

"But, as for grieving, because Miss Graeme is going farther away, than is perhaps pleasant to think about, when she is going of her own free will, and with a good hope of a measure of happiness, that would be unreasonable indeed."

"Now, if she were to hold up her hands, and say, 'Now, letteth thou thy servant depart in peace,' it would seem about the right thing to do," said Mr. Snow, to himself, with a sigh. "When it comes to giving the bairns up, willing never to see them again, it looks a little as if she was done with most things, and ready to go—and I ain't no ways ready to have her, I'm afraid."

The next words gave him a little start of surprise and relief.

"And we'll need to bethink ourselves, what bonny thing we can give her, to keep her in mind of us when she will be far away."

"Sartain!" said Mr. Snow, eagerly.

"Not that I think she'll be likely to forget us," added his wife, with a catch in her breath. "She's no of that nature. I shouldna wonder if she might have some homesick thoughts, then, even in the midst of her happiness, for she has a tender heart. But, if they love one another, there is little doubt but it will be well with them, seeing they have the fear of God before their eyes. And, she may come back and end her days on this side of the sea, yet, who knows?"

"I should n't wonder a mite," said Mr. Snow.

"But, whether or not, if she be well, and happy, and good, that is the main thing. And whiles I think it suits my weakness and my old age better to sit here and hear about the bairns, and think about them, and speak to you about them and all that concerns them, than it would to be among them with their youth and strength, and their new interests in life. And then, they dinna need me, and you do," added Mrs. Snow, with a smile.

"That's so," said he, with an emphasis that made her laugh.