

them a visit in the fall. They perceive a sweet sadness about Grace which pervades all her movements ; but she is the lovely and beautiful Grace still, the same as ever, though verging into womanhood. Mrs. Morton they find is greatly changed. All the high-born pride they remembered so well is gone. She is always engaged in some light occupation, either helping her servant in the house or about the garden, and sometimes preparing a little surprise for her daughter on her return from teaching, and day by day she draws nearer to her Master's feet, making Grace very happy.

These young visitors have been gone some time and Christmas time is again close at hand for this small circle. Mrs. Morton is in a great flutter of expectation, she alone having a great secret entrusted to her, and one on which so much depended the future happiness of her beloved daughter. Mr. Watson had written regularly since leaving them till this last month, when no news at all had been received from him. It was very excusable if Mrs. Morton did feel a little unusual excitement, as now was the time to expect him to come and redeem his promise. What, if any thing has happened to him.