

LOST AND WON :
A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WEDDING BELLS.

"Bear a lily in thy hand,
Gates of brass shall not withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

And thy smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art !"

LOTTIE was married, as had been arranged, in the first week of June, and went on the wedding trip to which she had always looked forward as an integral part of the marriage ceremony, before settling down in the new red brick house which Mr. Sharpley had had furnished in the most approved manner to inaugurate the new order of things. She had invited Jeanie Campbell to be one of her bridesmaids—for she was not content with fewer than four—and felt somewhat aggrieved because Jeanie had coldly declined.

"For it wasn't as if I had broken an engagement with Alan," she said to her mother. "He really could hardly have expected me to do anything else in the circumstances."

Of course Alan knew the wedding day. By some means or other people always do, in such circumstances, even when they do not try to find out. He tried resolutely to shut the fact out from his mind, worked hard all day without a moment's intermission—they had a great press of business just then—tried to take an intense interest in every passing event; but, all through everything, could not get rid of the leaden weight he felt at his heart, the unformed but ever present thought that she whom he had once looked upon as wholly his own, had passed irrecoverably into the possession of another. That day was perhaps the hardest

he had ever had to pass through. When it was over, with all the dread of it which he had been feeling, a slight reaction set in, and his heart seemed a little lighter.

Very few people in Carrington, outside of Mrs. Marshall's circle at least, knew anything of Lottie; but Mr. Sharpley's marriage to a country girl caused its due share of talk, as well as some disgust to a few young ladies and their mammas; for Mr. Sharpley was in favour with mammas looking out for "settlements." Like Mrs. Ward, they were sure he would "get on."

However, the small affair of Lottie's nuptials was soon completely thrown into the shade by the preparations for the grand wedding of the season, Mr. George Arnold's, to his cousin, Miss Adelaide Junor. With so handsome a bridegroom and so pretty a bride, to say nothing of the bridesmaids, the wedding could not fail to be as pretty a one as had ever been seen in Carrington, and the time of year—the last week of June—rendered everything possible in the way of adornment. Those who were invited guests to the marriage were envied by all who were not; but nearly all the "society" of Carrington had invitations for the grand party which was to be given at Ivy-stone, on the evening of the wedding day, in honour of the event. As every young lady wanted to look her best, and as all gave their orders at once, the poor dressmakers had a pretty hard time of it, rising early and sitting late, to try to satisfy their customers, and often not succeeding after all. Poor Helen Morgan was one of the victims of ruffings and trimmings and adornments for the dainty dresses. So hard and so long did she work, unwilling to disappoint the dressmaker on whose employment she depended for her own and her mother's subsistence, that the confinement and overwork brought on an alarming attack of ill-