

getful of the cloud in their horizon which was about to burst.

When Grace retired for the night, she found her thoughts turning again and again to Mr. Watson, who had that evening so interested and delighted them all. He possessed those qualities which made him an agreeable companion—young and handsome, with a melodious voice and great conversational powers; and from one or two remarks made by him, it was evident he was one of the Lord's children. This constituted a bond of sympathy for Grace, who, loving the Saviour as she did, loved those who loved Him, too. They had sung and played together most of the evening, and indeed, before he left that night, they were like old friends. He promised to spend the next day with them, and a natural and good understanding seemed to exist from this first evening of their acquaintance.

When Mr. Watson had reached his hotel, and was in the quiet of his own room, his thoughts had never left Grace. "What a glorious being is Miss Morton!" he said aloud. "If she is a specimen of Canadian ladies, I think our own need not think so much of themselves: so fresh-looking, so natural