

to imagine stood in no chance of diminution or change! She could not dwell on the certainty of a removal from a spot endeared to her by so many delightful reminiscences, without feelings of the bitterest sorrow: she had also another powerful cause for regret; the principal means of their support would cease to exist, whenever Mr. Montague resigned his duties in the Church: fortunately, they had been prudent in prosperity, and had never suffered their expences to equal their income, so that they possessed sufficient means to preclude any immediate inconvenience from so unexpected a stroke of adversity.

At this period a mania for emigration was raging in England; thousands were flocking to the new world, as the soldier would say, "to better their condition." Mr. Montague had not entirely escaped its influence; his prospects in his native land had been blighted by an act of cruel tyranny and injustice from one who in all probability would seek every opportunity to annoy and distress him. The young Baronet had evinced so rancorous and malignant a spirit, that, with his rank and power, there was no doubt, he thought, but at some period or other, the demon of mischief would again rise to destroy his tranquillity and repose. He now felt himself totally destitute of interest or patronage.

A curacy was the extent of his prospects, and that he knew to be inadequate to the support of his family. In addition to a competent knowledge of theology, and classical acquirements, Mr. Montague was master of several of the modern languages; his residence in Italy, like Emma's, had been profitably employed. He thought, therefore, that in the United States, these combined advantages would be the means of introducing him to a living in the Episcopal Church, and would enable him to support his family with that respectability and comfort to which they had been accustomed, and which he feared he should have difficulty in accomplishing in England. With these imaginary views, in the following spring, Emma, with her husband, accompanied by Margaret and her two darling children, bid adieu to their native land, and from London embarked in a packet ship for New York.

They experienced the usual varieties of weather, foul and fair, with genial zephyrs, and prosperous gales, an occasional storm, and then a calm—nor were they exempt from the uncongeniality and discomfort of an Atlantic passage, its weariness and sameness, with the consequent eagerness in search of every trifle to relieve and divert them. The first glimpse they had of trans-Atlantic land, filled them with delight. As they entered the bay of New York, they thought they had never witnessed a scene more picturesquely beautiful, or more animating to the spirits; the day was divinely bright, the sun shone in all its richness, diffusing its lustre over the various little islands crowned with batteries which

seem to rise out of the waters. The Bay was crowded with shipping of every size and description, the colours of every country flying at their masts' head, affording ocular demonstration of the extensive commercial intercourse held by New York with all the world.

Sorel, Canada East, June, 1842.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ECHO.

Hark! hark! the soft bugle sounds over the wood,
And thrills in the silence of even;
'Till faint and more faint, in the far solitude,
It dies on the portals of heaven!
But echo springs up from her home in the rock
And seizes the perishing strain;
And sends the gay challenge with shadowy mock
From mountain to mountain again,
And again!
From mountain to mountain again.

Oh! thus let my love, like a sound of delight,
Be around thee while shines the glad day,
And leave thee unpaired in the silence of night,
And die like sweet music away.
While Hope, with her warm light, thy glancing eye
fills,
Oh! say, "Like that echoing strain,—
Though the sound of his love has died over the hills,
It will waken in heaven again,"
And again!
It will waken in heaven again!

SELF ADVICE.

FROM CHABOT, ADMIRAL OF FRANCE—A TRAGEDY, BY J. SHIRLEY, 1639.

—another's knowledge,
Applied to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge how to inform acts.
The sun's rich radiance shot through waves most
fair,
Is but a shadow to his beams i'th' air;
His beams that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flame in fire;
In fire his fervor but in vapor flies
To what his own pure bosom rarifies.
And the Almighty wisdom having given
Each man within himself an apter light
To guide his acts than any light without him,
(Creating nothing, not in all things equal.)
It seems a fault in any that depend
On others' knowledge, and exile their own.

SCHOLARS.

SCHOLARS are frequently to be met with, who are ignorant of nothing—saying their own ignorance.—
Zimmerman.