

"But, indeed, dear child, you must not give way to such feelings. You must rouse yourself, or your health will fail; and then what would become of me, without the faithful care of my dear little daughter. Your dejected tone, Alice, seemed to imply that enjoyment was something you never expected to realize again; but in the moral, as well as in the natural world, the storm is always succeeded by sunshine; day follows night in regular succession, and He who chastens in love, hath assured us that "He will not always chide, lest the spirit should fail before Him, and the soul which He hath made."

"Have you forgotten the verse you read to me only yesterday—

"The light of joy again shall fill,  
The lids that overflow with tears;  
And weary hours of toil and pain,  
Shall be repaid by happier years!"

"Dear Mamma, I am sorry I gave way to such feelings, but indeed I could not help it;" at length said Alice, raising her bowed-down head, which had been hidden in her mother's lap, to conceal the scalding tears that, in spite of her efforts, flowed forth freely.

"Those tears have refreshed me; I feel better now, and if you wish it, and are no worse, I will go to Mrs. Ellwood's to-morrow, as you have promised, and gather as much material as I can from my visit, for your entertainment on my return."

"There, I recognize my brave-hearted daughter again," said the mother, affectionately kissing her pale cheek.