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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER VIII.

By nature kindred—Fortune made us foes,
But love, in pity, wooed us to his side,
And triumphed over destiny.

Mrs. STERNFIELD received few visitors, yet her religion was not of a morose or selfish character. She did not behold a foe to God in every one who differed from herself; but, with true benevolence, recognized friends in all who named the name of Christ in sincerity. She did not think it expedient for Rosamond to be introduced into general society at her tender years, or to leave her useful studies to mingle in the crowded scenes, and heated atmosphere, of fashionable life.

"Ah!" she said to her nephew, Arthur Walbrook, "let the dear child retain as long as she can, her artless, ingenuous manners, her simplicity and purity of heart. A mind like hers, strengthened and trained in the school of virtue, is not easily turned away from the narrow path of duty. Save her as long as you can, from the shoals and quicksands of pride and vanity, on which I made shipwreck of my peace."

Marianne Morton grumbled sadly at the secluded manner in which they lived. She had hoped that the arrival of the blooming young heiress would have made a great alteration in their domestic arrangements—that invitations would have poured in upon them, and that her aunt would have given parties in return, in honor of her whom she termed the "lost sheep." The invitations came, but were politely declined by the old lady, on the plea that her grand-daughter was too young, and was yet engaged in her studies; and beyond a few old and tried friends,

who came when they pleased, without a formal invitation, the handsome mansion was as solitary as the old hall in the country.

After the studies of the morning were ended, Rosamond and her cousin always took an airing in the carriage with Mr. Walbrook, visiting the public buildings, the galleries of art, attending the lectures of scientific men of note, and examining all that was worthy of admiration and attention in the great city. To Rosamond, this mode of combining amusement and instruction was most delightful; and she never returned from these places of public resort, without receiving additional knowledge, and adding to her stock of ideas.

"We learn more from things than from books," she would say, "by hearing men talk, than by reading their thoughts on paper. In listening to Mr. Buckenham's lecture to-day, on Egypt, I seemed to be present with him on every spot he described; so truthfully and eloquently he painted every scene, that I walked with him through the streets of Rosetta, and Grand Cairo, and am as well acquainted with Constantinople and the Turks, as if I had been travelling with him through the land of nature's gentlemen."

"Well, I must own," said Marianne, leaning back in her seat in the carriage, "that a good ball would please me a thousand times more than the most eloquent lecture from these learned Athenians. Like Gallo, I care for none of these things. Women were not made for thinking, but pleasing; the fashionable man of the world cannot have a greater horror of a blue than I have. Heaven defend us from a scientific professor in petticoats."

* Continued from page 320.