

it will be worse than useless to resist my authority.'

"He raised his arm with a threatening gesture. I lifted my streaming eyes to his face:

"My father never contemplated your abusing the power he confided to you. He would have acted very differently, could he have imagined a scene like this.'

"You are right, Jane,' he said, in a solemn tone; 'and I am wrong—but you have given me great provocation by your imprudent conduct. Never meet that man again, as you value my friendship and protection. He is a villain who intends you no good.'

"A torturing question rose to my lips,—a question I could no longer resist, for it seemed as if longer repressed, that it would burst my heart in twain,—and I faltered out:

"Did you speak to him?"

"Joshua answered with a disdainful smile:

"He has received his answer! and let him look well to himself if ever he ventures near these premises again. And now that I have satisfied your idle curiosity, you may remove these things and go to bed.'

"From that hour all confidence between us was at an end. Joshua resumed the same stern authority over me which had first steeled my heart against him, and dried up the fountain of natural affection; and, to add to my many sorrows, my father had not been dead a month before Andrew Miller became a constant visitor at the house. I fled to solitude to find a relief from his hated presence, and to indulge the melancholy feelings which preyed upon my heart. Since the evening of the funeral I had seen and heard nothing of Armynd Redgrave, and I feared he had given up all thoughts of me, and removed to a distant part of the country. One evening I asked a girl who lived with us as servant, in as careless a voice as I could assume, if she ever had seen a gentleman in a shooting dress pass near the house? The girl looked mysteriously at me and shook her head, yet from her manner I felt convinced that she was not ignorant of the person alluded to; yet I felt that it would be imprudent to push the enquiry any further, and I turned to leave the room, when she called out:

"Just stay a bit, Miss Jane; I know that person and all about him—but I won't give my secret for nothing.'

"Nobody wants you,' said I, with an air of indifference. 'I can keep my own secrets, and I don't wish to be entrusted with the secrets of others.'

"But master Joshua does,' replied the pert minx, 'and he is a good paymaster. As to

women, they are all so stingy, they want to get everything out of you for nothing. Had I brought the letter the fine gentleman gave me, to you, instead of to him, all I should have got from you would have been a cold 'thank ye,' while master gave me a new bonnet.'

"And you dared to carry letters directed to me, to my brother?"

"I knew that the fellow had no right to send them, nor you to receive them.'

"I have no doubt,' I cried, 'that this is a vile fabrication, invented to extort money out of me. I know nothing of this man to warrant his sending me letters, and if he offers to employ you in conveying them to me, tell him that I have forbidden you to receive them.'

"I shall hear what master says to that,' said the girl. 'He told me to bring them to him, and I know which to obey,' and off she went, leaving me distracted with the certainty that my secret was known, not only to Joshua, but in all probability, to his friend Andrew Miller; burning with vexation and shame, I put on my bonnet and left the house.

"It is deeply mortifying to a proud mind, to feel that it is in the power of the weak and vulgar; my spirit writhed under the consciousness of this degradation, and I felt indignant that Armynd Redgrave should have chosen such a vile agent to convey intelligence between us. I felt so lonely, so unprotected, so out of love with life, so disgusted with my brother and myself, that wandering away to a lonely part of the moor, I sat down beneath a clump of furze bushes, and wept long and bitterly.

"Other girls,' I thought, 'have friends—companions of their own age, to love them, and feel an interest in their destiny; but I—I have none—I stand alone in the world, with no one to care for me—no one to speak kindly to me, to soothe me in grief and distress, or share the melancholy feelings that prey upon my heart.'

"A strange sensation stole over me, a sensation which I had felt before, and which I have felt but too keenly since—I scarcely knew what to call it; a mental consciousness of the actual presence of some one, with whom my own fate, whatever it might be, was deeply involved. I started and looked up—a crimson flush lighted up my face and burnt there like fire—Armynd Redgrave was standing before me, regarding me with a glance of anxious enquiry. He was thinner and paler than when we last met, and seating himself beside me, he sighed deeply, before he broke the painful silence which bound us in a spell.

"Jane,' he said, 'you cannot imagine how