

and laughter, for the young ladies, Exeter Change" Briggs, at Ned's, real heroes, such glittering the lime light, woods the poor

yet, for Edith's sake, we confess to being glad that she was led to visit this church of St. Margaret in All Hallows street, Oxford street. Nay, more, that she went there often afterwards, and learned to love the services, and especially the choral evening service. You see there are worse temptations than beautiful churches in that London; and though it is, doubtless, a sad weakness to admire stately arches and gorgeous stained glass windows, yet her admiration for these vanities led Edith to go where she heard two chapters daily of that Good Book, which she had never yet heard elsewhere.

aba are said to me; the bright y lonely ones, of Grey's Inn. ment. For it andered down y morning, in best and most eep, and few ck of learning of procession lowers as the market. A wear, seemed wers, stopped f the Church e. She said ich was to be and see their Edith paid a . She had, it were open uld afford to ever learned one but chil- herself; she corn sheaves the Divine ladorment e turbulent pence, and were always nineteenth phy. And

So rather more than a year passed. Then came a letter from the relative on whose bounty Dycroft Sorrel depended for support, signifying his pleasure that Edith should be put to school; he would pay for her maintenance during three years at a good school, on condition that she fitted herself to gain her living as a governess. He hinted that a provision of this nature might open for her in the family of some connections of the Sorrel's, who were settled in Canada. Then came a sad parting with the friends in Clifford's Inn—a sadder one still with poor old Dycroft, who was roused from his usual apathy into emotion painful to see as he left his little daughter at the gate of Miss Magnal's Academy for Young Ladies at Clapham. They never met again. Dycroft Sorrel's illness—if so we can call the lethargy which only ended with death—revealed the secret of his strange absences, his lonely habits, his excitable, restless manner. His consoler for many years—his solitary vice, and it is one which admits of no rival—had been opium.

Between father and child there had been little confidence; he had always lived apart from her, with a shrinking almost amounting to repugnance from any human voice which might call him out of the dreams in which he sought shelter. When some time had gone by, Edith began to feel almost more keenly the forgetfulness of her old friend, Hume. That impressible man of letters had, in the interval that had elapsed, quite lost sight of her—new plans, new phases of life had engrossed him. Once Edith felt so lonely, that, with much misgiving, she begged Miss Magnal's leave to break through that lady's "cordon sanitaire" against letter writing, and begged him to come and see her. He came, and they met in the best drawing room of the academy, where the Books of Beauty lay splendid on the centre table—where Miss Delia Magnal's latest water colour drawings hung gorgeously framed, these works of art were of the new water colour school, and luxuriated in orange skies over blue woods, with burnt sienna huts in the foreground, and where the grand piano stood veiled in its morning dishabille of chintz. They met, and he was very kind, and sat with her almost half an hour, during which he exerted himself much to talk pleasantly, and to appear interested in what she told him. Still it was an effort, and such efforts always betray themselves. He could not feel the same interest in that awkward school girl that he had in the graceful little child two years before. Then there had been something romantic in the little creature, so self-possessed, too, in her loneliness in that forbidding Grey's Inn region; whereas here was a tall girl of fourteen,