

missionary's wife, but I think I am worth the asking."

"Alice," said Mr. Holt, "if Jacob had been here in my position, seven years of service would have been nothing; and, in fact, a life-time of waiting and working to me is nothing, if only I can be near you during that time."

"Now, then, am I to consider myself engaged?" asked Miss Martin.

"No, not yet," was the answer; "I must see your parents; their loss will be great and irreparable."

Then Mr. Holt gave himself to the enjoyment of the hour until the shadows came down from the Rockies, and still the two were talking. The missionary's face is now as bright as that of his companion; and, as they cross the bridge, there is not a happier couple in the city. Of course he accepts the invitation to tea, at which, as he asks blessing on the food, and gives thanks for all the good things in this life, the new happiness that shows itself in his face indicates to the old folks the state of affairs; and there is no opposition. How can there be when they were intended for each other? In order to keep Alice at home, Mr. Martin offers to start the missionary in business; but she is as enthusiastic over the work of the future as Mr. Holt is, so this plan would not do. Let us give them our best wishes, for they will be a success wherever they go.