

the pond in the wood, the last scene of her father's tragedy! had gathered one of the water lilies that floated upon its peaceful surface—to keep as a memorial of his melancholy fate. She had turned from the gloomy spot, and knelt by his lowly grave, had pressed the turf that wrapped the mouldering forms of her unhappy parents, to her lips; and moistened it with her tears, entwining a few white daisies that decked the sod with the queen-like lily, to be hoarded as treasures of the heart, when far away.

Poor simple Rose, she wandered like one in a dream, scarcely able to comprehend the astounding truth, that she must that very day bid adieu to the dear little cottage, and the heath-covered moor, to her innocent playmates, the lambs, and the domestic pets, that came at her call, and fed from her hand. Her life, until a few days past, had been like a balmy spring day, all light and joy. The cherished darling of one fond heart, she had never been thwarted or vexed—no harsh word had ever wounded her ear, or dulled her heart; she had been ruled by the law of kindness, and was in blissful ignorance of the world and its crooked and deceitful ways. The child of nature finds the highest mental gratification in the contemplation of natural objects. A beautiful sympathy exists between the uncontaminated mind, and the works of God, producing that delightful harmony which springs from confidence and love. To such young, pure beings, the world still remains the paradise which it appeared to our first parents, and the choral voice of Nature sounds like the hymn of the Seraphim around the throne of God.

Poor Rose gazed upon the rural landscape around her, with overflowing eyes. It had been her world; she had never known any other, and oh! how intensely she loved it. What agony it was to part, to leave it perhaps, forever, behind. But the dreaded hour came too soon. She felt the last passionate clasp of Jane Redgrave's hand, the warm tears that fell upon her cheek, and deep, deep into her heart sank her last blessing as she breathed into her ear her heart-broken adieu. The horses bounded forward, and Rose Sternfield beheld the home of her childhood no more.

CHAPTER V.

Ah, beauteous earth! thou can'st but claim thine own—
The soul is not of thee. The breathing form
Living and loving, modelled by a God,
And reared upon thy breast—ere long must sink
Back to the silent dust from whence it sprang.
But the Eternal shall survive when thou
Art lost for ever in the void of space.

WE will leave Jane Redgrave, sorrowful and lonely, to bewail in solitude the loss of her dar-

ling child, and follow Rose on her travels, to witness her first introduction to her wealthy relatives. For several miles she never lifted her head from the handkerchief in which she had shrouded her young face, in order to conceal her tears from Mrs. Dunstanville. The old lady, who was a good kind woman, perfectly understood the state of her mind, and for a while let her weep on, without addressing to her a word of common-place condolence, or unkind censure.

"It is natural," she thought, "that a young unsophisticated creature like her, should be grieved at parting with her only friend; let the heart have its own way, the world will too soon rob her of these fine feelings, and teach her its first lesson—the selfish apathy, which may truly be termed, a living death."

When they stopped to dine at Bury St. Edmunds, the old lady called the attention of her silent companion to the beautiful ruins, which add such an intense local interest to the place.

Wiled out of her sorrow, by the imposing grandeur of a scene so new to her, Rose dried up her tears, and accepted Mrs. Dunstanville's invitation to take a walk whilst the dinner was preparing, and examine the noble, monastic gateways nearer. After a delightful ramble of an hour, Rose returned highly amused with all she had seen, while her natural observations pleased Mrs. Dunstanville, and put her into excellent spirits. Rose shed no more tears that evening, and when they retired to rest for the night, she could dwell upon the home she had left, with a serene, quiet melancholy, which was far from painful.

The next day their journey lay through a beautiful pastoral country, and Rose, keenly alive to the rural charms of a pastoral life, entered heart and soul into the delicious and invigorating excitement of travel. Exclamations of enthusiastic rapture burst from her lips at every turning of the road, and when at length the carriage swept into a lofty avenue of trees, flanked at each side of its entrance by stately columns, and a porter's lodge of elegant and classical construction, her delight appeared to have reached its climax.

"Is this charming place your residence, Madam?"

"Oh, no!" said the old lady, laughing. "It is the abode of one of my servants."

"How I should like to live in such a lovely cottage."

"You must not prefer the kitchen to the drawing-room," returned the old lady. "You must learn to forget that you have acted in a lower capacity, and by imitating in a natural