

"I know it, I know it already! Some one passing through the village, saw thee and knew thee, and came to tell me what thou wast said to be, but I did not believe thee guilty—no, no, dear child, how could I. She a murderess—said I, when I have seen her averse even to kill the bee that stung her. No, no—and I sent him off with his wicked tales."

"Then you will not cast me from you, my best friend," said the poor girl, bursting into a flood of soothing tears, and throwing herself into her arms.

"Never, never." And this was the happiest day that Rosalie had known since her misfortunes. But no reply came from her father; and, though she wrote to him every year for five years successively, she never received any answer. "Well then," said she to her indignant companion, "I will write no more, and try to be contented with knowing I have a parent in *von Madelon*." Still, spite of her habitual trust in Providence, this neglect of a beloved parent had a pernicious effect on her health, and it continued to decline.

The next morning as she was working at her needle, and deeply ruminating on the trying duty which awaited her, while, as I noticed before, the heat of fever, now aided by emotion and anxiety, had restored to her much of her former beauty, by flushing her usually pale cheek with the most brilliant crimson, she heard a manly voice, in the next garden, singing a song which reminded her of her native village, and of her mother—for it was one which she used to sing; nor could she help going to the window to look at the singer. She saw it was a carpenter, who was mending some pales; and she was listening to him with melancholy, but pleased attention, when the man looked up, and, seeing her, started, broke off his song immediately, and stood gazing on her with an earnest, perturbed, and, as she thought, a sarcastic expression; which was so disagreeable to her, that she left the widow, and the man sung no more. The next day Rosalie saw him come to his work again; but she withdrew immediately,

because he looked at her with the same annoying and unaccountable expression as on the preceding day. The following afternoon, when, as she knew, a fair was held in the village, she saw the same man appear with his cheek flushed, and his gait unsteady, from intoxication. He was dressed in his holiday clothes, had some tools in a bag hanging on his arm, and was gathering up some others which he had left on the grass; and thence Rosalie concluded he was not coming to work there any more. As he had not yet observed her, she continued to observe him; when suddenly he lifted up his head, and, as his eyes met hers, he exclaimed, in a feminine voice, as if mimicking some one, "OH, THE PRETTY ARM!—OH, THE PRETTY ARM!" and then ran out of the garden.

(To be continued)

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR,—In the following lines I have drawn together a few cursory observations on the value of sight, and sent them, if you think them worthy, for insertion in your Magazine.

#### ON THE VALUE OF SIGHT.

Sight is one of the many blessings the beneficent Creator has bestowed on mankind. The construction of the eye is so various and wonderful as to lead us to suppose that God surely intended it to be a source from which we would derive both pleasure and happiness. Yet this sense is so little valued by those who are in full possession of it, and their want of compassion, on those individuals who have had the misfortune to be born blind, or from some providential occurrence lost their eye sight, so great, as would lead one to suppose it was of little consequence to men in this present state of existence: and we often see the blind, while groping their way in darkness when the sun's rays are most resplendent, made an object of laughter and derision, when