

tender changes in the sky's colourings. The memories are those of Langdon, the elms, the house, the church and its services, and two faces, sweetly calm, and growing more ethereal in the lapse of time—the faces of his father and mother. Lichens, yellow and gray, some round like little moons with lunar rays, some long and straggling, creep in and out of the incised lettering on a grey tombstone which records the names and dates of two faithful lives, and presses down upon the dust of two faithful hearts. The wind, which comes down from the hills in a long sweep, curls round as it reaches the corner where they are laid, close under the chancel wall, and deposits there in the late Autumn little piles of yellow and brown leaves, which it whirls round and round, and then lays to rest, anon whirling them round again, and again dropping them, as though they were its last words to the dead, and it were loth to let them fall forever.

Other memories Hazlewood carried away with him from his boyhood's home, but his parents' comparatively early death, by which he was left an orphan at the age of fourteen, filled his whole mind with an undercurrent of sadness, which was with