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WOODLAND MANOR; OR, THE DISPUTED TITLE.

BY E. M. M.

*Continued from our last Number.—(Conclusion.)*

On the return of Mr. Neville from his visit to the Priory, he narrated to Blanche the happy change he had found in the beloved Rosetta, whose mental sufferings had caused them all so much anxiety.

"She is still an invalid, owing to her imprudent exposure to the rain," he said, "but on her sweet face are expressed peace, tranquillity and holiness. God be praised for His rich mercies in preserving so dear a child from woe irremediable."

"God be praised, indeed," replied Blanche, fervently; "dear, dear, Rosetta, by this timely repentance and confession, how has she saved us all, as well as herself, from the bitterest sorrow. My father, I must go to see her."

"I have promised her that you shall this evening, my child," replied Mr. Neville; "she is longing to see her cousin, whose parting words last Thursday, she says, so impressed themselves on her heart, that they can never be forgotten—when I came away, I left Lord De Melfort and Colonel Lennox with my sister, who wishes me to seek an interview with Captain Forester, to whom she has already written. He has behaved in every way most unworthy the proud appellation of a British officer—a term to which I have always affixed high honour, and every thing that is noble—may he live to see the error of his ways—he is but young."

Blanche felt impatient till the hour came to set out for the Priory, and she sprang into the little phaeton after her father, with a gladdened thankful heart, her own anxieties being almost forgotten in her sympathy for those of others. The meeting between the cousins was full of affection and confidence, and as Blanche listened to the contrite Rosetta, who bewailed the many precepts she had slighted, in trusting so presumptuously to her own strength—she clasped her in her arms, and shed tears of heartfelt joy over her.

"I have dearly purchased the lesson, it is true," continued Rosetta, raising herself from her reclining posture, and gazing earnestly and sadly on her cousin; "and in the pale carc-worn face of my beloved mother, am I punished; yet henceforth I shall know how utterly incapable I am of myself to think

a good thought, or perform one action aright, without His restraining grace; help me, dearest Blanche, to seek for this and to love religion even as you do."

"God can alone effect this, my dear Rosetta," replied Blanche, "and He will, now that he sees your own willingness to come unto Him; those that are meek and gentle He will guide—to the proud and self-confident He only hides Himself."

Grace Harman at this moment entered with a cooling beverage, sent by Lady Neville to the invalid, her grandmother having spared her for a few days, to supply the place of the unfaithful Lumley, who had been dismissed.

"See, I have none but good angels hovering near me now," said Rosetta; "it is quite delightful to behold the happy smiling face of Grace enter my room."

"And it is quite a pleasure to serve my sweet Miss Rosetta," returned Grace, offering the glass; "shall I go now and gather you some fresh flowers?"

"Yes, dear Grace, pray do—and bring some also from the green house for my cousin—she loves to deck her rooms for Sunday."

Lady Neville had been delicately informed by her brother-in-law of the sacrifice Blanche had made in declining to listen to the declaration made her by Lord De Melfort, and her reason for so doing—she was much shocked and distressed on hearing it, though her affection for her niece seemed augmented by the noble and magnanimous conduct she had shown. She drew her into her own room, and folding her to her bosom, expressed her deep regret that she should unconsciously have caused her so much pain.

"You alone, my excellent child, are deserving such a being as Algernon De Melfort," she said, in a saddened tone; "the dreams in which I used to indulge for Rosetta are all faded away—and it is right—I required the chastisement I have experienced to humble me yet more—for I well know there still lingered too much of pride in my stubborn heart. God knows I am now bowed down to the dust—yet I may not murmur. If He opens the gates of righteousness to my dear and erring child, shall I