

with her beauty and force me into helping to deceive Mr. Lester."

In a rustic arbor, surrounded by a tall hedge, and in a corner of the grounds hidden from view of her home by a clump of maples, Grace found the privacy she so ardently desired. Tenderly she regarded the handwriting upon the envelope, stealing additional joy by surmising the loving messages awaiting her perusal.

"My noble lover," she softly breathed; and then for the second time that day, she applied her dainty pen-knife.

For a few minutes she allowed the knife and letter to lie unnoticed in her lap, her thoughts busy with the remembrance of the two short, happy months she had spent at the home of her aunt and uncle in Ottawa during the past winter. There she had met and learned to love a young surveyor, who gave her in return a devotion that made him fear, strong man though he was, for his future happiness, should aught come between them. On the toboggan-slide, in the skating rink, on snow-shoe tramps, at sleighing parties, in the ball room, he had been one of her most constant admirers and companions. His merry, open nature had won her friendship; his freedom from jealousy, amid so many rivals, had taught her to respect him; his low, impassioned tones when in conversation with her had reached her heart; and his wealth of vigorous, unaffected manhood had captured her fondest affections, and bound her to him in the golden fetters so lightly borne in the sweet-fevered dreamland over which that artful rogue,