

Then I came to myself
her sitting there, very
Meg, with her brown
blue-black hair, and her
awl lying on the green

ted to tell you this,"
tly. "I have known your
You are one of the
ones, and few enough
rest of all among men.—
nd taking up her stick
ust go, machree, and I
more golden edge on the
this day."

gratitude I took her
pressed the warmth
t. "I don't
down and go on with

atched her as she went
woods, still carrying
th Blucher chivalrously
her side.—A strange
ne of the many who
his land bearing with
at will never be told.
down and went over
she had said. What
the strange ceremony
the dusk fell?" Did
of Barry?—I can see
ed nothing.

d Meg has left me
pation and bewildered
wait—but while hope
In the meantime
ing of all this—not
er. The secret shall
the mysterious lame
among her looms in
the outermost fringe

R XXXV.

Tidings.

Sept. 30th, 1838.

am sitting by the
the Golden Winged
ed the spot has come
, so that it is not
d bring my journal

ppy of thick green
a bough reaches
e, in flaming red,
let there is a maple
ale gold. Closer to
t the berries of the
coming misted with
of the bittersweet

this I would write
nderful thing has

were in the very
when the wheat
about my father
few bays cut into

said my father,
blade: "We must
ats are beginning

se an ear of it if
said. "One can't
e days; there were

up to straighten
t, and saw Tom
to us, with his
He had gone
ro or more hours

shouted, waving
head, and when
d it to me and
her.

en the seal, not
ing of the address,
eat and joyous
with anxiety,

one other than
on as you can
"Barry is here,

y his departure,
my father.
leave you just
less help since

worry you,"
more ill than
ess McPherson
you.—Don't
om the Village
harvest."—My
ys is.

And so I lost no time in getting Billy
and starting off on the journey.

* * * * *

"She came here a week syne," said
Elizabeth, as she ushered me into the
little living-room. "The Doctor says
she'll be all right, wi' care. She didna
ask me to send for you, but I well know
she's fair sore for the sight of a kent
face. I've not told her you were ex-
pected. We'll just pretend ye dropped
in. It'll do her more good, I'm thinking,
than all the doctor's bottles." Now I'll
go and tell her you're here."

Hitherto I had scarcely given a thought
to Selwyn, but had been all taken up with
the anxiety about reaching my girl, but
now—probably because I had learned
that Barry was not yet at death's door—
he came vividly enough to me.

Perhaps it was that that made me
stand quite still for a moment when I
had entered the little room,—a question
from the depths of me that demanded
had I the right? Or perhaps it was only
a dazedness that came of seeing that
little wan face on the pillow. The
afternoon sun was just beginning to creep
along the bed, and the reflection of it
from the white counterpane lighted up
with a glow the two spots of red burning
on my dear's cheeks, and the fires of
fever blazing in her dark eyes, and all
the sweetness of her from the ebony
black of her hair to the point of her
little chin.

At all events there I stood, and we
looked into each other's faces, and then,
at last, her hand moved a little towards
me and a smile came into her eyes.

"Barry!"

"Alan!"

I sat down beside her and held her
little hot hand, and after a while she
began to talk.

"You mustn't think I've been —
wicked, Alan," she said. "It was all
a mistake.—There were so many mis-
takes. But that's all past. Of course
Elizabeth has told you."

Elizabeth had not told me—she had
thought of nothing but hurrying me to
Barry—but I inclined my head in assent
fearing to worry her with too much
explaining.

"It seems years and years, she con-
tinued, satisfied that I understood,
"and England seemed so—so foreign,
somehow. It's a beautiful country, but
I'm glad to be home again, Alan. Now
I know that it's not my country—over
there."

"No; it's not your country," I re-
peated lamely, trying to get hold of the
threads.

"I'll never leave the woods again,
Alan," she went on, smiling. "There'll
be no need for me to go back to those
big cities again. Little Toronto is so
different. Oh, I see them, waking some-
times, and sleeping, always,—the houses
and houses, and the hurrying people
and traffic, and no one caring."

"But you'll never have to go there
again," I repeated.

"No need at all," she said, after me.
"Two graves need not call one, need
they?—Not even a little, little grave?"

"No, no," I echoed, startled. And
yet I need not have been startled. When
I looked back at her, her eyes were misty
with tears, but she did not weep. Barry
seldom wept.

"A grave does not keep a soul near
it, does it, Alan?" she asked, looking
at me piteously.

"No; oh no," I said, wishing I under-
stood all these mysteries that I might
explain to her.

She gave the little, quick nod that I
know so well.

"I know it," she said "Long ago
I thought that out for myself."

Again she relapsed into silence, looking
away towards the window, and picking
with her fingers, in the way that sick
people sometimes do, along the ridge of
sunshine on the counterpane, while the
glow deepened and brightened on her
face, glorifying it.

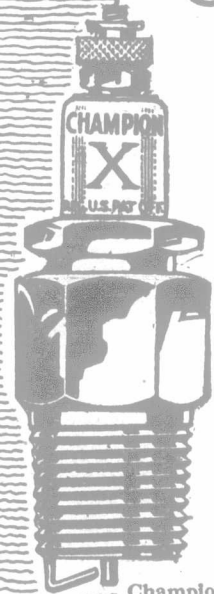
What was the whole story? Was
Selwyn dead? And what of the "little,
little grave?" What was it that had
been "all a mistake?"—her marriage?

After a while she turned her face to-
wards me and smiled, and when I would
have left her, fearing that more talk
might increase her feverishness, she laid
her hand on mine and held me.

"It's so good to be back, Alan,"
she said; and then she asked about my

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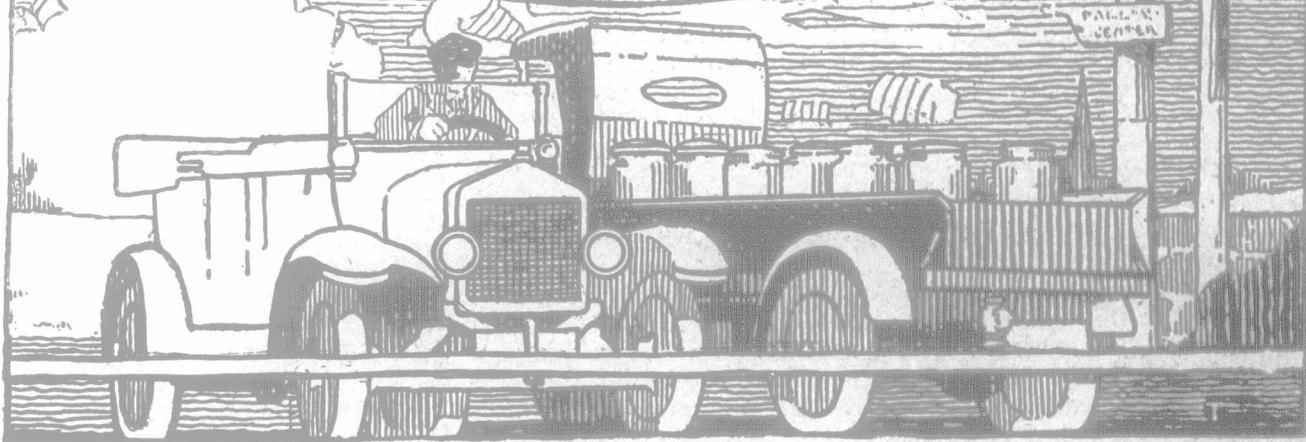
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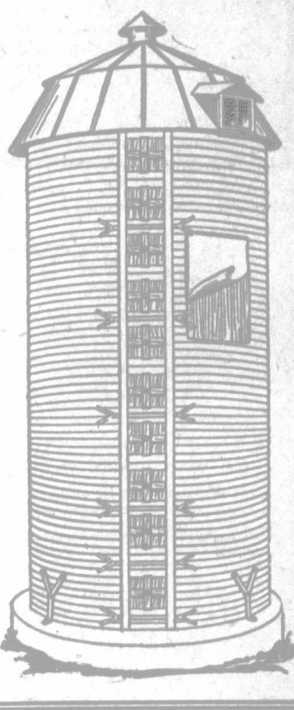
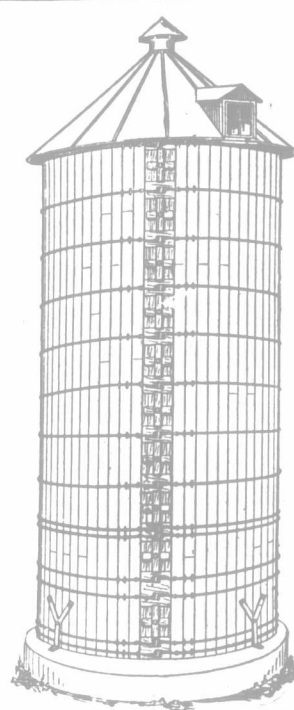
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