

have been that way yourself, I dare say, and more than once, and if you multiply your emotions tenfold, you will about hit the mark.

The nuptials were fixed for May; Sybil would not hear of anything sooner.

"We are very happy as we are, my colonel," his *fiancée* said, hitting him with a rose-spray. "How do I know I will be half as happy when a humdrum Mrs. Trevanion? Besides, I shall wear my mourning for a year. Ah, Cyril! he was very, very good to me—the dear old general. Surely that tribute to his memory is the least we can pay him."

Cousin Cyril acquiesced, of course. What command of his dashing little superior officer would he not have acquiesced in? And he was so happy, so unutterably blessed as it was. The Prior's Retreat was still his home, and Joe was still his faithful henchman, though a more skilled valet had been lately imported. He was very busy and very happy. The old Priory, so long left to desolation and decay, was being repaired and fitted up. Workmen, upholsterers, landscape gardeners, hosts of hands, were at work to make Monkswood blossom as the rose. When bride and bridegroom returned from their blissful wedding tour next autumn, it would be Monkswood Waste no more, and the "tide of wassail, the blaze of yule," would reign in its grand old halls once again.

The winter passed happily and rapidly, and spring came. And Sybil had doffed her mourning-robcs for airier garments, and the most magnificent of *trousseaus* was ready, the marriage settlements signed, the bride-maids named, and the guests bidden to the marriage feast.

And it came, that cloudless morning in May—fairest month of all the year—and the very birds in the grand, romantic old woods seemed splitting their throats ringing out their songs of joy. The silver chimes of the old church rang jubilant peals and wedding anthems, and the charity children strewed the road with flowers, and, robed in white, chanted canticles of joy (lamentably flat, by the bye). And Sybil—La Princesse—beautiful, stately Sybil, with her violet eyes and mignonne face—the virginal blushes coming and going beneath that priceless bridal veil. Ah! if I only could immortalize myself by painting her. "Blissful bride of a blissful heir," as Mr. Tennyson remarks of another high-born couple—nothing short of a poet laureate could possibly do her justice. As for Macgregor—nay, let us beg his pardon, Cyril Trevanion—he looked as he always looked, grand enough, royal enough, handsome enough for a king.