

The bells were ringing out a merry, merry peal. It was a gala day in Westray, as well it might be, for it was the wedding morning of the master of West Court.

Let us peep into the old Parish Church of Westray, this sunny June morning, and witness for ourselves this happy marriage. It is twenty minutes past eleven, and everything is in readiness for the coming of the bride. While they wait for her, we may take a peep at the assembled throng; it may be that we may see some familiar face. Ay, more than one. There, first of all, is Clara, Marchioness of Enderby, in somewhat sober attire, but whose face wears the bloom of long ago. Surely she has found rest at least in her childhood's home. Her mother, plain Mrs. Robert Westray now, as of yore, is beside her, very magnificently attired, and looking as benign as it is possible for her to look. She may be glad and proud to-day, since her last ambition is on the eve of fulfilment. A bitter drop has mingled even with that cup, and it is Clara's hand that has placed it there.

For Clara has of her own free will, nay, gladly and joyfully, intimated her intention of renouncing all the privileges accorded to her as the widowed Marchioness, and in a month's time, when the young couple come home, is to give her hand, and