

many months her thoughts had been monopolized to the exclusion of self by an all-absorbing interest in her every day duties. Can we wonder that to a girl like Winnifred Roy the revelation of Harold's attachment came, at first, almost with sense of pain and wonder that a man of his attainments and culture could hope to realize *all* he needed and desired in her simple nature? In Winnifred's humility she little guessed how rare a charm that sweet sincerity and gentle guilelessness had proved to one who had lived so long in a world of friction with "men of many minds."

But to Winnifred, too, there gradually unfolded a dim consciousness of what such love would mean to her; scarcely allowing the thought to dwell for a moment in her heart, but soon discovering how much of her joyance sprang from the strange, new experience pervading her life since she had learned Harold's secret; and when a few weeks later, holding her trembling hands tightly in his, he said, with a tremour in the rich, deep voice: "Miss Roy—Winnifred, can you learn to care for me?" Winnifred's whole heart had responded in the timid, quiet "Yes," given as she strove to release her hands and hide her blushing face.

CHAPTER VIII.

"All precious things discovered late,
To those who seek them issue forth,
For love in sequel works with fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth."

"Well, Frances, what do you think of the outlook now?" Dr. Burnside glanced with half-amused interest at his wife's expression of mingled bewilderment and dismay.

"Oh, Kenneth! did you know? Could any one have imagined such a thing?" and Mrs. Burnside took up the letter dropped in her surprise—a letter from Arthur Lertz, who had gone to New York for a few days.

"Why did he not tell us before leaving? Faith of all people! I thought Arthur had been too much attached to the cousin who died ever to think of marrying."

"Don't you remember what Campbell, is it not, says, Frances?"

"Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind love to last forever."

"But I thought both Faith and Arthur were your especial favourites, and that you would be delighted to hear of their engagement?"

"Faith is one of the finest girls I ever knew and Arthur one of the noblest men. But what will poor Mrs. Thornton think, Kenneth? Arthur says Faith will go back to Rosenthal with him. If he were

settling here, or at least in the city as Harold means to do, it would not seem so dreadful."

"Here is Faith now to solve the mystery," said the doctor, leaving the room as he spoke.

"Ah, Faith!" Mrs. Burnside held the blushing girl by both hands, then folded her in a warm embrace. "Why didn't you tell me, dear!"

Faith's fair, clear face flushed softly as she answered:

"I did not know, dear Mrs. Burnside, until a few days ago."

"And if Arthur had gone and said nothing?" Mrs. Burnside's questioning gaze met Faith's frank eyes just then dimmed with sudden tears, and kissing her again, she said: "I am very, very glad."

And so it had come to pass. Faith and Winnifred were both to be married before Christmas. Faith leaving mother, brother, and life-long friends to pledge her faith to the friend of less than a year, knowing that God had granted her His best gift—a husband in whom her heart could safely trust.

And if Arthur Lertz wondered at the deep spring of joy in his heart, he felt that it was no treason to the dead. Marguerite's was a sainted memory; Faith's living presence, the fulfilment of what her life would have been to him. And they were both too truly happy to allow a thought of alloy.

And our Winnifred! To few, in this busy world, haunted by its ever recurring cases and anxieties, is such happiness vouchsafed as was to the happy hour-old bride who stood "lovely as a picture" in the old parlour at home, surrounded by loving friends, who had given Harold a glad welcome as son and brother. If Egbert Thornton felt a sharp realization of loss and pain as he looked upon that bright, gentle face and thought of the hopes he had vainly cherished, he was none the worse man for having loved a good, true woman. And though Winnifred never knew that more than a passing remembrance of her had ever dwelt in his brave, manly heart she was a better woman for having won a good man's life-long friendship. We dare not linger on the wedding glories—so dear to little Garnet, who sadly mourned "that it would be so long before anybody else could be married," but comforted himself with the reflection that he would "have Winnifred all to himself now that she had come to live near them." Nor shall we dwell on Mr. and Mrs. Burnside's pleasure, the loneliness at the Elms, nor even on old Jeannie's delight, who was perfectly satisfied with her darling's choice.

As Winnifred drew aside the curtains, on the night of her wedding, and watched the moonlight breaking through fretted, troublous clouds, turning spire and turret to gleaming silver, touching the far-off, snow-fringed pines with magic beauty, lighting alike the broad sheets and dim-dark alleys, resting lovingly on