

unanimity and good fellowship reigned throughout. But happiness, unalloyed, is not designed for man.

Some few emigrating families, lately arrived from Ireland, pitched their tents in the neighbourhood, and unhappily brought with them the seeds of a contagion, which had already commenced its awful devastations in parts of the United States, and in Lower Canada, although it had not reached the terrible crisis, which subsequently hurled thousands to an early tomb!

Mr. Montague soon learned that the new arrivals were involved in the deepest distress—their funds, originally small, had dwindled into nothingness; poverty and sickness had overtaken them, and plunged them into an abyss of misery. An appeal to his feelings was never made in vain; he immediately set about the work of charity, and encountered a scene which excited every feeling of sympathy and commiseration. It is unnecessary to enter into the appalling details, but sufficient to say, that the individuals before him stood in need of assistance, and the hand of benevolence was stretched forth to relieve; but, alas! the contagion under which the poor strangers were suffering, had marked its victim.

The worthy pastor had scarcely quitted the roof of wretchedness, when he felt a pre-disposition to illness, which continued until midnight. Medical assistance had been sent for, but being at a great distance, it did not arrive until too late. The lamp of life was extinct.

Happy was the sudden call to one ever ready to receive the summons.

We have already so fully portrayed the religious resignation of Emma's mind in former trying situations, that we will not attempt a delineation of her conduct on this heart-rending occasion. Her sorrow was silent and unobtrusive, but it was engrained on the deepest recesses of the heart; its excess only known by her Maker and herself. Its influence, however, was making rapid inroads on a constitution naturally delicate, and even those who were constantly with her, did not fail to observe the daily change.

Poor Margaret, who by this time had become very infirm, could not suppress her grief, when weeping by the side of her beloved mistress, she would say in an agony of sorrow, "what, what will become of the dear little children?"

"The orphan's God will never forsake them, my good Margaret; do not add to my sorrow by your tears: remember, that God has promised, and will he not perform? O! 'tis sinful to doubt or to murmur at his dispensations. My prayers and those of their beloved father have been heard, and our dear innocents will be protected.

Although Emma could administer consolation, and feel its sacred influence over her own mind, yet in her solitary hours, when reflecting upon the

almost certainty that her dear children would soon be bereft of every earthly protector, her heart could not contain its grief; tears of uncontrollable anguish would chase each other down her pale cheeks, while the objects of her affectionate solicitude would weep to see their mother weep!

Edwin, for so her boy was named, in disposition and person strongly resembled his father, possessing all those fine traits of character, for which he had been distinguished; while her little Emma was the counterpart of herself.

The buddings of their infant minds had been watched with tenderness and care; the essential points of education attended to with parental solicitude, while the more showy and external accomplishments had not been neglected; indeed, they might be considered to be unusually advanced in their studies.

Edwin, for his tender years, possessed a thoughtfulness and strength of mind, gigantic in its nature, while Emma's affectionate and pliant disposition, governed by extreme love for her brother, led her always to yield to his judgment, which she had been taught to consider superior to her own. He was too just and too generous to make an improper use of her confidence, for he loved her most tenderly, and upon all occasions treated her with the greatest mildness and affection.

The amiable dispositions of her children, in yielding to each other upon all occasions, was a source of much happiness and consolation to their beloved mother in her last hours. She thanked her God, that their young minds had been so well prepared to encounter the trial of an orphan's condition, which, unhappily, at that moment was hovering over their heads. Three months after the death of her husband, poor Emma was entombed within the same grave. Never did the green sod cover heads more truly beloved, or more deeply lamented.

Our readers will remember, that the narrative commenced at the period when the orphans were weeping over the remains of their much loved mother. We have seen how religiously resigned was their conduct on the melancholy occasion—how beautifully did the example they had received in their parents, shine forth in themselves! The melancholy duty of superintending the interment of a last parent, whom he had loved with the most devoted affection, devolved on poor Edwin. His young and tender heart was sorely tried, in witnessing a ceremony, always solemn in its nature, but to him, on this occasion, truly heart rending, and requiring the exertion of more than mental energy to endure; yet, he shrank not from a duty which he knew to be imperative, most fervently imploring God's assistance and support in its performance.

The solemn day of burial arrived; Edwin and his sister were shrouded in the deepest black, their dress in perfect unison with the mourning of their