

have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." As he breathed the last words, his countenance beamed with an angelic smile, and pressing alternately the hand of his beloved wife, and no less dear child to his lips, he intrepidly felt the dimming of the clear light of day.

How many years of trial and sorrow does such a death overbalance? Who would not wish to go off the stage with so delightful a conviction of happiness before them? "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life:" such are the glorious promises, and they ought to be engraven on our hearts.

The arrival of the newly appointed Rector to W— obliged Mrs. Darwin and her daughter to quit their peaceful dwelling. They removed to a small cottage in the neighbourhood, which happened to be vacant; it had been built by the late Rector, and by him presented to Emma as a birth-day gift. Hitherto it had been occupied gratis by a respectable widow, whom adverse fortune had harshly treated,—for subsequent to the death of her husband, the failure of her banker had reduced her from a comparative state of opulence to one of poverty; her misfortunes reached the ear of Emma Darwin, just as she had attained her tenth year, and even at that tender age her heart yearned with compassion.

A day or two previous to the anniversary of her birth, her father said to her, "I have been considering my child of an appropriate gift on your birthday; your diligence and attention to your studies have pleased me, and I wish to give you some memento of my love and approbation, but am undecided in my choice of what will be most useful, and at the same time pleasing to you. Can you assist me on this subject? but I must first tell you your mamma's suggestion, upon which I do not think we can improve. It is, that I purchase a new piano; that which you have is very old, and as you have exerted your talent in music most profitably, I think you justly deserve it, if you cannot suggest any thing more desirable, and equally useful. I propose that you accompany your mamma and me to town tomorrow to make choice of an instrument."

Emma threw her arms round the neck of her father, as she playfully placed herself upon his knee, and as she imprinted on his forehead the kiss of affection, said:

"Dearest papa, how very grateful I am to you, and to my very dear good mamma, for your kind intentions; the gift you mention, would indeed be valuable to me, but since you have given me permission to make a choice, I hope you will not think that I deviate from the path of duty in saying, that pleased as I should be with a new piano, there is something else, if it met with your approbation, that would make me more happy."

"Tell me your wishes, dearest," continued her

parent, "I am sure they will be neither inconsistent nor improper."

"Encouraged by your kindness," said Emma, "I will not hesitate to confess to you what would make me *very very* happy. It is the gift of the cottage in Laurel Lane, which Thompson informs me is quite completed,—it would be such a very nice residence for poor Mrs. Devonport, who is obliged to relinquish her present establishment and sell the greater part of her furniture. I heard her say that she was necessitated to dismiss all her servants except one, and seek an asylum in humble lodgings or a small cottage. She appears so very much distressed by the change in her circumstances that it is quite melancholy to witness her grief. If she were living in Laurel Cottage it would be so near to us, mamma would supply her with milk and butter from our dairy, and she should have all the eggs that my pet white hen gives me—and when mamma is reading to her, or solacing her by conversation, I could weed her garden, transplant her flowers, or do any other little services that she may please to employ me about. She would, I hope, soon forget her troubles, and we should be so very happy in making her do so."

A tear of joy rested on the cheek of the venerable pastor, as he pressed his lovely girl to his bosom.

"You have indeed chosen wisely, my child," said he,—*"the cottage is yours, and your birth-day shall be devoted in forming the arrangements, so as to render it comfortable for the reception of your new tenant, to whom I will make a visit, and become the bearer of your good intentions, while you apprise your mamma of what has passed and receive her kiss of approbation. Under the superintendence of Emma and her mother, the cottage soon became a very desirable residence, and the peaceful abode of the worthy Mrs. Devonport, who, as Emma had prognosticated, forgot many of her troubles in the society and friendship of her excellent neighbours, who never lost sight of an opportunity of evincing their kindness, or promoting her happiness. With what lustre did benevolence gild even this small habitation, where such placid intercourse dwelt; where scenes of heartfelt satisfaction succeeded uninterruptedly to one another.*

The cottage had now become vacant by the death of the widow, which happened only a few weeks previous to that of the Rector.

Kingston, March, 1842.

To be continued.

REAL KNOWLEDGE.

THERE is no difference between knowledge and temperance; for he who knows what is good, and embraces it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate. But they who know very well what ought to be done, and yet do quite otherwise, are ignorant and stupid.—*Socrates.*