

## EMMA DARWIN; OR, THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE HEATH," "JUVENILE TRAVELLER," &amp;c. &amp;c.

"WEEP not thus, dearest Emma," said Henry Montague, addressing his sister, as she reclined over the lifeless corpse of their departed mother, bathing with burning tears the cold forehead, and impressing kisses of the warmest affection upon lips that were closed forever! "My own dear sister, do not thus weep; remember the parting injunctions of that sainted parent, whom we both so tenderly loved, and whose death is to us mutually an irretrievable loss. But we have every reason to hope that we are the only sufferers; to our beloved mother, the change is an eternal gain. O, how cheering is the reflection, that our parents are now permanently happy in the approving smile of that Saviour whom they have so faithfully served, and on whom they have taught us to place our firm reliance, and fix our fondest hope! How often have they told us, that 'Those whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth,' and that it is sinful to murmur, or to indulge in unrestrained grief, at whatever it may be His will and pleasure to ordain."

"You are always right, my dear Henry," said Emma, rising from her kneeling posture, and throwing her arms around the neck of her brother. "Yes, you are right, dearest; mamma has often said, when it might please the Almighty to take her from us, if we indulged in unrestrained sorrow it would be displeasing to heaven,—that it was our duty to submit with resignation and gratitude to such trials as God in his wisdom might judge proper to allot to us; that in studying His sacred word, we should there find consolation and support through the most heavy afflictions,—that our grief at a separation would, in comparison, be as trifling as a grain of sand in the sea, compared with that fulness of joy which a reunion in the realms of eternal happiness will give. Although I do find the greatest consolation in this assurance, yet I cannot suppress my tears, dearest Henry, when I reflect upon our sad, sad loss; we can never be so happy without our dear mamma as we were with her, and I fear we shall—at least *I* shall not, be so good, deprived of her example and watchful care, as I might have been with it."

"To be insensible to our irreparable loss, my own dear sister, would indeed prove a deficiency in the best feelings of our nature, and derogatory to the commands of God, who has desired us to honour and obey our parents,—*"Children, honour your parents, and obey them in all things; for this is well pleasing to the Lord."* To love those to whom we owe our existence, is the first and most genuine feeling of

our nature; for no one can be so entitled to our earliest and best affections, as the fond individuals who have watched over our infancy and youth, with unremitting solicitude and tenderness, ever near us in the hour of danger, ever ready to point out to us the path of virtue, and snatch us from the perilous labyrinth of vice, to which the heedless and young are so often exposed. The loss of friends so dear, so invaluable as those for whom we now so deeply mourn, must awaken in the heart feelings of the deepest sorrow; yet, dearest, such sorrow must be restrained by reason, and a religious resignation, or it becomes criminal in the sight of Heaven: we must remember, that 'the hand which gave has a right to take away,' and that strong as is our love to our parents, our love towards our God, who gave us those parents, ought to be stronger, and to insure us happiness hereafter, *must* be so. To those we now mourn, and who have followed each other so rapidly, our debt of gratitude is indeed great, their love for us was unbounded, and ever tenderly endearing: with care and anxious solicitude they formed our minds to virtue, and instilled into our hearts the principles which are to direct us through life: they tenderly watched over our comforts, health and improvement, and incessantly prayed for our happiness; we would not disobey them while living, dear Emma, nor will we do so now. To God, my sister, let us now kneel, and in pious supplication, implore His fostering care over our youth, and His heavenly benedictions on our earnest endeavours to perform His will, which it is our duty to keep with humble submission; and then it becomes my solemn office to see the last sacred rites performed to the remains of the dear departed."

Emma's oppressed heart denied articulation to her lips, which she ardently pressed to the cheek of her brother, while her arms encircled his neck; he as warmly returned the embrace of filial love, and they both knelt by the side of their mother's coffin, piously ejaculating the following prayer:

Almighty God, father of all mercy assist us by thy grace, that we may with humble and sincere thankfulness remember the comforts and blessings which we have enjoyed, and that we may resign them with humble submission, equally trusting in thy protection, when thou gavest, and when thou takest away: we implore of thee to bless with thy Heavenly blessing, the sainted souls of our dearest parents, and crown them with eternal happiness. Instil into our hearts the ardent desire to act always as though they were present. To thy Fatherly pro-