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CLIVE WESTON'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

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CHAPTER I.

IT was in every sense of the word a brilliant wedding. Montreal, the fair city that reclines at the foot of Mount Royal, had not for many months witnessed anything like it. Every embellishment that wealth could purchase had been procured—every rule prescribed by taste or fashion followed—till the whole affair might have been safely pronounced a perfect success. Season and weather, often chary of their favours on similar occasions, were both propitious. The sunshine of a glorious October day bathed in golden radiance the new reaped field and meadow, the mountain with its glowing scarlet and yellow foliage, and the broad, sparkling St. Lawrence beyond. Brightly too it lit up the grinning gurgoyles and rich architectural ornaments of Christ Church Cathedral, where amid breathless silence the bride had just pronounced in a sweet, perfectly

audible voice, the solemn words that united her life and destiny with those of another. The sacred edifice was crowded with fair and fashionably attired women, and a bevy of bewitching young bride's maids distracted the heart and attention of the one masculine supporter or sympathizer to whom fashion now frequently restricts the bridegroom. The latter personage was tall, gentlemanly and intellectual looking. But the chief object of attraction was of course the bride herself, who stood there fair, pale as a lily, stately as a young princess. She needed not the softening aid of glimmering pearls, misty clouds of tulle, nor of the flowing bridal veil, that invest with a certain charm even the plainest of Eve's daughters. No, Virginia Bentley was beautiful in form and feature, and rarely bride had borrowed less from art. But what excited remark even more than her statuesque loveliness was her wonderful self-possession. Knowing as she did that every eye in that