

of the melancholy tree, and withered and died.

She tried rose bushes, but those flowers of love and light shared the same fate. The dank prophetic-looking yew frowned them into death.

Dorothy regarded all these failures with a superstitious awe, and glanced at that lonely grave, from a distance, with baited breath, and a strange chill at her heart.

That giant tree, the child of past centuries, that stood watching over it like a grim sentinel, seemed to her simple mind like an embodiment of evil. It had no grace, no beauty in her eyes; she had even sacrilegiously wished it levelled to the earth. It kept the sun from shining on her mother's grave; the robin and linnet never warbled their sweet hymns from among its heavy foliage. It had been planted by some one in the very despair of grief, and the ghost of sorrow hovered under its gloomy canopy.

In spite of this morbid feeling, a strange