

All things had been arranged by Emile with the greatest consideration for my feelings. There was one shock, however, which he could not avert; and it became his painful duty to tell me, that I must leave the parsonage house; the home where I had first been amiable of kindness; where my sister Lillah and I had played together in our childhood.

It had been entirely owing to the delicacy and solicitude of Emile, and to his representations of my sister's illness, that we had been allowed to remain there so long. But as there was no further plea for my continuance, and the clergyman who succeeded my father had politely expressed his desire to take possession, I necessarily prepared for a task, which seemed at the time to me more difficult than any of the melancholy duties I had lately been called to perform.

I was left with a very slender income; yet my wants were also proportionally small; for I was alone—alone without being bound by the ties of relationship or affection to any being upon earth, except one.

Emile was particularly anxious to consult my choice, as to the place of my future residence. Of course I preferred remaining in my native village, for where else could I go? The poor people here, I thought, will be kind to me, for the sake of former services; and every Sunday I shall hear him preach; and, perhaps, that will do me good.

There was one house in the village which seemed exactly suited to my circumstances, and only one. It had been lately built; was of red brick; and perfectly square; standing near the public road, from which it was separated by a row of white paling, and a little space of what the owner called garden ground, containing a bush of rosemary, a wallflower, and some coarse grass. The house was entered by three plain stone steps, exactly the width of the door, which was green, and narrow, and level with the wall. The passage, was narrow too, and straight through the house, opening at the other end by a similar door, into a continuation of the same enclosure, still called a garden, and at that time planted with potatoes. On each side of the narrow passage, were doors exactly opposite each other, leading into two square parlours, exactly alike, with the recesses beside the fire-places, filled up with cupboards, that were painted a bluish white. It was advertised as a convenient and elegant residence, and ranked next to the parsonage house, and the mansion of the squire.

I ought to have been satisfied; and yet, when I first went with Emile to see it, I felt so sick at heart, that I sat down and burst into tears.

He continued kindly repeating, that furniture made all the difference—that my harp could stand here; my sofa there—that this was a good light for painting, and that would be a snug corner for a winter's evening; and yet, with all his benevolent efforts, he could not reconcile me to my fate.

"It is of no consequence," said I at last. "It is but like the whole of my future life. The house is good enough for me. I only wish it was a grave."

Emile took up my words. He spoke to me kindly as a Christian friend ought to speak. He thought it was nothing but the natural grief of a daughter, and a sister, that weighed upon my soul. He did not then know the total estrangement of that soul from all the sources of consolation, by which he was sustained.

The day arrived on which I must actually take leave of the parsonage, as my home, for ever. Emile had busied himself, even with the arrangement of my furniture, so anxious was he to spare me any painful effort, and to make my new abode look capable of cheerfulness, and comfort; and I began almost to think, that when the curtains were let down, and a cheerful fire was blazing, the little parlour might not be altogether horrible; but of course, this could only be when he came to spend his evenings with me, as I doubted not he often would.

The day arrived when I was to leave the keys of all the doors of the parsonage behind me; to look my last into my father's study; and to tread, for the last time in my life, along the passage to his chamber, where it seemed to me, that I still heard the light step of my sister Lillah.

If I were to study how to picture in one scene, all that imagination conjures up, and all that heart-warmed recollections embody in our national word—home, it would be a representation of that old parsonage, within and without; its carved oak, its deep recesses, its wide bow-windows, embowered in wreathing plants; and then the garden, with the beds of flowers that my father and Lillah loved so much; the green walk behind the yew-trees, leading to the church the old steeple, clothed with ivy, gleaming out amongst

the elms; and the path to the porch, on which my father never would allow a weed to grow—all enclosed together, like a tower of beauty, and shut in from the public road by a neatly-clipped hedge, through which the same gate, open ever to the needy and the poor, led both to the church and to the pastor's door. Oh, was it not a scene to wring the heart of a lonely wretch like me, as I stood outside the gate, leaning my arm upon it, looking towards my home, and knowing that I never more should call it mine!

I wished at that moment that I had chosen another land, another nation, for my residence. But then, how should I have seen Emile?—and to dwell near him; to see him every day; to hear him speak to me; to know when he was ill, or if any thing affected him in mind or body—were the only things that reconciled me to life.

My servant, who waited for me, and who held beneath her arm her own little store of worldly wealth, awoke me from my long reverie, by observing, in the language of her own simple thoughts, that we were leaving the door of the new house a long time open, and that perhaps some idle persons might be tempted to go in.

Happy girl! How I envied the heart that had nothing to trouble its repose, but the safety of another person's household goods.

(To be continued.)

John B. Gough.

We copy from that excellent temperance paper, the *White Mountain Torrent*, the following graphic editorial sketch of incidents in the life of Gough, the popular temperance advocate.

The eloquent young champion of temperance, now about thirty years of age, is a native of England. It is not our object at this time to detail particularly the history of one over whose life has passed the sunshine and the shade, but to sketch very briefly some incidents in his career of mournful interest in connection with his glorious rescue from the world's great foe. So prominent a place does he now hold in the public mind—with such affectionate solicitude is he regarded by the friends of humanity, that a few words in respect to him may not be inappropriate or unwelcome.

John B. Gough came to this country a penniless wanderer while yet a mere boy. His mother and sister soon joined him in New York, where they all passed many days and weeks in the most abject destitution. That mother soon passed away from her bitter lot—and was buried by stranger hands in Potter's Field. He and his sister were the only mourners—then friendless and homeless orphans. But many a time they strayed away to their mother's grave when there was no eye to see or to pity, and poured out their tears of affection over the resting place of their only earthly counsellor and guide. Unprotected and uncared for, John at length acquired habits of dissipation. The career of vice around him was too strong for his buoyant spirit. It swept on like a merciless tide and bore him down as it had multitudes before—as it is yet sweeping down the noblest among us.

In the meantime, and ere he had entirely bowed the loftiness of his youthful manhood to the tyrant sin, he married a beautiful girl. How radiant might life have been—what a union of bliss might have been theirs. But it was destined to be brief—a weary hour of bitterness and woe to that devoted young wife. Her burdened and trembling spirit sunk under the weight of accumulated, yet unuttered sorrow. She passed away from earth in the morning of her existence, leaving her young husband an erring sufferer—a forsaken outcast in the world, with its blight and its canker gathering upon his heart. With what poignant feeling has he since alluded to that hour of despairing grief when

"Sally his wife bowed her beautiful head."

The "Inebriates' Lament"—written by him since his reformation—mirrors his past degradation with painful vividness, and conceals a tone of suppressed melancholy such as is seldom breathed from human lips. With what affecting tenderness his memory clings to the image of his early love, while he commemorates the fidelity of her affection, and how long, unwearied but unavailing struggles to win him back to virtue. Nothing can be more tender or touching.

"She was an angel—my love and my guide—
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried,
Poor broken heart! it was well that she died."