

**THE GARDEN AT  
MONKHOLME: A  
NOVEL, VOL. II**

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The garden at Monkholme: a novel, Vol. II by Annie Armit

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**ANNIE ARMITT**

**THE GARDEN AT  
MONKHOLME: A  
NOVEL, VOL. II**



THE  
GARDEN AT MONKHOLME.

A Novel.

BY  
ANNIE ARMITT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.



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## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

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### PART II.—*continued.*

CHAPTER	PAGE
VII. MONKHOLME UNDER A NEW ASPECT - - -	1
VIII. VIOLET IN SOCIETY - - - - -	21
IX. A TALK IN THE GARDEN - - - - -	48
X. TRUTH SPOKEN UNTRULY - - - - -	64
XI. TRUTH SPOKEN TRULY - - - - -	91
XII. THE ONE WHO WENT AND THE ONE WHO STAYED	125

### PART III.

I. REDFERN'S HOME - - - - -	159
II. DELAY - - - - -	182
III. WINTER AND DEATH - - - - -	195
IV. VIOLET'S FRIENDS - - - - -	228
V. ALMOST ALONE - - - - -	259





# THE GARDEN AT MONKHOLME.

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## PART II.—*Continued.*

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### CHAPTER VII.

#### MONKHOLME UNDER A NEW ASPECT.

THE spring came again ; in ecstasies of song the lark rose high to welcome it ; the atmosphere glowed with strong bare sunshine before the green began to cover all the earth, and the air thrilled with the melodies of many birds, who sang with joy because the summer was only coming, not come. The brown sparrows chirped persistently in the green hedges under the black unsympathetic boughs of the ash-trees, which declined to

believe in the summer until all the woods were green, and they themselves had lost the sweetest days of all the year. The sparrows had not much to say, but they said it with great satisfaction, and made the lanes more cheerful with their happy chirping; they were content to speak in crowds, and only helped in a loud chorus, not seeking, like the lark, a silence in the upper air in which to utter long delicious notes, or rising high to give all their music back again to the sun which gave them joy to sing with. From solitary trees the yellow bunting sang its plaintive little air, and the thrushes poured out liberally their strong and mellow notes.

The birds were quite sure of the joys of their coming summer, and Violet had little doubt of hers; the music of her heart was silent, unlike theirs, but it spoke from her eyes, as she stood often in her lonely garden, looking down with a sweet and dreamy ex-

pectancy in her face into the hazy outline of the distant valley.

Redfern came again; at first his visit was all pleasure, though of a quieter sort than the last; Violet had grown a little afraid of her own unreasonable happiness, and Redfern had doubts of the wisdom of being so much pleased with Monkholme. Unconsciousness cannot last very long, and to begin to ask why we are satisfied is a way to drive satisfaction away.

However, the pleasure of Redfern and Violet in each other's society was very real, and was sufficient to make them content for a few days while there was no one else to come between them. After the few days, Alfred arrived; Mr. Hilborough had invited him as a companion for Redfern, with the mistaken kindness that often induces persons to give us precisely the things we don't want. Redfern and Alfred were very good friends,