

placed it; while John Vorst bent his head, the unwonted tears falling from his eyes; and Isabel softly quoted from the most genial of novelists. "Lord, keep my memory green!" The pictured face, gay and youthful, smiled upon the three as if to assure them of her presence, and of her sanction of all that had been done.

"If the dead can know," thought Phileas, "how glad she would be to see John Vorst seated there!"

Isabel now strove to divert the old man from what was painful and to remind him of the pleasant to-morrow, when Father Van Buren had promised to dine with them,—or, at least, to look in upon the festivity. But the old man's thoughts were still with the past, and presently he uttered aloud the sentiment which was very much in accord with the thought of the lawyer:

"Poor Martha, if only she could be with us! How pleased she would be to see the happy outcome of the long-contested case of *Spooner vs. Vorst!* And," he added, taking a hand of each of the young people, whom he now regarded as his children, "nothing could please her better than to see installed amongst us one whom she had learned to