

of Stratford on the Avon. For all its modesty of bearing, it is accustomed to the best in English life. Not far to the south lie Oxford and Windsor. A bird flying north would in a few minutes pass over Warwick Castle, "the finest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendour which remains uninjured by time," and in a few minutes more Kenilworth Castle—ideal magnificence of ruin! which, however, in Shakspeare's day was in the height of its strength and glory, with Leicester deceiving both his wife and his queen in his fear of the one and his love of the other.

In the glorious splendour of the golden days Shakspeare lived his busy life, first in Stratford and then in London, where he prospered sufficiently to provide himself with "New Place," the finest home in Stratford. Here he spent the last five years of his life, playing the part of the country gentleman of means and enjoying to the full the *otium cum dignitate*, going to church on a Sunday, watering his flowers, strolling across the fields he knew so well with Anne and her children to visit the Hathaways, and indulging himself with an occasional trip to London to see his cronies at the "Mermaid."

The river is the same to-day, the hills, the path across the fields—and the town takes life so quietly, that it cannot have changed much in three centuries; it, too, is the same. So it is not a far cry back. If the interval of miles be so easily bridged, then also may the interval of years. Let us clear our lungs of the air of the 19th century and of the West: and let us fill them with the richer air that Shakspeare breathed. Presto! we are on Henley Street, in Stratford, standing before a long low two storied house, whose appearance is strangely familiar. On our walls, in our books, in shop windows, we had seen this house; we were standing at this door. And the man of the high domed brow and kindly brown eyes smiling welcome from the threshold—him too we know! But we rub our eyes and we are back again in the 19th century. Shakspeare is gone, but all is not gone; the house is there as it was in his day. In the year of grace, 1847, it was carefully restored. In the year 1847 our heritage was made sure; let not the date be forgotten!

We pass in from the street to the ancient kitchen with its low ceiling, its rough stone floor, its great wide old fashioned fire place in which lad Willie in common with his kind, was