

fees for two. Next to doing Cicero at the bar, like you, and wearing a wig, and being a judge, and sitting on the woolsack, I should love to be an artist—and I'd paint Edinburgh."

"You don't fancy a merchant's office, then?" asked Philip; for such was the line proposed for his brother.

"You know I don't; I hate the very idea of it; only, I don't like to say so, for fear of vexing father."

"Do you know, Bob," said Philip, "I've had an idea in my head this long time—ever since I began to read the *Tracts for the Times*. I would have spoken to father about it long ago, but, as you say, I was afraid it might vex him, his heart seems so set on my being an advocate. How do you think he would like it if I were to propose studying for the Church instead? The Passing-fees could then come in for you."

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned Robert thoughtfully. "I should like it, I can tell you. But it is a curious idea for you to take in your head. Fancy you 'wagging your pow in a pulpit,' and holding forth 'nineteenthly on the twentieth head!'" and Robert laughed, as though the idea tickled him.

"You don't think I mean the old Scotch affair?" exclaimed Philip, rather indignantly. "I mean the Episcopal Church."

"Oh! I see; there is some sense in that. I like the Episcopal Church myself; the prayers are beautiful and not too long; the churches are solemn and splendid, and the music is tip-top. I don't see what father could object to. He often lets go of a Sunday