

in what was decidedly a pleasing medley. From where I sat further down in the choir stalls, I could see the light of the late afternoon sun strike through the window at evensong, and clothe the old yellow marble tomb and the noble quiet face of Hazlewood, as with a glory not of earth.

On Sunday, he came with us to the early Eucharist, and after service waited with me at the vestry door till my father should come out. Our way to the Vicarage lay over the fields and by a little piece of water denominated, no one knew why, Solomon's Pond. The morning was clear and lovely. The air was full of the scent of flowers from the seed farms in the neighbourhood, and was doubtless doubly sweet after the musty old church, which always *did* smell, my father used to say, of the dark ages. The birds were singing joyously, and there was scarcely a cloud in the sky. Altogether it was one of those mornings on which God seems very near, and on which it is no effort to lift up one's heart to Him. Nature, and even our bodily life, raise us up, as though at such times there is vouchsafed to the soul a foretaste of that transformed earth, which is one day to take the place of this.