

CHAPTER XLVII.

YES, at last Dudley Anstruther has claimed his bride and brought her to his new home—not, however, till time had made the recollection of that dreadful night in March less vivid, and softened the misery caused by its deeds.

On the eve of her departure from her Canadian home, Constance bade good-bye to the grave that had closed, now more than a year before, over all that remained in this world of her much loved brother. The wild roses which she laid at the base of the broken column were wet with more than dew as they hid 'neath their beauty the words—"Give peace in our time, O Lord," and the stillness of that evening was broken by more than the call of the robin awaiting the return of her mate.

Close to the gate of the churchyard Constance turned aside and stopped before a grave, at whose head stood a plain white cross:

MABEL ARTHURS.

BORN, April 12th, 1860.

DIED, June 13th, 1884.

"AT REST."