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## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### A WEDDING IN PROSPECT.

A WEEK or two more, and Isla was settled for the winter in Achree with Diarmid and Margaret—whose bickerings were now at least legalised by the marriage service—and, keeping herself fully occupied, was apparently happy and contented.

On the seventeenth of November, at the earnest request of the Dennisons, she attended the marriage of Janet and her minister at the West End church in Glasgow, where an immense congregation assembled to witness the ceremony. Mrs. Hugh was in her element that day, as the reception took place at Highfield, and her two beautiful children, in picturesque suits, were Janet's train-bearers.

Something much quieter and less ostentatious would have been more in keeping with the taste of both bride and groom; but, reflecting that they would have plenty of obscurity by and by, they endured the fierce light of that exhausting day with a courage and a cheerfulness which left people in no doubt as to their happiness.

Isla arrived a little late, attired in a sweeping gown of black velvet and an ermine stole that had been her mother's, and which her own clever fingers had modelled in keeping with the prevailing fashion, thrown about her shoulders to give a touch of relief. She was far and away the most distinguished-looking woman in the church, and many inquired who she was. It gave Lisbeth Dennison a distinct pang that she could not answer proudly that it was the future Mrs. Archibald.

Yet she, too, was in church, though not as an invited guest, and nobody saw her or asked who she was.