

when at last the guard called out Kingston, and the train stopping for some minutes, she was too absorbed in her grief to hear the conductor say, "Miss Morton is in this carriage, Sir," till a voice spoke to her, whose tones she only knew too well, and tears the first she had shed, burst forth.

Yes it was indeed Mr. Watson who sat beside her, and trying all in his power to comfort her ; but she went on weeping bitterly till it roused the compassion of her fellow-travellers, who, when they heard the cause of her anguish, hushed their talk, and one old lady going to her, placed her arms around her, and hushed and comforted her like a child, and when at last overpowered, she induced her to lay her head down where she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion ; then turning to Mr. Watson she said, "There, let her sleep a little, poor thing, perhaps she has not heard the worst."

Mr. Watson thanked her for her kindness, but she only shook her head, saying, "It is woman's province to soothe grief. I am glad she is quiet now for a little time."

Grace made a pretty picture in the railway carriage, lying with her hands folded on her breast as