

who have passed historic Kingston on their route of bliss, began their first married morning with God's word and godly thanksgiving."

"Your calendar is in error," replied Rodney. "Yesterday, love, was our first married day, tho the morning was not ours. We should have ended our first day with reading and prayer, I have no doubt, to have done the strict rite."

Frances replied: "Your unspeakable punctiliousness will persist in rising up, like Banquo's ghost, to bring on admired disorder. Let us strike from our conjugal calendar that piece of a day as one altogether unprofitable. And in truth, Rodney, let us endeavor to keep in view, as we view the river adown this lovely street, that time in our lives when the unfortunate and the disagreeable will have been eliminated, and naut but happiness be our portion. And is not that woman unfortunate who marries a man whose nature does not command her own. What a delite for woman to obey whom she loves and honors! May God make brite in every woman's soul her divine inheritance of trusting and obeying."

"Nature indeed gave to you, my love," said the young husband, "that obedience which commands, and that sweet compliance which is powerful to subjugate. Like Eve to Adam, you render your service *with sweet, reluctant, amorous delay*. But, Frances, the car of Phœbus is rolling rapidly toward the zenith, and we must be ready with the west-bound at 9:45; so let us turn off this beautiful street; on which if ever a princess trod, it was my sweet bride *whose hair was like to sunlit gold, and blue as heaven her eye*. Our way lies here."

As Rodney finished speaking, they turned to the rite into another street, and hurried onward to their hotel.

FINIS (LABOR CORONAT).