

her name, spoken as John had called her—whatever it was the, fierce eyes drooped, and she replied softly:

"Did you expect or wish a welcome from me?"

"Certainly, I wished one, and I might have expected it, only that you did not recognize me to day."

She glanced quickly at me, and then sank upon her seat, and buried her face in the pillows. I thought as I looked at the wild burst of tears I had invoked, that there must have been a sahara of anguish burning into brain and heart; that flood had had no precursor, I was certain. When it had partly ceased, I drew away her shielding hands, and said, "Rose." I felt intuitively, that it was the "sesame" to her heart. "Rose, I am your friend; you will not refuse to tell your friend, then, what troubles you."

"Are you my friend? Can you be my friend and his love at the same time?"

I looked at her in surprise. "Whose love, dear. I don't understand you?"

"Are you speaking truly?" she said, and a glance of the old spirit shot from her eyes. "Are you not Doctor Grantly's first—aid to be first means forever with him; I know that—his is first love?"

The key was hardly so rusty now as at first! Perseverance certainly is an excellent lubricator. I smiled frankly into those earnest, defying, pleading eyes for my answer would bring hope or ruin to the waiting spirit.

"I love John Grantly as a cousin, and no more. I respect his moral virtues; I admire his honourable nature. That is the only tie that was ever between us. Who could have told you otherwise, Rose?"

"Your aunt Mattie."

"Aunt Mattie is a very good woman, so far as intention goes, dear, but she has some odd ways: one of them is, that she is very apt to form her belief after her wishes. She wished to make a match between John and I once, and I dare say she now believes, that we wished it."

Instead of relief, my words seemed to bring despair; she mourned feebly:

"And I have offended him so deeply. Oh! and she clung to me despondently: "if you could only know how I grieved him; and he was so gentle and kind to me always. Oh! John come back to me."

Suddenly she looked up; another thought seemed burning into her heart.

"What did he marry me for? Jessie McKay can you tell me that?"

"I know nothing of the circumstances connected with your marriage, yet I think he loved you. My knowledge of the man's character, makes me sure his motive was an honourable one, whatever it was."

"Would it be honorable to marry for money?" she asked hesitatingly, as her face flushed deeply.

"I have some odd notions too, cousin Rose, and I should say it is dishonourable to marry for money alone; but John Grantly never did that, I'm sure. Did aunt Mattie tell you that too?"

"No; that is she did not tell me, but I heard her saying so to another—I would not have heard it if I could have helped it, and I tried not to believe it,—I determined not to believe it,—yet somehow, the idea was before me all the time. I know I am not fit to look at him, let alone being his wife. Then, when I heard the other, I yielded up every hope, I grew obstinate and perverse, and tried my best to annoy him, and his friends too—for you may be sure I heard aunt Mattie say enough besides that, I hated myself for making him suffer, yet was glad to see his misery, I need never expect he will overlook it," she wailed—after a pause she continued:

"I'm going to tell you about myself; it is not much: I have been an orphan ever since I can remember. My mother left me a large fortune, and I lived with my grandfather, who left me another, so you see, Jessie, that my money didn't come in that horrid way; but I never thought or cared anything about it, till aunt Mattie set me thinking. I had everything that money could buy; but it could not bring back my dear mother, and I longed for her so dreadfully. Grandpa, loved me, I know, but he spent most of his time in his study, he was a scholar, so you may judge what a sad time I had. Well, we went out often on fine days for a short drive, and one day the horse was frightened and dashed down the street fearfully. I shut my eyes and held on to the carriage, it was all I could do. Suddenly I felt a violent shock, but I did not fall; presently a pair of strong arms lifted me out, and when I ventured to look, it was John Grantly who held me, and his beautiful dark eyes were looking pitifully into mine. But the shock had thrown grandpa out of the carriage, and his arm was broken. They carried him home, and then we found that John was a doctor, for he set the broken limb at once. Poor grandpa was ill a long time, and of course he would have no one else with him, as a physician I mean: it was just at the close of the war, and he had been with the army, and he used to amuse his patient, telling about what he had seen. But, Oh dear! I had learned to wait for his visits as ardently as dear grandpa, I thought it was because he was so agreeable and entertaining. Grandpa never got well, and one day, just before he died, he said to me:

"My poor little daughter, I'm afraid you've had a lonely life with an old man. But when I am gone, you will be quite alone. Will you marry Doctor Grantly, my dear? I want to feel that you have a protector."

"I was so amazed and bewildered, that I could not speak, and then he, (the doctor), came in. He spoke to me so gently, though I never could remember what he said, it was his voice and manner that persuaded me, and not his words, that I made no opposition. We were married that same day, and grandpa died