

Grace, my darling, can you love me? will you trust your happiness in my keeping? and if a life of long devotion can atone for your sufferings, it shall be yours."

Unaffected, Grace gave him her hand, saying, "Yes! I love you, dear Alexander, and am proud to be your wife, if you can be satisfied with a dowerless bride. My father loved you, and so does mamma, and it will make her very happy to see her daughter loved by such a man as yourself."

Long did they sit together, till Molly brought in the lights, and said tea was ready. Hand in hand they went to Mrs. Morton, and asked her blessing. Tears of joy ran down her face, as she lovingly laid her hands upon their heads—Maude standing by with her own eyes filling with tears, which she in vain tried to suppress.

It was a happy Christmas day for them, although they did not forget the beloved one who headed the table last year; but they knew that it had been the Lord's will that he should be removed early, and submitted without a murmur. Mr. Watson pleaded for an early day