

form they might. Emmeline listened with profound veneration, to every word that fell from the lips of the minister, and checked her tears as he reminded her of her duty, to trust even when she could not see her way, and to believe when she could not comprehend. It was not until the evening that Miss Milman felt composed enough for an interview with Mr. Grosvenor, who was shocked to see the alteration which one night's suffering had made in her appearance; for several moments he was silent, then kneeling down by her bed side, he offered up a petition that the Almighty God would safely bring her through the billows of affliction into the smooth waters of resignation and peace. After this he strove to lead her thoughts to higher subjects than of late had filled them,—telling her that our happiness did not consist in the abundance of our possessions, but in our nearness to God, and our meetness for the kingdom of Heaven; that the sisters we hew out for ourselves, break ere they are accomplished, leading to disappointment and too frequently to remorse. “Nothing in this life is worth immoderate love, immoderate care, immoderate desire, my dear friend,” said the minister, “since we cannot retain it forever; should not our eternal interests then be our first solicitude? surely yes, and the more we can realise Heaven, and bring it down as it were upon earth, the less shall we value the fictitious advantages and vain ensnaring pleasures that cloud our religious joys, and shade our Almighty Father from our view. Remember the beautiful words of St. Augustine: Thou mayest seek after honours, and not obtain them; thou mayest labour for riches, and yet remain poor; thou mayest doat on pleasures, and have many sorrows; but our God of his supreme goodness says, “who ever sought me, and found me not? who ever loved me, and missed of me,—I am with him that seeks for me: he hath me already who wisheth for me, and he that loveth me is sure of my love; the way to come to me is neither long nor difficult.”

There is a charm in the voice of a Christian Minister, as he pours into the ears of affliction, the consolations of the gospel, that seldom fails in the effect intended, and Miss Milman gradually became more calm as she listened to the good man's exhortations, while her countenance lost that expression of agony it had worn on his entrance. She shed many tears, but they fell gently, and appeared to relieve her; and while she owned how culpable she had been in bringing poverty on the child committed to her care, as well as on herself, by an unwarrantable desire to become rich, she expressed a hope that she would be forgiven by a merciful and gracious judge.

“The humble and contrite, God never will despise,” replied Mr. Grosvenor; “it is only the proud and self-righteous whom he beholds afar off: turn unto him, dear lady, and he will abundantly pardon

and restore to you tenfold more than you have lost, if you really desire his best blessings in exchange for dross.”

“If it were not for dear Emmeline, I think I could be easy on my own account,” said Miss Milman, after a pause, during which she had been reflecting; “but should it please the Almighty disposer of events to take me, what is to become of her, so young, so beautiful and so unprotected?”

“Can you imagine for one moment, my dear madam,” rejoined Mr. Grosvenor, “that as God's own dear child, she will cease to be his peculiar care. Do not harass your mind by distressing doubts, but trust him faithfully. I humbly hope you may recover to watch over her, yourself; but if his wisdom decrees otherwise, Emmeline shall not want a home; she shall come to mine, and be to me as a daughter in place of her who has left it desolate.” And tears dimmed the eyes of the venerable old man as he said this. Miss Milman pressed his hand, replying:

“Oh, if I could think so, I should die happy.”

“Then do think so, and consider it a sacred agreement, until fairer prospects open before her path.” Miss Milman raised her eyes in thankfulness to heaven, then ejaculating:

“May He eternally reward you,” she laid her head down upon the pillow, and in a little time sank into a sweet and refreshing slumber.

But the incipient seeds of disease, which had for some years been undermining the health of this unfortunate lady, increased so rapidly after the severe shock she had received, that they baffled the exertions of her medical attendant, to stem their violence. Poor Emmeline tried to crush the fears which whispered that the words of her aunt would become verified; that she would be called upon to resign this, her only relation, to the silent tomb; but as she gazed upon her hectic cheek, her weak trembling frame, she heavily sighed, for they were signs with which she was, alas, too familiar.

“Ah, yes, I shall lose her,” she then would cry; “she is going to join that happy band, amongst whom my loved parents dwell in bliss. Why—oh, why, am I alone left to weep and to mourn uncared for by all?”

One consolation was Emmeline's at this time in all her distress, and a great support it proved—the increasing interest which her aunt appeared to take in spiritual things, while those of the world, that had hitherto held her so much in bondage, became valueless in her sight. For her father's sake, Emmeline had always tried to love her aunt, whose wayward caprice and fretful impatience had too often rendered this an effort. But now, when every little asperity was softened down, and she never addressed her but in words of kindness, she loved her for her own, and night and day she attended