

fell into that deep pool, and perished at the very moment that he was premeditating my death. And those fearful cries which met my ears on that memorable night, were the last shrieks of his expiring agony. I am the more fully convinced of this, from the circumstance of my finding on the edge of that pond, when I visited the spot a few days after his funeral, a large rusty knife, with the name of Armyn Redgrave carved upon the hilt, and a loaded pistol, which I knew to be his, lying among the flags upon the margin of the water. But whatever his intentions were, or how he came by his death, must ever remain a subject of painful conjecture. The hand of God was evident in the whole affair. Great as my sorrow was for his untimely death, the sequel will prove that I was spared a greater affliction, by the very event that I so deeply deplored.

CHAPTER III.

How like a vision of the night,
She rose upon my startled sight;
Recalling griefs which long had slept,
And bitter thoughts in darkness kept;
Stern memories, which the stricken mind
Hides from the knowledge of its kind;
Until some chord is rudely rent
And those hushed feelings closely pent
Within the bursting heart, break free
And quench in tears their agony.

AUTHOR.

"SHORTLY after these heavy visitations my brother was attacked with a severe illness, which entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs. He had been kind to me in my hour of mortal sorrow, and I was deeply grateful for the attention he had paid to me at a time when I stood so much in need of sympathy and consolation. I nursed him with the greatest care, and Joshua was not insensible to the interest which I took in his welfare. Our mutual obligations cemented those ties which had been so rudely wrenched asunder. I became an object of tender solicitude and affection to him, and he could hardly endure my absence, even for a short period, from his side.

"It is wrong, my dear Rose, to despise any one because they may happen to fall short of our ideal standard of excellence. At this season of sickness and distress, Andrew Miller proved himself a true and disinterested friend. He conducted my brother's business for him without any view to his own benefit, and flatly refused any remuneration beyond the actual expense he was at in superintending the workmen and paying for their labor. Had it not been for his care and attention, the farm must have gone to total ruin; and often while gazing upon his homely, but honest

countenance, beaming with benevolence, I reproached myself severely for having treated him with contempt; for plain and uneducated as he was, he had proved himself a better human being than Armyn Redgrave, with all his personal advantages.

"It was with no idea of becoming the wife of our plain straight-forward neighbor, that my opinion altered respecting him, for Andrew had wisely united himself to a good, industrious girl, far more worthy of conducting his household than the erring creature he had once dared to love; but because my heavy misfortunes had given me a better knowledge of myself and others, and forced me to own that the man I despised was in reality superior in moral worth to me. Neither by word or look did Andrew Miller ever reproach me with my past conduct, and he had more than once entered into a serious quarrel with a less fastidious neighbor, who had coupled my name with disrespectful epithets, at the public house in the village.

"Some months had elapsed since the mortal remains of my husband had been consigned to their nameless grave. Winter closed in with unusual severity; the snow covered the face of the earth, and lay deep upon the ground. One bitterly cold, dark and windy night, while we were seated around the fire, and I was reading aloud a chapter from the Bible, preparatory to the household retiring to rest, cries for help rose upon the blast, and a supplicating voice faintly implored for admission at the door.

"'Have pity,' it said, 'upon a young mother and her fatherless child! who have lost their way in the deep snow.'

"I hastily drew back bolt and bar.

"'You are welcome!' I cried, 'whomsoever you may be that are abroad on this pitiless night, to the shelter of our humble roof.'

"Receiving no answer, I held up the lamp to discover the suppliant, and beheld a slight figure wrapped in a grey cloak, extended upon the frozen snow, in a state of apparent lifelessness, while the wailing of a young child struck painfully upon my ear.

"With the assistance of one of the farm servants, I succeeded in carrying the unfortunate woman into the house, and her beautiful child, a little girl of two years of age. But when the light flashed upon the pale face and rigid brow of the fair young mother whom I supported in my arms, a cry of horror burst involuntarily from my lips. It was the same face, so calm and still, that had haunted my dreams on that dreary night that preceded my fatal marriage.

"It might indeed be only one of those strange