

## A June Wedding.



H, what is so rare as a (wedding) day in June?" This is what Lowell meant, surely, when he sang his beautiful song of rose-time.

If the poet could but have been present at dainty Rosalind Whyte's pretty wedding last summer, he would have found his ideal day-dream realized. For the benefit of June brides to come, let the event be chronicled.

The last stitches of her modest trousseau were put in and the garments laid away in "rose-leaves and lavender" a full week before the eventful day arrived, giving the bride-elect the seven days' rest and the "beauty sleep" one needs in order to look fresh and unworn and unwearied in bridal robes.

Her trousseau was not imported, but was very becoming and pretty. With the aid of two home dressmakers she counted in her new wardrobe a goodly number of beautiful costumes: the wedding-gown of white surah; the traveling-dress of light cloth; a visiting-costume of light India silk; one of black faille Française and lace; a dainty tea-gown, beside several inexpensive afternoon and evening dresses.

"It is to be a quiet affair," wrote Rosalind to her three girl friends who were to come out and "assist." "We cannot afford an elegant wedding, you know, but I mean to have just as *pretty* a one as ever I can arrange with June flowers and fruits, and your aid. It is to be a 'rose wedding:' I do not wish any other flower used in the decorations. I shall wear white ones, of course, and you may select any of the others you choose, Bon Silene, Jacqueminot, or Maréchal Niel. Besides our own generous supply, the entire neighborhood has offered me its gardens of roses, so we shall just revel in a feast of flowers."

Rosedale, the residence of Mrs. Whyte and her daughter, was a pretty little suburban home just outside the city, and of easy access by train or drive. It was well named, for a very dell of roses it appeared, from the first bud of spring-time to the last rose of summer. The house itself was almost hidden by long climbing vines of the prairie rose, that seemed to hold it in their pink-and-white embrace; while on the lawn, and in the garden, rarer roses of every hue and kind bloomed and burned under the June sunshine.

The wedding-day dawned bright and beautiful, not too warm for curls or crimps, nor too cold for out-of-door pleasures. The girls were up early, each one contributing toward making the house beautiful. Each room, the halls, the stair-way, porches and lawn were decorated with roses. Wherever a flower could be placed, a cluster bloomed.

With the help of the gardener and his men, they made a bridal bower of white roses in the parlor, where the happy couple stood to receive congratulations, and garlands and wreaths were twined about the mirrors and picture-frames, and banks of bloom were heaped on mantel and in fire-place, until the whole house seemed a fairy palace of flowers. Out on the lawn, rose-decked tents and tables were set, where cake and ices and lemonade and milk were served.

The bride in white robes and white roses, her maids in tinted gowns, with red and pink and yellow roses, made a pretty living bouquet of color as they stood, at noon-tide, before the rose-decked chancel-rail in the little village church.

Rosalind's Sunday-school children prepared a pretty surprise for her by meeting her at the church door, all dressed in white, carrying little baskets of roses with which they strewed her way as she walked up the aisle, singing, as they went, a pretty wedding-hymn written by a friend, to the organ accompaniment of the wedding-march from Lohengrin.

*Tempo di Marcia.*



Hail to the Bride, Queen Rose of all,



Sun-shine and hap - pi - ness on her path fall ;



Hail to the pair, Who here to - day,



Plight their sweet wedded troth fore'er, al - way.

The table for the wedding-breakfast was a very sea of roses, in which various dainty cut-glass, silver, and china vessels, freighted with delicious viands and luscious berries, and beautiful rose shaped and colored ices and cakes, seemed at anchor.

There was a ring inside the bride-cake, of course; and when Rosalind cut it, and the slice containing the ring fell to the "maid of honor," there was a ripple of laughter from all the guests, and a full tide of rosy blushes on the cheek of the girl. For it was whispered that the handsome young clergyman who had performed the ceremony was thinking seriously of taking unto himself a wife, and he had been especially attentive to this same young lady; so when he passed her the ring, it looked prophetic!

When the girls accompanied Rosalind to her room, to exchange her bridal robes for her traveling-dress, a curious little ceremony was performed. Rosalind was blindfolded, and the girls caught hold of hands and all circled around her in a ring, until she lost track of the position of each; then Rosalind stooped and unclasped the "something borrowed and something blue" which all brides should wear at their marriage, and handed it to one of the girls. A merry peal of laughter followed this performance, for the sign is said to be "most positively true," and it was the "maid of honor" who again was "under the prophecy;" and when, later on, the bridal bouquet, which Rosalind threw from the carriage, was caught by this same young lady, could any one doubt that the first bridesmaid would surely be the next bride?

After the bridal party had driven away under a shower of rice and a "lucky" touch of the tiny kid slipper that lighted upon the carriage top, there was music and dancing until late in the afternoon, and the bright, full "honey-moon" shone down on them all when the pretty June wedding festivities were over.

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!  
When hearts beat high, and souls attune  
To the music of Love, sing a roundelay  
Of plighted faith on their wedding-day.

Oh, what is so rare as a night in June!  
When shimmers and shines the summer moon,  
And sweet Love whispers, "Mine, for aly,  
Henceforth, and fore'er, from our wedding-day."

Oh rare, oh sweet as the roses in June,  
Oh bright, oh fair, as its golden moon,  
Shall her life be whose bridal array  
Is worn on a charming, rare June day!

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.