

The following day was spent by Rosamond in rambling over her favorite haunts, and many times she stopped on the brow of the hill to gaze at Oaklands, and asked herself the question she dared not ask of others: "Is Edgar still abroad?" Mrs. Dunstanville had not once mentioned her favorite, and Rosamond was half angry at her silence. Although no longer her lover, Mrs. Dunstanville knew that he was her friend, and as such, she must feel interested in his welfare; while these thoughts were passing through her mind, a dog leaped up upon her with a joyous bark, and Rosamond in an instant recognised Faithful. The next moment, with pale face, and thoughtful mien, slow step, and eyes bent to the ground, Edgar emerged from a dark grove, and stood before her in the open sun-light. With her usual frankness Rosamond hastened towards him with a cry of joy. He heard her not—yet she was the sole object of his thoughts. At that very moment his waking dream was of her, and the idea that she was about to become the bride of another, had filled his soul with bitterness. He saw not the flushed cheek, the outstretched hand of the worshipped idol of his soul; and passed on without a look, a smile of recognition. The dog, more awake to surrounding objects than his master, still lingered by her side; now crouching at her feet, now licking her hand, and bestowing upon her a thousand caresses. Rosamond stood motionless, until Edgar was out of sight. Then flinging herself upon the sod, she threw her arms about Faithful's neck, and, bowing her face upon his hairy shoulder, wept like a child. The dews were fast falling around her, when she arose from the ground, and slowly retraced her steps to the hall.

"Had Edgar seen her?—was it possible that he had forgotten her? Or had she become an object of such indifference that he could pass her without one glance of recognition?" Never had Rosamond felt so lonely and miserable as at that moment; and, feigning indisposition, she early retired to her own apartment.

A large party was given at a neighbouring mansion, in honor of Rosamond's visit to Bramby, and the only person uninterested in the fête was her for whom it was intended. She could not bear to go, and she implored her aunt to excuse her to Mrs. Ponsonby. Her grandmamma never went into company—she was not well that evening; she would remain with her. Surely no one could take offence at her conduct. Nothing could be more natural.

Mrs. Dunstanville shook her head at all her excuses. "Rosamond, I shall consider it a favor

granted to me. You must go." Rosamond sighed.

"Ah! if you knew how painful it is to me, to mingle in such scenes, you would not urge me."

"My dear child, I can read your heart; solitude only nurses the grief that preys upon it. In shunning society, you nurse the sorrow that destroys you. In order to forget Major Sternfield, you must mingle with the beings that resemble him. Your grandmamma wishes you to go, and I shall be seriously offended if you refuse."

Rosamond obeyed with a reluctant spirit. She found upon her toilette a case containing a set of beautiful diamonds, the gift of her aunt, a rich scarf of elegant material, and a dress of white Brussels lace, fit for the bride of an emperor.

"This is kind, very kind," she said, as she examined the costly presents; "but oh! if my dear aunt only knew how valueless such gauds are in my eyes, she would not have wasted a little fortune in order to deck me out in splendour. A small portion of heart's-ease were worth it all."

In order to please her aunt, for there was no one else in that gay party whom she wished to please, she suffered Mrs. Derby to array her in the costly garments and jewels provided for her; and in spite of all her philosophy, she was astonished at the reflection of her own image in the glass.

"Oh! that Dunstanville could see me!" she thought; "would it not remove the cruel suspicions, the unjust prejudices, he has formed against me?"

From this reverie she was aroused by her aunt calling upon her, and snatching her gloves and fan from the table, she hurried to meet her.

The old lady took her by the hand, and turned her round and round, with admiring fondness; then led her into Mrs. Sternfield's chamber.

"There sister—what do you say to my little girl now?"

"That she is the image of her father—poor Armyn! how proud he would be of his child."

Rose kissed the tear from her grandmother's pale cheek. "Bless you for speaking kindly of my father; and continue to love me, dear grandmamma, for the lost one's sake."

Mr. Bradshawe advanced, to lead her to the carriage.

"Fair Queen of hearts! behold an old man among your subjects."

"You must be bound then, to obey my commands."

"Or lose my head?"

"Ah, no! Your heart will be sufficient punish-