

has returned from the West, and who is in the full glory of her bridal calls.

'I was never so happy in my life as I am now,' she wrote. 'Indeed, I did not know that a married woman could be so happy; but then every woman has not a Bob for her husband, which makes a vast difference. You ought to see Juno. I know she envies me, though she affects the utmost contempt for matrimony, and reminds me forcibly of the fox and the grapes. You see, Arthur Grey is a failure, so far as Juno is concerned, he having withdrawn from the field and laid himself at the feet of Sybil Grandon, who will be Mrs. Grey, and a bride at Saratoga the coming summer. Juno intends going too, as the bridesmaid of the party; but every year her chances lessen, and I have very little hope that father will ever call other than Bob his son, always excepting Morris, of course, whom he has adopted in place of Wilford. You don't know, Katy, how much father thinks of you, blessing the day which brought you to us, and saying that if he is ever saved, he shall in a great measure owe it to your influence and consistent life after the great trouble came upon you.'

There were tears in Katy's eyes as she read this letter from Bell, and with a mental prayer of thanksgiving that she had been of any use in guiding even one to the Shepard's Fold, she took next the letter whose superscription brought back so vividly to her mind the daisy-covered grave in Alwick. Marian, who was now at Annapolis, caring for the returned prisoners, did not write often, and her letters were prized the more by Katy, who read with a beating heart the kind congratulations upon her recent marriage, sent by Marian Hazelton.

'I knew how it would end when you were in Georgetown,' she wrote, 'and I am glad that it is so, praying daily that you may be happy with Dr. Grant and remember the sad past only as some dream from which you have awakened. I thank you for your invitation to visit Linwood, and when my work is over I may come for a few weeks to rest in your bird's nest of a home. Thank God the war is ended; but my boys need me yet, and until the last crutch has left the hospital, I shall stay where duty lies. What my life will henceforth be I do not know; but I have sometimes thought that with the funds you so generously bestowed upon me, I shall open a school for orphan children, taking charge myself, and so doing some good. Will you be the Lady Patroness, and

occasionally enliven us with the light of your countenance? I have left the hospital but once since you were here, and then I went to Wilford's grave. I prayed for you while there, remembering only that you had been his wife. In a little box where no eyes but mine ever look, there is a bunch of flowers plucked from Wilford's grave. They are faded and withered, but something of their sweet perfume lingers still; and I prize them as my greatest treasure; for, except the lock of hair severed from his head, they are all that is remaining to me of the past, which now seems so far away. It is time to make my nightly round of visits, so I must bid you good-bye. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and be with you forever.

MARIAN HAZELTON.'

For a long time Katy held this letter in her hand, wondering if the sorrowful woman whose life was once so strangely blended with that of Marian Hazelton, could be the Katy Grant who sat by the evening fire at Linwood, with the sunshine of perfect happiness resting on her heart. 'Truly He doeth all things well to those who wait upon Him,' she thought, as she laid down Marian's letter and took up the third and last, Helen's letter, dated at Fortress Monroe, whither, with Mark Ray, she had gone just after Bell Cameron's bridal.

'You cannot imagine,' Helen wrote, 'the feelings of awe and even terror which steal over me the nearer I get to the seat of war, and the more I realize the bloody strife we have been engaged in, and which, thank God, has now nearly ceased. You have heard of John Jennings, the noble man who saved my dear husband's life, and of Aunt Bab, who helped in the good work? Both are here, and I never saw Mark more pleased than when seized around the neck by two long brawny arms, while a cheery voice called out: "Hallow, old chap, has you done forgot John Jennings?" I verily believe Mark cried, and I know I did, especially when old Bab came up and shook "young missus' hand." I kissed her, Katy—all black, and rough, as she was. I wish you could see how grateful the old creature is for every act of kindness. When we come home again, both John and Bab will come with us though what we shall do with John, is more than I can tell. Mark says he shall employ him about the office, and this I know will delight Tom Tubbs, who has again made friends with Chitty, and who will almost worship John as having saved Mark's life. Aunt Bab shall have an honoured seat by the kitchen fire, and a