

tection, we humbly commend ourselves,—bless, guide, and defend us, that we may so pass through this world as finally to enjoy in Thy presence everlasting happiness. Grant this, we pray, for our blessed Saviour's sake. Amen.

Having concluded this prayer, they rose from their supplicating position, and again embracing each other, they fervently pressed their warm lips upon the cold clay before them, and bid a final—a sorrowful adieu to their earliest, their dearest, and almost their only earthly friend.

Emma became exhausted by intensity of feeling, and sank senseless into the arms of her brother, who conveyed her to her chamber, and after administering necessary restoratives, animation returned, and he consigned her to the care of their old faithful attendant, Margaret, while he proceeded to the discharge of his very solemn, but imperative duties.

Mrs. Montague, the mother of Emma and Henry, was the daughter of an English clergyman, who for many years was Rector of the parish of W—, in Kent. Nature had endowed the worthy pastor with a heart imbued with the most genuine qualities. She seemed to have designed him for the profession he had chosen, for in no one instance in his life, had he ever been known to deviate from those rules of correct conduct, so admirably adapted to ennobles and dignify the sacred character of clergymen: humility, benevolence, and true piety, were the characteristics of that excellent man,—he was in good truth, the friend, the counsellor, the father of his flock, by which he was revered, with an enthusiasm approaching to adoration.

He had chosen a bosom friend and companion for life, not for any extraordinary personal charms, but for a mind enriched with the purest gems, for a heart formed to experience the best affections of our nature, whose piety, charity, and condescension of demeanour, were, he considered, the essentials necessary to render the marriage state confiding and happy: and his views on this important subject proved to be admirably just, for it would be difficult to find a more cheerful and contented fire side than that of the worthy Rector.

They were blest with one child, on which to bestow their parental affection, and it may be well imagined that parents so excellent in their nature, so exemplary in conduct, so efficient in understanding, and cultivated in education, spared neither time nor talent to render that offspring as near perfection as our frailty will permit; happily their efforts were crowned with success, the seeds of piety, modesty, truth, benevolence and industry, were by precept and by example, in early spring, so firmly engrafted on the young mind that they budded forth into sweet blossoms, promising in full growth, flowers the most beautiful and rare.

Emma Darwin, for that was her name, was indeed a most endearing child: she was lovely in per-

son, highly cultivated, and graceful in deportment; but above all her genuine piety and amiable disposition, insured her the esteem and admiration of all within the circle of her acquaintance. Her parents had so tenderly watched their young plant, that they had erased from its tender stem every unprofitable seed, leaving only such as could be nurtured and improved from the fountain of virtue, honor and integrity. While none were more worthy, few were happier than Emma Darwin; her avocations and amusements were such, as would bear reflection. Time glided on; but the consolation ever remained with her, that it had not been mispent or trifled away: the young benefited by her instruction and example, the aged were consoled by her sympathy, while all were bound to her by the endearing ties of gratitude and affection. But Emma was not to be exempted from the trials incident to our nature; she had scarcely attained her seventeenth year, when an attack of paralysis terminated the earthly career of her venerable father, and called into full action all the energies of her young mind. Deeply as she lamented her own irreparable loss, she knew that its severity must be more keenly felt by her widowed mother, who was bereft not only of her support, but of the husband of her early love,—the dearest and chosen friend of her bosom, on whom her best affections had been placed, and whose excellent qualities had been the source from whence she drew all her earthly happiness.

Mrs. Darwin's health had for some time been very delicate, consequently she was less able to bear with firmness, the mental affliction in which so sad and unexpected a stroke had involved her. Now indeed, did the piety of filial affection shine forth with resplendent lustre. Emma lost all consideration of her own troubles, remembering only those of her mother.—How tenderly did she soothe her sorrows by the most unremitting and endearing attentions. How anxiously did she anticipate all her wishes, leaving no effort untried to fulfil them; her whole heart appeared to be devoted to the one object, that of restoring her mother to tranquillity of mind.

Upon an investigation of the Rector's affairs, it was found that the property he had left was very small; his living had not been one of the richest, and his unbounded charity had precluded the possibility of any great saving. Although he could never be accused of a want of prudence and economy in his domestic arrangements, his heart and hand were always open, to alleviate the wants of those in indigent circumstances,—the destitute and the hungry were never seen to leave his porch dissatisfied: the prayers of the widow and the orphan were plentifully poured forth in his behalf, and truly did they procure for him a peaceful end. The dying words of this excellent man were, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course—I