

CHAPTER VI.

"There is not a grand inspiring thought ;
There is not a truth by wisdom taught ;
There is not a feeling, pure and high,
That may not be read in a mother's eye."

"And said I, 'I shall dance no more,'
For though but young in years,
I know what makes men wise and sad,—
Affection's ceaseless fears ;
And that dull aching of the heart,
Which is not eased by tears."

A pretty chamber was that occupied by Mrs. Weldon. It was on a lower story than the school-room, and commanded a similar view of the spacious and old-fashioned garden.

The balmy breath of flowers came wafted in through the open window, from a large white rose-bush that grew directly beneath the casement, and a honey-suckle that clambered over the wall, a few of whose rich blossoms, escaped from their support, peeped curiously in, gazing, perhaps, at their sister flowers, that tastefully arranged, adorned the little work-stand that stood near.

Mrs. Weldon, whose health had somewhat improved, is seated on a comfortable cushioned arm-chair, propped up by pillows; the small slippered feet resting on an ottoman, her daughter's pretty workmanship; she had been knitting, a favorite occupation with her, serving rather to amuse, than weary her; but the knitting now lay idly on her lap, and with an invalid's restlessness, she began