

delighted me most. To her he was specially courteous and deferent. There was something entrancing in the chivalrous affection with which he regarded her. Did she need a chair under the garden trees, in an instant he had fetched one. Did she in her sweet, gentle manner, suggest an opinion on some point under discussion, in a moment his eyes were bent earnestly upon her with an admiration that had in it nothing of arrogance or patronage. It was no wonder then that every member of the household took this handsome, clever youth, straightway into his or her heart and felt the sun less bright when he was gone.

He came with us regularly to the daily services, and chose out for himself a little seat on the left of the deep chancel, which was partly concealed from view by an old tomb, surmounted by the effigy of a knight in armour, supposed to be one of the ancestors of the Sefton-Mallocks, the present lords of the manor, from whom my father had the living. Over this little seat was a deep-set Norman window, filled with the fragments of old glass, which had been picked up in the church during its restoration, and put together for the sake of preservation