

house under false pretences. In a brief and manly fashion he told his love. It was his mother's anger he feared, but for once he was agreeably disappointed. Perhaps she had long since suspected it, and made up her mind to the inevitable, or perhaps the atmosphere of love and peace about her that night had awakened all the kindest impulses of her heart.

"She is a sweet, pretty girl, Harry, and I am quite pleased," she said; and if there was a tinge of condescension in her graciousness, he could not resent it in his gratitude that she conceded so much.

Mary was awakened next morning by some one drawing up the blinds, and presently she was amazed to see standing by her bed the figure of her hostess.

"Have I disturbed you, my dear?" she said very pleasantly. "But it is time you were up. I just came in because I wished a quiet word with you before you came downstairs. Harry has told us; and the Squire and I are very pleased to welcome you as our daughter. I wish you a Happy New Year!" So saying, she stooped and kissed the sweet face on the pillow, and Mary put her arms about her neck and laid her cheek to hers, but could speak no word. The last cloud had vanished from her heart, and it was a happy new year indeed. Fain would I linger longer in that happy home, but my task is almost done. Only one thing more, and I must leave these friends who have grown doubly dear to me since I began the record of their lives. Richard and Frances, eager to see Harry