

Chapter VIII of Gamblers wife.

Love is made of every fine emotion,
Of generous impulses, and noble thoughts;
Love is aspiring, yet is humble too;
It dith exalt another over itself
With sweet heart homage." - L. E. L.

— Though Nature had changed her face, the
aspect of affairs within the Manor was unaltered.
The same merry party galloped over the hills and
plains, or climbed the mountains, to gaze on the
dark beauties of a winter landscape; the same
group partook of fireside enjoyments, homely
happiness, and all the comforts that the long,
uninterrupted evenings afford. But the hearts of
all — were they the same? To the circling
months ever recede without finding some change
in the heart of man; its dearest joys, perchance,
are fled; a sparkling dream has vanished
away, or some feeling or passion found an
entrance into the hearts before unknown.
And so was it here. During the last three