

old oaks, and close at hand the hyarangeæ droop their heads as if surfeited with sweetness, while beyond all the Quantocks stand, tall sentinels in blue, by day and night.

Anstruther advances, and taking both his bride's hands in his, and looking earnestly into her eyes, he draws her towards him :

"Tell me, Constance, before I go to meet your father and Cécile——"

"Do not forget my small godson," interrupts Constance.

"And your small godson—tell me, Constance, that I have so far made you happy?"

Stealing one arm round his neck, Constance answers :

"Perfectly happy, my husband."

"My queen."