

and the urgent need in which he must stand of assistance, a trust which, in the face of the facts which had been gathered that day, Mr. Slowton could not well deny, though if the truth must be told he had never suffered in any considerable degree from the extent of his "labors," nor had ever felt any special need of assistance.

It was now time to prepare to go to Mr. Crampton's, at whose house the Bishop had consented to spend the first evening, and where most of the leading Churchmen of Clackington had been asked to meet him. The evening passed off exceedingly well and the Bishop who thoroughly understood the art of making himself agreeable, confirmed the favorable impression which he had already made. He was a man of much general information, and he had read and travelled extensively, and his tact and judgment enabled him to hit upon subjects which always proved interesting and pleasing to those with whom he met. His unfeigned reverence and devoutness of mind, too, combined as it was with perfect good taste, imparted a tone to his conversation, which was felt to be pure and elevating. He carefully abstained, however, from monopolizing the conversation, or talking in a patronizing way, which, considering his position and the unusual advantages which he had enjoyed, might have proved of great danger to a man of less sterling common sense. He knew that the way to be agreeable was to discover what were the topics which were most familiar, or of special interest to others, and induce them to talk on subjects on which they felt themselves at home. For example, he found himself during the evening in question, near Mr. Brown, whose kind, honest heart made him generally a favorite, but whose intellect was never likely to be burdensome to him. The worthy mill-owner, as he conceived himself in duty bound when speaking to a Bishop, plunged at once into church matters, but as it was soon very evident that it was a subject on which he knew very little, the Bishop gradually led the conversation to the more congenial topic of flour mills, and Mr. Brown at once lighted up, and though not usually remarkable for conversational powers, he talked energetically and well, and therefore much to his own satisfaction, on a matter with which he was quite familiar. The Bishop interested him very much by speaking of a new mill which had been

erected in his own parish just before he left home, into which the proprietor had introduced a new description of bolting cloth with great advantage, and described very clearly to Mr. Brown's great edification an ingenious and scientific improvement in the old system of grain elevation, that again led him to talk of the character of the miller—how while he was diligent in business he was also fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, and how in proportion as he prospered in worldly things he consecrated a large and increasing proportion of his gains to the glory of that God who has promised even temporal rewards to the liberal and cheerful giver.

"Wonderful man," whispered Mr. Brown to one of his neighbors, as the Bishop turned and entered into conversation with another of the party; "wonderful man that new Bishop of ours—why just think of those sermons he preached us yesterday; and now, drat me if he don't know more about a mill than I do. Aye! and he can sit down here with me and talk about it like a millwright—that's the right sort of man for a Bishop—that's what I say."

At that moment the Bishop stepped across the room and joined Miss Crampton, who was surrounded by several of the young ladies of Clackington, among whom for a moment he caused a great flutter.

"And so, Miss Lucy," said the Bishop kindly, at the same time sitting down by Miss Crampton, "this is your own self,—sprung from a little dot when I knew you, into a grown up young lady—upon my word I had no idea who you were when I saw you in the midst of your class yesterday in the Sunday School."

"Then my memory was better than yours, my Lord, for I recognized you almost immediately."

"Did you? well now don't you think it was a very impertinent thing for you to have a better memory than your Bishop?"

"Ah! but then I've grown so since you saw me in England."

"But I've grown too since then," said the Bishop.

"Grown, my lord?"

"Yes, grown;" and the playful smile passed away as he added gravely, almost solemnly, "grown from a priest into a Bishop."

"That is a change, indeed," said Miss Cramp-