

sion for the scoundrel who had caused his fall.

This must have been visible on his countenance, for poor Mrs. Roberts broke in upon his thoughts,—“Oh! don't be too hard upon him; I know how dreadfully he has behaved, but spare him, spare him, if you can!”

Grant's anger was much tempered by pity for the poor wife, and deep, sorrowing love for the daughter, left by her father destitute and disgraced.

When the doctor came next day and heard of the mischief, he was worked up to boiling pitch of anger at those who had so rashly informed his patient of the catastrophe; but, to his surprise, though there was a hectic, feverish flush of excitement on his face, he appeared to have suffered little physically; but, on the contrary, with that determination which sometimes seizes on the sick that they will recover, he was already stronger than he had been for many days.

Grant was certainly bitterly chagrined at the failure of his schemes, and the innocent way in which he had, contrary to the advice of all his well-tried friends, been gulled; but his mortification and deep sense of loss was tempered by the greater despair and shame that had fallen upon the devoted head of her he loved so well. He sent a pressing note to Mrs. Roberts to ask her to bring Lucy to see him, and she complied.

It was a painful interview. They met as they had parted at the basswood tree; each felt a deep love, but each felt also that, for a time, there was an insuperable barrier between them. Poor Lucy was borne down with the shame that had fallen on her family, and Grant sought earnestly to compose her.

After a time the latter broached the subject that lay nearest his heart. “Dear Lucy, I find that all is lost to me upon the mill, that when all has been sold it will swallow up my share totally. I don't tell you this, dear Lucy, to distress you,” as the tears rolled down, “but I want you to know that I love you just as deeply—ah! how much more, now that you are in distress. My own, will you promise to be mine as soon as I can get a home? I shall

go back to farming, and I know how you love a country life, and I am sure we can do splendidly together.” He took her gently by the hand, as he said this, and waited for a few minutes until her distress had somewhat expended itself. “Please dry your eyes, and let us talk of what we can do, it's no use crying over spilt milk,” continued Grant; “forget it all for a few minutes, and let us talk about the future. Let us forget the failure. I forgive your father readily; he was hard pushed, and if he went too far, it was at least to support you in comfort. Promise to be mine, not now, but let me work on again, knowing that you will be my wife.”

Lucy could not answer, for those bitter tears would well up from the depths of her riven heart, and the moment she attempted to speak, her first words would again be drowned in their sudden rush. But before they parted, she had said in a voice choked and hardly audible, “O Richard! I do love you, indeed I do; more than I can tell you, but it is better for you to be free.”

This did not suit our hero's ardent love, and he at last succeeded in extracting from her the promise that she would be his wife, if after some time he claimed her. “Never fear,” were his last words, “I shall come for you, my darling, long before you expect me. Now, I can get well soon again. What do I care for the mill, unless it had lost me you? I can work, and will soon make a home for both of us.”

With that first holy, loving kiss, the remembrance of which is never effaced from those who meet in young and ardent affection, even after many years of bitter struggling with the hard harsh world, they parted.

There is little more to tell of this short history of the early days of Richard Grant in Canada. He recovered rapidly, settled all the business, as far as the mill was concerned, and honorably refused to enter into any suit which should save to him his property at the expense of the creditors of that firm of which for some months he had been a published member. But when he found himself again able to stroll out for an hour's walk in the warm July evenings, from the hospitable brick house in the vil-