

the satisfaction of all concerned. The settlements were even more liberal than the hereditary family solicitor of the Aylmers had suggested, or than Lady Hexham, who had an unseen but controlling influence in such matters, had hoped for. As for the young people, according to their age and unwisdom they pooh-poohed such trivialities, holding that the love that never shall die—

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold—

would be amply sufficient in its tenderness and truth to guard their future lives from all 'ills that flesh is heir to,' and more besides. But their elders knew better. So everything was done with due legal form and security: trustees appointed, and all the rest of it.

The wedding came off triumphantly at St. James's, Hanover Square. The day, wonderful to relate, was fine; all the surroundings seemed sympathetic. Two tall, handsome Australian cousins came home by the *Moldavia*, P. & O., just in time to make up the proper number of bridesmaids who walked up the aisle with the impressive dignity proper to the occasion. Half London was there, of course. Every one wanted to see the bridegroom, erroneously reported to have twenty thousand a year, and to have worked as a digger on the field before he 'made his pile.' And when Lord Hexham led the Honourable Corisande to the altar, the stately peer and his lovely daughter evoked audible exclamations of approval. Finally,