

her with the unremitting solicitude of an affectionate child, assisted in her labours of duty by the faithful Ruth, ever ready to lighten the cares of her sweet young lady. It was at this period of trial that the real friends of Miss Milman became known from false ones; for while the gay and the rich, whose acquaintance she had coveted so much, were content when they had sent once to enquire after her, a few only condescending to leave cards at her door, the less affluent, but truly Christian people, were constant in their attentions, sending her little nice things day after day, to tempt her appetite, or coming themselves to relieve Emmeline from her post in the sick chamber, lest her health should suffer from such lengthened confinement.

Contrary to the expectations of Doctor Sutherland, Miss Milman lingered for many months, little aware that she was living principally on the bounty of others; but as the winter season approached, her fatal malady became the conqueror, and she sank under its influence, breathing her last sigh in the arms of her niece, who she blessed, and commended to the protection of Him who hath said, "Leave thy fatherless children to me."

A grand ball was given by Mrs. Larkins on the night of her death; for what was the grief of Emmeline to the votaries of pleasure, who, after their first expressions of regret, forgot, in the revelry of the dance, all save themselves. But though the sounds of mirth and music rose above the cry of the desolate orphan, yet feeble as it was it reached the ears of Him who watcheth over all, whose words to them that trust Him are full of hope. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," saith the Lord.

We will not dwell on all the harrowing scenes which followed, or the thoughts that oppressed the dear Emmeline, when she looked around and beheld herself alone; but turn at once to the more cheering picture, where, in the house of the kind Mr. Grosvenor, she is seen resigned to her sad loss, though faded and worn by her successive bereavements.

The first Sabbath day she ventured to church with her new friends, the smart carriage of Mrs. Larkins dashed up to the door just as she was approaching it. When Lucy and Maria saw the pale faced girl they would have spoken to her, for the young are seldom calculating, but they were called back by their portly mamma, who said:

"Miss Milman can no longer be an acquaintance for you, my dears. I desire you would not appear to know her. Poor thing, how shabbily she is dressed; I don't think she has bought any new mourning for her aunt. Harry!" to the footman, "carry our prayer books into the pew, and set my velvet cushion."

The sermon was upon the subject of charity, and

Mrs. Larkins thought she had amply fulfilled the text when she placed a sovereign in the plate, as she rustled down the aisle, bowing and smiling to her acquaintance, asking one or two if they were going to Mrs. Chatterton's amateur theatricals.

The tender and affectionate care bestowed by Mrs. Elizabeth Grosvenor on our heroine, aided by the conversations of the worthy minister, soon produced a pleasing effect on her health and spirits, which materially improved beneath their Christian roof, where all was peace and love. No contentions, no heartburnings, no jealousies were there, for the world's vanities were excluded. How then could it be otherwise than an abode of happiness, since God was with them!

The little playful disputes between the brother and sister, would sometimes call a smile to the lip of Emmeline, as she marked the look of affection that ever accompanied them.

"Bessey, Bessey, you are the eighth wonder of the world!" Mr. Grosvenor would say, on her offering some sage opinion; "but it is fortunate that you have no need to study Greek and Latin to get to Heaven."

It was highly gratifying to Emmeline to accompany Miss Grosvenor in her visits amongst the poor of the neighbourhood, and to witness the judicious way in which she would utter a word in season, while administering to their temporal necessities. The kindness she showed towards the sick and the aged, and the simple admonitions she offered to the young, were alike touching and beautiful.

Never since she left Rosedale had Emmeline beheld the precepts of religion so truly put in practice as now they were in her sight, and the effect produced on herself was happy and most salutary. She seemed like a flower, which, having for a while been transplanted into a foreign soil uncongenial to its growth, had pined and faded, but, when restored to its native clime, had revived and put forth fresh blossoms; for serenity sat on her fine open brow, peace reigned in her heart,—yet let it not be thought that Emmeline felt no regrets for her poor aunt: far, far from it. Her faults and foibles had been many, but not a trace of them lingered in the remembrance of the sweet girl, while her memory was hallowed with the deepest respect and affection, and to erect a small tablet in the church as a mark of these, she had sacrificed all the little money she at present possessed, denying herself even necessities to fulfil what she considered a debt of gratitude to a beloved father's sister.

And where was her friend Lord Avon during all these months of severe trial? She knew not, though she wished to know. Often she thought of writing to him, but an instinctive delicacy forbade her. She had promised to apply, to him whenever she needed advice, or a friend; but as she possessed in the