

This, and other vague fears, harassed her. Grace, who had observed her mother's anxiety, attributed it to another cause. She thought of that *one* whose memory they both so fondly cherished, and who at this time last year was hearty and well, and happy with them all, and she tried all in her power to divert her mother from this great sorrow.

But a great surprise awaits them. On the morning of the 24th a cab drove up to the door, out of which sprang Maude Melville, the beloved friend of Grace. Yes, she had come, knowing what a sad season of remembrances it would be for them. She hoped to enliven them by her presence. Her own friends demurred at her coming away from them, but she begged them to excuse her for her dear friend's sake. So here she was, looking as fresh and as blooming as when we saw her last. She was well repaid for the cold journey she had had, by the hearty and joyous welcome they gave, and even Molly thanked her.

"Well, it is the best deed you ever did in your life, Miss, by coming to-day," she said; "I do not know what poor missis will do to-morrow, thinking who was here last year, all