

Dorothy, in her walks to and from the parsonage, generally avoided the public thoroughfare, and turned off through a pathway field, which led to the back of the house, having several times encountered a gang of half-drunken sailors, and been terrified by their rude gaze, and still more unwelcome expressions of admiration.

Dearly Dorothy loved the old church, in which she had listened with reverence, from a child, to the word of God.

Her mother had found her last resting-place beneath the sombre shadow of an old yew tree, that fronted the chancel window.

No sunbeam ever penetrated the dark, closely interwoven branches. No violet opened its blue eyes amid the long grass and nettles that crowned that nameless heap of "gathered dust."

Dorothy had often cleared away the weeds, and planted flowers upon the spot. They drank in the poisonous exhalations