

changed, for, instead of being conspicuous for uncontrollable gaiety and exuberant playfulness, his character was chastened into solemnity while it was elevated by suffering; and in his intercourse with the world, he was remarkable for his considerate kindness and his habitual cheerfulness.

But time wore on—at the expiration of one year, his child, accompanied by its nurse, became inmates of the Rectory. Joyfully did he behold the unfolding beauties of his darling; patiently did he watch her youth, while he fondly participated in her infantine sports—and the young thing grew so like her mother! the lustrous eyes which in the parent so fondly looked on him in all the eloquence of requited love, appeared to be transferred to, and reflected in the laughing merry orbs of the fair young child; then, too, it had inherited its mother's dimple, around whose pretty dell the circling laughter appeared to linger, even when the music of her mirth had ceased.

The child, too, slept upon her father's arm; it was her mother's custom, and her father liked it well; and with the very dawn of morn the fair young cherub would awake, and with a thousand strange contrivances rouse her parent for the morning's romp; and her rosy glowing cheeks might have impressed one with the idea that the pretty prattler had bathed with Aurora in a vermillion cloud, and dyed her face with a sunbeam.

In the companionship of this child the Rector's grief became more supportable, and his gratitude was hourly increased to Him who gives and takes away, that He had not left him wholly desolate. He never thought of marrying again, for he felt that love, like life, has no second spring, and that he could have no interest in another like that which he cherished towards her whom he had loved in the dew of his youth; and besides, he found himself daily more and more wedded to the church of which he was a minister.

The Rector's daughter grew into womanhood, and she was the joy and delight of her father's heart. She married—having first obtained her father's consent and blessing; but her husband, who was the junior partner in a West India firm, had rather unexpectedly to repair to Jamaica, to see after some of the plantations in which the house was interested. Soon after his arrival in Kingston, his wife had a daughter, whom she named Annie. In somewhat less than ten years more, and within a few months of the period appointed for their return to England, her husband was suddenly seized with tropical fever, of which he died in a few days. The shock which the sad event occasioned his wife was extremely disastrous. Her state of health was extremely delicate, and the consequence was, that

premature illness immediately followed, from which it can scarcely be said she ever recovered. No time, however, was to be lost; her early return to England was recommended, and her own anxiety to join her father once more, tended to facilitate the period of her departure. At length, with her child for her companion, she sailed for England; but she never recovered from the effects of the blow which fell upon her in her weakness. It was thought, indeed, that the breezes of the Atlantic would invigorate her, but alas! they seemed to avail nothing; it may be that they were paralyzed when they encountered the succession of sighs which appeared to constitute the breath of the desolate widow—they could not reach her heart, or expel the atmosphere of grief with which it was pervaded.

But she arrived at the old Parsonage in time to receive her father's loving welcome—to listen to his blessing upon herself and her little one, and to die content in the assurance that he would care for her fatherless child.

Twenty-one years had elapsed since the grave which contained his wife was closed; now it was again to be opened, and the dead ones to embrace each other—the daughter was to return to her mother's companionship.

The absence of his daughter for a period of so many years proved a great blessing to her father, for it had a tendency to mitigate the severity of the loss, and the introduction into his family of a little child of ten years of age, enabled him to find some consolation in the trying and afflicting circumstances in which he was placed.

The Rector, as he gazed upon little Annie, was not altogether unimpressed with a feeling of wonder, that God should thus have appointed him on two occasions to the office of tutor and guardian of children, and yet he could not wonder that He who had so tenderly committed children to the care of his ministers, should also desire that those who were commissioned to "find the Lambs," should possess themselves of the faculty of finding them after the manner of Him who carried them in his bosom when they were weary, and who won them by his love when they wandered. It is not unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that the Rev. Mr. Austin, who, as a young man, possessed a temper somewhat impetuous, and a will somewhat imperious, was not only humbled by sorrow and bereavement, but he was also disciplined by a knowledge of the helplessness and waywardness of those little ones when they had been left to his care, and upon whom he lavished his love; and who can tell but that those tendrils of a pure and holy affection, which, originating in the child, spring upwards till they