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for Christmas Candles,

A. B. TERRY, Lindens, Dec. 5th, 1885.

# The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, CHRISTMAS, 1884.

Christmas Buy, What's this hurry, what's this firry,
All throughout the house to-day
fiverywhere a nerry scurry,
Everywhere a sound of play,
Something, too's, the matter, matter,
Out-of-doors as well as in,
For the bell goes clatter, clatter,
Every minute—such a dia!

Everybody winking, blinking, In a queer, mysterious way; What on earth can they be thinking. What on earth can be to pay? Bobby peeping o'er the stair-way, hursts into a little shout; Kitty, too, is in a fair way Where she hides, to giggle out

As the bell goes cling-n-ling-ing As the bell goes cling-n-linging
Every minute more and more,
And swift feet go springing, springing.
Through the hall-way to the door,
With a glimpse of box and packet,
And a liktle rustle, rustle.
Makes such sight an issued and racket,
Such a jolly bustle, bustle.
That the youngsters in their places,
Hiding slowly out of sight.
All at once show shining faces.
All at once seream with delight.

Go and ask them what's the matter,
What the fun outside and inWhat the meaning of the clutter,
What the bustle and the din:
Hear them, hear them laugh and shout, then,
All together hear them say,
"Why, shat have you been about, then,
No: to know it's Christmas day."

## MABEL'S CHRISTMAS

By the Ambae of "Entelands" "Made nine " "flinnte Brant." de. de.

CHAPTER L

UNISER THE OLD WILL. It is Christmas-eve. All about Stones. ridge the hills are white with spow. Every piece of water is frozen, and the tiny hill streams hang like icicles high They had returned to the shadow of in air, their flow out short by the grif the mill, having no desire that their

of iron Winter.
"An inst as it should be," remarked for Christmas it is. An' if any place against the wall, seeing, hearing, but knows now to kip that holy time it's not being seen.

So, with a cheery chuckle, he piled more helly on his barrow ere he trundled it down to the church, where some halfdozen young girls, aided by about the same number of the opposite sex, were comforts."

putting the finishing touches to the deconotions of the quaint, dim, shadowy old Norman aules. The brief light of the winter's day had long faded, and yellow luminous streams had issued from the church windows, falling upon the snow o the peaceful graveyard, but the merry chat and busy movement of the deco-fators were still at their height.

"I thought you said Mab was coming. "So she told me. She said she might be a little late, but she would be sure to

"A little late! We have already been here an hour since tea. And, as the minister's daughter and directress, according to all rules she should have been here first. She particularly desired that the last touches of the font should be left to her."

"That was Stephen Meredith's doing," exclaimed another. "He had the sudecity to say that Mab had a better eye for coloring than all of us put together."
"My dear, who ever puts faith in the word of a man in love? By the way, where is he? He is another absentee."

"Cela va sans dire, since Mab is not here," laughed one of the workers. "I wish she were," petulantly, "She really ought to be. There half a mind

to go to the manse for her."
Had she done so, she would not have found what she sought; for Mab, muffled in furred cloak and hood, from which her pretty face peoped forth all bright and sparkling, was at the moment standing on the heights in the shadow of the old ruined mill, which for long years had reared itself there fronting the four

It was a drear spot and chill, but Mak had no fear. There was the gray, dull canopy of cloud above her head; the stretch of snow as far as eye could see around, but in the hollow at her feet was Stoneyridge; lights gleaming from many windows, brightest from the church; while as to the mill, it had been one of the rarest places for hide-and seek in her childhood.

Why was pretty Mab Carew, however, at such a place at such a time, instead of at her post among the workers? It was evident she was waiting someone's coming, for frequently she pushed back her hood, pressed the dark hair from her forehead, and bent her bright hasel eyes down a nerrow path which wound its way to the base of the hill.

"It is not his fault, it is mine," she murmured, after an irritable pas of her little boot. "I am before my time. Still," with a post, "I always thought a

which had once been a window of the mill. Her back was towards it, her eyes gasting down the path; hence she did not permite a strange thing which had she seen, would much have startled her. The deep darkness in the mill seemed suddenly endowed with motion, then to take form, the vague outline of a man who extended his trembling arms, raised them in the sir, then buried a white, agonized face in a pair of shadowy hands.

Abruptly the hands were ninekad

shadowy hands.

Abruptly the hands were plucked away, the head raised, the suffering on the features intensified. The wintry stillness had been broken by a soft, clear whiatle whiatling "Oh! my love is like the red, red rose."

Mab, too, had heard it. Her cheek took a richer glow than the icy air produced, her eyes sparkled more brightly than the stars that now began to peen out through the gray clouds overhead as, tossing her hood fully on to her shoulders, she made a move towards the path up which the whistler was the path up which the whistler was

advancing with a light, quick step.

Soon he came in sight, a squareshouldered, handsome young fellow of
six-and-twenty, attired in the uniform of a first mate in the merchant service. His face was fair, bright and bonnie; while his blue eyes danced with very merriment and love as they perceived the pretty, graceful figure, waiting him in the snow.
"Frank!" and two little hands were

extended.

"Mabel-my darling!" exclaimed the young sailor, who by no means meant to be content with a hand greeting, but grasped the slender fingers, only to draw their owner to his heart, when stooping his handsome head, he pressed a kiss on the face she raised to his.

"Did you think, I was never coming dearest?" he smiled, "though I believe I am before the time even now-still could I have followed my inclination, I would have been here half an hour ago." "I thought, Frank, you might come just a little earlier," laughed Mab; "! have been long here."

"Ah! darling, but you had no dear old gramy to say good-bye to," he said. "The poor old lady has an idea we shall never meet again, which, Mab, is probable you know, she being near ninety; but she declares evil must come to any ship that sets sail on Christmas-day."
"Oh! Frank," with awakened dread

I trust she is not correct. It does seem

unnatural."
"I don't know about 'unnatural.' dearest," rejoined the young sailor. "I know it's exceedingly unplesant. I remember too well how merrily Christmas is kept at Stoneyridge not to regret having to leave when just as it were the good fare is being served. But what must be evitable. Besides, there is one consolation, my sweet betrothed-the sooner I start the sooner I shall be back, and when I come back it will be as captain; and as Captain Frank Buchan, the ne'erdo-well, whom, according to Stoneyridge, nothing would cure of his harum-scarum. merry humour but going to sea, will have courage to ask Mr. Carew to consent to confirm a gift his daughter has already bestowed-this darling little

He raised it as he spoke and pressed it to his lips.

figures, outlined against the snow, should be seen from the hollow. As they did old Sanderson. "It's fare fine weather so, the figure inside drew nearer, leaning not being seen.
"Oh! Frank, dear Frank," exclaimed

Mab, "I shall be so glad when that day comes! I do not like this secrecy. It—it," she paused, lowered her head, then added—"produces so many dis-

"I understand, I think. It expo my Mab-the beauty of Stoneyridge, to be wood by other suitors." "No," she interrupted quickly, "be-

'I tell them they need not come wooing to me. which makes them wonder and others talk, for," smiling, "you see our love and our engagement being secret, I dare not add what is truth—

" For my heart, my heart is over the sea." "And think, darling, what a priceless comfort that knowledge is to a certain sailor as he paces the deck in the lonely watches of the night, and thinks of the miles and miles that are between him and her he loves," said Frank Buchan, gazing with passionate fondness down into her face. "There are moments when he despairs, do you know, thinking of the long months of separation. He sees his own unworthiness. He recalls her beauty, and pictures the earnest love that others, worthier in worldly means than he, may feel—and then—"
"He never mistrusts her, Frank,"

broke in Mab, earnestly. "No, no, don't say that." "Did I, dearest," drawing her to him,
"it would be false. Did he mistrust
her, he would just take a dive one night from the yard-arm and never see Stoneyridge again. No; when he feels like that he looks up to the heavens, and knows as truly as they are above this earth so true will she be to him."

"Yos, Frank, as true as Heaven." said Mab, nestling her head against his shoulder. "Always believe that, true until death, thine or mine, you have my plighted word. Did I look upon or think of another while you are in life, I should hold myself to commit a sin almost as heinous as though I were indeed your wife."

"My own-own sweet Mab!" he cried. "As you say I say, true until death."
"Hush!" Mab raised herself up, her Anger lifted.

From the hollow beneath rose up to them the voices of the carol-singers.

"They come as though to make more earnest and more selemn our troth, dear Frank," she said; then slipping her little hand in his, "By Rim in whose honour youder children sing I will be true until your death or mine."

"And so say I, Mab—until death," he added, but he made a difference, which she did not perceive. He did not say "thine or mine." He knew, were Makei Carew lost to him, never sould be love again.

laid out their plans for the future. Therewere to be but one little voyage, then that future was to be theirs. How could they be sad though saying "good-bye?"—while Frank Buchan possessed one of those lively natures which not only look on the bright side themselves, but cause those with whom they come in contact to do so, too.

Then, unconscious of the wild, wan face watching them out of the darkness, he draw Mab to his heart, and kissed her lips in farewell; whereupon the shadow dropped on its knees, bowed its head, and clutched its arms with its hands, to shut out the sight, and conquer the fierce agony rending its heart. When it staggered to its feet the lovers had parted. The sailor was moving away down the narrow path, walking backward to wave his hat; while Mab, standing alone, waved her handkerchief in return. The shadow, grasping the standing alone, waved her handkerchief in return. The shadow, grasping the broken window-frame, watched.

Watched until the wintry murk closed round and hid the stalwart figure and bright face of the young sailor—watched until Mab's arm dropped to her side, and, with a sigh, she moved to another path leading to the hollow, wherein her companions were impatiently wait-

Then the shadow stumbled forth and stood on the snow—alone. He was a was the pride and comfort of his existing signature. Happy the father who possesses such a pride and comfort as Mahel Carew! Stoneyridge. No one a pride and comfort as Mahel Carew! Stoneyridge kept Christmas after the true merry old fashion. A sad face at the snow—alone. He was a was the pride and comfort of his existing with remorse for the deed he had done, and with his joy that Mah—was free. Stoneyridge kept Christmas after the true merry old fashion. A sad face at

CHAPTER IL THE PATE OF THE "WESTWARD HO." Stoneyridge was one of those charming little English towns yet to be found on the western coast of England, which never had heard even the faint echo of a railway whistle, and still possessed a posting-house, though very rarely put into requisition. The great world, with its vast changes, political and otherwise, rolled on unheeded by Stoney-ridge and it is doubtful if Stoneyridge seyridge was one of those charm

Stoneyridge was averse to change, and those whom circumstances brought to reside there seemed soon to fall into the same way of thinking. Thirty years previously, on the death of the incumbent atat eighty-nine, the living had been bestowed upon the Reverend Sydney Carew, a bachelor, but who had chosen a wife from the fair daughters of Stoneyridge, and been blessed with one child, who, when left a widower,

ntack to her from very had speken of his passion, she had checked him, praying him not to continue, to say nothing to prevent their being the dear friends they had ever been. But a young girl's first "nay" no lover had a right to accept as final. Besides when he had exclaimed: "Only tell me this, Mab, and I will be

silent. Is there anyone in Stoneyridge promptly to cover her confusion, for at that time Frank Buchan, second mate by that time, was somewhere in the

uthern seas.
"I am satisfied," he had replied leaving her. "I will wait." From that time he had never spoken gain of his love, but in act and deed and look devoted himself to her alone

never intruding his affection in a way she could check, yet, notwithstanding, proving she was dearer to him than all the world besides.

Mab was touched by such quiet devotion, for she liked Stephen Meredith as a brother, at d she half longed, half feared for the time to arrive, when her

love for, and engagement to, Frank

would be made known.

"Poor Stephen," she sighed more than once, "if I could make it different for him I would, but how can I? Better perhaps when he knows the truth." Scarcely would she have thought so had she seen him on that Christmas-

now to

Frank might reach next.

His ship, the "Westward Ho," was bound to San Francisco, and, he had told her, would touch at only one or two other ports—one of which was Madeira. Still, outward-bound vessels. Madeira. Still, outward-bound vessels often met others homeward bound, and sent letters by them. Hence, after a month of the new year had passed, Mab made frequent occasions to see her foster-sister Janet Prynne, her only confidente, to whom, under cover, Frank wrote to his betrothed. It had been some while before Mab had consented to this; she hated even such mild duplicity, but what could she do? If Frank wrote to her at the manse their engagement would be confessed, yet she could not let those months and months go by without hearing from him. But for once this was to be. Soon Mab's bright, inquiring glance at Janet grew wistful, then eager, then alarmed, for the answer by look or speech was ever the same.

"No. dear Miss Mab, no letter yet." So slipped away three long weary months, still the reply was the same.
"Oh, Janet, Janet," exclaimed Mab,
one day, as she sat alone with her fostersister in Mrs. Prynne's cottage, "what

can it mean?" "It's not easy to say, Miss Mabel," replied the girl, cheerily. "Don't take on and get down-hearted. You see such a lot of things may happen on board ship."
"Yes—wrecks—founderings," put in

"Oh, I don't mean that, miss. If such like had happened, old Mrs. Buchan would have been sure to have heard, then all Stonevridge would know. What I meant was, Mr. Frank may not have been able to write, or his letter miscarried. You know his grandmother hasn't heard from him neither."

"Never has this occurred before, "That's the more reason it should

now, miss; isn't it? Trust me, if harm had come to Mr. Frank we'd have heard Janet's argument soothed Mab for a brief space, but not for long. It was not

likely, for old Mrs. Buchan soon began to be anxious and alarmed also at Frank's silence, and came to seek Mr. Carew's advice. Mab was present and listened intently to her father's opinion.

"My dear friend," said the clergyman, "young men are thoughtless—and sailors, though they like receiving letters, are, I fancy, not generally given to writing them. Wait a little longer, and then—"
"Then Mr. Carew?" exclaimed the "Why, I'll write for you to the owners."

"You are very good, Mr. Carew. I'll give my poor, dear boy another weekafter that, please, I'll get you to write." Mrs. Buchan went away, Mab tenderly seeing her to the gate. Then the girl hastened back, all trembling, to the that time an unly dream. That Frank study, and, standing quite pale before | Buchan had sailed in the "We-tward

her father, said : "Papa, you tried to cheer Mrs. Buchan, but I saw your heart was not in the comfort you gave. Why, what is your

"Well, pet, my heart could fot be in my words." he replied, arranging some papers, "for, pitying the poor old lady, whom Heaven strengthen to bear the blow, I have already written to the

owners."
"Yes," Mab's fingers clutched a chairback for support, "and—they say?" -

"The 'Westward Ho' is long overdue. They fear she must have been wrecked, or has foundered, but will not yet give up all nope." A long piteous cry burst from Mab's lips. She had slid on to the hearthrug,

struck down by those words. "Oh, Frank, Frank!" she cried. "drowned! never—never to come back!"

"my child, what is this? Answer me!" The pretty head dropped forward on his knee, and smid her passionate sobs poor Mab made confession.

"Oh papa—papa—I love him. We have loved for so—so long. Forgive me —never telling you—my Frank—my darling wanted to be a captain first, as he would have been after this voyage but we are betrothed."

"Betrotned! you and Frank Buchan! Mabel, can this be!" ejaculated Mr.

"Oh, papa, pardon us both!" pleaded the girl. "Frank was merry and thoughtless, at least so Stoneyridge said, and before he sought your consent he wanted and I wanted"—Frank, being probably dead, Mab would not let him bear the blame of concealment alone-"that he should prove how wrong they all were about him, how worthy he was, how fond and true he could be. And he had—he had proved it, papa. After this voyage he would have told all. But now—oh, my betrothed—he is dead! No, no, papa," and the agonized face was raised. dead! you do not believe that? Say

you do not, or it will kill me!" If Mab were blameable this was no moment to reprove the poor stricken heart; or were it, Mr. Carew was not the man to do it. Mab was his very life; a trouble to her was equally one to him. Besides he knew she had been right. Believing he was acting for her future welfare, had Frank Buchan asked her of him he would have refused. There was no need to now. In his secret thought he believed he laid under the waters of the Pacific, never to return to claim his love.

So he stooped and raised Mab, kissing her white face, as he said: "You have heard my opinion, my darling. You would not trust me were

I to say now differently. But remember the owners will not give up hope. Then, my Mab, why should we? He may come back yet. For Mrs. Buchan's sake, as yours, pet, I pray he may.

Mab, sobbing, chung gratefully to the speaker, for in the midst of her grief

she understood that he had confirmed Frank and her engagement, did he come back. But—would he ever?

Week followed week, and hope faded with time. What Mab had concealed

while Frank lived she owned now she fancied he was dead. She was proud to confess her love—to let all know the truth, that Frank Buchan and she had

In this sad time, when hope desperately struggled against conviction.

Stephen Meredith became a welcome guest and a comfort at the manse. His Finally it was decided that Stephen in the deep stone quarry—what high stephen Mercottle became a welcome lie there among the huge rough blocks for years and never be seen. All that sympathy, so delicately expressed—his count those who envied him.

Christman-day a craving was on him to devotion, never obtracial, yet made.

we try not to, that Frank is thought Mab once, a little

bitterly. exist in regard to Stephen. Not scrap of news, especially if it contained the faintest hope, but he hastened to bring it to her. On one such an occasion, after gazing into her sad, wor face, he had cried :

"Oh, Mab! Mab! could my death bring him back to you, I would give in gladly—gladly."
Then, turning, his features convulsed

by a suffering she did not understand. he fled from her presence.

One fair, soft August evening, as Mr. Carew sat writing his sermon in his study, there came a tapping at the window-pane. Rising, surprised, he drew back the curtain, and, outlined by the clear opal sky beyond, recognized Stephen Meredith standing on the path. Even by that light he saw he was much agitated, and, hastily opening the half-leaf of the French window, bade him enter.

"In pity, what is the matter?" asked Mr. Carew, "I did not know you were in Stoneyridge."

"I have but this moment returned from Seacombe, the seaport," he answered, leaning against the table. "Where is—is Mabel?" "At Mrs. Buchan's."

"Thank Heaven! I came to your window because because I feared to meet her. I-could not." The suffering on the speaker's coun.

tenance was imparted to Mr. Carew's. He sank into his chair. "You have news of Frank?" he said

huskily.
"Of the ship," replied the visitor. "I heard it at Seacombe, and hastened back to-to prepare Mabel; but you must tell her, sir, I dare not. I have

not the courage." "Our worst fears, then, are confirm. ed?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes. Hope is no longer possible. An American vessel bound for Lina has picked up a quantity of charact wood. the evident remains of a burnt ship— on one portion is the name Westward Ho,' Liverpool, and date of her build-

"My poor, poor child!" thought Mr. Carew, covering his eyes. "She is coming!" almost cried Stephen Meredith, as, the curtain not

having been drawn, he saw Mab flit over the lawn past the windew. "Oh, Heaven, she knows all! I see it in her face! I cannot meet her-I cannot!" Swiftly he ran to the glass door, and in a moment had crossed the manse garden, and was speeding away, heedless whither, eager only to be alone. After awhile he stopped, panting, exhausted; then, looking round, gave a

startled cry, finding himself clese by the old mill. Never had he been so near it since that Christmas-eve. In all the recent excitement and trouble he had almost grown to believe

"And how do I know that he did not?" he cried, abruptly. "What proof

Then the longing to find that proof came upon him, and was not to be resisted. An hour later, when the Angust moon shot its silvery licams dear into the old stone quarry, they fe man kneeling, and -itears as he thankel. H. though guilty in intent. he had in deed. The boulder hurled, in a fit of madness, after his rival, must have bounded into the quarry before it had reached him, for no trace of Frank was

### CHAPTER III.

REPENTANCE.

Time had rolled on, for it stands not still for either sorrow for joy. but soft-"Mab," ejaculated Mr. Carew, amazed, ens and tones down both. It is again Christmas, but this year Mab has had no hand in decorating the church. She sits in the comfortable manse parlons waiting her father's coming in to tea. The trouble she has gone through has produced a somewhat subdued expression, but she is prettier than ever.

She has her elbow on her knee, her chin in her hand, her eyes are fixed on the fire, which casts a cheerful ruddy glow about her, and she is thinking of Stephen Meredith. Poor, fattaful Stephen! Only that day her father has spoken to her about him. "He has loved you so truly for so

long, Mab, though without hope: while you live never will he take another wife to brighten his home. Can you show no pity for the lad who is wasting his life for you?"
"Papa," she had replied, "what can I
do? He is very dear to me but he

needs more than pity."
"And why should he not have it? You cannot live ever unwedded, child. When I am gone who will there be to love and protect you? Nowhere would you find one so ready to do both as Strehen. In pity to yourself, as for my peace of mind, give the lad hope at least. Tank of it,

Mab, and not so much of your ewn inclinations as of others." And Mab was pondering over it now. recalling all Stephen's long, unclanging devotion, and pitying him from her

Abruptly she raised her eve-aware

she was not alone. Him of wheat she was thinking had entered unheard, and, leaning against the mantelpiece, was gazing down upon her. "Stephen!" she ejaculated: then, smiling, "How you startled me! l'aps

has not come in yet."
"I have seen him, Mab. He will be here soon, but I cannot wait for him. I have come to say good-bye."

"Good-bye!" she exclaimed, surprised. "Where are you going?"
"To London first, after that I do not know-I do not care; only I cannot remain longer in Stoneyridge.

She had not caught his meaning, and asked: "Why ?" "Because I love you, Mab; because I can never cease loving you," he replied. carnestly. "You know that, and I must By from you, for my love is killing me.

She gave a sad, quick teatch of the breath, and bent her face over her hands. "If I could do anything for you, phen!" she murmured. do you care for me so much ?" "Adore you, rather, Mab. Just for the

same reason the sun shines. Because it cannot help it. Oh, Mab, Mab, I could be content," he broke out, more passionately, his way would only aim



s my rival—you are his betrothed You never, never will be mine—but his
—his until death."

As the words crossed his lips he started. A fearful thought had entered his brain—yes—yes—surely he was mad. Darting forward, he gazed down the path. He could see it only for a few yards—but he knew it well. It was precipitous, perilous, for as it wound its course to the base it ran along the edge of a deep stone quarry long disused. A man had need to be careful of his footing as he traversed it. None but a sailor, and one as reckless as Frank Buchau, would have dreamed of doing so on such a night. But it saved a good two miles, and had enabled him to spend a few extra minutes with Mab.
"She said faithful to death," thought Stephen Meredith. "Only unto death.

- then she might—she would—she should be mine. No—I cannot surrender her—I cannot."

The next moment he was springing down the path. Soon he slackened his speed—he heard his rival's gay whistling in front; he crept on over the snow until he sew his figure dimly, and knew

drym the path—a reverberation as of subtransons thunder, making the whole hill news to studio—after that, allow With an agrained mean he rose cree and dashed back to the heights, is

wild face to-night terrible to see—
wild face to-night terrible to see—
surely it must be insanity.

"Mab, Mab," he cried, in stiffed tones,
especially where tilere were stalwart. "I know all—the rumor is true; your heart is given. This is why, when I have pleaded—when your father and mine have said 'aye'—you have said 'nsy.' You love Frank Buchan. He is my rival—your father and seed of that rapidly growing plant seed of that rapidly-growing plant, Love—while many a one craved with hope to win so bright a being to make Even in so well-conducted a commu-

glorious his own hearth. nity as Steneyridge this might have caused discord, and made Mab enemies among her own sex; but the girl was honest, true-hearted, neither vain nor a filrt. She was glad to be liked—she did not care to be admired-save in one particular case—and would have been wretched at the idea of making others suffer; hence, as she had told Frank Buchan, she let it be soon known that "they need not come courting to her;" she would have none of them for other than friend, and would answer "nay" to their "aye" until doomsday.

Why? A question none in Stoneyridge had been able to answer until that Yet surely Mab had a heart, and did not recken never to say yes. She liked, no doubt, being the minister's house-keeper, but she was nearly twenty—certainly she could not have gone through her teens without feeling a pre-

Who was it?

signed, would have attracted univer observation and comment. Thus Mab. always of a gay disposition, had to laugh and chat, and dance, and play forferts, though her heart was away on After all, why should she not be merry? Was not the future she and he

had so looked forward to coming very near now? Though her father had favored Stephen Meredith's suit, she knew he would not refuse her the husband of her choice when Frank came back a captain, with other proofs of his steadiness and worth. Yet Mab at moments was sad-sad in the midst of revelry, and that was when her eyes rested on Stephen Meredith. What had come over him this Christmas? He was pale. almost careworn, only rousing up when in contact with her; then every feature mutely told that love his lips had been forbidden to utter. At times, in the Christmas dances or

games, his spirits rose almost to wild exuberance. His cheeks would flush, his eyes sparkle, only to be succeeded by fits of deep depression.

"She is just sending the poor lad mad. she is," remarked one matron.
"It's no fault of hers, then," replied

another; "the lass I have heard has given him his answer. A girl can't force herself to love a young fellow just because he loves her.' It was no fault of hers truly, but Mab liked Stephen dearly, and deep was her pain to note the change in him.

"Oh! if he would only have cared for someone else, how happy I should feel!" she thought. "When I have said nay, it is wrong of him to go on thinking

It was not the idea of losing Mab which had brought that change to Stephen Meredith. Never, indeed, had he felt more sure of winning her. It was the thought of what was lying still in the deep stone quarry—what might lie there among the huge rough blocks for years and never be seen. All that Christman day a graving was on him to