

various means for her conversion, and though no outward miracle was manifested, the effect produced by simple agents, was not less miraculous."

Miss Morton turned away to conceal a yawn, as Rosamond, rising from the table, begged Mr. Walbrook to conduct her to her grandmother.

In the drawing-room she found Mrs. Sternfield, standing before a large oil painting, with the tears still wet upon her cheeks, and her hands clasped tightly together, as if the contemplation of it created in her breast no ordinary degree of interest. The picture represented two fine lads, from seventeen to nineteen years of age, and Rosamond instantly recognized in the bright blue eyes, and dark curling locks of the younger, her own father. His right hand held a gun, his left rested upon the head of a beautiful hound. The animated, speaking glance of the youthful sportsman was so life-like, that Rosamond, forgetting the presence of her aged relative, exclaimed:

"My father!"

"Aye! your father, and my son. God confided these two immortal souls to my care, and I betrayed the awful trust. The elder died by the hand of the younger. And the younger—God only knows his end. I heard that he was dead. What was his fate?"

"It is supposed that he was accidentally drowned," said Rosamond, shuddering, as the awful history of Jane Redgrave rose to her mind. "It is a sad tale, grandmamma. The recital filled me with agony, who never knew him as my father." She paused, and looked anxiously in the pale face of her aged relative. "But how would you bear it?"

"It is a burthen laid upon me by the Lord—a just punishment for my sins, Rosamond; I must bear it as best I may. He who awoke me to a consciousness of my guilt, will give me strength to endure the chastisement of His hand. Much have I longed to know the facts connected with Ardyn's fate, but there was no one to whom I could apply, who was at all acquainted with the last years of his life, and who could satisfy the cravings of my heart. An unfortunate difference had existed between me and Mrs. Dunstanville, and pride forbade me to enquire of one who had been the cause of the painful separation which had taken place between my son and me."

"How was that?" said Rosamond, not a little surprised. "I thought that my aunt was the only friend my father had in his own family."

"My dear child, in all family quarrels there are faults on all sides. I do not wish to extenuate myself in any way, but to be able to judge accurately on any difficult subject, it is necessary to hear what both parties have to advance.

"When I married your father, I was a young giddy creature, just emancipated from the irksome confinement of one of those hot-beds of immorality and folly, a fashionable boarding school. Your grandfather met me at my first public ball, took a fancy to my pretty face, and what he termed elegant manners, and without knowing aught of the mind of the thoughtless young creature that had captivated his fancy, in six weeks led me to the altar to fill the important station of a wife. I was as ignorant of the duties required of me as the infant in the cradle. Your aunt was double my age, and had been married for some years; she possessed over the mind of your grandfather the influence of a mother, more than that of a sister. The only thing in which he had ever failed to consult her was his marriage with me, and from the moment she received me as his bride, she conceived a deep-rooted dislike to me, which I was too proud to attempt to soften. In short, I perceived her aversion, and as I considered it unjust, it was repaid with interest. I had no mother to advise me how to act—my only sister, whom I loved with great tenderness, had made an unfortunate run-away match with the son of one of my father's tenants. She had been discarded by her family, and had gone, no one knew whither, and I was left without a female counsellor, to follow the dictates of my own inclinations. Your aunt treated me in every way as inferior in intellect to herself, and tried to assume the management of my house. This I resisted, and brought upon myself the ill-will of my husband, who, after a while, openly espoused his sister's quarrel. My temper, naturally irritable, became daily worse. I longed to revenge myself upon my persecutors, and the only way in which I could obtain the satisfaction I desired, was by thwarting and contradicting my husband and sister-in-law. This state of things continued until after the birth of my eldest son, whom I received as a treasure sent from heaven, upon whom I could lavish all the slighted affections of my bruised and indignant heart. I openly avowed that he was dearer to me than anything upon earth, which called forth many bitter and satirical remarks from my husband and his sister.

"It is no wonder, Edward," she said, "that Mrs. Sternfield should prefer your son to his father. The child is the picture of herself, and with her usual egotism, she will love it for its mother's sake." My husband answered with a scornful smile.

"If the boy when he grows up, is foolish enough to place any reliance upon her affection, he will be deceived, as I have been."

"Ah! Rosamond, those who accused me of sel-