

"Grace, I have thought of asking you to be my wife, but dared not. It is your mother who helps me to my only chance of happiness in this life—will you marry me?"

She was dazed and confused for a minute; then she placed her hand in his frankly, giving with it her whole heart and soul.

"Yes, Wattie," she said simply.

The two, with clasped hands—she holding Baby as if he were part of the compact—bowed their heads before the dame, who gave them a fervent blessing.

"That's right, that's right; you're sensible at last.—Now read a chapter for me. Read a bit of Solomon's Song, and stop when I lift my hand."

Walter took the Bible, and read the passage she desired, Grace sitting beside him the while, with Baby on her knee. Dame Wishart lifted her hand when he came to the words—  
"For, lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

THE END.