window of Ginevra's room, with an expression which affected her sister. In a few seconds, and with a voice of much emotion, she said—

"I am glad that you have said all this to me, Edmund. Very glad I am that I did not interrupt you. The sentiments and the resolutions which you have just expressed, will be, in future years, a source of satisfaction both to yourself and to me. That you neither thought nor spoke with bitterness on this day; that no selfish or angry feelings have mingled with your thanksgivings for the great blessing which has been granted you, will be remembered by us both as long as we live, and may justly tend to reconcile you with yourself, and renew all the love I felt for you before these miserable trials estranged us from each other. And now, Edmund, listen to me, for I have that to say to you which, in justice to yourself, I withheld till this moment. One who may have been misled, but whose intentions towards you were ever kind and just—"

"O Anne, could I have forgotten him, if she had died? Now I do from the bottom of my heart."

Anne colored, and said, with something of indignation in her voice, "It was his reliance in your truth that misled him. He never would believe that his son was capable of deceiving him."

"I know, Anne, that he meant well, and that I have acted wickedly," Edmund interrupted. "God knows, I have forgiven the injury he has done me! for, do I not myself need the ampiest measure of forgiveness?"

Anne continued: "A few days before his death, an anonymous letter was brought to him, which purported to inform him of your secret marriage with Ginevra Leslie."

"It must have been from that wretched Carafelli," exclaimed Edmund. "He alone could have sent it, for he alone knew of my marriage."

"He showed it to none but me," she resumed, "and absolutely refused to believe in the fact. He was certain (he over and over again repeated) that you would never have so deceived him, and it was only a few hours before his death, in my most urgent entreaties, and to satisfy what he considered my unreasonable fears, that he had a codicil secretly drawn up, which, in a certain contingency, (I am now about to explain to you), rescinded his testamentary sentence of disinheritance. He placed it in my hands, and bound me by a solemn promise never to speak of, or produce it, unless it should hereafter appear that you had already married a Catholic before your return to England, and therefore, before the menace which, almost in his last moments, he had announced to you. This he commanded me to use every means in my power secretly to ascertain; for then, and then only, was the prohibitory clause of his will to become void and of no effect. He would have prevented your marriage with a Catholic, at the expense of his life, of his own happiness, and, perhaps, of yours; but deep as was his abhorrence of that creed, he never thought of separating what God had united, and his last act was no impious opposition of his own will to that of heaven. Now, judge between him and you, and forgive me, if my words have seemed to you stern or cold. Such is not my love for you. Speak to me, brother."

"Anne," said Edmund, at last, as he raised his pale face from between his hands, "I feel now what is meant by heaping coals of fire on an offender's head. I, who accused, insulted, and defrauded you. Sister, I can scarcely understand or believe what you tell me." Tears came to his relief, for the violence of his emotion was choking him. After a pause, he took her hand in his, and said in a low voice, "Now, I understand why you and Charles watched me so narrowly. Sister, sister, you may forgive me, but I cannot forgive myself."

CONCLUSION.

The bells of the parish church were ringing a merry peal, as a travelling-carriage drove up the avenue of Grantley Manor, and a group of eager faces were gathered together at the hall-door, where it stopped, to welcome its inmates. Mr. Thornton was there with his gold-headed cane, his extended hand, and his ready smile: his wife was describing what they all felt, till the moment when the door of the carriage was opened, and then she felt too much to describe anything. While Mr. Sydney groaned at the lateness of the hour, and shrugged his shoulders at the innumerable trunks he caught sight of, Mrs. Sydney had retreated into the house, and, pale and breathless, was leaning against the hall window, scarcely able to endure the agitation of that moment. Margaret was in her arms even before her own Walter; and the tone with which she whispered, as she clung round her neck, "Wish me joy, dearest mother! I love him, and he loves me more than ever; and everybody knows it now," gave her one of those rare sensations of joy, which do not often occur in a person's life, for which they feel grateful all the days that they live, and which fill their hearts with a strange surprise and a still stranger happiness. O hope and fear! and joy and sorrow! ye are deep and fearful workers in the human soul; and when ye act on a mother's spirit, ye are terrible in your strength, and wonderful in your power!

"Mrs. Sydney," said Colonel Leslie, as he sat down by her a few moments later, "you have heard, I suppose, that Walter takes charge of the girl whom he spoiled long ago, and that I lose her now, when he can scarcely prize her more than I do."

These were the first words of praise and of affection which Margaret had heard from her father's lips, and the deep flush of joy with which she received showed how deeply she felt them. After kissing her dear Mrs. Dalton, and shaking hands with the old servants in the house, she called Walter to her side, and stood with him on the balcony of the drawing-room, gazing on the stately beeches, the rapid river, and the distant muirs of her own home. There had been rain in the morning; the shrubs were still dripping with the plentiful showers; the dahlias and geraniums showed their washed faces, bright and shining, like those children fresh from their morning ablutions. the horse-chestnuts were shedding their polished fruit on the ground, and the birds were singing their last song—that busy, low twitter among the high branches, which is soon hushed into silence as the shades of night close in. Margaret, absorbed in the beauty of the scene, had been silent for a few minutes, but now she grasped Walter's arm, and pointing to the avenue she said abruptly—"Here they are!"

and reached the entrance-steps as soon as the carriage she had seen. In a moment her sister was in her arms, and each felt, as she clasped the other to her breast, the full tide of sweet and bitter memories, which the place, the hour, the mute embrace, was bringing to their minds.

It was with a strange mixture of feelings that Colonel Leslie received his child and her husband. He folded her to his heart with a painful tenderness and a stern emotion. He had loved her too passionately to be able to look back with calmness to the past; letters had passed between him and Neville; pardon had been asked on the one hand with a frank humility, and granted on the other with a cold reserve. Colonel Leslie's brow darkened, and his voice shook each time that he spoke to his daughter's husband. It was difficult to him to forgive—impossible to forget; but his child was happy, and she loved her husband. By degrees it grew easier to forgive, but still he could not forget; the wound had been too deep, the suffering too recent. It was not till some time afterwards, when Ginevra led him to a spot near Darrell-court, where the first stone of a Catholic chapel was laid, and he read the inscription it bore: "In memorial of an eternal repentence and an eternal gratitude," that his feelings softened towards Edmund Neville. If he could have read into his heart, he would have seen there more of love and of suffering than that memorial stone could record. Margaret and Ginevra were standing once more on the stone terrace of Grantley Manor; their eyes were fixed on each other, their hands were clasped together, and a long and silent kiss was now and then exchanged between them. They gazed on the distant woods of Darrell-court, on the turrets of Heron castle, and then turned to one another with a sigh or a smile, for their hearts were too full for speech. The troubles, the trials; the mysteries of their lives had passed away, even as a tale that is told; their lot seemed cast in pleasant places, and theirs was a goodly heritage, as far as human foresight could decide. It both their hearts was a trembling sense of gratitude for the perils they had escaped, for the haven they had reached; and if Ginevra looked less to this life and more to another—if her hopes and joys were of a more exalted nature, and her aspirations of a higher order than those of her sister, was it strange that it should be so? Had not life shown her depths of misery which inexperience cannot fathom? Had not her spirit hovered on the confines of eternity, and almost taken its wing for the mansions of heaven? She returned to life—to its duties and its blessings; no smile was sweeter than hers, no serenity deeper, and no tenderness more touching; but a seal had been set on her brow which nothing could efface. Death had been near her, and had left a message for her soul, and the melodies of earth could not overpower that whisper. This was Edmund Neville's trial in the midst of happiness. He ever felt as if an angel was lingering at his side,—as if the links that bound her to life were slender as the threads of the gossamer,—as if she had only been restored to him for a while, to save him from despair and to teach him to repent.

In the old chambers and tapestried halls of Heron Castle, Margaret was like a bright ray of sunshine, gladdening all it touched. She was more idolized than ever by Walter and his parents; she was the pride and the joy of their hearts; the happiest of wives, she soon became the happiest of mothers. A year or two later, at the same window where, in her childish glee, she had so often disturbed Walter from his books, she held a blooming, laughing boy, whose face was as bright and joyous as her own. To a summer morning and to a moonlight night the sisters were once compared. The summer morning is turning to a glorious noon, the moonlight night is waxing brighter each year, but with an unearthly light. Fond hearts watch them—a deep love attends them. They are exemplary in their lives, and united in their affections. But life may, ere long, bring forth fresh storms: let us take leave of them, then, while smiles are on their lips, and joy is in their hearts. Let us wish them prosperity, and bid them farewell.

"May their ways be the ways of pleasantness, and all their paths be peace!"

THE END.

City Markets.

Farmers were delivering new whea freely up to the change in the elements None of the new product has as yet been delivered on the Winnipeg market, or west or southwest of Brandon. At all points governed by Brandon freight rates quotations are as follows:

No. 1 hard, 48c to 50c.
No. 2 hard, 46c to 47c.
No. 3 hard, 40c to 43c.

The same influences which retarded the marketing of wheat have tended to give a quiet tone, to dealings in the cheaper farm produce on the local markets.

Green vegetables are a thing of the past, and the stock-in-trade of the green grocer is assuming winter proportions.

Ducks are selling at from 20c to 25c a pair, cleaned; geese bring 75c a piece, and a mammoth swan, the only one offered, brought $1.25.

Streets prices are as follows:

Oats, 25c to 27c a bushel.

Butter—Fresh prints, 20c to 25c per lb; tnb, 15c; cooking, 10c.

Eggs—Fresh, 20c per doz.

Poultry—For live; per pair, 40c to 50c.; spring chickens, 30c to 40c per pair.

Hay—$4 to $5 per ton.

Wood—Jack pine, $5 per cord; tamarac $5.50 per cord; poplar, $4 per cord; cedar posts, 8c to 10c a post (7 feet length).

Vegetables—Potatoes, 25c a bushel; onions, 75c per bushel; green onions, 15c per dozen bunches; lettuce, 15c per doz.; celery, 25c per dozen bunches; pie plant, 25c per doz.; cucumbers 20 to 30c per doz.; cauliflowers, 75c per doz.; radishes, 10c per doz.; carrots, 15c per doz.; beets, 15c per doz.; corn, three dozen for 25c.

Meats, etc.—Butchers' killed beef, 5c; live weight, 2½ to 2¾ per lb., by the carcass; dressed mutton, 10 to 11c.; pork, 6½ to 7½c; lambs, 12 to 13c per lb.; dressed veal, 6 to 7c.

Milch cows. $25 to $40.

Hides—No. 1, 3c; No. 2, 2c; No. 3, 1½c. heavy steer hides, 4c for No. 1; 3c for No. 2; sheep skins, shearlings, 20c.

Tallow—Rendered 5c; rough 2½c in round lots.

Wool—Round lots not over 7c; Montana type, light, 9c; heavy merino, 6½c.

Ducks—20c to 25c a pair.