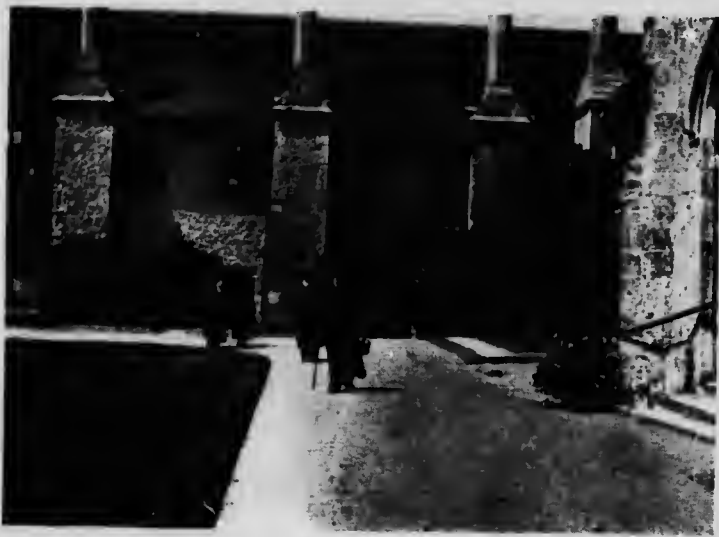


IN OLD ENGLAND

by which to voice the emotions which rise unbidden in the heart, and perhaps there is no passage so perfectly in harmony with this scene as that in which Ruskin has so subtly analysed the charm of ancient buildings. "The greatest glory



IN THE STONES OF ST. CROSS

of a building," he wrote, "is not in its stones nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against