

probability had two such distant representatives of the language of Alfred sat together in the chair of Augustine.

We went down into the crypt, and found a new source of interest in the French chapel, where the refugees had held their services. And then, after a couple of hours in the cathedral, we returned through the cloisters, and past the Marlowe monument to the little Canterbury streets that had other interesting sights for us to see.

But first we fortified ourselves, not being minded to fast like King Henry, and knowing not what the morrow had in store. We found a typical little English tea-shop, where, as in our Toronto tea-room, we couldn't get a meal, but could buy a cup of tea and some of the toast, by which Austin Dobson betrayed his lack of acquaintance with German life. For to this day one cannot get English toast in Germany unless one lives with Anglicized Germans, or makes it oneself. Having refreshed ourselves with tea we sallied forth to visit St. Martin's Church, "the Mother Church of England," where the coffin of Queen Bertha is still shown, as well as the old font in which King Ethelbert was baptized. Then we went to see the Roper House, where that Margaret Roper lived who was the daughter of Sir Thomas More, and of whom Tennyson wrote—

"Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her, who clasped in her last trance
Her murdered father's head."

Across the street was the church in which that head was buried, whose gay wit and ready repartee inspired Erasmus to write the "Encomium Moriae."

As we walked through the streets of Canterbury we talked of another gentle daughter, who had won our hearts by her lovely qualities, and who seemed far more real than Becket himself, Agnes Wakefield, and of the slow-witted David Copperfield, who took so long to learn where his true bliss was to be found. Strange that he and Pendennis should both have been so short-sighted. However, though we saw many fresh English faces we met none that satisfied our ideal of Agnes, and so without seeking it further made our way back to the station and took train for Dover.

In due time we reached the pier, and after a short walk on that beautiful promenade, viewing the white cliffs of "Old England," the ringing of the bell summoned us on board, and our perambulation of Kent was at an end.