

his usual profound inclination of the head, he abruptly retired.

"What a strange man," said Mrs. Sternfield; "he seems overwhelmed with sorrow. Yet his presence recalls a thousand painful thoughts. I have—I must have seen him somewhere before."

"It is not impossible," returned Arthur, carelessly. "At any rate, there are some persons who so powerfully awaken our sympathies in their behalf, that we can never regard them as strangers. He is one of these."

The summer passed quietly and peacefully onward, for Rosamond in her beautiful home. Engaged in planning, and improving, the young heiress almost forgot her sorrows. Arnold silently entered into all her plans, and executed them like the echo of her own wishes. Mrs. Sternfield, who was growing daily more infirm, took such a fancy to their melancholy inmate, that she would suffer no other hand to lead her to her carriage, or draw her round the gardens in her spring chair. Ever ready at her side, to anticipate her slightest request, Arnold seemed peculiarly to devote himself to her comfort, and often, during Arthur's absence, he read to her portions of the Scriptures, and passages from religious works, which he thought might amuse and interest her. Gradually he became on a more intimate footing, and although he never took his meals with the family, scarcely an hour passed without part of it having been spent in their company.

In a deep, secluded dell, at the foot of one of the most picturesque hills upon the estate, Rosamond caused to be erected a pretty summer-house, shaded with ivy, wild vines, and many other native and uncultivated creepers. This spot she dearly loved. It was so cool, so quiet, so apart from all the cares and sorrows of life, that she made it a sort of temple, within whose hallowed precincts she loved to meditate on things divine, to read the word of God, and pray, unseen, unheard by other ears, in that dim solitude. A bright, rapid trout stream ran gurgling along under its steep, rocky banks, fringed with alders and wild flowers; and here Rosamond would sit entranced for hours, gazing upon the lapsing of the water, while memory hurried her back to Jane Redgrave, and the home of her youth. In this spot no one ever intruded. She had even forbidden Arthur or Arnold to trespass upon her favorite haunt; and she was not a little surprised one evening, upon reaching the place, to find Arnold leaning against a tree, with his arms folded, and his eyes bent intently upon the ground. She passed him—he did not observe her—she looked

in his mournful face—his cheek was unusually pale—his eyes full of tears.

"Arnold!"

He started into life.

"Why are you here?"

"It is a melancholy spot," he said; "sad and dreadful associations bring me hither. Young lady, are you aware, that on this very spot, your uncle died by the hand of your father. Yes—at this very moment, I can fancy that I see his blood streaming over the green moss, and the look of unutterable horror with which your unhappy father regarded his involuntary victim."

"Good heavens! did you witness this? Did you know my father?"

"I knew him but too well, for my own peace—for his! I was present at that awful catastrophe, and can from my soul acquit your father of any intention to kill his brother. You see," he continued, "that bramble that still twines half way up the alder, on the other side of the stream. Your uncle Edward's spaniel had roused a covey of partridges on the hill above, and the lads pursued their game with their guns cocked, across this stream. Your uncle cleared it at a bound, and hurried on. Your father's dress got entangled in that accursed bramble, while in the very act of springing. The gun went off. Your uncle was in a direct line with your father—he fell dead. Your father rushed to the spot—he laid his hand upon the brow of the fallen, gazed horror-stricken into his face. He saw death there—thought of his mother's agony, her bitter upbraidings,—smote his breast—cursed his evil destiny, and turned and fled."

"And you?" cried Rosamond, gasping with excitement; "why was your witness wanting to declare the innocence of your friend?"

"I followed the positive commands of your father, and accompanied him in his flight. Cruel circumstances drove me from my native country, and my testimony, when I could have given it, came too late. But your father, young lady—where is he?"

As he said this, he regarded Rosamond with a glance so stern and searching that she felt terrified, and turning away, replied in a faltering voice.

"He is dead."

"Dead—How know you that?"

"I have knelt upon his grave. He and my poor mother sleep in the same spot in ——— churchyard, near my grandfather Woodley's family vault."

"Your grandfather Woodley? Excuse me,