



WHAT CAME OF IT?

MRS. JAMES SADLER.

THAT wedding of Alice Costelloe's was a great event in the quiet city of C—. It was attended by all the *élite* that the wealth of the bridegroom and the high social standing of both families seemed to demand. Everything smiled on the handsome young couple on their wedding-day. Even the skies were propitious, and of the gay company of relatives and friends who partook of the festivities at the Costelloe homestead, few there were, if any, who doubted that the good wishes lavished upon them and the "good luck" invoked for them would be amply realized in the sunny future opening before them.

Of the few doubting hearts were Mrs. Costelloe, the pale and careworn mother of the bride, and her pastor and spiritual guide since childhood, good Father Fitzgibbon. The mother, an earnest, uncompromising Catholic, had never fully approved of the so-called "splendid match" which her more worldly and ambitious husband had had no small share in making for his eldest and best-beloved daughter, while the pastor had, as in duty bound, openly set his face against it as long as there seemed any chance of preventing it. Finding that the current ran dead