|  |  |  |  |  | ngth, tears trickled, and fell into the ense bitterness of its waters, but most aceptable to Heaven, as coming from the nather. <br> CHAPTER XXXIV. <br> arriage bells in fairy dell. <br> A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing, round us was the morning breath of May; Then met our soul-tides, thence together flowing, <br> fowing, Then kissd our thought-waves, mingling on their way: <br> Can'st thou forget the childlike heart-out pouring <br> Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears? The iashes drooped to vell her heart adoring, Her speaking silence, and her blissful tearsIt was once more spring-time at Fairy Dell. The great war was ended, and was remembered only like remembered only like one of those terrible convulsions which, at long intervals in the world's history, have shaken the globe to its foundations and covered its surface with ruin and desolation. They had re- built the Manor House; and even the little chapel, which later had not been spared by the spoiler, was now enlarged and beautified. The grand old woods had been spared,-for the site, being out of the lines of travel, could not be available as a strategic position. And the ravaged flower-beds and shrubbery had been stock- ed anew under Genevieve's direction, and, with the zealons cooperation of Maud and Mary, promised to be as lovely as they when our readers were first introduced to Francis D'Arcy and his family. On this present May morning also, the neighboring population were to be seen flockiug from every direction toward the Dell. chime of sweet-toned bells that The chister Rose D'Arcy had sent to her own little chapel from across the sea, was pealing merrily from the belfry, and found a joyous response in every heart $\square$ left the Manor House, Gaston leaning on Mrs. Hutchinson, now about indeed to beeome his mother, while Lucy followed $\square$ $\begin{aligned} & \text { Louis D'Arcy and his oldest sister, Mrs. } \\ & \text { De Beaumont. The General and his wife } \\ & \text { were also there, he wearing his uniform of } \\ & \text { Confederate gray. For the foes of yester- } \end{aligned}$ $\square$ $\square$ Gaston of old, wal ing over these grounds in his godlike beauty. Moost lovely was Lucy in her bridal $\square$ $\qquad$ $\qquad$ $\qquad$ $\qquad$ $\qquad$ Hutch $\qquad$ |
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