

and its gold was as yet green-tinted. Alice held it, noting its perfection. The purling brook was at her feet; the sunbeams glinting from the green leaflets of the elms fell upon her.

Her heart was very sore about Harvey. If this new thing which Mr. Knighton had just suggested should take place (and in the depth of her heart Alice knew that if Knighton loved her she would learn to love him) Harvey would surely find in it confirmation of one at least of his false accusations, and, perhaps, think all the rest proved true in consequence.

Some dawning peace and satisfaction of heart she could not fail to feel as Knighton's affection won its way to her understanding, but her thoughts were with Harvey. He had offered her the best that he had to give, and she had thrown it back to him; so cruel it seemed that she would have given much for the relief of being able to imagine consolation for him. Even now she would have been so glad to have him back, would have