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(ORIGINAL.)

THE ORPHAN; OR, THE AFFIANCED.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

Alone—alone—no other face
Wears kindred smile, or kindred line,
And yet they say my mother's eyes,
They say my father's brow is mine;
And either had rejoiced to see
The other's likeness in my face;
But now it is a stranger's eye
That finds some long forgotten trace.

God of the fatherless, 'tis thou
Alone canst be the Orphan's stay:
Earth's meanest flower, Heaven's mightiest star,
Are equal in their Maker's love—
And I can say "Thy will be done,"
With eyes that fix their hope above.

The Orphan.

MR. GROSVENOR, the worthy minister of P——, had presided over his flock full fifty years, and had grown grey while preaching Christ as our example, and sole author of our salvation. In his venerable and furrowed face, were expressed the benignity, goodness and fervent piety so eminently conspicuous in his character,—united to a shade of melancholy, produced by the severe loss he had recently sustained in the death of an only child. Many years had passed since the loss of his exemplary partner, whose place in his bereaved home, had been filled up by a maiden sister, Miss Elizabeth Grosvenor, who to behold, was to admire, who to know, was to love,—cheerful, placid, and contented, her society was coveted, and sought for by old, as well as young; while her simple piety rendered her as a friend inestimable. That she had remained single, was a subject of surprise to all who knew not that she had lost the lover of her youth in action, and had vowed eternal fidelity to his memory. This early trial it was which had brought her to the foot of the cross, and, through God's sanctifying grace, had proved the richest blessing, as it taught her the uncertainty of all earthly things, and that to be really happy, she must garner up her treasure in Heaven. She was devotedly attached to her brother, who pretended to hold her opinions and wisdom rather lightly, although he rarely acted without consulting them: the most beautiful part of Miss Grosvenor's character was her perfect charity towards the faults and failings of her neighbours, always looking at the bright and favourable side, and viewing the darker shades in

piety and in silence. "How can we see into the heart," she would say, "or know the motives which lead to this or that doubtful action? to God alone all are accountable; let him be the judge of others, while we only judge ourselves." Known to possess such sentiments as these, none dared to repeat to her the envenomed tale of scandal, the unkind, uncharitable surmise; consequently she lived in happy ignorance of all the little envies, jealousies and bickerings that disquieted the neighbourhood, and thought every one good, because she wished them to be so. Emmeline had often wished to become intimately acquainted with this estimable lady; but the distance between Dovecot and the Parsonage, and neither having any carriage, had hitherto precluded more than an occasional visit, or the kindly greetings on the Sabbath, at the church door. When the summons, however, from Miss Milman to her brother, reached her ears, Miss Grosvenor hastened to accompany him to the house of sorrow, to sympathise where she could not heal, and to offer those consolations, from the word of God, which she had found so precious in the hour of need herself. Miss Milman was in a high state of fever, on their arrival, from having been unable to obtain any sleep,—and poor Emmeline the very image of woe. It seemed a relief to her to see Mr. Grosvenor and his sister, who addressed her in accents of extreme kindness and affection, bidding her look forward with hope and confidence, for that God could not err in his intentions towards her; that they must be for her real good, come in whatever