

But perhaps I wrong him—Marianne is no peacemaker. His letter to Rosamond may give a more satisfactory explanation of his motive for leaving us."

On entering her grand-daughter's apartment, she found her still seated upon the sofa by the table. Her eye was fixed on vacancy, a wild, unmeaning smile played upon her lips, and she held an open letter convulsively clutched in her right hand.

"Rosamond!—my child!"

"Yes—he is gone—gone for ever!" said Rosamond, with an hysterical laugh. "Gone, without one kind, forgiving word—one brief farewell. Grandmamma—I have not deserved this."

The old lady took the letter from her hand.

"Yes, read it! But first look at the seal. Ah, that was cruel, an aggravation of cruelty, to use that seal. I knew all the sorrow that that letter brought, when I looked at the seal." It was a broken chain, the motto. "Light when divided."

"The letter was as follows:

"Miss Sternfield will doubtless feel surprised at my departure, after the solemn engagement which I entered into yesterday; but to remain, and fulfil that engagement, when I had ceased to regard the object of it with affection and respect, would be to the injury of both parties. I need not explain to Miss Sternfield the cause of this separation, as I feel confident that she knows it but too well. A young lady, engaged to be the wife of one man, and who can yet write love letters to, and encourage the addresses of, another, is not the wife for

"D. STERNFIELD."

"Rosamond, you are the victim of some base calumny. Who is the person he refers to, in this unkind letter?"

"Grandmamma, I am as ignorant as you are. He has inflicted a wound on my heart, too deep almost for tears, and so keenly do I suffer from his unmerited scorn that I no longer wish him to be undeceived. After reading that letter, dearly as I love him—I could not—I would not be his wife."

She rose from her seat, her eye brightened, and something like indignant scorn curled her beautiful lip. "Yes, I have been betrayed, and by those whom I considered my best friends; but God who has laid upon me this burthen, will give me fortitude to bear it. Dunstanville Sternfield, you are free—and for ever!"

At this moment Marianne entered the room, and hiding the obnoxious letter in her bosom, Rosamond, without speaking to her, sought the solitude of her own chamber. Marianne had ex-

pected tears and lamentations from her gentle cousin; she was not prepared for a proud reserve, a silence more tantalizing than reproachful words.

Rosamond felt that her grief was of a private nature, and delicacy forbade her to expose it to the prying eyes of others. She suffered the annihilation of her first hopes acutely, but from that hour she betrayed not, either by look or sign, the secret anguish she hoarded in her breast. But there was one that watched that pale cheek and languid eye, with intense anxiety, and shared in all her untold sorrow. With a brother's zealous care, and more than a brother's love, did Arthur Walbrook seek to alleviate his gentle cousin's grief. His sympathy was made known not in words, but by a thousand little acts of kindness, and the esteem which Rosamond entertained for him was daily strengthened into a lasting friendship.

"Ah!" thought Rosamond; "he feels for me—he pities me—he knows the state of my heart, and can enter into all its sorrows. If Heaven has deprived me of my lover, it has bestowed upon me a true and faithful friend."

Arthur daily visited the abode of the sick and unfortunate; the children of poverty were the dearest objects of his care. The wealth he needed not, was constantly expended in the alleviation of their wants. His presence cheered the gloomy darkness of the condemned cell, and shed comfort and hope around the dying bed. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to teach the ignorant, and strengthen the virtuous efforts of the industrious operative, were to him labors of love, from which he derived the most exquisite enjoyment. In the sorrows of others, he found the best antidote to heal his own. Observing Rosamond looking unusually pale, he proposed to her visiting with him some poor families in whom he felt peculiarly interested.

"You are no child, Rosamond, of luxurious ease, and the sight of these poor pensioners on the bounty of Providence, will make you feel how much you owe to the care of that Divine Being, who has saved you from so much actual misery. The cries of famishing children, and starving querulous age, you have never known; and when you witness what these poor creatures suffer, your own grief will appear a trifle when compared with theirs."

Rosamond accepted his offer, glad to escape from herself, and from the cold and prying eyes of Marianne, whom she could no longer trust, and whom she more than suspected, as the author of her wrongs.

"We shall not need the carriage," said Arthur.