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THE ORPHAN; OR, THE AFFIANCED.

BY E. M. M.

Art thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and woe,
And seems it hard thy vernal years,
Few vernal joys can shew ?

And fall the sounds of mirth,
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth,
Untimely called to part ?

Keeble.

THE Rectory of Rosedale stood in a beautiful and fertile part of Devonshire: It was a small, yet tasteful building, where every flower and shrub, and every shady tree, vied with each other in making it the perfection of rural loveliness. At the end of the lawn, was a rippling stream, by the side of which many a willow gracefully inclined, dipping their branches into the water, on whose bosom the white lilies grew in rich abundance. The view in the far distance was grand, and imposing; lofty hills rearing their proud heads in one continuous chain, and graced by magnificent trees to their very summits, while the vallies clustered over with the cottages of the peasantry, and the fields waving with the yellow corn, ripe for the sickle, gave to the whole an appearance of peace and plenty, most gratifying to the eye of the benevolent stranger, who might chance to pass it by. Yet even in this sweet sequestered spot had grief found entrance, robbing it of every charm in the sight of him who dwelt beneath its humble roof, as the revered and exemplary Pastor of the neighbouring hamlet.

The Reverend Mr. Milman, was in truth a follower of his Divine Master, his sole aim was to win souls to embrace the glorious gospel of Christ, and lead them to the well of living waters, where alone they could be cleansed from all their sins. In meekness, and kindness, and unwearied patience, did he pursue this high behest, grateful and happy beyond all words, when one through his instrumentality would turn from a life of lawless forgetfulness, and cry in the words of the jailor, "What shall I do to be saved?" He had been much assisted in his arduous and responsible labours, by a most excellent and amiable wife, whose attributes were an entire forgetfulness of self—and a yearning desire to be useful to others. Intellectual and highly gifted

though she was, how would the fine mind of Mrs. Milman stoop to instruct the lowly and ignorant, and bring them out from darkness and error, into the light of better things, making a little sanctuary of many an abode where all before had been confusion, sin and misery; yet while thus employed abroad, home was not forgotten—nay it was the first considered and attended to, amidst the various duties of this gifted woman. One daughter had blessed her union with Mr. Milman, and in the education of this dear child, she at once found the most delightful occupation, and met the richest returns—for the young Emmeline was indeed one of nature's most beautiful conceptions: not only in face and form, but in disposition and mind—gentle, winning and attractive, her meek and dove-like eyes would rest on her mother's face as she conversed with her upon the goodness of God, and the riches of His grace, until tears would fall in quick succession at the sufferings of that Saviour, who, to redeem a lost and ruined world from the curse of sin, had submitted to such unexampled misery and sufferings while on earth. Yet unsatisfied with such emotions, and fearful lest the pious impressions she received, might waste themselves in mere sensibility, or, what has been aptly termed sentimental religion, Mrs. Milman would take her to the abodes of sanctified sorrow and affliction, where she would witness the power of those truths she inculcated, in overcoming all sufferings, all pain,—aye, even the terrors of death itself. Emmeline shared equally the love and affection of both her parents, who prayed against making her their idol, holding her as a talent bestowed on them only to be improved, and as a being destined for a far brighter state of existence.

Yet let it not be thought that austerity or gloom