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## JANE REDGRAVE.\*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### CHAPTER XI.

The deep, convulsive sob of grief,  
Though painful to the ear,  
Is nature's voice, and brings relief  
To those who shed the tear.

But sadder far the reckless jest,  
The joyless, mocking glee,  
That hides the madness of the breast,  
The laugh of hopeless misery!

"THE rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is the maker of them all." This text kept running in Rosamond's head all the time she was engaged in packing and preparing for their journey to the country. The scene she had witnessed at the sick bed of Arnold, and his great bodily and mental sufferings, were ever present to her mental vision, and filled all her thoughts. She longed to be of service to him, to restore that wasted form to health, that shattered mind to moral life and peace, and she earnestly besought her grandmother to grant her request, and allow her to take the wretched man into her service.

Mrs. Sternfield hesitated. She feared that Rosamond had been imposed upon, and her gentle humanity interested in behalf of some profligate villain. It required the forcible reasoning of Arthur to win her consent to their scheme.

"It is singular," she said, "that her sympathies should be so powerfully excited by a miserable creature from the lowest walks of the people."

"Am not I one of the people, grandmamma?" whispered Rosamond. Wealth has but raised, not ennobled me. I may be the wiser in much

sorrowful experience; but am I happier or better than I was?"

"I hope so," returned Arthur, "or else, sweet Coz, your experience has been learned in vain."

"Ah!" sighed Rosamond; "there are some lessons which we learn in the world which are taught in no other school, and the fruit of such knowledge is woe unspeakable."

She turned away, with her fine eyes full of tears.

"It is all for the best," murmured Arthur. "We cannot truly enjoy until we have learned to suffer. It is only through much tribulation that the saints are permitted to see God."

"You do not accompany us to Bramby, Arthur?" said Mrs. Sternfield.

"No, Aunt. I shall await in London the recovery of Arnold, and follow with him to Westholm. Besides, I have some business of importance to transact in town. Marianne of course goes with you."

"Marianne does no such thing," returned the young lady, stepping into the group. "Marianne is tired of a life of dependence. Henceforth she intends seeking a home for herself."

"You do not, cannot mean to leave me, Marianne?" said Mrs. Sternfield, beseechingly. "Have I not been a mother to you—are you not my child?"

"Rosamond can supply my place. She will be a more yielding and obedient daughter. The Mortons are made of sterner stuff. They love to have their own way. Yes—and they will have it, cost what it may; as your own history, and that of Arthur's mother, can fully testify.

\* Continued from page 404.