

Sister Malilieu interrupts her: "You nor I have nothing to do with that; if the Lord in His providence thinks you worthy what are we that we should judge differently?"

"No, Grace, you are chosen among many that we would have thought more fitting, short-sighted as we are; what you have to say is whether you will accept your lot or not."

This view of the case,—specially chosen by God from among many—soothed Grace. It was God. He could raise up a beggar from the dust and set him among princes. He did what pleased him in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth.

"I am willing," said Grace, humbly, "to be not only wife but servant to him, if he will only despise me as little as he can."

"You are God's gift to him, Grace; he is a Christian man, he will not and dare not despise you. So now go upstairs and bathe your face and dress, for you must come home with me. You need not take anything with you; Sister Spencer will give your clothes to some poor person."

Grace, accustomed to dress quickly, was soon ready. She gathered up a few trifles that had been her mother's, a Bible and Psalm-book, the gift of the good Scottish pastor to her father; and so in a few moments she bade adieu, kindly, to Sister Spencer and her past life, remembering that, for all the late differences, she had for many years found there a safe and, on the whole, a kind and comfortable home,—more so by far than had her father lived and the time been passed in barracks. When Grace crossed the corner of the square to the pastor's house at the end of the church, and was led up stairs and installed into possession of the guest-chamber, a new life commenced. She was taken possession of in sisterly fashion by Sister Malilieu, and waited on, and helped to dress, and had her hair arranged for her by Sister Malilieu's kindly fingers. Grace's hair had been accustomed to float free, or be gathered in a knot. It was now smoothly banded round her head. Preparations for her outfit were begun immediately. Grace was astonished at the extensiveness and com-

pleteness of the plain outfit that was being prepared for her. The nimble finger of many Sisters flew over the garments that were counted necessary. It was a busy time for Grace. The strong sea-going trunks were purchased and came home, and were to be packed. Parcel after parcel came of presents from the Sisters, of finished garments, or of necessary purchases. Sister Malilieu did the shopping, consulting Grace, and, at the same time, instructing her. All this time, which was really but a few days, Brother Walsingham had not seen Grace. He sent her a blue silk for her wedding dress, some plain, heavy ornaments, that had been his mother's, pricelessly valuable in Grace's eyes, and a writing desk, work box and dressing case. Grace wished very much that when Brother Walsingham came to see her for the first time he would come in accidentally and find her busy, so that her hands might be employed, which would give her so much advantage in this dreaded interview. She was not fated to have this coveted advantage. The first new dress which came home was a plain black silk. She was packed into it; it was rather tight to Grace's ideas, and her hair was arranged smoothly, as smoothly as it could be persuaded to stay, for it was not the satin-smooth hair that was common to the settlement, but that sort of dark hair that will ripple and shine, and stray, or, as she called it, "strut beyond bounds." In this altogether unaccustomed guise, in which she was stiff, awkward and uncomfortable, her hands, alas! idle, with a red face, and the full knowledge that she was common and vulgar, Brother Walsingham was announced. He came in with his easy, lordly manner and handsome face. Grace saw the look of dismay as his eyes fell on her, and how his face grew pale even to the lips. Some of the brethren believe he fainted outright; this is not so,—he merely became pale as though he would swoon. He recovered himself in a moment, crossed the room as she was presented to him, took her hand and kissed her. Grace felt to her soul his look of pale dismay, and bewailed herself bitterly when alone, saying to herself, "So the face of Jacob might have seemed when