

solitude, that thrives in hope, is the truest and holiest, and most exalted love of which the human heart is susceptible. Such love never dies. As it has lived, so there comes a time, sooner or later, when the heart's dream may safely float on the surface of the deep, honest eyes, and the heart's desire flow in fitting terms over the unsullied lips. Such a love invariably brings its own reward.

The darkness had nearly spread its thickness from ceiling to floor, when Jean d'Alberg put her head in at the sitting room door, and exclaimed,

"Well, upon my word : such 'two spoons' I never did see in all my life."

Both young people looked up and smiled,

"If you'll please to substitute two spoons for *tea*-spoons, you may come to the dining-room now, for tea is quite ready," she said, disappearing out the doorway again. Hand-in-hand Guy and Honor rose, and went out to patronize Aunt Jean's comfortable table.

Three months after this, on a wild March morning, Guy Elersley and Honor Edgeworth became man and wife. It was a very quiet little wedding in the early, early morning, without any guests or spectators save the priest, who tied the marriage knot, Dr. and Mrs. Belford, of New York, Madame d'Alberg and Anne Palmer, or "Nanette."

There was a tempting breakfast for the little party after the ceremony, to prepare which, good Mrs. Potts had put the very best of her abilities to the test, and before noon of the same day, Honor and her husband, with Nanette and Aunt Jean, were rolling along to their new home.

Mrs. Potts and the faithful Fitts followed later in the season with the furniture and belongings, and all were established in a home full of pleasant distractions and promising happiness; but under the same old management as ever, and bound by the same old ties of long ago.

Ottawa began to miss Henry Rayne and his household, and many a word of kind remembrance was uttered as a friendly tribute to their memory.

The wonderful story of Vivian Standish's disgrace never found its way in detail into the gossiping circles of the capital, although there were a few who shook their heads and winked their eyes and affected to know all about it.

Josephine de Maistre had gone back to the peace and