

painted table in the middle, on which all lost books in the house were generally discovered, especially novels, for they were an indolent, ease-loving, novel-reading set. And there was the sycamore tree—which was Dolly's favourite retreat—with the rickety seat beneath it, on which you had to sit down very carefully, and right in the middle, lest it should tip up at one end, and place you in a position more ludicrous than graceful. There was a tumble-down pigeon-house in one corner of the garden, too, which had always been a target for balls and stones; and as for weeds, and underwood, and overgrowth, and briars, and tall poppies, and fluffy dandelions, they were in all the corners. There was a fence round the garden, and from the bottom a view of the dear old church, and the green trees, and a country which has not even yet left Hampstead. The Woodwards had always lived there, for the locality is one that has long been popular with artist and literary folk, and to the latter class Mr. Woodward belonged. He was a clever man, but it had been his misfortune perhaps that he had been liked and made much of in society, and that his talents were ruined by brilliant flashes, made when he roused himself to the occasion, rather than by any sustained effort. Then he fell into a literary set, one of the best, perhaps, but a dangerous one for a young man having his own way to make, and then he, to crown all, married beautiful Annetta Wade, against the wish of her father, who accordingly did nothing for them; and then he found that, unless he worked hard and steadily, he and his wife would have a fair prospect of starving. They were such an indolent careless couple too; and though they accepted life and its burdens, and even its troubles, easily enough, they could not make themselves like work. Mr. Woodward could not, at least, and his wife always wore his likes and dislikes as closely as he himself did. Luckily, he had a sub-editorship offered him just when their second child was born, and things were at a very low ebb, and five years afterwards he became editor, but the post was not worth very much, for it was a small weekly paper, only circulating among a certain educated class. They had been able to keep a home together, but they had never had a sufficient sum with which to buy furniture, and the rooms looked bare and shabby, so that the children, as they grew up and realised the fact, were ashamed to receive visitors, though they were seldom troubled with them. Yes: Mr. Woodward occasionally brought home some one he had known in early days, or some clever thoughtful man, to have a quiet talk and game of chess with him, but that was all; and the daring, laughing, Bohemian-looking children, kept all the prim and proper inhabitants away—they were half afraid of their saucy faces. The boys went to a day-school, but no one had ever spent a penny on education in favour of Dolly or Sally. But they were knowledge-loving children, and picked up things amazingly; and they could think, and the father was a clever man, and liked talking with his children; and what greater educators are there than thought and the companionship of a clever man? Once, long ago, when he happened to have a few pounds in his pocket, Mr. Woodward picked up an old cracky piano, and Mrs. Woodward indolently taught Dolly her notes, and somehow both the children, nay, all of them, had a knowledge of music in consequence; and once, Adrian Fuller—a great friend was Adrian Fuller, and a favourite with them all—had said it was a pity Dolly did not know French, and, half in fun half in earnest, gave her a few lessons. The result was that she had a pretty good

knowledge of the language as far as reading it went, and Sally learnt quickly from her sister. So they picked up their education and yet remained children—a group of quaint old-fashioned children not easily forgotten. Children? Yes, but Dolly was almost a woman, and no one yet had realized it, not even she herself perhaps, till she stood over the spoilt rose on the morning that Venus was buried.

CHAPTER IV.—THE END OF A SUMMER DAY.

They were all in the garden, and had had tea beneath the sycamore tree, but now the breeze was playing and whispering among its branches, and the long summer day was dying out. Mrs. Woodward said it was chilly, and was going indoors. The boys had learnt their next-day lessons, and were throwing stones in at the door of the pigeon-house. Sally sat in the summer-house, with her elbows resting on the dusty table, reading the "Vicar of Wakefield," for the Woodward children always read grown-up books, and Dolly was at the end of the garden. She was leaning over the low fence, looking at the trees, and the crimson sky above the church, and felt as if she was waiting for something, as if she had awakened to new feelings and understanding since the morning; but the new life incident to them had not yet commenced. Above all too, she was thinking and feeling that when the twilight fell about the trees to-morrow night, and all the nights for many a month to come, there would be no Mr. Fuller talking politics with her father beneath the sycamore tree, and she should miss him so! Just as Sally looked up to her, and set her life by Dolly's clock, so Dolly set hers by Adrian Fuller's. It was only a child's liking, though he was but six-and-twenty, and Dolly was sixteen, and could hardly be called a child, in years at any rate. She had known him since she was nine, and he had been the king of playmates to her, and was the king of heroes, and this losing him was the first great trouble of her life. She was not in love with him, in spite of her sixteen years; she was too much of a child to understand what that meant, save in the vague indistinct manner in which even a child understands it.

"Dolly, I am going in, the dew is too much for me."

"Very well, papa." She did not raise her head, but waited till Mr. Fuller came and stood close by her.

"What is the matter?" he asked, cheerily enough, and he followed the direction of her eyes, and watched the trees also for a moment; he knew the scene so well, and had sketched it many a time, but he never saw it with the shadows deepening on it as he saw it now, without a rush of feeling which reminded him that he was an artist at heart as well as by profession. Then he looked up at the soft sky and at the stars coming out one by one, and his thoughts reverted to the little figure by his side again. "Are you thinking what a different Dolly the stars will look down upon when I come back two years hence?"

"No, I was thinking how I shall miss you when you have gone," she answered, simply.

"Ah, you'll soon supply my place!" he laughed. "You'll be a woman before I return, and go and see your rich grandpapa, and forget all about Hampstead." He was as great a Bohemian as the Woodward children behind him, and there was something almost sorrowful in his voice as he spoke of Colonel Wade. "What jolly days we have had in this old garden!" he went on; "many a good romp and long drowsy afternoon, eh Dolly?"

"Yes," she answered, sadly, still watch-

ing the dim trees. "They'll never come again."

"No, I suppose not," he said, with a sigh, speaking rather to himself than to her. "It seems such a little while ago that I sent in my sketch on the chance of its being accepted for your father's paper, and that we made acquaintance, and in time he brought me home here. What a queer little girl you were, Dolly," he laughed, while she rested her head on her hand upon the fence, and turned her face away, as if she were not listening to him. "I remember you so well, you took to your heels the moment you saw me, but I propitiated you later on by teaching you how to spin a whip-top. We soon became friends, didn't we?"

"Yes," she said, still with her face turned away; "and I wanted to thank you for teaching me French, and telling me what books were nice to read."

"Dolly," he exclaimed, "you are crying!"

"No," she said, but her head drooped lower and lower. After all she was such a child. "It is only —"

"Dolly! Dolly!" called Mrs. Woodward from the study window, "come in immediately. Your sister Netta is here!"

"Netta again, and at this time. Why, she said she was going to a party!"

"I will wait here," said Adrian Fuller.

"I don't want to see her."

"Come along, Doll," shouted Tom; "here's Netta again."

"Mr. Fuller, you are to come in, please, mamma says so!" and Will and Sally came down the garden path.

"Very well," he answered, discontentedly. "I suppose I must pay my respects to the Beauty." He had never seen her as yet, and had taken his tone towards her from the children. Then he and Dolly, and that awkward Tom, with his mass of light hair pushed back from his grubby face (for he had been gardening after his own fashion, and showed traces of his industry), and quaint-looking Sally, still hand in hand with her favourite brother, went slowly down the moss-grown pathway towards the house. Adrian Fuller stopped for a moment, and the little crowd of children stopped with him, before they reached the house, and looked back at the garden, and at the shadowy view beyond, and up at the sky, with its many stars. "How lovely it is," he said. "We'll come out again presently. There is nothing more beautiful than the end of a long summer day."

"But it is a little sad also," said Dolly, gravely; and they went into the house.

(To be continued.)

AND NOW, out of the writings and sayings and deeds of those who loudly proclaim the "rights of man" and the "rights of liberty," match me, if you can, with one sentence so sublime, so noble; one that will so stand at the bar of God hereafter, as this simple, glorious sentence of St. Paul's, in which he asserts the rights of Christian conscience above the claims of Christian liberty:—"Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

HERESIES are Satan's masterpieces; they are bulwarks to his throne, and pillars to his synagogue; all his deepest craft, all his most subtle and refined ingenuity seem devoted to them. He is the author of confusion, and in heresies he so commingles truth and error, that those "who have not their senses exercised to discern between good and evil," cannot distinguish one from the other. The ignorant fall an easy prey to the heresy; while others timidly keep aloof, alike from the truth and its associated falsehood.