

"You almost made me fall, coming in so suddenly," replied Grace, "but if Mr. Watson will excuse me, I will run and fetch mamma and aunty;" so saying she left the room, blushing and laughing to herself, and wondering who it could be that papa had brought home at such a time, when she had hoped to be all alone; for of course he will stay to dinner, and spend Christmas eve. She knew her father too well, not to know that he would not have brought him, unless he had intended to make the stranger welcome, on this holy eve.

And when she called her mother and Aunt Jane, telling them that Mr. Watson from England, was down stairs and waiting to see them, her aunt jumped up all in a flutter, "What name did you say? Surely it cannot be Mr. Alexander Watson's son; why the gentleman I saw with your father was as tall as himself."

Yes, it was, indeed Mr. Alexander Watson, son of an old playmate and friend of these two ladies, who had come so unexpectedly upon them as their guest; and his presence at this festive season went so far as to make them feel quite happy, and for-