

of hearty congratulations were passed around within a very short time.

Mrs. Phillip Lawson's boudoir was a perfect gem in itself, its pale blue and silver draperies harmonizing with the taste of its mistress, while the delicate and artistic touches of the graceful hand were proof of the labors of love there performed.

"Madge! you old dear, the only thing I envy you is this charming spot," said Helen as she stood admiring the pretty work while the others are reclining upon the inviting ottomans, and cosey chairs of the most unique designs.

"The very words I said when I first entered it," said Cousin Jennie, looking as youthful as when we met her at "Sunny-bank."

"The effect of mind upon mind," said Mrs. Noyes, with a sly, roguish smile upon the red pouting lips.

Helen Rushton threw herself into a handsomely carved *fauteuil* with cushion of pale blue satin, embroidered with a wreath of lily of the valley and soft cream roses.

"How time flies!—two years girls, since we made our promise—and I am the only old maid left in the crowd. What a world of consolation is in that thought!"

"Helen Rushton this is a fit place for your confession, and you shall not stir until you have made it, my precious one."

The speaker was Cousin Jennie, now Mrs. Leslie Graham.

Mrs. Lawson sat for a moment as if buried in earnest thought, and as her companions glanced at the sweet, sympathetic face they were also affected in turn.

The past with all its light and shade was lovingly touched upon, and as the gentle Marguerite's eyes were dimmed with tears her heart was full of gratitude.

Helen Rushton *did* make a full confession of her love affairs, expressly for Cousin Jennie. What that confession was we will not say, but presume upon the imagination of the reader. It is several hours later. Helen has retired to her own room, and her old friend lingers lovingly beside her. They chat of other scenes and other days, and the hour flies too quickly.

A step is heard coming through the hall. Ah! the magic of that step.