

CHAPTER I.

WHERE was Hazlewood born? At Langdon Vicarage, in Berkshire. Three elms stood up leafless and drear and shook their grizzled arms forebodingly all that windy winter's night on which Hazlewood uttered his first cry. These elms faced the porch, and by them ran a gravel path, one way to the church and the other way to the road. In the warm Spring days, crocuses will peep up round the grass plots, and the Virginia creeper clinging to the quaint brick house will put forth tender buds. Not far off is the old Norman church with its massy square tower. Round it is the graveyard, and, beyond, is a line of wood, which rises in a gentle slope until it forms the last battlements over which the setting sun takes his final survey of the earth. Sweet, hallowed memories underlie all Hazlewood's thoughts in after life. They are called up from time to time by odd scraps of music, and the scents of flowers, and the