



CONCLUSION.

THE old master lived to hold his son's wife in his arms, and to see the sunshine of a woman's presence in Redlands once more. They were married before the year was out, and their first Christmas was spent at home among all the old friends. Before the reassembling of Parliament the old master fell asleep, with his daughter's hand in his, and her name the last upon his lips. A month later John and his wife went to London, to their town house in Prince's Gate. The world had its say, of course, concerning Lady Lundie's second marriage, and for a time the tongue of society wagged very freely. Both were censured by those who, out of envy or bitterness of soul, grudged them the happiness they so richly deserved. Elizabeth Lundie elected to be bitterly displeased and scandalized. Needless to say, she broke off all connection with her former sister-in-law, and declined to visit her. But with such names as the Duchess of St. Roque, the Countess of Leybourne, and many others as noble, on her visiting-list, Lady John Strathearn could very well afford to dispense with Miss Lundie's countenance. Her best friends rejoiced sincerely at her happiness, and paid both her and her honoured husband every attention.

Her first season as Lady Strathearn was necessarily very quiet. But with such a home she needed no gaiety. Of its happiness I cannot write, because my pen is too weak.