

whom she used to prate so much about, that I often wished the good woman had lost the faculty of memory, she used to bother me so, with her tender reminiscences of this incomparable child."

"Poor Mrs. Derby! how I loved her," sighed Jane; "I rejoice that she is living, and remembers me still."

"Well!" continued the old lady, impatiently; "a niece of Mrs. Derby's came up from this part of the country to see her aunt—and among other country legends, entertained the good woman with an account of the tragical death of Armyr Redgrave; and she, who knew my anxiety to obtain information respecting an individual of that name, flew with the tale to me. I questioned the girl, from whom I learned somewhat of your story; and that you had under your protection, a pretty girl, called Rose Sternfield; and though I could not imagine how you could be the wife of my nephew, I thought it worth my while to travel thus far, to unravel the mystery. Of the identity of Rose, these documents leave no doubt; but, how far her grandmother will rejoice in the discovery, is yet to be proved—as she is more inclined to favor the claims of Dunstanville Sternfield, than receive with affection the orphan child of her unhappy son."

"And, Rose?" asked Jane Redgrave, faintly.

"What in the meantime, will become of Rose?"

"She must return with me. And I must beg that you, Mrs. Redgrave, place no obstacles in her path. You shall be amply rewarded for the care and attention that you have bestowed upon her education; but you are too sensible not to perceive, that a separation, however painful, is necessary."

"This parting is worse than death," said Jane, pressing her hands tightly over her eyes. "Could not I accompany her in the capacity of a servant?"

"My dear Mrs. Redgrave, when you reflect upon the connexion which has existed between this girl's father and yourself—and that many of these circumstances are known to my servants, you will acknowledge the propriety of this arrangement. I deeply sympathize in the grief which you must feel in parting with such a charming creature as Rose; but for her sake, you must consent to sacrifice your own feelings."

"It is already done," exclaimed the unhappy woman. "God in heaven! is there any greater punishment in store for me? Strengthen my heart to bear this last, worst agony!"

Staggering to the seat, from whence she had risen, she wept with such hysterical violence, that Mrs. Dunstanville opened the door, and called Rose.

The next moment, Jane Redgrave's pale insensible form was clasped to the heart of the affectionate girl.

"Oh! she is dead! You have killed her. I wish you had never entered our peaceful home!" cried the weeping Rose. "Aunt! darling aunt! speak to your own Rose!"

"She will be better in a few minutes, child. Do not distress yourself in that foolish manner," said the old lady, unclosing the window, and sprinkling the face of the fainting woman with cold water. "Your aunt, as you call her, has been greatly excited, and this temporary insensibility will do her good. See, she is coming to, already."

Jane opened her eyes, and fixed upon the pale, tearful face of the young girl, a glance of unspeakable love and tenderness; but with a strong effort she suppressed her feelings, and kissing Rose, she told her that she was better, and bade her fetch the lady a candle, and attend upon her, until she retired to rest. Then wishing Mrs. Dunstanville good night, she sought her own chamber, and sinking upon her knees, spent the intervening time in deep and earnest prayer. The aid she sought was not denied, and before Rose rejoined her, she had regained her usual composure.

Unable to sleep, she informed her young companion of the conversation that had passed between her and Mrs. Dunstanville, and endeavored to rejoice at the change which had taken place in the future prospects of her beloved child. Startled and awed by these unexpected events, Rose was silent and thoughtful. A new world was about to open upon her, and strongly attached as she was to Jane Redgrave, she could not be wholly indifferent to the novel situation in which she was placed, and the station in life which she was about to occupy. To part with her early protectress, seemed inevitable; and although she could not imagine why her new aunt should reject Jane Redgrave's offer of accompanying her, she felt that to resist her authority would be as impertinent as it was useless. She therefore offered no opposition to her wishes, but endeavored to console her companion for their temporary separation, by declaring that the moment she should become her own mistress, Jane Redgrave should rejoin her, never to part again. And Jane, in the fulness of her own love, believed the artless girl's asseverations of unalterable attachment. And hope once more rose like an angel of promise on their dreams.

Hours before the old lady had unclosed her eyes, Rose had performed her accustomed tasks, and had visited every favorite haunt in the neighborhood. She had stood in trembling horror by