

"I am very glad; and you think he would have changed his mind now?"

"I think so. Especially as it seems to me Lucia is likely to settle in England."

"Yes, indeed. That was the second thing I wanted to speak to you about."

"They are engaged, I suppose?"

"Yes; it has been the wish of my heart for years. Maurice is like a son to me."

They discussed the matter in its more commonplace aspect. The wealth and position of the bridegroom elect were points as to which Mr. Wynter felt it his business to inquire, and when he found these so satisfactory, he congratulated his cousin with great cordiality, and plainly expressed his opinion that delays in such a case were useless and objectionable. He liked Lucia, and admired her, and thought, too, that there would be no better way of blotting out the remembrance of the mother's unfortunate marriage than by a prosperous one on the part of the daughter.

Meantime Mrs. Wynter sat in an easy-chair by her dressing-table, and her daughter was curled up on the floor near her.

"Well, mamma," Miss Wynter said, "you see I