

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WEDDING.

It was one of the brightest days in May. The woods were full of flowers, the trees covered with blossom, and the air redolent with a thousand perfumes. The women in their best frocks, and the men in their Sunday clothes, all came to the home wedding. The birds and squirrels too seemed to be invited, for they sang and chattered round the Finlayson homestead the livelong day.

Miss Roberts as bridesmaid came early, to help to robe the blushing maiden in her white silk gown and orange blossoms. And Robert, arrayed in frock coat and grays, drove up in good time with the doctor. Mr. Finlayson was at the door to meet them. He looked very sedate in his suit of broadcloth and black stock. It was his duty to do all honour to the occasion, and his deportment was genuinely grave.

"This is a solemn and serious contract you young people are entering into," he said to Robert as they shook hands. "To me, marriage is the great sacrament of life."

"It is to me, also," assented Robert, "and should be to every man."

Mrs. Finlayson, arrayed in a black silk, which was said to stand alone, and was the cynosure of many eyes, stood in the room waiting to receive them.