

through their naked windows at the call of dusk ; some are thrown open to sun and rain and storm ; the chapel stands intact ; the scoop for holy water lies still within the thickness of its wall. But aloft, where rich arras once hid the stone and silver sconces held the torch, Nature now sets her hand, brings spleenwort and hart's-tongue, trails the ivy, the speedwell, and the toadflax. Bird-sown saplings suck life from the crumbling mortar ; pelli-tory-of-the-wall hangs its foliage for tapestry ; and the huge throats of the chimneys are choked with accretions of dead sticks piled by generation upon generation of industrious daws. A marvellous delicacy of tone pervades the face of this ruin, and ebony, ochre, grey, and white lichens, spread in a rich texture upon it from fern-crowned battlement to mossy foundation. The great planes of subdued colour sweep from harmony to harmony, shine rosy in the dawnlight, or grey under the rain. The sun loves their faces ; moonlight weaves them into dream-pictures of ebony and silver. Secret chambers lie hidden within the thickness of the walls ; old subterranean ways are suspected ; antique hinges and the staples of