

day service, but the circumstances were peculiar and the emergency great. He accordingly professed his willingness to marry him immediately after the service, and so get away as he intended. The would be bridegroom said he was not sure that that would do.

"Hadn't you better," suggested my friend, "go to your bride, and see what she says about it?"

"Well," he replied, "I would need to see her *at any rate*," with a significant emphasis on the last three words.

"What," said my friend, "have you not spoken to her about it at all?"

"Oh, no!" he replied. "I was just going to ask her now. I think she'll marry me, but I thought it better not to ask her till I knew whether you could stay till to-morrow."

He went and saw her, and came back somewhat downcast, saying that she had no objection to marry him, provided the minister could wait till to-morrow, but she thought it rather too hurried to be proclaimed and married on the same day.

My friend could not wait, and, so far as I know, the poor man is still in the misery of single blessedness.

Till lately, the only tolerable road on the mainland was that between Lerwick and Tingwall, a distance of about five miles. This want of intercommunication was a dead weight on the material prosperity of the country, and has now been removed. Good roads have been and are still being