

and long and varied were the tales Margaret had to unfold; but her greatest joy was in knowing that the dear children, whom she so fondly loved, had found a protector in one who possessed both means and inclination to become their friend.

Arrangements were now made for the party to return to Europe. While the bustle of packing and preparation was going forward, the two travellers proceeded on their original intended route, to visit the Falls of Niagara. They proposed that Edwin and Emma should become their companions in an excursion so interesting to all travellers in the New World; but the offer, which, at another period, would have been delightful to them, was now affectionately declined. They could not think of leaving their dear Margaret to indulge in grief alone; nor did they feel an inclination to quit a spot so sacred to their feelings, and which contained the relics of those, who, in their lives, had been so truly dear to them. At the setting of every sun, while they remained in the Province, Edwin and Emma might be seen kneeling by the retired graves of their parents, devoutly offering up the pious petitions and grateful acknowledgments to that God, who had so mercifully sent them a protector. An iron fence had been placed around the tomb, and many hours had been devoted by these two affectionate children in transplanting within the paling, the choicest flowers of their little garden, many of which had been watered by their tears. Often were their pious labours watched by the tearful eyes of their neighbours. Among the number might be seen the old man, who had first communicated their tale of woe to the strangers. Upon their leaving the township, Edwin placed in his hands, a sum of money, with a promise to repeat it annually, on condition that he would keep in good order the shrubs and plants that encircled the sepulchre of his parents. The order has been punctually obeyed, and many an eye has filled with tears, as it rested to behold the blossoming flowers, and listened to the history of the parents' grave.

The orphans reached their native land in safety. Every day rendered them more dearly interesting to their kind uncle, with whom they resided. Margaret, by her own wish, returned to her former residence, "the cottage," which had become vacant. Edwin and Emma were unremittingly kind to her, and frequently made her long visits, accompanied by their uncle, who experienced a pleasing solace in occasionally paying tribute to the sacred spot which had been the scene of his sister's trials, and where she now rested.

The young Baronet, soon after his accession to his title and fortune, quitted the army, and pursued a course of dissipation and extravagance, which quickly hurled him on to ruin. In a few short years, gambling, and other vices brought him to the King's Bench, where, in a most melancholy manner,

he terminated his existence. His estates were sold by auction, and purchased by the uncle of Edwin and Emma, who now inhabited the late Sir Lionel's beautiful place at W—, where they were respected and beloved by the whole neighbourhood. The orphans subsequently enjoyed the immense wealth of their uncle, which they consider to be a talent entrusted to their charge, and for which they must ultimately render an account; they prove themselves to be faithful stewards to their trust, which they employ in the way they believe to be most acceptable to their Great Master. Emma's children are now both happily married, and daily prove the advantages they have derived from a religious education, and from the pious example of their excellent parents.

THE SPIRITS' GATHERING.

BY G. W. ROBBINS.

THEY are gathering proudly round me,
The spirits of the brave,
From all earth's fields of glory,
And many a storied wave.
Of every age and nation,
The sons of every clime,
Who've twined the deathless laurel
Around the brow of time.

No banner floats above them,
No warlike shout is there;
They march, as march the stately stars,
Through pathless fields of air.
What charm hath broke the sternness
Of your long and deep repose,
Where the warrior's arm forgot at length
To grapple with his foes?

The war-cloud burst above ye,
Unheeded in its wrath;
The car of triumph rushed along,
Ye dreamed not of its path!
Why bide ye not the spirits' trump?
'Twill shake the earth and sea,
And all the armies of the dead,
Shall hear that *réveillé*.

BENEVOLENCE.

NARROW is that man's soul, which the good of himself, or of his own relations and friends, can fill: but he, who, with a benevolence, warm as the heat of the sun, and diffusive of its light, takes in all mankind, and is sincerely glad to see poverty, whether in friend or foe, relieved, and worth cherished, marks the merit of all the good that is done in the world his own, by the complacency which he takes in seeing or hearing it done.—Anon.