



CHAPTER XI.

THE END.

SOME weeks elapsed before poor Mrs. Morton could be roused from her grief, to make plans for the future. Her sister would sail for England in a few days, and she tried to induce her and Grace to accompany her. "No," answered Mrs. Morton, "I cannot yet be separated from the grave of my poor husband. Oh! when living, I might have been a better wife, and God forgive me for all I have done.

A small house, standing in a neat garden, was at last found, to which Grace moved with her mother, the day after her aunt left, retaining Molly to act as general servant for them; at first she thought of only taking a young girl, which, with the assistance she could render, would have been sufficient, but Molly had become so attached to her young mis-