

her heart with it, to Tom Courtney. Ah, Tom, the rough and ready, has won the love he sought in vain so long ago, and it is a very precious thing in his honest eyes. But not so precious, perhaps, as his true devotion is to the tired heart of the woman who, years ago, made such a bitter mistake.

There he stands, a goodly presence, towering above his sisters at the other side of the altar. Lady Adelaide, upon whose happy face there dwells a serene and exquisite peace, has her hand through the arm of her boy, who is looking his noblest and best, as well he may, on his wedding morn. At her other side there is a graceful figure in rich grey silk—a bright face framed by a dainty lace bonnet—a face so sweet and dear and true that it can belong to none but Florence; but we must be deferential now to our old happy friend, the wife of His Excellency the Governor-General of Madras.

Clifford Westray's services had not been forgotten by his party; his honest, self-denying labour had its reward. No need to ask if Florence is happy; we have never seen her look lovelier than now. Presently her cheek flushes, and her eyes fill as they fall upon the noble face and figure of her husband, entering the church with the bride, his young, fair sister, on his arm. A little stir and excitement, as the bride moves to her place, then the service begins, and in a few minutes all is