

made Summer days in that old organ loft martyrdom of a smal'er sort. One girl in a fresh, transparent muslin frock was genteely and furtively nipping at her sleeve, when the tenor behind her leaned forward sympathetically and said, "I've got one, too." Tableau.

The sexton of the church was an old soldier, a total abstainer, but being human, he occasionally lapsed from strict soberiety. Girls wore in those days (no one knew why) yards of narrow ribbon tied around their necks, hanging in long loops behind. One of these ladies came down the aisle, blissfully unconscious that in the throng, the sexton was driving her by these convenient reins. It was one of the days when he had "had a glass," poor old man.

What stately affairs weddings were in old St. Paul's. The central aisle was so broad and the bride looked her best as she proceeded up it in the accepted white satin gown, veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids always wore white, with colored sashes—pinks and blues; the guests wore wedding bonnets of tulle or crepe; black was an unheard of thing, at a wedding, or a walking costume, such as is worn now. The bitterest Winter weather did not change