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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

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"THE next day my father appeared more composed, but he was much weaker, and required the aid of my brother's arm to lead him to his chair. He insisted, however, that he was better, and I fondly believed him. He was gentle and kind, and spoke long and earnestly to my brother and me, upon the necessity of a reconciliation. Joshua, who was really much attached to my father, was greatly affected by his words; and, coming up to me, he put his arms about my waist, and said bluntly:

" 'Sister, are we to be friends?'

" 'It rests, Joshua, with you.'

" 'No,' said he, 'the forbearance must be mutual. I am hasty and you are obstinate; when I try to control my temper you must meet me half way. Without this understanding we can never agree.'

" 'I will endeavour to do my part,' returned I, 'but on one condition, that you will never mention the affair of Andrew Miller, or force his company upon me again?'

" 'I will not promise that. Andrew is my friend, and I wish you to be his wife, and shall never omit a good opportunity of putting in a word for him.'

" 'You had better leave it alone; you have said that I am obstinate, and you are right; but you should know enough of human nature to know, that the best method to obtain your wishes with such people is to give them their own way.'

" 'Peace, children,' said my father; 'this argument will end in another quarrel.'

" 'Oh, no! dear father,' I replied cheerfully; 'we are friends—are we not, Joshua?' and I kissed his cheek.

"He returned the salutation with some warmth, and I retired to my domestic duties, which were complicated and manifold. I had so much to do that day, that, in spite of my impatience to see the stranger again, the hour named for our meeting struck before I had quite finished clearing away our evening meal.

"My father was writing at the table when I passed through the room; seeing me take down my hat, he said:

" 'Don't stay out late to-night, Jane; I want you to read to me before I go to bed.'

" 'I had better not go, Sir,' I replied, laying aside my bonnet.

" 'Yes! do go. You look pale; the fresh air will do you good, and I have to finish some important business. Only remember, don't stay very long.'

"I went up to him and kissed him; he looked up so kindly into my face, that for the first time in my life I thought him handsome, and felt convinced that in early life he must have been eminently so. Strange it was, that his stern and cold manner to me, should for years have blinded me to his personal attractions, which must have been great indeed, to have won the girlish affections of my refined and fastidious mother. But what will not prejudice do? It will make angels out of vice and deformity, and convert angels into devils.

"I found the stranger seated near the well. He had thrown off his cap, and his fine shaped head, covered with thick, curling chesnut hair, was shewn to the best advantage. He did not hear me approach, and for some minutes I contemplated him in silence. When he at length

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