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LIBERIA HERALD.

ORIGINAL.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"He that sits above,
In his calm glory, will forgive the love
His creatures bear each other, even if blent
With a vain worship."—MRS. HEMANS

"ABOUT ten years ago," said my friend, Mrs. B——, "my physicians having recommended a long sea-voyage as the most probable cure for an attack of bronchitis, my husband, who was then engaged in mercantile pursuits, fitted up a ship which he was about freighting for Calcutta, and resolved to accompany me to India. If I were to relate all my impressions during my absence, I might fill a volume, but I will content myself with narrating a single incident which occurred on our return, and which has impressed itself on my memory too deeply to be effaced by the finger of time. When we arrived at Calcutta, my health was quite restored, and we therefore made but little delay there, as I was anxious to return to my mother, whose advanced age had forbidden her to become my companion. My husband soon disposed of the valuable cargo he had brought out, and a homeward freight having been procured, we prepared to leave Calcutta. The day before the ship was to sail, a gentleman, who announced himself as an American missionary, waited upon Mr. B., with a request that a passage might be afforded to his wife and child. As the cabin was not large, and had been appropriated solely to my use, my husband hesitated to reply till I should have been consulted, and therefore requested the gentleman to call at our abode in the afternoon. As soon as I heard of the application, however, I begged that they might be informed of my willingness to accommodate them, and I felt no small degree of pleasure in the thought of having a female companion during our long and tedious voyage.

"Early in the evening of the same day, he called on me with his wife, to express their thanks. I was exceedingly struck with the great contrast that existed between the two. The missionary was a tall, gaunt man, of some fifty years of age, with a countenance as inflexible as if moulded in iron; his hair was quite white, but thick and wiry, bristling up from his deeply-furrowed forehead as if to contrast still more strongly with his bronzed complexion. His manners were cold and stern, when I looked on him I was involuntarily reminded of one of the blasted pine trees—'wrecks of a single winter,' which sometimes rear their blighted heads amid the bright scenery of our beautiful country. His wife was one of the most delicate women, in appearance, that I have ever seen. Her age seemed not to exceed twenty years; indeed, her diminutive figure and innocent countenance, made her seem even younger. Her manner was characterized by timid gentleness, and I soon saw that she looked up to her husband with a feeling of awe, almost approaching to fear. His mode of addressing her was cold, almost rude, and her submissive meekness seemed quite unnoticed, certainly unappreciated. Our interview was not a long one, and when we parted, I could not help wondering how the surface could ever appear so indurate where the genial warmth of gospel truth had penetrated the soil of the heart.

"The next morning I was early on board the ship, and we only waited the arrival of our new passengers to set sail. They came at length, hurrying with them a pale but bright-eyed child, about four years of age. The missionary silently superintended the little arrangements necessary to their comfort, and, to my watchful eye, seemed anxiously striving to preserve the stoicism which he, perhaps, deemed a duty. He scarcely approached his weeping wife, and seemed as if about to return to the shore without exchanging a syllable with her, when she suddenly sprang forward as if to throw herself on his bosom. Whether her habitual awe overcame her, I know not, but before she reached his arms, she fell at his feet on the deck. The frame of the strong man shook with suppressed emotion as he bent and raised her to his breast. 'God bless you, Ellen,' said he, 'God bless you, and may He forgive me this bitter regret!' She raised her head and looked at him with a bewildered expression, as if she doubted whether she understood him, but the moment of softness passed away: he loosed his clasp of her slender form, and scarcely touching his lips to her forehead, turned towards his child. A second time I saw an indefinable expression of mingled anguish and remorse pass over his face, as if he reproached himself for the strength of his own affections but the love of the father overcame him, and bending on one knee beside the child, he buried his face in her bright curls, and wept like an infant. It was a fearful thing to see that iron frame shaken with sobs, and that stern countenance bowed before the weakness of a babe. A few brief moments passed, and ere the spectators of the scene could dash the tear-drops from their eyes, the missionary's boat was cutting the waves towards the shore. He never turned his head towards the ship, and though we could observe the oars-men directing his attention to our waving handkerchiefs, he remained immoveable.

"For several days Mrs. Warrender remained in her berth, too ill and too much depressed in spirits to be our companion. But her little girl, delighted with the novelty of her situation, was not to be restrained by her mother's illness. She soon crept to my side, and I welcomed her with sufficient warmth to induce her to repeat her visit, so that by the time Mrs. Warrender made her appearance in the cabin, I had already secured a fast friend in the little Lydia. She was a child of very lovely character. Ardent and impetuous in all her feelings, she had the affectionate disposition which always belongs to such a temperament. To harsh reproof, she was unmoveably haughty and inflexible, but to kind remonstrance, she was as yielding and submissive as a lamb. Possessed of great intelligence and extreme personal beauty, she soon became a general favorite. Every one in the ship loved her, and it was pleasant to notice the softened voice and merry smile with which the rudest sailor would take her on his knee and tell her a droll story, or sing her a nautical ballad. She had a remarkably happy temper, nothing seemed to fret her; life was perpetual summer to her, because her sunshine was the reflection of a pure and happy spirit.

"Mrs. Warrender was as I soon found seriously ill. Her cough was very severe, and my own opinion was, that consumption had already marked her for the grave. I was too much interested in her to remain long a stranger, and her gentle nature soon acknowledged the claims of kindness. She was one of those timid creatures who constantly require a support. She seemed to want some firmer character on which to depend; some one who might draw forth her confidence, and repay it with sympathy. Had she been called to mingle much in society, this very peculiarity might have made her indiscreet, but in her present circumstances, it only added to the graceful tenderness of her manner. It was not long before she confided to me her simple story. Many of the details, however, which enabled me fully to comprehend her history I learned in after times, from a member of her own family. These I shall combine in one connected sketch, so as to enable you to understand at once that which it cost me many weeks to decipher.

"Ellen Talbot was the daughter of one who was enthusiastically devoted to the missionary cause. He had frequently expressed his regret that his conviction of the importance of the cause had come so late in life that his duties as a husband and father forbade him to take up the Cross and travel into the wastes of Heathen darkness. From her earliest childhood, Ellen had been accustomed to hear her father avow his determination to educate his sons for missionaries, and his daughters for wives to such heralds of the gospel. She had learned to think that such was her vocation, long before girls usually form plans for futurity, and the romance which belongs in a greater or less degree to the character of every woman, in her, assumed the flattering guise of self-devotedness. Her piety was sincere, her faith undoubting, but she gave herself up to a life of hardship with the same kind of feeling which in other lands, induces the followers of another creed to sacrifice themselves to the cloister. Hers was not a clear conviction of duty, such as should alone influence the missionary to set himself to his great task. It was a fervid dream of romantic self-devotion; a girlish zeal to make a great sacrifice of personal advantages.

"Far be it from me to rebuke the fervor of the missionary. The woman who, strong in the conviction of duty, and relying on the promise that, 'as her day is, so shall her strength be,' abandons the refinements of civilized society and the endearments of home, to traverse the desert in the cause of Christ, is indeed a light set on a hill which cannot be hid'. If ever the nations of the earth are to be gathered into one fold—if ever the islands of the far seas are to sing the praises of Redeeming love, it will be through the influence of the weaker no less than the harder sex. The arm of man may wield the lightnings of gospel truth—the tongue of man utter the thunders of gospel eloquence, but it is the hand of woman which must drop the manna of Christian charity over the trackless wilderness of Heathenism. Yet she must not be led forward by the ignis fatuus of a romantic temper—a will o'the wisp, engendered by the vapors of a heated imagination. She must be urged to her high task by a clear sense of duty—Religion must be the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, to guide her steps—she must have fortitude to suffer, as well as energy to act, and above all, her dependence must be not upon an arm of flesh, but upon the God of her fathers, whose work she has undertaken to do.

"Such was not the case with Ellen Talbot. Sincere, but misjudging, her home seemed to her quite too limited a sphere, and measuring her duties rather by her zeal than her capacities, she forgot that God never placed mortals in a field so narrow that it may not be sown with good seed and give back a rich harvest.

"She was about sixteen when she first met with Mr. Warrender. Her father's well-known piety rendered his house a favorite resort for Christians of all denominations especially those engaged in missions, and among others, Mr. Warrender came to spend a few weeks with him previous to departing for India. He was a widower, of perhaps forty-five years of age, cold, stately, even stern in his manner, and ascetic in all his habits. He was well aware of the need of woman's gentle ministry to aid him in his toilsome task, and Ellen's zeal in the cause her gentleness of deportment, and her extreme youth, which he deemed would enable her to acquire the language of the country with great facility were his inducements to select her. Of mere earthly affection he did not dream. His heart, like the lava of Vesuvius, had hardened over the ashes of his early love, and no second city of the affections could ever now arise upon the indurated soil.

"In youth, he had possessed very strong passions, & his whole life had been a struggle between right and wrong. At an early age he had formed an attachment to a lady several years his senior, and this passion soon swallowed up all the rest. Yet, even the sweetest founts of tenderness became, in his bosom, like the bitter waters of Marah. The object of his affection, a high-minded, noble-hearted woman, had sacrificed all her worldly prospects to wed the humble missionary, and in the endeavor to repay her for such love, he gave his heart up to the most idolatrous worship of her. 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me,' was the awful command upon Mount Sinai, and fearfully was the denunciation against idolatry brought home to the unhappy man. After eight years of wedded happiness, and partially successful labors among the western Indians, he one day returned from a visit of duty into the interior of the country, only to find his log cabin a heap of ruins, and to rake from its smouldering ashes the bones of his wife and little ones. A brother missionary had accompanied him on his return, and through his care, Mr. Warrender was brought back to civilized life, but many months elapsed after this dreadful calamity, ere his mind recovered its healthy tone. When he reappeared to resume his missionary labors, every one noticed the change that had taken place in him. From an ardent, impetuous, affectionate pleader with souls, he had now become cold in manner, rigid in principle, severe in admonition, and apparently, unmoved by the ordinary affections of humanity.

"Such was the husband of the timid, sensitive girl, who had lived but in the atmosphere of kindness and who was now to wither like a delicate exotic transplanted to a wintry clime. It is strange to observe how different are the results which a vivifying sense of religion produces in different hearts. If I might compare the internal with the external world, I should say it is like a tropical sun, in some places softening the soil and bringing forth fruit and flowers in rich profusion, while in others, it hardens the rock even while it is maturing the rich gems which lie within earth's bosom. Ellen's religion was one of love, her husband's seemed more allied to fear. To her, the enjoyment of God's gifts seemed an acceptable homage to His bounty—to her husband, it seemed a species of sacrilege. In her innocent gladness of temper, she looked upon this world as a scene of probation, where earth's pleasures were to be proved no less than its sufferings—while he regarded it a place cursed for the disobedience of man, whose delights were as so many poisonous plants, deadly to the soul. The tenderness which he felt growing up in his heart towards his wife and daughter, startled him from his fancied security against earthly enjoyments, and he

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