

ing and witnessing parties to order. Then they retired to Bridesdale, where there was a wedding breakfast, at which Mr. Perrowne, elated with liberal fees, was the soul of jocularly, and Mr. Douglas let the cat out of the bag as to his relations with Miss Graves. Mr. Bangs sang "He's a jolly good fellow" to every toast indiscriminately. The Squire was felicitous in his presidential remarks; but Mr. Terry broke down at the thought of parting with Madame and with Miss Ceshile that was. Mr. Errol made a good common-sense speech, and alluded roughly to the colonel's setting a good example that even ministers were not too good to follow. Marjorie, in the dignity of a bridesmaid, slipped away to bring Cousin Marjorie down, and was accompanied by the new brides, who hugged Miss Carmichael, and implanted motherly and sisterly kisses on the cheek of the only man who was left out of the festivities. Lastly, Wilkinson appeared on the scene with the colonel, and took a most affectionate leave of his friend. "You will not forget me, Corry?" said the late dominie. "Never, Wilks, never, nor you me I hope. I'll tell you, let us each carry away our knapsacks, and, when we look at them, think of each other, and the happy chance that brought us here together." The Squire's voice rung out: "Come, come, good people, pack up quick, for the carriage is at the door." The valises were got down by Timotheus, who received large tips. The two ladies and Wilkinson got in with the Squire, and the new Mrs. Maguffin occupied the hind seat, while the colonel and his servant rode away amid much throwing of old shoes and rice, and waving of handkerchiefs, to make steamboat connections at Collingwood. The departure of so large a company left quite a blank at Bridesdale.

The Bishop, a gentlemanly cleric in orthodox hat and gaiters, arrived on Saturday with his examining chaplain. Mr. Perrowne conducted them to Dr. Halbert's, where the Squire, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Errol, with the ladies, were invited to meet them. The Bishop turned out to be much more liberal and evangelical in his views than the clergyman under visitation. On Sunday, there was a confirmation service, and, on the following Monday, St. Cuthbert's put on its festal robes once more. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Errol stood by Mr. Perrowne, and Miss Graves and Miss Carmichael by Miss Fanny, whom the doctor gave away in person. The Bishop did his duty well, and afterwards honoured the wedding breakfast with his presence. The sight of his diocesan kept Mr. Perrowne in order, and devolved the jocularly on the Squire and the doctor. Mr. Terry was at home with Coristine, describing the ceremony; and somebody at the Halbert's hospitable table was longing for a chance to replace him. This, however, she could not effect without its being noticed. The examining chaplain fell foul of Mr. Errol by remarking that, when Scotch Presbyterians came into the church, they generally did well, both in England and in Canada, several of them having risen to the episcopate. "That minds me," answered the minister, intentionally putting on his broad Scotch, "that minds me o' Jockey Strachan, that was Bishop o' Toronto. He met a Kirk man aince, frae Markham, I'm thinkin', that had a threadbare coat. 'Man,' said he till's auld freend, 'yon's a shockin' worn-out coat. Can yer freens i' the Kirk no dae better than that by ye?' 'Toot, toot, Jockey,' said the Kirk man, 'what ails ye at the coat? It's no turned yet.'" The sensible Bishop saw that the chaplain, who was preparing to reply, would probably put his foot farther in, and turned the conversation into other channels. Then the wedding presents were re-examined, the bride donned her travelling costume, and, amid affectionate leave takings, the doctor drove off his daughter and son-in-law, with the clerics, toward the distant railway station, en route for Ottawa, Montreal and Lake George. The Bridesdale party went home, and, while Mrs. Carmichael and Miss Graves were attended by their respective cavaliers, Miss Carmichael flew to the bedside where Mr. Terry kept cheerful guard.

Everything hinged now upon the sick man's health. "He must be got away, John, before the winter comes," the doctor had said to the Squire, and all wrought with this end in view. Some time before Maguffin left, he had determined, with his Marjorie's permission, to give up being shaved and let his beard grow, and now the beard was there, long, brown and silky, a very respectable beard. But the face above it was very pale yet, and the cruel knife wounds were still sore, and the whole man enfeebled in limb by long bed-keeping. One pleasant day, far on in September, the doctor allowed him to rise, and, between the Squire and Mr. Terry, he was raised up and dressed. Then they carried the wasted form out into the autumn sun, and laid him on a couch on the verandah. Marjorie and all the little Carruthers came to see him, with bouquets of garden flowers. Timotheus ventured to pay his respects, and even Tryphena came round to congratulate him on his recovery. "Shall I read Wordsworth to you, dear?" asked Miss Carmichael, ironically.

"Marjorie," answered a beard-muffled voice, "your single word's worth more than all in that old duffer's poems," which the lady took as an indication that her patient was improving.

"They are all depending on us to fix the day, Eugene; when will you be strong enough?"

"Any time, Marjorie; what's to-day?"

"Saturday, you foolish man, don't you smell the preparations for Sunday?"

"And the New York steamer sails on Saturday?"

"Yes."

"Well, if we are all married next Wednesday, we shall have time to get to New York easily on Saturday morning."

"Then I will get uncle to arrange with papa Errol, and to summon the Captain and auntie and Sylvanus."

"Oh yes, and Bigglethorpe and Bangs, and old Mrs. Hill. I would like to have Ben here, too, if you wouldn't mind, Marjorie."

"We shall have everybody, and leave here on Thursday morning, to get you well on the sea."

Mr. Terry came to ask if Mr. Coristine didn't think the least draw of a pipe would do him good. The invalid thought it would, and, while the veteran went upstairs to fetch the lawyer's long-unused briar, Miss Carmichael left him, ostensibly offended that he preferred a pipe to her society, yet inwardly glad that he was strong enough to relish tobacco again. Mr. Douglas joined the smokers, and they had a very jolly time. "What will you do, Mr. Terry, when we are all gone?" asked the Edinburgh lawyer. "It 'ull be gone too. Oi will mysilf by that toime," replied the veteran.

"I mean, when we are on the Atlantic."

"Plaze God, O'll be an the Atlantic mysilf."

"What, are you coming with us?"

"Av coorse! D'ye think the departmint cud ha done so long wit'out me iv Oi hadn't shint in my risignation?"

"Then you are really going across for a holiday?"

"Oi 'm goin' to lit Honoria git a shmill av the Oirish cloimate, an' a peep at the ould shod, fwere her anshisters is slapin' it's many a long year."

"What a glorious time we're going to have!"

"Troth for you, sor, an' we'll sit this bhoy on his pins agin."

Many letters were despatched that afternoon, and Timotheus was kept busy, inviting parties whom the post was slow in reaching. On Sunday, there being no service at St. Cuthbert's in the Fields, the Kirk was crowded, and Mr. Errol announced a service of special interest on Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, when his co-presbyter, the Rev. Dr. MacPhun, would officiate. His own text was "It is not good that the man should be alone," and towards the close of the service he stated that the Presbytery had given him leave of absence for three months, which he intended to spend in Britain, during which time his people would have an opportunity of hearing many profitable preachers, under Dr. MacPhun's moderatorship *pro tem*. Monday was a day of trunk packing and other preparations, connected with all sorts of boxes and parcels brought by the stage during the previous week. The next day the guests arrived. Dr. Halbert came first, excusing his early appearance by saying he felt lonely, and wanted to see young faces again. Then the Captain drove up in grand style, having on board Mrs. Thomas, her domestic, Malvina McGlashan, Sylvanus, and his strict parent, Saul. Malvina was received by the maids with great effusion, while the paternal Pilgrim eyed Timotheus, who had come forward to shake hands with his father. "What is the chief end of man, Timotheus?" The son answered correctly. "What is sin?" was appropriately solved, and "What is the reason annexed to the fifth commandment?" Then came, "What is repentance unto life," and on the answer to this Mr. Pilgrim preached a brief homily. "With grief and hatred of his sin, turns from it, with full purpose of, and endeavour after, new obedience. Is that you, Timotheus?" "Yes, fayther."

"Young women," said Saul, addressing the maids, "has the walk and conversation of Timotheus been according to his lights, or according to his whilom lammenable and ungodly profession?"

Tryphena could not reply, for the audacious Sylvanus, unaffected by the propinquity of his venerable relative, had whispered in her ear, "he's a livyer 'cordin' to his lights, he is;" but Tryphosa spoke up and said that nobody, not even a minister, could have behaved better than Timotheus. Then Saul shook hands with his repentant son, solemnly, and producing a well-worn catechism from his tail pocket, placed it with reverence in the shaken hand. Looking upon Tryphosa, he remarked: "Remember, Timotheus, the words of wisdom, 'Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing.' Go thou and do likewise, Amen." Further improvement of the occasion was checked by the arrival of a well-laden waggon, driven by Rufus, and containing his parents, Christie Hislop, Mr. Bigglethorpe and Ben. Mr. Bigglethorpe was hailed with delight by Marjorie, who immediately carried off "dear Mr. Biggles" to see the creek, and tell her about his little boy, who was not yet christened, because, in the face of Marjorie's opposition, he could not call him Walton, Cotton or Piscator, and he could not think of any other name. She had objected to Felix as too catty like, and Isadore she had said was as bad as Isa-a-window. However, he enjoyed the creek for a few minutes before dinner. Mrs. Hill was installed as the mother of the kitchen. With her great conversational powers and large knowledge of scripture, she rather overawed father Pilgrim, and her own and her husband's abundant cheerfulness revived a company, ready to droop under the austerities of Saul's genuine but unpleasant religion. Ben, as a sedate married man, gave himself largely to Mr. Hill's society, until Mr. Terry came in to see his friend from the north, and unfold his plans of an Irish tour. Later in the day Mr. Bangs rode over, and made excuses for Matilda, who thought it wrong to go into society so soon after

her husband's death. Finally, the constable appeared in full regimentals, with the stalwart Mrs. Rigby on his arm. That lady bestowed on the faithless Ben a glance of withering contempt, but the constable shook hands with him as if he had been his greatest earthly benefactor.

It would take chapters to recite the goings on of that evening in either end of the house, the jokes of father Hill, and the homilies of father Pilgrim. Sylvanus dared and was slapped; and Timotheus followed his example, but was more gently dealt with. Christie and Malvina, as bridesmaids, had to inspect the trousseaus with Mrs. Hill. In spite of Saul's protest against worldly amusements, the geographical cards were produced, and the lady of the third-class county certificate swept the board, although the constable maintained his right to Russia and India, and Pilgrim pater easily secured all Palestine and Syria, owing to his extensive study of Josephus, which he recommended to Mr. Hill as a valuable comment on the Old Testament Scriptures. Nor were the occupants of the drawing-room less jolly. The Squire and the doctor, Mr. Bangs and Mr. Bigglethorpe, kept the conversation lively, and would have hurt the feelings of Orther Lom, who arrived by the stage, if he had had any to hurt. The contracting parties were grave and self-contained, as became their position; and, to look at Mr. Errol, no one could have dreamt of his ever having gone on the splore. Dr. MacPhun came late, in his own buggy, accompanied by his daughter Maggie, a pretty girl of seventeen, who was just what the feminine community wanted. The reverend doctor warmly congratulated his co-presbyter, and jocularly quoted words to the effect that hope's blest dominion never ends, and the greatest sinner may return, which Mrs. Carmichael regarded as an unworthy reflection upon her intended's antiquity. Wednesday came at last, and the Kirk was decked at morning tide, but, unlike St. Cuthbert's, the tapers did not glimmer fair. The concourse was great, and the organ and choir were at their best. Mrs. Carmichael was attended by Miss Graves and Miss MacPhun, and Mr. Errol by Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lamb. When Dr. MacPhun had united them, and spoken a few felicitous words, he retired to the vestry, and yielded the gown and bands to the new bridegroom, before whose bar appeared Miss Graves, supported by the two Marjories, and Mr. Douglas with Mr. Bangs and Mr. Lamb. When little Marjorie saw herself paired off with Orther Lom, she thought of the Captain's couplet, and burst into a fit of laughter, which drew down upon the culprit her cousin's reproof. The Squire had given away his sister, and Miss Graves was handed over to Mr. Douglas by the doctor, for the reason that her late lamented father had been a distinguished medical man. When the wedded pairs passed out of the church, there was great cheering, in which Mr. Terry and Mr. Bigglethorpe seemed to be rival fuglemen. At Bridesdale, a pale young man with a long brown beard was reclining on a couch, and looking eagerly out of a window. His dark blue frock coat, light grey trousers, and white silk necktie, meant business, too. It would never do for little Marjorie to be three times a bridesmaid, for that was unlucky; so Miss MacPhun stood by Marjorie the greater, and Bangs helped Coristine to his feet. The two divines mercifully made the service brief, and two well-mated souls obtained each its chief desire. Mr. Errol and the Squire were very patronizing towards their new-made son and nephew. The Captain was satisfied. "I thought all along it was that sly dog Will-kiss-em was after the old man's niece, the sly dog; but he's off, and a good riddance to poor stuck-up rubbish, say I." The table speeches were marvellous. Dr. MacPhun exhausted Dean Ramsay's anecdotes, Mr. Bigglethorpe allegorized marriage as fishing in all its branches, Doctor Halbert said the great trouble with female nurses always was that they would go and marry their patients, and Mr. Bangs remarked that, if he could run down somebody who was wanted as quickly as Mr. Douglas had done, he would make his fortune. Mr. Lamb lavished himself on Maggie MacPhun, and, as she was young, semi-rural, and unused to the masculine production of cities, his attentions were agreeable, much to his satisfaction; his peace of mind with himself nothing could disturb.

In the evening, Mr. Errol put on his gown once more, and Dr. MacPhun stood by his side, while in front of them there was a small table on which lay a Bible, and, a short distance off, a larger one with a marriage register, pen and ink, and duly filled certificates. At a given signal, Mr. Hill appeared, leading his daughter Tryphena, followed by Christie Hislop and Malvina McGlashan. Next came Sylvanus in the grasp of Saul Pilgrim, attended by Rufus, and the ubiquitous Mr. Bangs. Without being asked, Mr. Pilgrim senior ostentatiously stated, after Mr. Hill had bestowed his oldest daughter, that he gave his son to be that woman's husband, and trusted they would bring up their family, as he had done his, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. This bombshell excited some merriment in the rear of the procession, where Mrs. Rigby was pushing the corporal forward to exhibit his uniform and medals. When the ceremony was over, the bride and bridegroom remained, but the fathers and the assistants returned to the kitchen. Tryphosa now hung upon her father's arm, and Timotheus was hauled in by Saul, receiving admonitions on the way. The groomsmen and bridesmaids were as before. Mrs. Hill, who stood by Mrs. Carruthers, wept copiously, when her favourite daughter's turn came, and Hill senior gave her away with a qualm, especially as the parent of Timotheus presented him as the prodigy's son come back from the swine husks.