

It was Hugh Seaton's pictured eyes that looked in my face!

The reaction from the painful feelings which had disturbed my mind for the last quarter of an hour, to the pleasant anticipations the discovery I had just made, gave rise to, made my heart beat with accelerated pace, as I replaced the photographs and envelope in the little volume which I now saw was a beautifully illustrated copy of Paul and Virginia, on the fly leaf of which was written "From Hugh Seaton to little Tiny," the date fourteen years previous.

On the second of the following December, while sitting at breakfast, I received a large parcel which was sent me by post, packed up in satin paper tied with white satin ribbon, and perfumed most unmistakably with the bridal rose.

It contained bridal favors and cards. The names engraved thereon were "Colonel Seaton," "Mrs. Hugh Seaton." On the corner of the lady's card was her maiden name, "Margaret Gordon."

I sat for some minutes with the snow white missive in my hand, looking on them in a sort of retrospective dream, and my thoughts went back to the first time I saw Margaret Gordon, lying on a pauper's bed among strangers who knew not her name, could not speak her tongue, tended by them for the love of God; and then my mind went back to the terrible time she herself told me of, when she sat in her loneliness in the Indian's hut, looking out on her child's grave, a small blue bottle in her hand,