

and an evident token that the church had been built soon after the Norman Conquest.

So much on a level were the little north doorway and the rectory front door, that it was a saying that one arch, spanning the valley, would save all the walk up and down hill in going to church.

One fine afternoon, in the end of early summer, a little boy of eight years old was racing along the drive that led down the side of the hill—now spying anxiously up the long winding road, that showed at intervals on the high ground in the distance, now running back to study the church clock, and then coming to complain of it to a girl of about twenty years old, who sat on the lawn, her hat lying by her side, and her face raised, as if she were gazing dreamily into the distance. She started as he ran up to her, crying, 'It is slow, I am sure it is. Do look at your watch, Aunt Agnes.'

'Ten minutes after six, Charlie; I can't make it any more.'

Then your watch is as bad as the tiresome old minute hand up there, which *won't* move when I look up at it!

'A watched pot never boils,' said the gay voice of a slight, fresh, fair girl of fourteen. 'Don't you know that, Charlie?'

'I don't know what you mean,' said the boy, turning round defiantly, as thinking he was laughed at.

'Only that to look away is the way to make a change come to pass,' said she. 'Isn't it so, Agnes, in sober sadness as well as poetry?'

"Look away a little space,
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there."

'Yes, Grace,' said Agnes thoughtfully; 'the seed grows unseen. We must not look to see what we do, I suppose.'

'Well,' said Charlie, rolling over on the lawn, 'all I know is, that it is very tiresome coming home without Papa, and Mamma, and Louie! It is not like coming home at all.'

'No, it is not,' said a fourth speaker, a sturdy, short, honest-faced girl, a year older than Grace, coming up with her hands full of the weeds which she had been pulling up; 'home is not home without Colin and Mary.'

'You think so, Sarah?' said Agnes, raising her eyes in quick inquiry; 'you think home depends on them rather than on the place?'

'As to that,' said Grace quickly, 'I don't care about places; I'm tired of all that is old. If Colin and Mary would only have taken me this last winter!'

'I think,' said Sarah slowly, with her eyes fixed full on her elder sister's face, 'I think Agnes knows something.'

'She has been in a brown study ever since we came home,' said Grace. 'Of course she must know something, and she must not withhold it. Come, Agnes, out with it.'