

The Idlewild party is now strolling about on the rocks in a state of perfect bliss, all except the poor historiographer, whom an inhuman brother has left behind to complete the Log, and do the honours of the yacht to such visitors as may appear.

The Idlewild people were received with great rejoicing by numerous friends at Bar Harbour, and it occurred to one hospitable soul to give a pic-nic of gigantic proportions to their honour. The guests, sixty in number, were bidden to the feast at seven o'clock, and shortly after that hour the bluff over Anemone Cave was the scene of much hilarity, as gay groups of friends ate sandwiches, drank coffee, and gossiped, with the grand old ocean rolling in solemnly below them.

"Leigh," whispered Tom, "don't drop your muffin on the buttered side, or pour your coffee down your sleeve in your agitation, but Ogden came over to Southwest Harbour yesterday, and he arrived here to-day, and he's about five feet off, just behind you, and he's coming this way as fast as he can, but somebody—an uncommonly attractive young lady, by the way—has just buttonholed him. I did not tell you all at once, for fear you could not bear it."

In a moment Philip approached, and saw Leigh's

"Sweet face in the sunset light  
Upraised and glorified."

And though the "madding crowd" was there and the senseless chatter, and the commonplace bread and butter and pickles, the inexpressible gladness in her eyes, as she turned and looked up at him,