

# THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1848.

No. 11.

## JANE REDGRAVE.\*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### \* CHAPTER XIII.

I loved him once—the memory of that love  
Is bitter to my soul—I fain would hide,  
E'en from myself, that weakness of the heart.

"ROSAMOND, do you still love Dunstanville Sternfield?" asked Arthur Wallbrook, as they sauntered arm in arm, through a wilderness of shrubs and choice flowers. "Excuse me, dearest cousin, for asking a question which may give you pain, and seem impertinent; but you know me too well to imagine that I would afflict you willingly."

"It is not love that I now feel for him," said Rosamond, colouring, and looking down. "It is a painful regret—a feeling of mortified pride and self-reproach, that I ever *did* love him."

"I am glad to hear you say this. Would it give you much sorrow to know that he loved another?"

Rosamond was silent—Arthur felt her little hand tremble as it clasped his arm, but quickly recovering herself, she replied:

"I wish he did, for then it would be an act of duty to forget him."

"You are right, best, dearest cousin. That which we feel to be a duty soon reconciles us to the most painful trials. I asked these questions, merely to ascertain how far you could bear the intelligence I am about to communicate. Your Cousin Sternfield was lately married."

"Indeed!" and in spite of her boasted philosophy, Rosamond turned very pale, and leant heavily upon Arthur's arm, for support, "And who—who—is his wife?"

"Marianne Morton."

Rosamond drew a long, inward sigh, but returned no answer. Arthur heard a slight pattering upon her silk mantilla. It was the sound of tears falling fast; he pressed her trembling hand in his, as he murmured: "God help thee, dear child. This blow is heavy, but in mercy it has fallen. I pity Major Sternfield from my very heart. He has been shockingly duped."

"Oh! had he married any one else, I could have wished them happy. Cousin Arthur! hatred is a dreadful feeling. I never hated but one of God's creatures, and that was Marianne. I have prayed that God might soften my heart to her, and teach me to love her, but my prayer returns to my own bosom, and seems like hypocrisy. I wish that I could forgive her, but the heavy, crushing weight of her injurious conduct towards me, presses down my soul, and leads me to wish her no good—and this is an awful sin."

"We are told to love our enemies, and to bless those who persecute us, Rosamond; but we are nowhere told to love the wicked. Yet, for your own sake, my dearest cousin, I wish you could pity and forgive this wicked girl. There was a time, my dear Rose, when I loved her only too well, and felt that that love was ensnaring my soul, and hurrying me to perdition; and I reversed your petition, and prayed that I might not love her. My passion for her was a sore temptation. She knew her power, and abused it, and made me very wretched; but though I forgave her, and entreated our heavenly Father to forgive her likewise, yet the powers of memory must be extinct before I can forget her cruel conduct to me."

"She will have her reward," exclaimed Rosa-

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