

an innovation of all rules of orthodoxy in wedding preparations? A home-made bride-cake, and the bride one of the compounders thereof! Whoever heard or even dreamt of such a thing? True for you—as the Irish say,—but remember, ye fair and fastidious critics! Agnes Denham's was a “bush wedding.” The grand difficulty was in rising the cake. It was quite amusing for a looker on to watch the curious anxious, faces peeping over one another's shoulders into the various cooking books, English and American, that had been privily borrowed from the most accomplished house-wives in the neighborhood.

The gentlemen were of course excluded from these mysterious conferences, the only piece of broadcloth admitted into the secret consultations was little Harry—Agnes's youngest brother—who, after having listened with breathless interest to some discussion going on among the fair bevy of confectioners respecting the difficulty of finding some suitable instrument for laying on the icing, hastily retreated to the work-shop and soon returned with a triumphant air, bearing in his hand a sort of flat trowel, which he had fashioned out of a clean shingle,—declaring he was confident it would answer the purpose admirably.

Harry's expedient was highly applauded by all present, and adopted forthwith. Then there was such anxiety about the baking of the precious compound, and the turning it out of the bake kettle, when done, so as not to injure its fair proportions. All the females of the house, from mamma to Betty Fagan, the Irish maid, were in a fever till this important affair was concluded. The cake exceeded all expectations; it was neither broken nor burned, and the ice looked almost like snow itself,—the house was filled with the odour, the cake was indeed rich and rare to sight and sense. In short, it was a splendid achievement in the way of a home-made bride-cake; and as the boys all declared, looked gloriously when decorated with the wreath of white roses which Caroline Hill placed upon it.

It was arranged that the ceremony was to be performed at five o'clock, and arrangements were made for a dance after tea. After supper, the young couple were to go quietly home to their own house, which was scarcely a mile off.

Never did Agnes look more lovely than when she entered the little parlour, leaning on her fond father's arm, dressed in white muslin, white ribbons, and the simple white rose-buds among her