

A MAID OF MANY MOODS

"When I look at the little lad, Don," said Debora, softly, "my thoughts go back to his mother. 'Twas on such a night as this, as I have told thee, that Darby found her in the snow."

"Think not of it, sweetheart," he answered; "the child, at least, has missed naught that thou could'st give."

"I know, I know," she said, in a passionate, low tone, "but it troubles me when I think of all that I have of care and life's blessings, and of her woe and desolation, and through no sin, save that of loving too well. I see not why it should be."

"Ah!" he said, bending towards her, "there are some 'Why's' that must wait for their answer—for 'twill not come this side o' heaven." Then, in lighter tone, "When I look at the little lad I see but that scapegrace kinsman of mine; but although he is so marvellous like him, thou wilt be his guide. I fear nothing for his future, for who could be aught but good with thee, my heart's love, beside them."

And presently there was a stir as Nicholas Berwick rose and bid all good-night, and this