

honest and affectionate eyes looked love on the bride, as clad in the simplest of simple white gowns, with a plain white veil draping her from head to foot, she came walking to the church across the warm clover-scented fields, like any village maid, straight from the Manor, escorted only by Cicely, her one bridesmaid. At the churchyard gate, she was met by all the youngest girls of the school, arrayed in white, who, carrying rush baskets full of wild flowers, scattered them before her as she moved,—and when she arrived at the church porch, she was followed by the little child Ipsie, whose round, fair cherub-like face reflected one broad smile of delight, and who carried between her two tiny hands a basket full to overflowing of old French damask roses, red as the wine-glow of a summer sunset. The church was crowded,—not only by villagers but by county folks,—for everyone from near or far that could be present at what they judged to be a ‘strange’ wedding—namely a wedding for love and love alone—had mustered in force for the occasion. One or two had stayed away from a certain sense of discrepancy in themselves, to which it is needless to refer. Sir Morton Pippitt was among these. He felt,—but what he felt is quite immaterial. And so far as his daughter was concerned, she, as Bainton expressed it, had ‘gone a-visitin’.’ The Ittlethwaites, of Ittlethwaite Park, in all the glory of their Magnum Chartus forebears were present, as were the Mandeville-Porehams;—while to Julian Adderley was given the honour of being Walden’s ‘best man.’ He, as the music of the wedding voluntary poured from the organ through the flower-scented air, wondered doubtfully whether poetic inspiration would ever assist him in such wise as to enable him to express in language the exquisite sweetness of Maryllia’s face, as, standing beside the man whose tender and loyal love she was surer of than any other possession in this world she repeated in soft accents the vow: “to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey till death do us part!”

And when Bishop Brent placed her little hand in that of