

CHAPTER XXXIX

A WEDDING JOURNEY

AFTER the expected cable from France announced the safe arrival of Sophie and Letty "over there," Mrs. Hallonquist consented to name her wedding day.

In the same old Rectory wing, with the spring breeze blowing the freshly starched curtains straight out into the flower-scented room, Mary, as slender as she was those many years before, dressed in white muslin, and bearing what might seem the identical wild-flower "bokay," stood on the same worn spot of the same worn carpet, surrounded by a gathering of relatives and friends, and was pronounced the wife of Christopher Laird.

Uncle Grief, never doubting that he was the best-man, stood shoulder to shoulder with the less complacent and more critical Mrs. Grief, and kept his snowy gloves well to the fore, being inordinately proud of them!

Blessing, a vision of diaphanous white skirts, of ruffles and pastel colouring, her golden curls topped by the hugest and most alluring of white bows, turned swelling tears to laughter by the quaint remark, "Isn't my Grandma just too beautiful!"