

upon her approaching happiness; while her lady friends are very curious to know what her future movements are to be and where they propose to make their future home. To such, Mary Morrison always replies with unruffled sweetness, yet with an impressiveness, which prevents further remark:

"That she proposes to live where her husband resides, and wherever his business requires him," and assures them with a captivating smile, "that like John's great-great-grandmother, they will find halcyon days ever shining upon them down in the old district of Presqu'Isle Bay."

The End.