

by her with such cutting coldness. He felt that Philip had acted most ungraciously and that he might be excused for breaking a promise given under such circumstances; but nevertheless he had about him a deep sense of honour, and kept his word most loyally for those long, weary months.

When the year was out Simond suddenly left for the upper part of the Ottawa, and then Marston followed and called to see Mary, on his way. He met her, as it happened, walking by the banks of the river, not far from "The Snows," with her hands full of bright autumn leaves, some of which she had carelessly arranged in her dark hair.

She was passing him with that cold nod of the head, now usual with her whenever they met.

"Mary, don't pass me by like that," said Marston hurriedly, "I've long wished to speak to you, and —"

"It seems to me," interrupted Mary, "you have not shown such fancy for my company, for a year and more. I am not sure now who is the most disagreeable—you or Philip?"

"Perhaps, Mary, you can tell why Philip is so altered of late?" replied Marston, provoked by her cold tone.

"I am not to be called to account for all the fancies you young men may take," answered Mary with a saucy shake of her pretty curls; "but I must make haste home, for it is getting late."

"You can surely spare me five minutes," exclaimed Charles, eagerly.

"How much you seem to value my company now," said the girl, as she pretended to walk on; for I didn't believe for a moment that she intended to provoke Marston to the extent of driving him away, but only wished to punish him a little for what she had reason certainly to think was great neglect on his part.

Then Marston, unable to keep silence longer, out of the fullness of his heart, told that story as old as the world itself. What he may have said I cannot say—I suppose he could not have repeated it himself; but at all events his defence was most successful. If the effect of a speech is weighed by the sympathy it excites in an audience, then Marston possessed the elements of a most effective orator; for the result of his appeal was to win Mary's willing consent to be his wife.

III.—RUNNING "THE SNOWS."

But business had to be attended to, and Marston was soon freed to leave the company of his betrothed and hasten to the woods, where he was the foreman of a large gang of men employed in taking out timber on one of the smaller streams emptying into the Upper Ottawa. You may be sure that he left with a gayer heart than he had for many months: so joyous was he, that he thought little even of the first meeting with his foster-brother, to whom he carried a conciliatory message from Mary who now began to regret that she had ever trifled with the passionate young man. Marston hoped that Philip had become nearly cured of his attachment and would gladly meet his friendly approaches. It was about a week after the important event just mentioned, before the two young men met each other at the shanty, and then Charles Marston told Simond