

the angel brought to St. Cecilia—the virtues and the graces of the bride of Christ—bloom forever in your garland of beauty and crown of rejoicing.”

Then she, glowing with fairer loveliness beneath his fond caress, plucked a white rose from its stem and fastened it upon his breast with the words, “So, O beloved, wear thou the white flower of a blameless life, breathing the fragrance of purity and holiness throughout the world.”

Arm in arm the lovers passed on to the house and into the presence of the squire, who sat beneath the grape vine of the broad piazza, enjoying his evening pipe.

“Squire Drayton,” said Neville, in a tone of manly confidence, “I have come to ask your daughter’s hand in marriage,” and he put his arm protectingly around her, as she stood blushing at his side.

“Well, young man,” said the old gentleman, taking his long “churchwarden” pipe from his mouth, “you ask that as coolly as though girls like Kate grew as plentifully as the grape clusters on this vine. There’s not a man living good enough for my Kate—I’d have you know.”

“I quite agree with you in that, squire,” said the young man. “So much the greater my prize in winning her affection.”

“I believe you have, my lad,” said the old man, relenting, and then went on with a good