

"What are you reading now, Phil?" continued Robert, peeping over his brother's shoulder. "Hello! *Tracts for the Times!*"

"You ought to read them, Bob," replied his brother. "They're splendid."

"They are written by those Oxford fellows you were telling me about, are they not?" asked Robert. "I wonder what our respected minister, Dr. Langface, would say if he saw you reading them. His face would grow a deal *langer* than it is, and that is saying something."

"He would have no right to say anything," returned Philip. "What is he always telling us to do? 'My brethren, seek the Truth; it is the highest duty of a Christian.' Isn't that what he is always preaching about? Isn't that the only tangible idea one can fish out of his long, dry sermons? I only wish I had a chance to show him these books; I could give him a question or two out of them which it would puzzle him to answer. See here! Here is *Dr. Pusey on Baptismal Regeneration*; and look at these papers on the *Apostolic Succession*! I think I must take these home and study them thoroughly."

"Well then," said Robert, who had but a misty idea of what these imposing titles meant, "bring them along, and let us be going. It is nearly five; and you know mother does not like us to be late for dinner."

"I'll just speak to Cunninghame, and then we'll be off," said Philip, taking up the books. Having arranged with the librarian to borrow the volumes,