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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER IV.

Home! how the memories of the heart are stirr'd,
The bosom thrill'd, with that electric word;
Whate'er my fate—howe'er my lot be cast,
Here on thy bosom let me breathe my last!

A few days had elapsed since the memorable conversation between the aunt and her adopted niece; Jane Redgrave appeared more cheerful and composed, for a heavy weight had been removed from her mind; but Rose, the once gay, glad Rose, looked sad and thoughtful; it seemed as though the sorrow of many years which had bowed down her companion, had suddenly been transferred to her, and the girl had started at once into the reflecting woman. Jane Redgrave marked the change in her young friend with pain, yet she knew that it was but natural that the young creature should feel deeply the awful disclosure she had made to her regarding her parents. She did not allude to the cause of her darling's depression, but she tried by a thousand tender attentions to soothe her distress.

"Aunt," said Rose, wiping away a tear which still lingered on her long eye-lash, "where does my mother lie in the church-yard?"

"She is buried by your father, under the elm tree on the west side of the church."

"It is a pretty spot," said Rose, "and I rejoice that these children of misfortune, separated in life, are forever united in death. My heart is full, dear aunt, full to bursting. Could I weep upon their graves I should feel better, indeed I should."

The poor girl sank down upon a chair, and

pressed her small hands tightly over her breast. Her chest heaved and her lips quivered with the long suppressed agony that now shook her whole frame. A glass of water soon recovered her from the hysterical affection with which she was struggling; and Jane Redgrave, reaching down her simple cottage bonnet, drew her arm within her own, and they proceeded in silence to the church-yard.

During their walk they had to cross the heath, and the farm-house which had been the scene of her mother's death.

"Oh!" said Rose, looking sadly up at the windows, "how little I thought while playing with Rebecca Kirby in that room, that my poor mother died there; or while searching for water lilies on that horrible pond in the wood, that my father found a grave in its depths. Dear aunt, I feel as if I had grown old since you told me these horrible truths—as if I never could be happy again."

"The world is a sorrowful teacher, my child. Many painful lessons must be learned in the great book of life, and happy are they who submit to them patiently, and learn wisdom by experience."

"Yes!" said Rose; "but to do that they must forget earth altogether."

"True, my child, they must remember that they are immortal creatures—that life is lent them for improvement—that afflictions are of God, who sends these trials to subdue the proud, sinful heart, and bring it nearer to him. Much as I have suffered, Rose, I can truly say that I deserved it all, and bless the hand that smote me."

* Continued from page 103.