

tant enough to deserve repeating, and while it was going on the party stepped out through the glass doors upon a terrace adorned with flowers, where they walked in the gayest humour imaginable until they reached the French windows of the saloon, through which they stepped, and joined the general company.

The next day was hailed with general rejoicing for miles around. During the minority of the heir to the estates the tenants had lost many benefits and privileges which the residence of a lord of Rougemont among them had usually conferred. Every habitan and cottager assembled in holiday attire to give a heartfelt welcome to the young Marquis, who met them in the front of his house immediately after his marriage, his fair bride hanging on his arm. There he addressed them in a short but animated speech, and they replied with an enthusiastic shout—

“*Vivat, Marquis! Vivat, Marchioness!*”

He then led Lucy to the front of the saloon windows, where his mother, now out of mourning for the first time during twenty-one years, stood richly dressed to receive her. The bridegroom's men, Lucy's brothers, and the bridesmaids, her sisters, were on the right of Lady Hester, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee on the left. Beside them stood Lady Letitia, Mrs. Markham, and other near and dear friends; and on an antique easy chair, in the midst of the group, sat the venerable Pastor.

Lucy bent her knee to the ground before him as he held out his arms to embrace her.

“Bless me, grandfather!” she tremulously exclaimed,

“I do—I do—my good girl!” returned the Pastor, with emotion, stooping to kiss her forehead. “Thou art the worthy daughter of a worthy mother, and thou shalt live honoured and happy as she has lived!”

A dinner upon a grand and lavish scale had been provided in front of the house, of which rich and poor were equally invited to partake. Pavilions, festooned with roses, had been erected for the occasion. Two cross tables at the upper end were set out with the gorgeous family plate belonging to the mansion, and here visitors of rank and the relatives of the Marquis took their places. He himself occupied the central seat, his wife being on his right, his mother on his left. A long row of tables stretched downwards from before him, pleasantly overshadowed by green boughs, and adorned with vases of plants breath-