

said to Mr. Watson. (Ah! her mother knew he was coming.)

“Yes, I had hard work to get here in time, the state of the roads is so bad; but I would have walked, rather than not have come to-day,” he added, with a meaning glance at Grace, which made her a little embarrassed; and Maude, who seemed to understand all, with wonderful tact, begged to be excused, as she would like to unpack before it was quite dark; and Mrs. Morton, following her example, went to see that a substantial tea was prepared for the traveller.

And now they were alone—Mr. Watson taking a seat beside her, with her hand in his. He then told her of his love, and asked her to become his wife. “I think I have loved you from the first moment I saw you upon that step-ladder,” he said, “but when I witnessed your devotion to your dying father, I felt that I could never love any other woman but you. I asked your father for your hand, and he blessed me before he died; and if it is possible for his happy spirit to see us, he will rejoice to see us together. Tell me,