

follow him directly he was settled in some remote village. I was as anxious for his speedy removal as he could be, and I hastily packed up what articles he considered necessary for his flight. He left me twenty pounds for my present use, and kissing me and the child with a shew of more than usual tenderness, he left us—never to return."

"The poor creature here paused in her narration, and wept long and bitterly. I, who was listening to her narration with breathless attention, could ill brook this delay, and she appeared so much exhausted by the exertion she had used, that I feared that she would die and leave the most important part of her history untold. Nearly half an hour elapsed before she was able to proceed.

"Month after month passed away, and I heard no tidings of my husband. The anxiety and grief occasioned by his absence preyed upon my mind and destroyed my health. The money he had left me was dwindling to a few shillings, and sickness and destitution stared me in the face; in this emergency I wrote to my parents, but my letters were returned unopened, and I was on the point of yielding to despair, when an itinerant vender of small wares called at the farm-house where I lodged, and informed me that a person who bore the name assumed by my husband was in this neighborhood."

"When the stranger came to this part of her narrative a universal tremor seized me—I turned sick—my head grew giddy—I gasped for breath, and clung for support to one of the pillows of the bed.

"The moment I received these un hoped-for tidings," resumed the stranger, "I determined, in despite of the inclemency of the weather, to seek my husband. The good farmer with whom we had boarded generously gave me a small sum to defray my expenses on the road, and hope for a few days supplied my feeble frame with artificial strength. Thus far I had prosecuted my journey, but at the moment when the goal to which I had so eagerly directed my steps was nearly won, my strength failed, and worn down with sickness and fatigue, I could no longer combat with the difficulties of my situation and the severities of the season. Darkness and the storm overtook me on the confines of this desolate moor; a light from your window guided my faltering steps to your hospitable home, but the hand of death arrested me at the door. My fruitless search is at an end—I shall behold my husband's face no more!"

"What was his assumed name?" I asked, in

a voice hollow and broken with suppressed emotion.

"Armyn Redgrave! his real name, the name by which we were married, is Armyn Sternfield."

"He is dead!" I replied, concealing my agony.

"May you meet in heaven!"

"I put my hand to my head—horrible visions swam before my burning eyeballs—I felt as if the demon that had so long possessed my soul was again about to close his fiery pinions over me. My eye glanced on the fair creature whom I had so cruelly, though unintentionally, injured, and my glance fell upon a lifeless corpse! She had departed without solving my doubts—without answering those torturing questions which had driven me to despair, or cleared up the impenetrable mystery which still involved the history of her husband and my seducer.

"And what became of the poor infant, dear aunt?" asked Rose, in a tone of deep sympathy.

"My brother was so deeply interested in the little orphan that he determined to rear it for his own. The poor babe did not long derive much benefit from her adopted father; he died shortly after, and I quitted a spot where every object presented to my mind some melancholy memorial of the past. My grandfather's legacy becoming due, I purchased this little cottage, and with careful industry, the few acres attached to it have amply supplied our wants.

"But where—where is the child of these unhappy parents?" demanded Rose, pale with excitement, as she directed her eager, enquiring glance, to the wan face of her companion.

"Here!" replied Jane Redgrave, falling upon her neck, and bathing her face with tears; "you, Rose, are the sole memorial that remains to me of the once adored Armyn Redgrave!"

(To be continued.)

WISHES OF YOUTH.

Gaily and greenly let my seasons run;
And should the war-winds of the world uproot
The sanctities of life, and its sweet fruit
Cast forth as fuel for the fiery sun;
The dews be turned to ice—fair days begun
In peace wear out in pain, and sounds that suit
Despair and discord keep Hope's harpstring mute;
Still let me live as Love and Life were one:
Still let me turn on earth a childlike gaze,
And trust the whispered charities that bring
Tidings of human truth; with inward praise
Watch the weak motion of each common thing,
And find it glorious—still let me raise
On wintry wrecks an altar to the Spring.