

Our old friends, Tom Loker and Sandy McKay, also, in accordance with early colonial etiquette, graced the occasion with their presence, and added their honest and heartfelt congratulations to those which greeted the happy pair. And never was there happier pair than that which rode away in the wedding-coach to their new home on the forest mission of the western wilds of Canada. Not much of this world's goods had they, but they were rich in love, and hope, and faith, compared with which all earthly riches are but dross.

The old house at The Holms seemed very lone and desolate, now that its fair mistress had departed. The squire missed her much, and, in his loneliness and isolation, turned more and more toward those religious consolations which had been the inspiration of the life of his wife and daughter, and, there is ground to hope, found that solace which can be found nowhere else.

He sought a diversion from his solitude in frequent visits to the village parsonage, where Katharine reigned in her small home-kingdom with blooming matron dignity. Nor were these visits unprofitable to the larder, if we might judge from the stout hampers which went full and returned empty. But a still greater joy was the visit of Katharine to the old homestead at Christmas-time; and at midsummer, when Neville was