

answering the greetings of the few people he met, he hurried home. His horse's feet upon the pebble-paved walk brought Grace to the door, her look of inquiry brightening into a smile of radiant joy as Martin, flinging himself from the saddle, seized her in his close embrace, murmuring, "My precious lamb, at last we are together, never, I hope, to be separated again in life."

The first transports over, they went in to where Tom lay on a couch at the window, watching the descending sun, and together they bent over him, their faces aglow with love. And Tom, turning to them, put an arm round each, drew their faces down to his, murmuring, "Thank God, thank God, for all His abundant mercies." Then Martin's keen eye of affection, which had been busily scanning Tom's features for some sign of the change he feared, suddenly discovered a delightful thing—Tom was evidently better. The wan and sunken appearance in his face had almost disappeared, his form had regained something of its old sturdiness, and the other-world expression, so characteristic of people who are marked for death, was no longer there. Now Martin's joy almost broke bounds. With broken voice and streaming eyes, he congratulated his brother 'upon the wonderful change for the better, and assisted him to rise.

Presently the dame came in, looking older indeed, but sonsie as ever, and full of vigour. She greeted Martin with great delight, overwhelming him with questions, and finally whispering in his ear, "When is it to be?" To which, blushing like a schoolboy,