce her to consent to leave a spot which had been so deeply endeared to her. It had been the witness of her most delightful enjoyments, as of her bitterest sorrows; and she wished, with submission to the divine will, to die where her Emily had died, and to sleep beside her in the same grave. She was conscious, indeed, that there was no prospect of her recovery, and that human aid was vain. The journey, besides alarmed her; and she was afraid that she might either sink under the fatigue, or be obliged to stop by the way, where she might want many comforts which she had at home, and which her situation so much required. But, to be brief, I soon lost my last tie to a miserable world. All my fondest hopes had been withered in the bud; and I was left as a blasted oak, which still lifts its riven head to the 'stormy wind and tempest,' amid the surrounding desolation of the forest. I stood in solitude, and alone. I had none to sympathize with me—none to weep over my distress—no friendly hand to uphold my tottering steps. And this—here the old man raised his eyes, bedewed with tender recollections—"this, if memory do not fail me, is the anniversary of that mournful