

already a difference, and she carried herself with an added stateliness which caused Mrs. Jenkin to remark with a sentimental air that greatness had eaten into her soul.

But it was Oily Dave who took the chief credit for the whole business, and, having succeeded in cornering the bishop and Mr. Clay, he proceeded to inform them of the manner in which he had helped the match along. "If it hadn't been for me there wouldn't have been no interesting occasion such as this here to-day," he said, standing before them, the fishing boots planted wide apart, the "top" hat carefully held in his left hand: for of course he could not have his head covered in presence of a bishop; moreover, the hat, being too big for him, had a trick of coming down over his face like an extinguisher.

"Pray, what was it that you did to help the business forward?" asked the bishop, with a twinkle in his eye, whilst Mr. Clay's stiff black hair nearly curled with horror at the thought of a low-class person like Oily Dave having anything to do with making the marriage of his client, the Earl of Compton.

"I gave the girl, I mean her ladyship, the chance to save the young man's life, and that, I take it, was the starting-point of the whole affair."

"Without doubt it helped the process," replied the bishop with a laugh; and then Mr. Selincourt intervened by saying it was time for the bishop's service to begin, so Oily Dave was promptly hustled to his proper place in the background.

The bishop was more than ordinarily eloquent that evening; but the bride, in her white robe, sitting beside her husband, heard only the words of the text: "He shall choose our inheritance for us".