

light playing amongst the waves of rich brown hair; her eyes never once looked up, while her small white hands were nervously employed in picking a rose to pieces.

Something in that picture struck me, while the beating of my heart was so loud, I thought she must hear it.

'May,' I said, clasping her hand in mine in a grasp so tight that the flower was crushed, 'May, my darling, if I ask you to be my wife, will you give me the same answer?'

A long pause,—her head, with its crowning mass of golden brown, was bent lower and lower; the answer came very softly,—so softly, that I think no ear save my own could have caught it.

'No, Archie!'

I clasped her graceful form to me in a wild, mad embrace. In that one minute of speechless delight it seemed as though all the darkness in my life had faded into the brightest, purest happiness given to humanity. Such happiness comes but once (Sometimes never) in a lifetime. It was flooding mine now with a more than earthly sunshine. Presently I turned up the dear face, and I covered her lips with my own.

'May,' I said, presently, as we sat down to talk calmly over events, 'do you think that you will be content to pass your life with me? Are you sure about your love for me, darling?'

I looked down into her clear gray eyes, and saw my answer there—

'Archie, I think I must have loved you before I saw you, for I seemed to know so much of you from Pat and Mary Doolan Oh, how could you imagine I loved Herold when I could love you?' she said; and I was satisfied.

The daylight faded, and the moon rose, and looked down through the glass upon us as we sat in our un-speakable happiness.

'I suppose you two are discussing all the affairs of the nation as well as your own,' the Justice asked, as he opened the door, and came in.

'No sir, we have not got beyond our own,' I replied, 'Justice Morgan, we think that May will require an older husband than Herold Maurice; will you give her to me instead? I will take all care of her.'

'Will I give her to you Archie? Ay, that I will, I have not felt so pleased and happy since her birth.'

The kind old man took May's hand and clasped it in mine, and I accepted it as a gift from God.

Did the justice think, as his eye filled with tears, as he turned away from us, of that other life which he might have blessed as he did mine? Perhaps so. Who could know all his regret and sorrow for a lost past?

The delight Pat Doolan was beyond all bounds when he heard that I was to be married to his favourite Miss May.

'Bedad then, your worship,' said he; 'it's just the best wife in the world you're getting, bairn! my own. And it's yourself that I would rather see her married to than anybody, for its yourself that's the real gentleman.'

Pat was further convinced of my being 'a real gentleman' some time afterwards, when I offered to take him to England, and employ him on my estate, giving him and his wife Mary one of the pretty little lodges at the Castle Roydon to live in.

It was just about this time that an unusual event occurred, which caused a slight diversion at Mainowen, and added somewhat to the gaiety if not to the happiness of its inmates. Major Laurence's regiment was again stationed at Leenside, and many of the officers called upon the widow of their comrade.

We heard from them how loved and esteemed he had been, and not a few pleasing anecdotes were told of their major's bravery and tenderness in many a battle scene. If evidence had been wanting, there was plenty to show that the man Lena Morgan had left her father's roof for, years before had been one of noble integrity and worth. If Mrs. Laurence had been of a bright and pious nature before her husband's death, she lost it when she lost him. It seemed as though the recollection of her loss was ever present; and though at times she would laugh with something like the ring of merriment, yet directly afterwards her face would wear its usual quiet gravity of gravity of expression.

We knew, then, when Colonel Ramsay visited Mainowen day after day, to sit for half-an-hour talking to Lena, that a bitter disappointment awaited him if he hoped to win her love. It came at last, and then she told him kindly, but firmly, that she never intended to marry again; that she had no love to give, except to her father and her child

that all else was buried with the noble head which lay sleeping on its coral pillow in an ocean grave. And so we knew that the brightness of her life was past, and we could guess what their love had been.

I had begged very earnestly for our marriage to take place early in May, but the first intimation that I was no longer my own master was given me when June was fixed upon instead.

Towards the end of May I started for Castle Roydon, accompanied by Pat Doolan, to see that everything was done that hands could do to make the old place look worthy of its beautiful young mistress. As I stood once more under the roof I had left long ago, the past seemed all a dream, and it seemed as though I had never been without the love that had crowned my life. I did not stay long at Roydon; a few days, and I was back again at Mainowen.

'Look what I have brought for you!' I said, on the evening of my arrival, after I had sufficiently admired my treasure, putting a large square case into the little hands I had so often watched and always loved.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Newfoundland Lights.

No. 5, 1879.

TO MARINERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that a LIGHT HOUSE has been erected on CABOT (Stinking) ISLAND, Bonavista,

Latitude 49° 10' 26" North. Longitude 53° 21' 21" West.

On and after the 1st March next an INTERMITTENT WHITE LIGHT will be exhibited nightly from sunset to sunrise. It will make one complete Revolution per Minute, appearing a above 1 Second Light and 9 Second Dark.

The Apparatus is 4th Order Dioptric, illuminating the whole horizon, and the Light should be visible 10 nautical miles in clear weather. It is 74 feet above sea level. The Light Tower is of Iron, rising from the centre of the keeper's dwelling, a square flat-roofed building. The buildings are banded horizontally, Red and White, alternately.

By order,

JOHN STUART,
Secretary Board of Works.
BOARD OF WORKS OFFICE,
St. John's Newfoundland,
3rd December, 1879.

ST. JOHN'S, No. 1

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The undersigned thankful for favours informs his friends and the trade, that he continues to manage the Collection of Debts due by persons residing in Conception Bay District, Newfoundland. Security for future payment taken by mortgage on property or otherwise. Holding commissions as Notary Public Commissioner Supreme Court, and Land Surveyor, business under these heads carefully attended to. Plans of Land taken.

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NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I, ROBERT CHURCH, of the City of Montreal, Province of Quebec, Canada, Shoe-maker; hereby give notice that I have made application, under Sec. 13 Cap. 19, XIX Vic., for Letters Patent of the Island of Newfoundland on "Improvements in Boots," said improvements being applicable to "Tongue Boots," and consisting mainly in forming the leg, of a single piece of special pattern, with the seam in front.

ROBERT CHURCH.

SNOWDRIFT

OR

THE ELOPEMENT.

'Is it the strangest thing!' he said. 'I always thought May loved young Maurice.'

'And does she not?' I asked, with a strange feeling of expectation beating at my heart.

'No, at least, she has rejected him, and that looks like it. But I cannot help thinking that she must like him; perhaps after all, it is her caprice, though May has never shown it before. Archie, wish you would speak to her.'

'I, sir! What could I say or do? Surley it is yourself or Mrs. Laurence whom she would attend to most—not me.'

'I shall never influence her one way or another,' said the justice. She must trust to her own judgment. But I should like you to lay before her all the advantages she is throwing away. She is so much a child, she can hardly know her own feelings yet. Will you do it, Archie? I know she will care for what you say.'

'If you wish me, I will,' I replied, in a weary voice; and I turned away to find her.

I had been reading Tennyson's 'Idylls,' and the book was in my hand as I joined May Morgan in the conservatory. There she stood amongst the flowers, like Ruth amongst the golden sheaves. The dying light lingered over her shapely head as she stood looking out of the glass door down the garden. I went and stood by her side, and for a short time neither of us spoke.

'Sir Archibald, you are very quite,' she said, at last. 'What makes you so?'

'The weight of a commission, and the recollection that it is perhaps the last time I shall stand here for years.'

'I hope not,' she said, speaking quickly and earnestly. 'And the commission?'

'It is to make an appeal to you on behalf of a certain young gentleman. Will you consider you answer to him again, May?'

'No—Sir Archibald, I know what I was doing.'

'You liked, but did not love him, May?—Yes.'

'Do you know that the Justice would like you to marry him?—Yes.'

'Do you are throwing away very good chance of happiness, May?—Yes.'

'And you think that you will never be sorry for it?'

'No, never.'

I stood all the while watching the