

it was best I should marry her ; that is, supposing she would have me."

"And all the while I was doing nothing but think of you, and of how wicked and ungrateful and all sorts of bad things I had been in Paris."

"And I—" etc. etc.

The rest of their conversation that morning was much like it was on other days, and certainly not worth repeating. Lucia, however, took the first opportunity of speaking to Lady Dighton about Miss Landor, and seeing that her invitation for the wedding was not neglected.

The tenth of July, Lucia's birthday and her marriage-day, came quickly to end these pleasant weeks of courtship. It was glorious weather—never bride in our English climate had more sunshine on her—and the whole county rung with the report of her wonderful beauty, and of the romantic story of these two young people, who had suddenly appeared from the unknown regions of Canada, and taken such a prominent and brilliant place in the neighbourhood.

But they troubled themselves little just then, either with their own marvellous fortunes or with the gossip of their neighbours. Out of the quaint old church where generations of Dightons had been