

fort to Elanche Neville take place. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Neville in the village church of Woodland, with every pomp and magnificence worthy the august occasion. The distinguished guests who graced it with their presence, were many of them Lady Neville's earliest and most valued friends. Amongst those classed as the Earl's was Colonel Lennox, who had arrived the night previous.

A sumptuous banquet had been prepared in the drawing-room of the Priory, where happiness and chastened mirth presided till the hour of saying farewell drew near, when tears and promises were interchanged, and Blanche, the lovely and beloved, was led to the carriage awaiting, by her revered father and Colonel Lennox. Again and again, was she folded to the paternal bosom of the former, while her hand was warmly pressed by the faithful friend of her Lord, who sprang in lightly after her, his fine countenance glowing with the feelings and emotions crowding in rapid succession on his heart. As the carriage drove swiftly down the avenue, he clasped her in his arms, saying :

"And now, my own darling girl, for the fulfilment of your promise. Confess to me why you repulsed me so coldly in the first months of our acquaintance."

"Ah, dearest Algernon, would that I might be absolved from my promise," murmured Blanche, while her head rested on his shoulder.

"No, no, Blanche, you must not deny me. I have tortured myself with a thousand conjectures—nay, answer me, love!"

"Hear it then! It had been the wish of your beloved mother and of my aunt, to see their children united. This Lady Neville confided to me before your arrival—and repeated to me after we had met. No worldly motive actuated her; but the love she bore to her daughter alone, made her earnestly solicitous that she should have been the object of your choice. When I found myself likely to prove the barrier between her and a hope so natural, how could I have acted otherwise than I did?"

And she gazed timidly in his face as she uttered this. A brief silence followed, when the Earl pressing one long and passionate kiss on her beautiful lips, replied :

"My noble girl! none could have filled your place in my heart—yet tell me, Blanche," he continued, playfully; "you staid not to count the cost when you formed that resolution—you could not have kept it, could you dearest?"

"I will own no more," replied Blanche, a rich crimson mantling on her cheek; "how could I count the cost of that which is beyond all price."

"May Heaven bless you for those dear words," returned the Earl; "I read them in those tell tale eyes long ago—now comes my turn to punish you, for all the anxious doubts and sleepless nights you

have caused me—you smile, and shake your head—but Orlando Inamorato can be Orlando Furioso, remember."

While thus they went on their way rejoicing, a shadow was cast upon the little party at the Priory, by the absence of the much loved Blanche, which only the reflection of her happiness could soften. Rosetta, who had taken an active and affectionate part in all the preparatory arrangements for the auspicious day, after she was gone, wandered over all their favourite haunts in melancholy mood, dwelling on her estimable qualities, and the blessing she had proved to her since her sojourn under the same roof. But was she suffered to wander thus alone? No—for Colonel Lennox walked by her side—and as he gazed on her lovely face, and listened to her artless confessions, how much she owed under a gracious God to her excellent mother and her cousin, he felt that earth contained not one so dear to him, and ere they returned to the house he had told herself so, and received from her lips the most gratifying acknowledgment that since the day they parted, never had she ceased to remember the name of her preserver in her prayers, or to hope that she might again behold him.

The sequel may be easily anticipated; but, to conclude in the form we dare not depart from. The summer of the same year which witnessed the nuptials of Blanche, beheld, ere a leaf had fallen or grown scar on the ground, the dear Rosetta kneeling at the same altar with the gallant Colonel Lennox, surrounded by all her numerous and happy friends, who, as they marked the affection beaming in her soft blue eyes now raised to his, while plighting her vows, and the devoted tenderness of his whole bearing towards her, augured that a union so full of promise, founded as it was upon the only sure basis, would receive a blessing from on high, and prove in every way propitious. This day amply repaid the affectionate Lady Neville for all her cares and anxieties, and devoutly did she render thanks to her Heavenly Father, that He had heard her petitions, and selected such a guide to watch over and protect her beloved child, who acknowledged to her mother, as she clasped her to her bosom, the fullness of her joy and her deep gratitude for those religious instructions which had led her from the paths of error and misery, into those of happiness and peace.

The presentation at Court of the youthful brides duly took place, Lady Neville once more appearing in the fashionable world on that interesting occasion—but after a few weeks passed in the splendid mansion of Lord De Melfort, in Belgrave square, she gladly retreated to the peaceful Priory, whither she was followed, in another month, by all she most loved on earth.

Great were the rejoicings which then took place.