

way through the trellis-work, and flourished in the cool shade, was drooping its sweet blossoms as in a loving caress over his upturned face. The good old gardener's words were verified, for he had in truth died among the roses; and his spirit had entered through the gates into the city where the weary are forever at rest.

He was laid to sleep beside the tiny grave he had so often visited beneath the shade of a wide spreading cedar, where the birds made sweet melody among the branches, and the air was laden with rich fragrance of the spices that flourished in great variety around the villa.

In the course of time other children were given to Daisy for a while. Then she laid them to sleep beneath the cedar.

Do not think that because Daisy was wealthy, she had no sorrows. Ah! no. In her early maidenhood she experienced the keenest anxiety, lest her beloved mother should become engulfed in the whirlpool of fashionable dissipation.

How often, think you, did that daughter's tender heart ache with sorrow, to see that mother, so long a helpless invalid; then, to lose her just at the time when a mother's counsels are so necessary to a young girl.

Again, the secret sorrow of her father's life called forth her deepest sympathy.

For years she travelled through distant lands, among