

## ABOUT PHILIP.

IT was a hot sultry evening in August when Philip stood by the open window of his bedroom, leaning out, and thinking before he went to bed. The house that Philip lived in was in one of the large quiet squares of London. It was not far from a noisy road, but the square seemed always still, and its trees and quiet were very pleasant after the noise and bustle of the great city. Philip's room was at the top of the house, and looked over a small yard at the back, where stood two aspen poplar trees, whose leaves were always chattering to one another about what they heard and saw in the great world outside, for their topmost branches peeped over some stables, and could also stare into many of the neighbouring house-windows. I do not know exactly why



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these trees grew there: it was certainly not for their beauty's sake, because they were only green a fortnight in the year, and the rest of the time, out of compliment to the houses round about, put on their neighbours' dingy uniform. Perhaps they stood there to keep the sun off Philip's mamma's drawing-room curtains; or there is another reason which I have just thought of, perhaps they

grew up so that they might be a Kew Gardens or a Bushey Park for the little black sparrows that hopped about there. Poor little things! they sorely needed a change from the red chimney-pots and sooty house-roofs; and on a hot night like this they must have found the cool branches very refreshing, though the leaves were such noisy gossips.

Philip stood moodily at the window, with