

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 commentar 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,