

not fortitude to bear. Oh! Mother! Mother! what could he do? Surely, in his place, I had done as he did."

"Would that I could think so!" said Mrs. Sternfield. "But no, his flight, his utter abandonment of his friends and fortune, prove to me the extent of his guilt. And I, alas! this is to me the most painful thought of all, in my fierce agony for the death of my beloved son, I sought with a burning and vindictive hatred the life of the unfortunate murderer. How he eluded the officers of justice is to me no small matter of surprise, for I offered large rewards privately to persons whom I thought most likely to trace him to his retreat, for I felt that the death of his brother could only be appeased by the blood of Armin. He avoided every snare and escaped unpunished. Thank God he did so. But, I—I—was I not equally guilty of his death? And now, when the love of Christ has softened and humbled this proud heart to the dust, and converted my former hatred into an indulgent compassion and regret, and I look upon the beautiful, frank countenance of my despised and neglected son, I feel that I could give worlds, if I possessed them, to fold him to my aching bosom and call him mine."

Rose and her grandmother both wept, and it was some time before either could regain sufficient composure to resume the conversation. "Rosamond," said the latter, at length wiping her eyes, "I feel for you, all the love which ought to have been your father's; but, my dear child, can you ever forgive me for my cruel unkindness to him?" Rose could not speak; she took the old lady's hand, and pressed it to her lips.

"I read your heart, Rosamond, and deeply grateful am I for its decision. May God bless and preserve it pure from the contamination of the world. Now tell me, dear child, all you know of your father's painful history."

"Not now, dear grandmother, whispered Rose. "Your heart is too sore to listen and mine to relate; I will tell you all to-morrow. Let us talk no more on this dreadful subject to-night."

"You are right," said the old lady with a sigh, and now Rosamond I wish to speak to you about your studies. I do not wish to send you to a public school; I know what these establishments are, from painful experience. Due attention is paid to render the persons attractive, the manners easy and lady-like, and much time is expended upon accomplishments which are all very well as far as they go. But to moral training—to the education of the mind—nothing is given. Many a girl, like myself, leaves these seminaries with as little knowledge of their responsibility as

immortal and rational creatures, as if they had no account to render hereafter of the deeds done in the flesh, of their wasted and misused opportunities. To such a school my conscience cannot consent to send you. Music, French, and drawing can be obtained from masters at home, while that excellent and worthy man, Mr. Walbrook, has cheerfully consented to instruct you in all the higher branches of knowledge. Does this arrangement meet with your wishes? I would educate the last of my husband's direct descendants, as an heir for eternity, as well as for time. The one must perish, the other endure for ever. Happy are you, my child, if you can hold fast the one and retain the other, with the light grasp of one who only regards it as a loan lent for a while, to be returned with interest to the lawful owner."

"Dear grandmamma, you have anticipated my wishes; I feel that God has united us for a wise purpose, and I rejoice that we are not so soon to part."

(To be continued.)

FAREWELL MY HARP.

BY W. C. S.

Oh! this is not the dwelling place—

The home of song-strung hearts,
This earth with all its mammon-chase,
Ill suits the Poet's parts.

Earthy, of earth, the grovelling crowd

Insensate plod along,
Unmindful of the blessed things
That charm the sons of song.

And when his words, heartfelt, gush forth,

His panting soul to ease—

To tell of glories strewn on earth,

And o'er the sky and seas—

Who hears his sweet melodious strain?

Who smooths his rugged path?

The worldling has no ear for such;—

For such disdain he hath.

Then, farewell, harp! for I am poor,

A stranger and alone:

Thou once, in happy days my store,

Fly to some favour'd one;

The morning sun, that wont to send

My fingers o'er thy strings

Lights up the day, that galling toil,

Not hope, inspiring, brings.

Then grant me this, O Father kind!

The poet's ear no more—

The poet's eye henceforth be blind—

Take all the poet's store,—

That I may live, not stranger-like—

Thro' earth's wide desert roam;

But 'mong the thoughtless, feelingless,

Find earth, awhile, a home.