

"Yes, yours for ever," was her low refrain; but another heard it.

"That is just as it should be," murmured the doctor, while he raised her fingers to his lips and bade them God-speed. He dared not trust himself to kiss her lips.

Congratulations, and after that the breakfast. Then the toast, and it was Dr. Hartman who proposed it. With beaming face and flashing eye and cordial words, he bade them drink to the health of bride and groom: "May they have long life abounding in peace, overflowing with love, and strewed with many mercies. May God's blessing go with them, and kind friends ever be near them."

A ripple of approval went round the board as the toast was drunk. While the guests sat down again, Father Wortley retained the floor.

"I have only one thing to add to the toast of the good doctor," he said, "and that is—I hope and pray that the boys and girls who are here to-day will all follow the example set them by the young couple we have just married. Let me tell you—I have no doubt you know it already, but it will bear repeating—that this is a genuine love-match from start to finish. Winifred Finlayson and Robert Thornton have known each other from childhood. Their attachment grew with their youth and strengthened with their years—until it developed into what it is to-day, love of heart for heart and soul for soul; something that will stand by them through joy and sorrow—through rain and sunshine—through life, and I believe through death as well. Of course," continued the old man, shaking the hoary locks which almost swept his shoulders, and