

where, and his eyes beamed with delight as the carriage bearing his gentle bride drove up to the entrance. Slowly she advanced, all clad in white from head to foot, with a long veil thrown over her dark hair, and one single snow-white rose fastened at her breast. The significant flower had been brought to her by Bertrand himself that morning, with the earnest petition that she would wear no other ornament but this dear token of her faithfulness in love and truth, and of his own great happiness, and gladly had she granted his request.

Monsieur Brunot walked by her side, looking very dignified and proud, as the representative of her father; and the two little fairy bridesmaids came behind, pacing with solemn steps and serious faces, bearing huge bouquets of rich red roses, which it was Bertrand's fancy they should have, in contrast to Mary's one pure blossom; finally, Mrs. Parry, all smiles and tears, brought up the rear with little Jacques, who, greatly to her consternation, insisted on bringing his drum, with the view of celebrating the wedding by a vehement assault on it with his heaviest sticks. After a protracted struggle, Mrs. Parry succeeded in leaving this musical instrument in the carriage; and no sooner did little Jacques find himself in the church than he became much subdued, and remained perfectly quiet while the solemn rite proceeded.

Fair and still as ever, Mary knelt by Bertrand's side and uttered the vows that bound her to him in the sight of God and man; but none would have thought that her stillness indicated want of feeling, who had seen the expression of her deep dark eyes, as she raised them to heaven in unspeakable thankfulness that at last she had a right to live for the happiness of him to whom her whole heart had so long and so absolutely been given.

The momentous service was over, the final words were spoken, the union of Bertrand and Mary de L'Isle was sealed before high heaven, and no human machinations could ever part them more, nor by aught on earth have power to come between them, save death alone, that seeming ill which holds between its fast-locked shell the hidden pearl of eternal hope. There was no sorrow in their temporary parting from their friends, and, followed by many blessings, they quitted Paris, and started on a journey which was to have a termination little dreamt of by the new-made wife.

A few days later an old-fashioned travelling chariot, drawn by four horses, and guided by two postillions with blue coats and long boots, was going at a smart pace along the road that led from the nearest station to the Chateau de L'Isle, a distance of some ten miles. It was open, and in it sat those who had so lately been united. It was a lovely evening, and the pretty wooded country through which they were passing was clothed with all the glory of high summer. Birds were singing amid the foliage, and sweet-scented flowers filled the air with fragrance, while the cloudless sky overhead was not more serene and bright than the sweet face of the young bride in her perfect happiness, as she sat by the side of her husband.

"You have not told me anything about the people to whose house we are going, Bertrand dear," she said, presently; "they must have been very kind to have sent their carriage so far to meet us; who are they?"

"A young couple recently married," said Bertrand, composedly; "a comte and comtesse, Mary, of the old noblesse of France." "And you made acquaintance with them on your way to Paris, I think you said? Are they nice? did you like them?"

"Oh very much indeed! they are delightful people; indeed, I think the young comtesse is, without exception, the most charming person I ever met. Are you not jealous, Mary, that I do not except you?" he added, looking down at her with a smile.

"Oh no!" she answered, meeting his eyes with her candid gaze; "why should I be? You must have met many people far better than I am in the world; but what does that matter, if you love me?" she added, softly.

"I think you may be pretty sure of that, my darling," he answered; "but look, Mary, what a splendid triumphal arch we are passing under!"

"Yes, and I see there are a number more, all the way down the road; what does it mean, Bertrand? is it a fete?"

"No, they have been erected by the tenantry in honour of the comte and comtesse, who were expected home to-day after their wedding."

"Only to day? If this is their first day at home I hope we shall not be in their way."

"I hope not," said Bertrand, gravely; "but I feel sure the comte will be very glad of your presence, and I do not expect the comtesse will object to mine."

Mary looked up at him, rather puzzled by this speech, but the next moment she was still more surprised when she saw him stand up in the carriage and take off his hat, while he bowed right and left, with his handsome face glowing with pleasure. Looking out, she saw that they were approaching a large iron gate, which was thrown wide open, while the road on either side was lined with the villagers in their best dresses, who were waving hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting with delight.

"Oh, Bertrand, what is it?" she said, trembling.

"Do not be afraid, darling," he said, taking her hand in his firm grasp; "I will explain it all to you presently. You must bow and smile to them, Mary, for it is you they are welcoming."

She did as he desired her, but her heart was beating wildly, and she clung to his hand with a terrified grasp. The carriage passed through the gate; the musicians of the village band, who were stationed near it, struck up a triumphal march, and it rolled on through a throng of rejoicing people, till it drew up before the great door of the chateau. There, on the steps, stood the mayor of the country town in gorgeous costume, the cure of the parish, and several of the country gentlemen.

"Vive Monsieur le Comte?" burst from the whole assembled throng, as Bertrand leaped from the carriage. He waited to help Mary to alight, and then, holding her by the hand, he walked up the steps to the paved space in front of the door, and turning round, he presented her to the people, saying, "My wife," and instantly a great cry rent the air, "Vive Madame la Comtesse! long live our beautiful lady!" And she did look beautiful at that moment, in her pretty bridal travelling dress, with an exquisite rose-pink flush on her cheek, and her dark eyes shining like stars in the sudden excitement, while Bertrand stood bare-headed by her side, with the wind blowing through his rich brown hair, and a smile of unspeakable happiness on his lips. It was such a moment as is rare indeed in this changeful world, but Bertrand felt to the very core of his heart that sweet Mary Lisle deserved to the full all the crowning brightness of that hour, as a reward for the faithful deathless love which, through evil report and good report, through desertion and betrayal, had never failed him for one single instant.

But he saw, though she had caught the

reflection of his joy, that she was still trembling and bewildered, and, waving his hand again to the people who were to be regaled by his orders in tents placed on the lawn, he led Mary into the entrance-hall. There a long file of servants were drawn up to receive them, to whom he said a few kindly words; while she, with her sweet smile and quiet grace, charmed them all, as she acknowledged their salutations. Passing through the hall to a door at the other end, Bertrand drew her into a small octagon room, which had always been used as a boudoir by the lady of the castle, and which, by his direction, had been newly furnished for Mary.

His own taste had guided all the arrangements—even to the delicate shade of the rose-coloured silk which lined the lace curtains, and the clusters of white roses which bloomed in every window; and when, at length, the door was shut, and they were alone, he drew her into his arms, saying, "Welcome to your home, my Mary! my Comtesse de L'Isle!"

She let her head fall on his breast, while half sobbing, half smiling, she asked, "What does it mean, darling Bertrand? what does it all mean?"

"It means that I have succeed in realizing a cherished dream, which few people are ever able to do in this world. I have planned for six weeks past that I should give myself the exquisite pleasure of bringing you to this grand old place, all unconscious that it is in truth your home, and my scheme has been successful beyond my expectations; for I wished so much that you should find yourself mistress and queen of Chateau de L'Isle, while still you believed that in marrying me you had embraced toil and privation."

"Dear Bertrand! it was indeed kind of you to give me such an unexpected pleasure; but I cannot in the least understand how it has all happened."

"No, darling; how should you? But come and sit down here, and I will tell you the whole history from the first; we shall have time before we go out to be agreeable to those kind people; they are not marshalled at the tables yet, where we must join them soon." And then, sitting by her husband's side in this charming room, with flowers and sunshine round her, Mary heard all that we know already respecting Armand de L'Isle, and the providential arrival of Bertrand at his father's home in time to give peace to the old man's accusing conscience, and to be recognized as the legitimate heir.

(To be Continued.)

HE cares for them because they are his own. He knows what it is to watch over them in summer's drought and in winter's cold; by night as well as by day, in sickness as well as in health, in dying as well as in living hours.

LEAVES are light and useless and idle and wavering and changeable; they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within because we see the lightsomeness without.

KEEP us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren and our sisters who have entered into the joy of our Lord, and with the whole Church triumphant; and let us rest together in thy presence from our labours.—*Moravian Litany.*

FAITH without repentance is not faith, but presumption; like a ship all sail and no ballast; that tippeth over with every blast. And repentance without faith is not repentance, but despair; like a ship all ballast and no sail, which sinketh of her own weight.—*Sanderson.*