

sides by the Derbyshire hills. Embosomed in woods yet more ancient than the building, and watered by many streams, a more romantic or beautiful spot could scarcely be found in the kingdom, and Rosamond uttered a cry of delight when, upon gaining the summit of the last hill, which overlooked the home of her fathers, the whole beauty of the charming landscape burst at once upon her sight.

"And is all this mine? Am I indeed the owner of this earthly paradise?"

"Long may you enjoy it, my child," said Mrs. Sternfield. "To me it was a gloomy prison—the grave of hope; and I feel a chill creep over me, as I view its high, towering woods again. In the depths of that dark forest to the right, my poor Edward died. You cannot wonder why I should regard the spot with horror."

When the carriage drove up to the old Gothic gateway, the ladies were agreeably surprised by finding Arthur Wallbrook waiting to receive them; and he, with a benevolent smile upon his lips, hastened to present their young mistress to the old domestics. Many of them, who had known, and who still remembered the father with affectionate regret, greeted his orphan child with moistened eyes. Standing back from the group, who pressed eagerly forward to shake hands with their new mistress, Rosamond recognised the wasted, but interesting face of Arnold. Approaching him with her usual kindness, she congratulated him upon his recovery; and hoped that she should find in him a faithful and useful servant.

A profound bow was his sole reply, but his eyes followed her light figure through the motley group, with an air of melancholy devotion; which seemed to say, that his life was well bestowed, were he called upon to lay it down in her service.

"My dear Arthur," said Rosamond, when she found herself alone with her self-constituted guardian, "how glad I am that you brought poor Arnold with you. What are his capabilities? In what way had I best employ him?"

"That is a question not easily resolved. In the first place, in point of education and manners, he is so far beyond his station, that I cannot look upon him as a menial; nor do I think, that he ought to be employed in a menial capacity. This man, Rosamond, is better than he seems. He is a classical scholar, well learned in all the lore of the schools. A gentleman both by birth and education, who has lost caste through the vices of his youth. I pity him, and feel deeply interested in his fate. It rests with you, my dear Rosamond, to turn this sinner from the error of his ways;

and to restore him to the rank he has lost. But, this cannot be done all at once, it is a work of time. You have a fine, but neglected library here. I thought in the first instance, that you might make Mr. Arnold your librarian, and entrust to his care the management of your accounts. He is well qualified for both situations, which will allow you opportunities of conversing with him, without drawing upon him the observation of the other domestics."

"Your plan just suits me. I have conceived no ordinary friendship for this forlorn stranger. Would to God, that we may be of service to him, in the most extended sense of the word."

A few days after this conversation, Arnold was duly inducted into his post of librarian, and domestic secretary; and Rosamond, finding him possessed of great taste in the arrangement of trees and flowers, made him assist her in drawing out a plan for a new garden which she intended to construct. Arnold received the commands of his young mistress with profound respect, but he seldom spoke beyond the necessary affirmative or negative. A melancholy, heart-broken man, he seemed only roused into consciousness in her presence, and then he anticipated her wishes with a taste and alacrity, which drew from her the warmest encomiums.

"I have but one wish," he would say—"that of pleasing you—one hope, that of ending my wretched life in your service."

"You must extend that wish, and place it on a higher object, Arnold. Enlarge that hope, and fix it upon God."

The heavy sigh, and the mournful shake of the head, was his only answer to suggestions like these—his despondency appeared too great to anticipate aught for himself; he seemed to feel a mournful pleasure in fostering his sorrow.

Mrs. Sternfield had been so much fatigued by her journey, that she was obliged to keep her chamber for several weeks, and consequently she had never beheld the being in whom her nephew and Rosamond were so deeply interested. The first day she returned to the family table, Rosamond requested Arnold to bring into the drawing room a curious volume of wood-cuts to amuse her grandmother.

He came accordingly, but instead of presenting the book to Mrs. Sternfield, he stood gazing upon the old lady with such a wild, but mournful stare, that his mistress spoke twice to him, before he seemed conscious of her presence. Arthur rose from his chair, and said something to him in a low voice. He started, the color rushed to his sun-burnt, wasted cheek, and with