

And as John, and Joan, and Tris were of one mind, what could Denas do but be of the same mind? After all, the great anxiety was the weather.

Easter Sunday broke in a royal mood of sunshine. There was not a breath of wind; the sea was like a sea of sapphire sprinkled with incalculable diamonds; the boats lay lazily swinging on the tide-top; the undercliff was in its Easter green and white.

The ceremony was to be in the St. Clair chapel, and at nine o'clock Tris came in the yacht's boat for his bride and her parents. The boat had been freshly painted white. The four sailors who were to row her were in snow-white duck and blue caps and kerchiefs. Tris had on his best uniform—blue broadcloth and gilt buttons. Tris was handsome enough and proud and happy enough to have set off a fisher's suit of blue flannel; but he trod like a prince and looked like a young sea-god in his splendid array.

It had been thought best for the bride to go to St. Clair by sea. There was no carriage available, and the walk to St. Clair was long and apt to be wet from the last tide. And nobody wanted the bride-dress to be soiled. Beside which, the sea-way gave the St. Penfer people an opportunity to set her off with waving kerchiefs and a thousand good wishes; and it also gave the people of St. Clair an opportunity to welcome her in the same manner.

The chapel was crowded up to the pulpit steps, all but John's pew, which was empty until the bride's party took possession of it. It was a sight to make men and women happy only to look at Joan Penelles' face. John tried to preserve a grave look, but Joan beamed upon every man and woman present. When the little stir of their entrance had subsided, then the Easter service went joyously on. It was known that the wedding was to be solemnized between the sermon and the benediction, and though the sermon was a very good one, all thought it long that morning.

But at length the happy moment arrived. Tris rose and offered his hand to Denas. Then Denas also rose and let her long cloak fall down, and put her bonnet off her head, and walked by Tris' side to the communion table. John and Joan proudly followed. In this marriage, the bride and bridegroom's joy was doubled by being so enthusiastically shared.

Then the clerk spread open the book and the preacher put the pen into the bride's hand. She looked at her husband; she looked at her mother; she hesitated a moment, and then wrote boldly—not Denasia—but—

*"Denas."*

Neither father nor mother disputed the name. They certified it with their own names, and then passed with their children into the sunshine. The congregation were waiting outside. They parted and made a way between them for the bride and the bridegroom to take; and so standing there, watched them go hand-in-hand up the hill-side to the pretty vine-covered house which was to be their future home.