begate formorm his minierous patrone fint he has parelias ed some of the finest earlie from the best stock-raisers As the surrounding district and has now one of the

Choicest Assortment of Meats,

BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, VEAL. ETC.

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Thanks his numerous Customers and begs to intimate to them that he now keeps a full line of

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and everything else in the line, of first-class workmanship, manafactured under his own personal supervision.

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SHOP Opposite the Daley House.

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The Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, CHRISTMAS, 1881.

Merry Christman Here's Merry Christians, and it seems.
To call back childhood to the breast,
With kindly words and laughing gleath,
With leaping steps that shake the beams.

Hecomes with remain in the hall, That stirs the old man in his chair And when the feldnight measures fall Holl lead the bitthest dance of all, purning alike the chimney wall,
And seventy fores of work and tear.

fith noisy games and happy dreams.
And all of life was bright and best.

More's Merry Christmas come again; Cling Seart to heart and hand to have.
"Love one another," was the strain
Of Him who never taught in vain: And let it sound o'er hill and plain.
And raise the feast in every land.

MABEL'S CHRISTMAS.

(Continued from second page,) She was mient, trying to struggle sesinst horself-to think only of him. "Stephen" she said, in a low tone, can feel but once- I could not give you

Hope-hope at last! In a second he was at her foot, clasping her bands, with engor, sparkling eyes looking into "I do not sak it-I do not expect it.

Mab!" he oried. "I pray but for the right to love, to guard you to work for For to be the dearest to you on earth. one day that you will be mine, my dar-fing, dear, dear Mab!"

His forvour moved her, got her words hung suspended on her lips. She knew she could never see Frank sgain until the sea, as the earth, gave up its dead nevertheless she shrank from surrender ing herself to even Stephen Meredith. Her father's reasoning, however, rangin her cars, and she answered :

"Of all on earth, Stephen, I like sen best, and would make you happy if I could. In six months from this, should Inot have heard of of Frank before I'll be your wife."

She had spoken-her promise had heen given: but no sooner had it passed her lips than a great fear and trembling seized her. Releasing her hands, which, his wild joy and gratitude, he was covering with kissess, she put them over her face and oried:

"foren me, Stephen-leave me now. What I have said I will do; but it-it mone difficult at first, as if I were unfaithful to Frank. You have my word Jet me slone swhile."

He rose, litted a tress of her hair to By it I vow to be a kind, a faithful hus-

and to you," and a changed, a rejoicing men quitter the room. When the news got circulated through

Stone vridge, the universal comment was stat things were just as they should be. Is was but what Stophen deserved. As to Stophen himself he walked on sir; earth had to him become a paradise; he had only one trouble, the days sped by so slowly. During the last two months however, he had plenty to do in prepar-ing a home for his bride. What a presty home he made it too! How great was his happiness, as he looked around the rooms, to think of Mab's home coming. Mah, also, though never forgetful of Frank, could not heip sharing a little in the joy she had created, and had been persuaded to let their wedding day be the one which

concluded the six months. The world slipe round the sun, never slower nor faster whatever our fear or our impatience may believe, and finally our impations may believe, and finally the eve of Mab's marriage-day arrived. Stoneyridge was in a flutter—the manes is a state of mild bustle. As to Stephen Meredith, from the morn to the eve he had been as restless as a man could be. To morrow the hope, the prayer of his life would have been attained—Mab would he his offe.

himself other it rose again it would be on his prival morning, and server had his hourt felt lighter than or he assume the stoop road out in the hill, from the great of which he should see the lighter

foot-weariness.

Guining easily upon him, he noted he wore cap and pea-jacket; a few strides farther he halted and rucked hack, a great horror upon him, the blood creeping chilly through his veins. For a second he stood, eyes dilated, day lips, and his tongue heavy and cold in his mouth. Then a greater terror—a greater dread succeeded—and swiftly he strode after the man. A fearful suspicion was in Stephen Meredith's brain. He must be certain.

At the sound of those rapidly-ad-

At the sound of those rapidly advancing feet the other turned. The two were face to face. Stephen Meredith wan certain.

The wayworn, haggard-looking man was he so long deemed dead. "Great Heaven!" he cried. "Frank Buchan slive!"

"No other," responded the young sailor, with a faint effort at his old cheeriness. "Why, Meredith, man, you are as white as though you had seen a ghost, and no wonder!" "What wonder, indeed," replied

Stephen, huskily, "are you not as one from the dead? We heard the Westward Ho' was burnt !"

"So she was, to my misfortune, burnt beyond chance of saving in the Pacific. We took to the boats, and might have done well, had not a hurricane come on done well, had not a hurricane come on and swamped us. Three with me clung for days to the stove-in wreck of one. They—Heaven help them—dropped off to die. I was left alone. How I existed I know not; but one night I found myself washed on land. It was an island. The savages were kind to meant there have I lived for weary months, praying for Heaven to send a ship. When it did, my joy was worse than my sorrow—it three me into a fever, of which," smiling, "I am searcely quite recovered. But now, I am home, the dear Stoneyridge air will speedily make a man of me." While he had been speaking Stephen

Meredith's brain had been busy.
Frank had returned to take Mab from him. Mab, who was as good as his wife—for would she not be his—his only in a few short hours? No, not if frank appeared at Stoneyridge. He thought of the home he had prepared, of which he was so proud—of the last happy six months—of the future he had painted. All—all now useless shattered in a moment. No he would not give her up. He had no right to. The was his should be his still. How?

and he seized it eagerly. In a second, as he knew he would, Frank began to question shout those at Stoneyridge. "When a man has been so long away as

I," he remarked, "he grows nervous of the news that awaits him. My poor old grandmother-ah!" he added, quickly, "I see - I read your face. She is dead! "Eight months ago," said Stephen. Frank Buchan put his thin hand

seross his eves. "I fear to uo on," he murmured.

"yet there is one --- " "Do not ask," said Stephen, in a low

tone, averting his eyes.

"Oh, Heaven!" and Frank staggered back, "she—she is not dead too?"

"Dead! No, no—not that—but—she wan true to you until all felt your being alive was past hope."

"Then-then-then you know who I mean? She told of our-"Engagement," pet in Stephen, in shaking tones. "How could she hide it

when the loss of the Westward Ho' was "(to or -go on!" exclaimed the sailor. as the other paused, "you have more to tell. Heaven give me strongth to bear!

"For long she was true, then she took companion on one who loved her dearly. still, for six months she waited news of you. None came-and-a month ago she married him. She is now a happy Frank Buchan gave a quick, sharp

ory, as one might whose heart-con snaps; and, dropping on the bank, hid his face. Married! His Mab—the thought of whom had borne him up through all his suffering. Stephen looked at his trembling form

once, then dared not look again. "I cannot blame her," at last said poor Frank. "She vowed until deathand the world, as she, believed me dead. No-no-I do not blame-but would to Heaven I had never come back."

"Why do you say that?" asked Frank, slmost flercely.

"Because I have said Mab is happy, and you have come to turn her joy into gall. She is now content. How long will she continue so, finding you, whom she loved above all, alive? No, no Frank Buchan," he cried, fervently, "if you are a true man you will not let this be. You will not let her know? What is done cannot be undone. The affection she gives you dead would be sin did she give it you living. If you love her, you will think of her save her. Can you

not understand, if she sees you she will break her heart! Pity her."
"You are right," and the young sailor staggered to his feet, his face white and set with agony. "She must never learn I live. What is done is done. I have come too late. Stephen Meredith, swear to me you will not let her know you have seen me! My Mab-my poor,

"I swear it," faltered the other. "Frank, can I do nothing?" "Nothing. To-morrow I start again or sea. Henceforth I am dead to all

He turned, and with the feeble, uncertain steps of a bruised heart, went down the road away from Stoneyridge. Stephen watched him until the dusk shut him from view. Then he flung himself on the bank in remorseful agony, hating the world, hating life, hating himself above all. Yet he could not give Mab up—Mab, who in a few hours would be his wife.

The morning that downed on that night was fair and beautiful. In her room at the manse, Mab, in her simple bridgi

he'll not leave the ship."

"Man alive, what for ?"

"I oun't tell. He says he'll go do
in her. And what Captain Buchan a

recognized, and the new glive be carried to Mab. "Janet! What he the masses, claimed Mab, rising in alarm.
"I have news—how shall I tell you?" said the panting girl. "Old Sanderson has just come from Seasombe. Who do you think he says he has seen ?" shall live."

her arm.
"There is no need to tell," she cried,
hearsely. "He has seen Frank. He is
not dead, he lives! I know it!"

"Oh! praise Heaven—my Frank-Jamet, where is he? Speak." "He has gone."
"Gone! Janet, Janet, would you

send me mad?" "Be calm. Miss Mab, and listen. It is all so strange. When San him he was just going on board a ship on the point of sailing. He looked so ill and worn the old man scarcely knew him. On being spoken to, he exclaimed,

it. I saw Stephen Meredith last night, and know all. I do not blame Mab Carew for what she has done. She believed me dead, Heaven bless her! She is happy. I could not cast a cloud on her wedded life.'

any one of these places he me recognized, and the news of his re heart!" he thought, "but I and him. He shall land, and he

When the cradle went back again to the ship, which was already she signs of breaking up, Stephen Merc nent of everyone, went in to the smage

found himself face to face with Frank.
"Stephen Meredith!" exclaimed the
latter. "What madness is this?" "No madness. I was told you had refused to leave the ship—you would not land on this coast. Frank Buchan, I

knew the reason why, and have come to

"Impossible! Madman, you have thrown away your own life. Do you not feel the planks yielding beneath our

"So be it. We will then die together, for I will not return to land without you. Listen, for I must speak to my own shame; I deceived you when we met," proceeded Stephen. "I loved Mab—I was to be wedded to her the morning after I saw you-I knew, did you return, she would never be mine, and I could not give her up—so—I tald

Gertrude Marton's Love.

on when the hearts of all are

which the morrow was to celebrate. Many were the fair fingers deftly engaged in weaving graceful devices for the adornment of home, and many a joyous Christmas song rang forth from light and youthful hearts.

In one of the spacious reception-rooms of Morton Hall were two young and lovely girls surrounded by holly, evergreens and flowers, of which they were ming bright and elegant decorations. These were Gertrude, the only daughter of Squire Morton, and her cousin Clara Winton. As the setting beams of the winter sun glanced through the long windows, and played upon their fair features, a more charming sight could scarcely be conceived. Yes, youth is indeed beautiful, in its early sweetness, when no cloud of sorrow has rested upon the heart, and when the light of hope shines full upon the prow of the vessel which is bearing the youthful voyager

"How lovely the room will look when it is quite completed, dear Gertrude!"
exclaimed her cousin. "Those garlands which we have already hung are ex-ceedingly effective. But here are others waiting which are to occupy positions that we cannot reach. I thought you told me Edward Fenton was coming to assist you in the arrangement? I wish

at least a year with him.

Dr. Fenton had willingly parama
Edward to emirace his uncle's of
for, apart from his own desire to mini the young man would seeme, the latter having long since resolved to devote himself to the science of medicine. And now, to return to the drawing-

room of Squire Morton's mansion. Edward's willing fingers soon adjusted the fair Christmas decorations which had been waiting for his disposal upon the walls of the spacious apartment.
"How beautiful it looks!" exclaimed Gertrade, with unaffected admiration, as

she viewed the scene before her. "Yes, Gertrude," rejoined Edward, as he stood beside the lovely girl, "it is a charming scene. The blossoms which you have intertwined with those sober evergreens are emblems of the many graces of your own heart! They shine forth brightly, and gladden all around! Ah! Gertrude," he continued, "surely there could be no more fitting season than the present, when I shall so soon be parted from you, to speak to you of the deep love which fills my heart. Am I too presumptuous in hoping that you return my affection?"

As Edward spoke he took the young girl's hand, and finding that she did not withdraw it proceeded thus:-

"Do you remember, Gertrude, that happy Christmastide, now two years since, when, in idle play you severed a tiny curi from your golden locks? I re-member how you laughed, when I said I should always prize it. See," and he produced it from an inner pocket, "I have worn it ever since in my bosom. Let it plead for me now.'

There was a softened light in Ger-trude's eye, which trembled with something very like a tear, as Edward ceased speaking.

He saw it. and his heart leaped with hope and joy.
"Gertrude," he cried, "see how beau-

tifully the white berries of the mistletoe bough are glistening this afternoon! If you do not spurn my suit, suffer me to lead you beneath it, and with one pure kiss of love we will seal our vows.

And so it was. In the consent of silence Gertrude suffered the young man to read her heart, and angels might have bent from heaven to mark the purity of the kiss which Edward Fenton pressed upon the young girl's ruby lips under the mistletoe-bough.

The young man lost no time in acquainting Squire Morton with the mutual attachment which subsisted between himself and Gertrude. Great was Mr. Morton's joy on hearing that the son of his old friend had anticipated what had long been the most cherished desire of his own heart, and warm was the con- | of a woman's love, for I knew this test sent which he accorded.

quickly for the affianced lovers, and leave you, and send Edward, that ha soon the period arrived for Edward may plead for your forgiveness." Very tender was the parting between

him and Gertrude, and the young man bore with him the measure of his beloved one's taper finger, that he might procure an engagement ring in town and send it to her. This he did without delay, and as Gertrude looked upon it, the sparkling sapphires seemed to have borrowed the lips of Edward, and to whisper, "Forget me not!"

* * * Christmas-eve had come again, and once more a glory that was born of Heaven rested upon the earth.

In Morton Hall there was a voung heart beating with glad expectancy, for one dearer to Gertrude Morton than life itself would soon arrive. Once more the two fair cousins were

busily engaged intertwining the graceful garlands for Christmas decoration. Again the setting sun lit up their youthful features, and the face of Gertrude Morton looked even more lovely than on the previous Christmas-eve, for there was in her violet orbs that tender and holy light which the knowledge that the deep love that she felt for Edward Fenton was fully returned by its inspirer had enkindled.

"Now our task is completed, dear Gertrude," exclaimed Clare Winton, at game is played in Ireland up to this day. length. "We will leave these garlands. for I know that you have set your heart | with water, one for men, the other for upon their being hung by your dear Edward in the same positions as they were last year. It is nearly time for his arrival; I shall leave you to receive him alone." This time Gertrude did not attempt

year ago. No; she felt that the first riage vows. meeting between her and Edward Fenton would to-day be far too sacred a thing for the presence of a third person. For some time Gertrude sat in a pleasing reverie, while scenes, in which he whose advent she was now expecting bore a prominent part, flitted before

At length she became conscious that the time had come for her lover's arrival, and as she heard the hall-bell vibrate with his well-remembered impetuous ring, she stood in eager, yet bashful impatience to receive him; and when he entered the room, her eye sought his with that look of tender covness which is so natural to youth. But soon she withdrew her gaze in fearful amazement, for there was no answering smile on Edward Fenton's face. The tone in which he addressed her was so strangely cold, that her limbs trembled violently, and, unable to support herself, she sank upon a seat.

"What is the matter, Edward?' she gasped. "You bring no Christmas gladness with you. Why do you come to cast a shadow over my heart?"

"Gertrude!" he rejoined, and his voice was hard and constrained, "you remember last Christmas eve? Then we were happy; but the dream was too bright to last. Then I gathered a lovely And now, as briefly as may be, we bright to last. Then I gathered a lovely must trouble the reader with a word or human flower, only to find, by experitwo of explanation. Edward's father, ence, that it was not the fairest that Dr. Fenton, and Squire Morton had been should greet my eyes. I need not speak further. Gertrude, I come now to re-

lease you from your vows!"

The young lady did not faint, though how she managed to retain consciousness was a mystery which she herself was never able to explain. She rose in

simple dignity, and grasping a chair for support, she spoke thus:

"Edward, at this happy, yet holy season, when earth seems linked with Heaven, I would not that any mean

to the memory of Edward Fenton."

She ceased, overcome by the emotion

which she could no longer suppress, and burying her face in her hands, she soh.

When she at length raised her eyes she found that Edward Fenton had left her, but, advancing towards her, she be-held her cousin, Clare Winton. "Oh. Clare, Clare!" she cried, in a

fresh paroxysm of grief, "you will never guess the bitter sorrew which has fallen upon my heart!" "Dearest Gertrude," rejoined her cousin, "I know all, and I am come to

render to you the balm of woe. There is in reality no cause for the tears you are now shedding, as you will soon know. Calm yourself, and I will explain. About a month since, as you will remember, I visited London with my father. There we met with Edward Fenton; and one day, as I told you afterwards, he and I took a long walk together. I related to you the chief part of our conversation, but there was one portion to which I did not refer. When we were speaking of you, Edward said how dearly he loved you, and that his love grew stronger every day. 'But, Clare,' said he, and his voice trembled with intensity of feeling, 'do you think I am all in all to her? She is so young, so beautiful, and so much admired, that I fear at times lest some change should have possed over the first enthusiasm of her love for me, and that she may have seen one among her many suitors whom she would prefer to myself. I often think I should like to test her affection."
"In that you must be guided by your

own feelings,' I rejoined; 'but I am certain that, whatever test you may apply, you will find that Gertrude Morton's heart is yours, and yours only.'

"The subject then dropped, and I con. cluded, as I heard no more relating to it, that Edward had relinquished the

"This morning, however, I received a letter from him, addressed to me here where he knew I should be spending my Christmas), informing me of the test which he intended to apply, and requesting me to station myself in the vicinity of this apartment, so that, should he find you did indeed still love him, he might, on satisfying himself, give the signal for me to enter and reassure you. Thus you see, Gertrude," continued Clare, playfully, "my powers of divination, which you sought to impugn last Christmas eve, are proved to a demonstration, for I can not only penetrate the most carefully guarded secrets, but I can also gauge the extent would but manifest the strength of your That happy Christmastide sped all too attachment. And now, dearest, I will Fenton immmediately afterwards en-

tered the room. "Gertrude," he exclaimed, "it was a cruel test, "but infinitely more trying to me to apply than for you to endure. I knew, however, that if I acted thus I should learn from your manner whether you did indeed love me. Never did my heart beat with such mighty gladness as now, when I know that I do indeed possess the priceless treasure of your affection. Ah! dearest, can you forgive the pain which I have caused you? If so, suffer me to place this ring once more upon your finger, and let us renew our vows in the same way we pledged

them first last Christmas-eve." And with a heart in which sorrow was turned to joy, and cloud to sunshine Gertrude Morton suffered Edward Fenton to adorn her hand once more with the engagement-ring, and to lead her "Under the Mistletoe-bough!"

Christmas Customs in Russia.

On New Year's eve the country lasses have a variety of games. They tell each other's fortunes by pouring boiling lead or wax into water, and in the curious shapes into which it falls they fancy they can read their fate. This love Another device was to fill two bowls women. Round each they stick bits of paper with names on each of them. then a wax taper is set affoat on the water. and being blown round by some artiul persons, many of the slips of paper are burned, which shows very plainly who to recall her cousin as she had done a is going to burn her fingers with mar-

How Times Have Changed.

"Changed!" exclaimed Deacon Green to the dear little school ma'am. a year ago Christmas. "I should think they had changed. Why many's the time I've heard my dear old father tell how, years ago, when he and Aunt Mary were children living on their father's farm in old England, the least little present used to delight them.

"They were well-to-do people, too. the Greens were; but to find one booker a ball, or a shepherd's pipe in his Christ. mas stocking would make father per fectly happy when he was a boy: and his sister thought a box of sugar plans or a new doll, or any one pretty gim-crack, was a joy indeed. Changed: well, I'd like to know! Why, I'm told that a boy of this day, a real boy of the period, would consider himself a much abused fellow if he didn't find on his Christmas-tree a ball, a six-bladed knife, a scientific top, a box of carpenter's tools, a printing press, a jig-saw, a sled, a bicycle, ice-skates, roller-skates, 3 Punch-and-Judy show, a telephone, a steam engine, a microscope, a steaming a working train of cars, a box of parlor magic, a pistol, a performing acrobat, a real watch, a gold scarf-pin, gold cuffbuttons, twenty or thirty books, more or less, besides a pocketbook with gold money in it, and a pair of kid gloves.
"I may have forgotten something,"
added the Deacon, wiping his brow. "but, so far as I can make out, that's

the proper thing for an average boy's Christmas nowadays." "As for the girls," the good man went

on, raising his voice, "as for the girls-

How she did it, I do not know; but that wonderful little school ma'am actuthere. So, to this day your Jack doesn't does, might, could, would, or should



not to say he had seen him. But when the eld man came here he could not keep his great secret. Miss Mak; he—he told me, and I came to you. Oh! what did Mr. Frank mean by his knowing all, and that he had seen Mr. Meredith?" Mab's face was like stone, but her lips

were tightened, her eyes sparkled with indignant anger.
"Mean!" she cried; "Janet, can you not see? He saw Stephen, my Frank did—and—Stephen has deceived him by telling him that which has sent him away again. I see. I understand all. No. Stephen Meredith, were I as the sltar itself I would not wed you now. Janet, quick! go and tell all tomy father. Say there will be no wedding to-day,

and when Stephen Meredith comes se him to me. Not half an hour later Stephen stood before her, overwhelmed, crushed be-

eath her ire, her scorn. "Oh! Mab, Mab," he broke in, checking the bitter words she hesped upon him, "he merciful. I was mad. I loved you so fondly, how could I les you go?' "Love me! I would rather your hate. Stephen Meredith, than such love as that. Go! Pray Heaven I may never

look on your face again." But go he would not. Instead. threw himself at her feet, grasping her bridal dress, imploring her forgiveness.
"Only tell me, Mab, what I can do to make amends, and I will do it," he

mine now, but how may I win back your esteem ?' "Find Frank and bring him to me," she answered. He sprang to his feet.

'So I will!" he exclaimed. "Msb. I

will not rest nor see you again until I

pleaded. "I know you can never be

have. Farewell." Without another word he was cone. It was Christmas-eve. In the inn of a small fishing-village some twenty miles from Stoneyridge Stephen Meredith sat over the fire alone, while the fierce storm beat at the window-For long he had been seeking Frank Buchan in vain. Hopeless he had wandered to this spot to procure news of Stoneyridge, which he had vowed not to enter without intelligence of Mab's betrothed. To-morrow he would ride over to Seacombe, but the storm which was flinging the waves like thunder on the

He was aroused from his revery by a "There's a ship on the rocks, sir," said the landlord, entering. "It's throwing up rockets. I thought you'd like to

reefs had kept him at the inn that night.

in a few minutes he was on the shore. "Is there hope for her?" he asked of one of the fishers, as he watched the fine ship heaving, rolling in the foam of the heakers.

"None for the skip; she's doomed to go to pieces. But if we only get the ropes fixed we may save all on board."

Every hand was needed, and Stephen readily lent his. A rocket carried the line over the ill-fated vessel. It was secured, dospite the mighty waves that buffeted the crew. The cradle was got across and was soon at work, bringing

you she was already married, and you "What!" cried Frank. "Oh, villais?"

"I have had my punishment. The news that you were alive reached her by another source; before—for you, for er-it was too late. I tried to make smends by vowing to find you—to bring you back to her. Frank Buchan, let me keep my word-Mab waits and weeps for your return. Now-will you not go? For answer the young captain sprang to the side of the deck on which the two now stood alone. At that moment the ship gave a fearful lurch; the water was heard rushing into the hold. Frank

"You must go first. I cannot desert my shap until all others have left!" he "Madman!" cried Stephen. "What of Mab? Would you kill her? I am neither of your crew nor a passenger. I stand here of my own will. Would you kill us both by this delay, for I have

until I bring you to her?" The captain looked around. Indeed not a moment was to be lost. He saw Stephen was determined. "Heaven save us both!" he said. de-

sworn never to look upon Mab's face

vontly, and let himself be drawn on Then the cradle went back. Stephen secured himself in it, and was soon suspended over the boiling foam. Half-way had been accomplished when a giant wave struck the ship. There was a vast mountain of water; when it subsided the ship was gone. The cradle, with its living freight, was engulfed in

In a second, hefore any were aware of his mad intent, Frank Buchan had seized s rope, and plunged in to Stephen Merc-"It's jest socicide," said a fisher.

"It's just like the cappen," said a sailor. "Take my word he'll do it."

And, at mighty risk of his own life, Captain Buchandid. The Christmas bells are ringing

cheerily at Stoneyridge, and Mab is just preparing for church, when the little maid in a fluster says Mr. Meredith is in the parlor, wanting to speak to her, ig good news. Whereupon Mab throws aside her bonnet, hurries downstairs, and into the room. Stephen, older looking, but with

a bright smile on his face, meets her at the door. "Dear Mab," he says, "I come to bring you a Christmas gift. See, I have kept my word." He draws saide, and she beholds,

standing within a few yards of her, the man for whom so long she has waited. "Frank—Frank!" she cries. 'Mab, my own dear, darling Mab!"
answers, as he clasps her to his

ricet Structure was one of the ricet Strucyridge had ever with and not the unbeggiout at the gayings was Stephen Meredith.

"I do not doubt but that he will be here soon," rejoined Gertrude, as a soft blush, which she in vain strove to conceal, played upon her fair face. "Besides, the time appointed has scarcely arrived." "Gertrude, what should you say

cried Clare, as she passed her arm affec-tionately around her cousin's neck, "and that it concerns two persons?" "I must first be convinced that you possess the power of divination before I

you knew that I had divined a secret?'

comment upon its particular exercise, replied Gertrude. "Your remarks are evidently mean as a satire upon my poor capacity, as if it were too shallow to grasp anything so profound as a secret," retorted Clare, laughingly, "But I will put another construction upon your words, and regard them as a challenge to prove my power of divination' by declaring what

is I have discovered." "No-no! Spare me!" cried Gertrude. as her cheek grew yet more crimson.
"Why, "ou little witch!" said Clare, "Talk " divination,' you seem gifted with the knowledge of that particular science yourself, much as you deride its possession by another, in a very remarkable degree! You an positively read my thoughts, and has save me the trouble of shaping them into words! But suffer me to say, my dear cousin," she proceeded, affectionately, "that I know no one more worthy of your affection than he, who, I am well assured. returns it in equal measure. But there goes the hall-bell; and as I have little doubt that it proclaims Mr. Fenton's arrival, I will withdraw, and give him an opportunity to breathe those tender nothings which are unutterable in the

presence of strangers."

The light-hearted girl vanished as she spoke, and it was in vain that her

cousin called her to return. Left alone, the fair Gertrude becam conscious, in the brief interval that slapsed before her visitor was announced, of an indefinable feeling of joy as Clare's assurance that Edward Fenton reciprocated her attachment lingered in her ears. She knew that her own heart was unopened to all but him, and the thought that she held the key to his

affections was inexpressibly sweet. Tall and strikingly handsome, with a tender light : his dark eyes, and an exression of true manliness upon his oble features, Edward Fenton looked indeed worthy of the love of a pure and lovely girl, such as Gertrude Morton, as he entered the apartment in which the latter was seated on that December

Dr. Fenton, and Squire Morton had be Thus it was that, in her early years Gertrude Morton had been intimately ough the latter was some years her

buffeted the crew. The cradle was get across and was soon at work, bringing its living freight. It had been busily going to and free over half an hour, will also have been been busily going to and free over half an hour.

In the second the crew. The cradle was get the come and gone since then, and at each Stophen is the great half or maintaining to a fashionable halfor summary, in an adjoining town, and these going to and free over half an hour.

Fruit. Half hour him as a brother, to Oxford—they much but seldom.