

"But come dear, I feel a little weary, and will lay down; and you, in the meanwhile, had better take a stroll in your garden, and see how your flowers are blooming."

Alice complied with the request, and while her mother fell into a quiet sleep, walked into the garden; but beauty, fragrance, and sunshine, seemed to have no power to chase the sadness from her spirit, to lift, for a moment, the weight that oppressed her soul, and hurrying to a little arbor at the further end of the garden, screened from observation by thickly intertwining branches, she sat down in the rustic arm-chair, and gave way to one of those fierce paroxysms of grief—those choking sobs and bitter floods of tears, which shook the slender form as with the force of a whirlwind, and seemed, by their irresistible power to have concentrated in them whole years of agony.

CHAPTER VII.

"Love is the gift which God hath given,
To man alone, beneath the heaven;
It is the secret sympathy;
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul doth bind."

"I would give
My life to buy you happiness."

"Rat-tat-tap."

Jane quickly answered the knock at the hall door.