

On reaching home she found, as had been described, a sad scene. There was her father lying helpless and in a dying condition, his eyes fixed upon the door as if awaiting some object to appear ; her mother weeping by his side, and Aunt Jane looking frightened and humbled, and the family doctor standing over his patient. Grace entered noiselessly, but he detected her in an instant ; she was the object for which he had been looking, and though in his attack he became speechless, it seemed as if the sight of her had given him strength to bid her welcome. She was soon by his side, which she never left as long as life remained, taking a little rest occasionally. Poor Mrs. Morton became so overpowered that she had to be taken to bed, and was hardly able to leave it, and Aunt Jane was with her most of the time. It was indeed a house of mourning ; scarcely a sound was heard above the breathing of the patient. Mr. Watson came backwards and forwards, to see what assistance he could render ; the doctor kept coming and going, and the servants spoke in whispers, each knowing that a life hung in the balance.

A few hours before the dreaded summons came,