

its tears? These inquiries were readily answered. A blooming maiden, clad in deep mourning, followed the old pilgrim's footsteps. She was no sooner seated than she received the lovely infant to her arms, and bending, as if to escape observation, pressed it to her lips; and then her eye gazed intently upon its playful features, and her soul grew enraptured by its smiles. Though deeply interested with the discourse which followed, I could not forbear, occasionally, to survey the countenances of that lovely and interesting group. Never did mother's countenance more vividly represent maternal tenderness, nor helpless infancy more clearly portray filial dependence, contentment, and affection. I had often seen the triumphs of a sister's love—I had often witnessed and experienced a mother's unfailing, intense attachment, but never before had I beheld the blended influences of a sister's and a mother's love. What, thought I, will be the affection of this pair, should Providence spare them till the infant ripens into manhood?

The sermon being ended, the candidates for baptism were invited to come forward. The first who stepped within the altar was the aged patriarch, bearing his infant boy, and followed by his lovely daughter, who, instead of the mother, stood at the baptismal font. I involuntarily recurred to the mountain of Moriah, and thought of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, and then my imagination advanced a little, and painted the sister of Moses, watching her brother in the bulrushes; but the real exceeded the beauty of the imaginary picture.

I had seen woman, lovely woman, at the hour of danger, and on the day of trial—I had witnessed her at the cradle of her first-born, in the chamber of the sick, and by the pillow of the dying—I had attended her as she followed the departed partner of her bosom