

met but by accident. Oh, Barclay, if you had seen him that day, so sad, and humble, so crushed and hopeless. I—I could not help being sorry for him.

"Was it—was it such a terrible crime, Barclay?" Her hands were on his shoulders, her eyes, moist and pleading, were looking into his.

Craig's arms went about her; he drew her to him with a force that almost hurt, and kissed the quivering mouth. Her head sank on his shoulder and she wept quiet tears of happiness.

"Dear Murty," she murmured, as she looked down at the ring in its old place on her finger. "Always thinking of others—never of himself."

"Look! Darling," Craig pointed to the moon, full and resplendent slowly sailing above the Laurentians. "See on the lake that golden pathway that leads to the skies. So lies our life before us, with not a dark spot to mar its beauty—for you, for me, and for your people."

"And but for you—for you, it would not have been, my knight—my knight 'sans peur et sans reproche,'" she whispered tremulously, as her lips met his in a long caress.

Further up the river bluff, concealed behind the drooping branches of a giant birch, sat Murty McGonigal, his watchful eyes peering out towards the spot two hundred yards distant where he had left Flora and Craig.

He turned his head with quick attention as he heard the sound of footsteps and the murmur of their voices as they passed, then Flora's quick question.

"Where were you on Hallowe'en—at midnight?"

Craig's virile laugh rang out. "Looking into a mirror, over the shoulder—of the dearest girl in all the world."

"Well, by Garrah—by Garrah," murmured McGonigal. "Think av that, now, wud ye. Think—av—that. And that haythen Narcisse belaves in nuthin' but religion."

Again he glanced through his leafy screen. The two had passed from the obscurity to the edge of the now deserted clearing. For a moment they halted, their figures clearly outlined against the starlit sky.