

services more imposing and of exciting a more general interest in them.

But I must beg forgiveness of your readers for detaining them by such extended reflections on an incident which, however powerful the impression it made on my own mind, to many of them will appear trifling.

It is time we commenced our voyage.

To be continued.

Church Matters at Clackington in 1875.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAY had scarcely dawned on the eventful Sunday morning of the Bishop's visit to Clackington, when Mr. Slowton got quietly out of bed and despatched his servant lad to some of his most distant parishioners to inform them of the new arrival, and thus make sure of their attendance at church. He had the previous evening sent notice to Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Glampington and Miss Tibbins, imploring them to take every means to give publicity to the fact that the new Bishop would preach in the morning, thereby putting these excellent ladies in a great state of agitation and expectancy. Mrs. Brown, after complying as far as possible with her pastor's request, commenced a thorough examination of her wardrobe, and a deep consideration of the important subject of her own appearance, and finally resolved, out of regard to the Bishop, to look saintly in her richest silk. Miss Tibbins had serious thoughts of leaving off her spectacles, as she would have no opportunity of explaining to the Bishop how very short her sight was, and he *might* think—for really there is no knowing in this world what odd notions people will sometimes take into their heads—he *might* think that age had something to do with the fact of her wearing them—an idea which she knew did prevail among some deluded people in Clackington, but which Miss Tibbins treated with scorn as a most unfounded and slanderous fallacy. After mature reflection, however, she resolved to show herself superior to all petty considerations touching her age or appearance, as were she to be influenced by them to lay aside her glasses, she felt that though she might hear the Bishop she certainly would never see him.

To return, however, to Mr. Slowton. When he had done all in his power to make the Clackingtonians aware of the Bishop's arrival, he went

into his study, and locking the door with a determined air, he took down his intended sermon, and, after looking over it with an expression of some disgust, he threw it aside, and seizing a pile of equally ancient-looking manuscripts, he began rapidly to examine them. Little success however seemed to crown his search, for after losing some time in skimming the pages of several of the most hopeful, he returned to the discourse which he had originally intended to deliver, and commenced, though with rather a despairing aspect, to interline it here and there, and by such erasures and additions as time permitted him to make, he endeavored to polish it into a condition more satisfactory to his own mind.

It was however with rather a rueful countenance that he obeyed the somewhat sharp summons of Mrs. Slowton to come to prayers, for that the Bishop was down and the breakfast almost ready. Things however were desperate as far as the sermon was concerned,—he could do no better under the circumstances than he had already done, and there was nothing left but to make the best of it.

Breakfast passed over pleasantly enough, and finding that Mr. Slowton had no Sunday-school in the morning, the Bishop retired to his own chamber for a short time, and soon after the first bell was rung they betook themselves to the church. It was evident to Mr. Slowton as they walked through the street leading to the church that Clackington was not in the placid condition in which it usually was on the Sunday mornings. Although still early, people were gathering round the church, and groups were standing at the corners of the streets which intersected that along which the Bishop must pass on his way from Mr. Slowton's house to the church. It was evident that the news of his arrival had spread rapidly through the town, and curiosity and expectation were written upon every face.

A great weight was removed from Mr. Slowton's mind when he thus found such strong evidence that his efforts to spread the intelligence had not been vain. He had now no fears on the score of a thin congregation, which, notwithstanding the insufficiency of church accommodation, was not unfrequently the case. Indeed it must almost always be that some degree of this uncertainty will exist wherever the nui-