

had expressed his intention of going out West, had never left the city except for a few days at a time ; it seemed as if an unseen hand was drawing him back to the same spot all the time. He had called at Mr. Morton's office daily while in town, and had done so on this fatal morning. Only one hour before had the unfortunate gentleman been taken ill, and was found by one of his clerks lying on the floor, with the fatal letter in his hands which was the cause of this sad catastrophe. Mr. Watson, on hearing the sad news, hastened to the house, where Mr. Morton had already been conveyed ; he forwarded the telegram to Grace, and took the next train to meet her on her way home.

On awaking from her slumber, she felt much better, and listened quietly, though sorrowfully, to the details Mr. Watson gave her of her father's condition, and with kind and loving words he prepared her for the worst, telling her how much would depend upon her to comfort her poor mother. He led her thoughts to Him who holds our lives in His hand ; and on this sad journey they found that both had tasted of the fountain of living waters, and felt even then happy in the thought.