

formed any part of their system, while training and cultivating this beautiful flower. Oh, no! in all her innocent amusements (and they were many,) her parents most readily entered, beholding her child-like glee, with unalloyed pleasure, and listening to the music of her laugh with respondent feelings of happiness, as they watched her graceful figure bounding like an antelope over the fresh green fields in search of the sweet briar and wild rose, growing in the hedge rows, and which she would bring home in triumph to decorate her mother's room, where she would be equally happy to remain, assisting her in her various works, while they discoursed together on all those subjects calculated to elevate and improve her mind; or conning over those lessons selected as the most appropriate to make her good and useful, as well as enlightened. Mrs. Milman possessed a great taste for music; but as she devoted all her gifts, so did she this one also, to the praise and glory of her Divine Lord; and delightful it was to listen to the harmony of her rich voice blending with the youthful tones of Emmeline's, as they chaunted hymns together, which she would accompany in a masterly style on a small organ.

Inscrutable and mysterious are the ways of Providence, and past finding out. At this period, when the life of Mrs. Milman was of the utmost importance to her child—when, as the enlightened, the affectionate, the inestimable companion of her husband, her worth in his sight knew no bounds,—when, by her charities and instructions, she was a blessing to the poor,—and by her counsels, and gifted converse, her society was prized by the rich—the angel of death was sent to bid her prepare for her passage through the dark valley. She received the message in meek resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father, although natural regrets were experienced, when she thought of her husband and her child; yet even these were hushed, as the prospect of a glorious eternity opened on her enraptured sight and she was constrained to cry “Oh, death where is thy sting! Oh, grave where is thy victory!” She committed her only treasure, with tender solicitude, to the care of her afflicted husband, whose faith was now indeed tried by this heavy blow, to the utmost, and folding her hands together, she breathed a prayer that her beloved ones might be brought to her in God's good time. Then gazing on them both with speechless affection, she sank back upon her pillow, and softly and calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

There was scarcely a dry eye in the village, when it became known that Mrs. Milman was no more; or one who failed to follow her lamented remains to the grave, their steps watered by their tears, and their lamentations only silenced for the sake of the bereaved husband, who, after the solemn and affecting ceremony, shut himself up and was seen by none save his child for many days. At the close of one fortnight, he resumed his parochial duties,—his

cheek ashy pale, his form shrunk and attenuated—yet in his placid and resigned countenance might be traced, that the precepts he had been accustomed to inculcate were no idle tales or cunningly devised fables, but possessed of power to heal the bruised—to bind up the broken—and to give strength and consolation to the wounded, afflicted mourner.

Emmeline sensibly felt the loss of her mother. Whichever way she turned in her desolate home, she missed the beloved being who she had been used to see, while every cherished object that had belonged to the dear departed, addressed itself powerfully to her feelings, and produced a flood of grief that would not be controlled. Yet, child as she was, this very indulgence of her sorrow soon relieved its intensity. It was left for the husband, who wept not, to mourn in secrecy and silence, to feel that the iron had entered his soul; that the aspect of the world had suddenly changed, and its brightness faded from his sight.

About a month subsequent to this sad event, Mr. Milman received a letter from the Earl of Windermere, whose acquaintance he had formerly made when at college. It commenced by offering him a few common place condolences upon his late bereavement, expressing his sincere desire to serve him in any way he might name, that was in his power; and then proceeded to inquire whether it would be convenient to him to receive his son, Lord Avon, under his roof for a short time, prior to his making the tour of the continent; his reason for urging the request at the present moment, he said, was to separate him from some very wild and extravagant companions, whose influence over him was becoming dangerously powerful, and had led him into excesses, which he (the Earl) was extremely anxious to correct. “I am aware, my good friend,” concluded the letter, “that your sentiments upon some points, are peculiar, but as I have no fears of Avon's becoming an ascetic, I place him under your care with every confidence,—my wish is only to clip a few of the exuberant branches, and not to trim the noble tree too closely; or, in other words, to give him morality, but no religious fanaticism. Write me a line to say, whether it suits you to enter into my views. Truly yours, “WINDERMERE.”

Mr. Milman smiled as he closed the letter; the Earl, he perceived, subscribed to the opinion of the majority of the world, that so long as education is confined to a preparation for the duties and rules of society, it is right; but step beyond, and endeavour to show the importance of the soul—its high destiny, and the necessity there is to prepare it for the kingdom of God, and instantly it becomes fanaticism, enthusiasm, and folly. Fatal, fatal, errors, the suggestion of an evil spirit, who, cast down from Heaven for his sins, cannot endure that one should attain bliss from which he has been excluded forever.