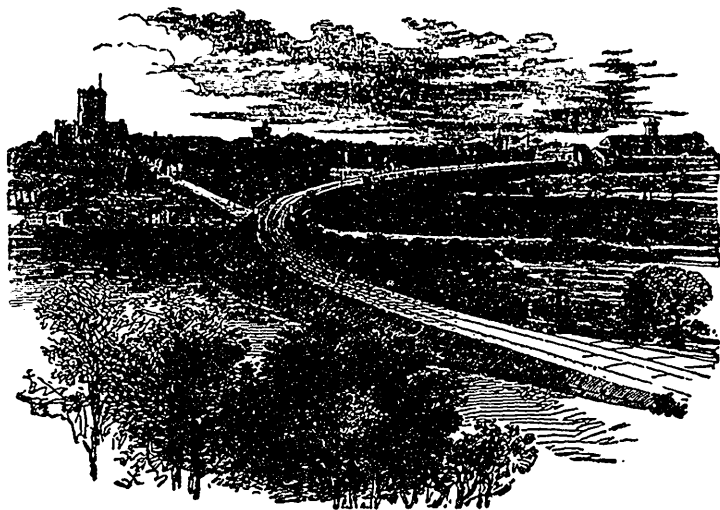


IN BUNYAN'S COUNTRY.



ST. ALBANS.

To the present writer the most potent memory in traversing the beautiful county of Bedford was that of John Bunyan. This romantic region is best reached from London by the Midland Railway. Leaving the St. Pancras Station—the largest in the world under one roof—we soon reach the venerable city of St. Albans, more ancient, said the Roman writers, than London. Under Roman rule, Verulam, as it was called, enjoyed the privileges of a free city; but the honour brought upon it the vengeance of the hosts of Boadicea. During the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, Albanus was martyred here. The massiveness of the ruined walls, twelve feet thick, built of flint and Roman tiles; their wide extent; the immense embankment called the Verulam Hills, and the deep ditches against them; the traces of temples; the innumerable coins and other antiquities; not to mention what Camden records about marble pillars and cornices, and statues of silver and gold, afford abundant testimony to the magnificence of the ancient city. After the martyrdom of Albanus, a church was founded to his memory on the spot where the Abbey church, now a cathedral, stands. It is a magnificent Norman edifice; the nave is longer than that of any other church in the kingdom.

Many places are passed hallowed by the footprints of the im-