

Agnes's patient nursing and sympathy had done much to lighten the burden of sorrow which, if borne in silence, would have been too much for her strength; and with the great object before her of endeavouring to make Mrs. Tiverton's loss more bearable, Rose set herself, with all the power of her brave, cheerful disposition, to put new life into the dreary future, which seemed to stretch hopelessly before them both.

There were so many sisters at home that Rose had no hesitation in deciding that if Mrs. Tiverton would let her she would live with her, for how could she better do honour to Jem's memory than by being a help and comfort to his mother? She would work for her, be her servant if necessary, that she might be no expense; and she could at least lessen the terrible loneliness of the empty house.

Rose had a talk with her father about it, and he agreed to her wishes, and promised that no expense should fall upon Mrs. Tiverton; but Rose met with opposition where she least expected it; Mrs. Tiverton said decidedly that she wished her to go home.

"I can do very well by myself, and this dull house is no place for you. You will have other thoughts and hopes," she said.

"But I want to stay with you," pleaded Rose, "and be a daughter to you, as I should have been if dear Jem had lived even a day or two longer."

"You don't understand, child. I am very jealous for my poor boy, and you are young. I could not bear—I tell you I could *not* bear—that another man should come here and try to put himself in Jem's place. I should hate you if any one talked of loving you; it

would be like killing him over again. Go away, and let me forget what you were to him. Why should your life be wasted in mourning for him? Leave that for his mother, and be as happy as you can, only don't let it be before my very eyes!"

"Mother dear, how can you think such things of me?" cried Rose tearfully. "How *can* you believe that I could ever think of any one else? Of course you wouldn't care to have me if you think that. It's cruel of you! You've no right to say such things!" she went on, changing from sadness to anger. "Haven't I mourned for him as much as you? Isn't my loss as great as yours?"

"Oh, child, forgive me!" said Mrs. Tiverton, dropping her work and smoothing Rose's hair. "I can't be patient even with you. I can't believe that any one ever had a loss like mine, for I have nothing left. You have father, and mother, and sisters, and you are young and strong; but what have I?"

Poor little Rose! she did not know how to answer. She could only cling to the unhappy woman, and try by kisses and tender words to make her feel that she had still a child who loved her, who would never leave her, but gladly spend her life and strength in her service.

So at length it was settled that Rose should stay with Mrs. Tiverton for the winter, and that further plans should be left until the spring, and Rose hoped and believed that by that time they would have become so necessary to each other that any thought of parting would be impossible.

END OF CHAPTER THE THIRD.

## Piping down the Valleys Wild.

Words by WILLIAM BLAKE.

Music by C. A. RANKEN.

*Allegretto gioioso.*

PIANO.

*p* *f*

*p semplice.*

Pip - ing down the val - leys wild— Pip - ing songs of plea - sant

*p*

glee— On a cloud I saw a child, And he laugh - ing said to

*f* *poco rit.*

me: "Pipe a song a - bout a lamb:" So I piped with mer - ry

*p a tempo.* *f*

cheer. "Pi - per, pipe that song a - gain:" So I piped; he wept to

*p* *ritard.....* *colla voce.*

hear. "Drop thy pipe, thy hap - py pipe— Sing thy

*p* *più lento.*

songs of hap - py cheer:" So I sung the same a - gain, While he

*Tempo 1mo.* *ritard.....* *Tempo 1mo.* *ritard.....*

*a tempo.*

wept with joy to hear. "Pi - per, sit thee down, and write In a

*a tempo.*

*p* *più lento.*

book that all may read."— So he van - ished from my sight; And I

*più lento.*

*ritard.....* *Tempo 1mo, con gioia.*

plucked a hol - low reed, And I made a ru - ral pen, And I

*ritard.....* *Tempo 1mo.*

stained the wa - ter clear; And I wrote my hap - py songs, Ev - 'ry

*poco rit.....* *a piacere.*

child may joy to hear, Ev - 'ry child may joy to hear.

*poco rit.....* *colla voce.*