

Mr. Martin, the good curate, had welcomed his wife's young pupil with parental kindness, and soon felt a deep interest in her.

He was a slight feeble looking man, with a large head and still larger heart. No sour gloomy fanatic, hiding disappointed ambition under the mask of religion: but a cheerful, earnest Christian practically illustrating his glorious faith, by making it the rule of life, both in public and private.

His religious impressions had been formed at a very early period by a pious parent, and he was an only child. Early deprived of a father's care, the good providence of God had watched over the widow and her son, uniting them by that most holy of all ties, the love of Jesus.

Before his mother was removed by death, she had the joy of beholding Henry actively employed in the Divine Master's service; and she expired in his arms,