

"WHEN SUMMER COMES AGAIN."

By S. E. WALLER.

THE children looking upward, saw the swallows' homeward flight,
Oh! swallows if you leave us now, what shall we do to-night?
The swallows quickly answered, but flew on towards the sea,
And this is what the swallows said, or what it seemed to me.

Don't forget us, little children, though we fly across the seas
To spend the chilly winter months in sunnier lands than these;
But await us in the meadow and look for us in the lane:
For we'll all be back in England when the "Summer comes again."

And then the cruel winter came and snow was on the hill,
Yet in the little children's hearts the birds were with them still,
From across the world of waters and with swift unerring wing,
They knew their little feathered friends would come again with spring.

Don't forget then, little children, if our loving God so please
That faithful friends may meet again in sunnier lands than these.
He will wipe away the tear-drops, He will ease the bitter pain;
And re-unite all faithful hearts "When Summer comes again."

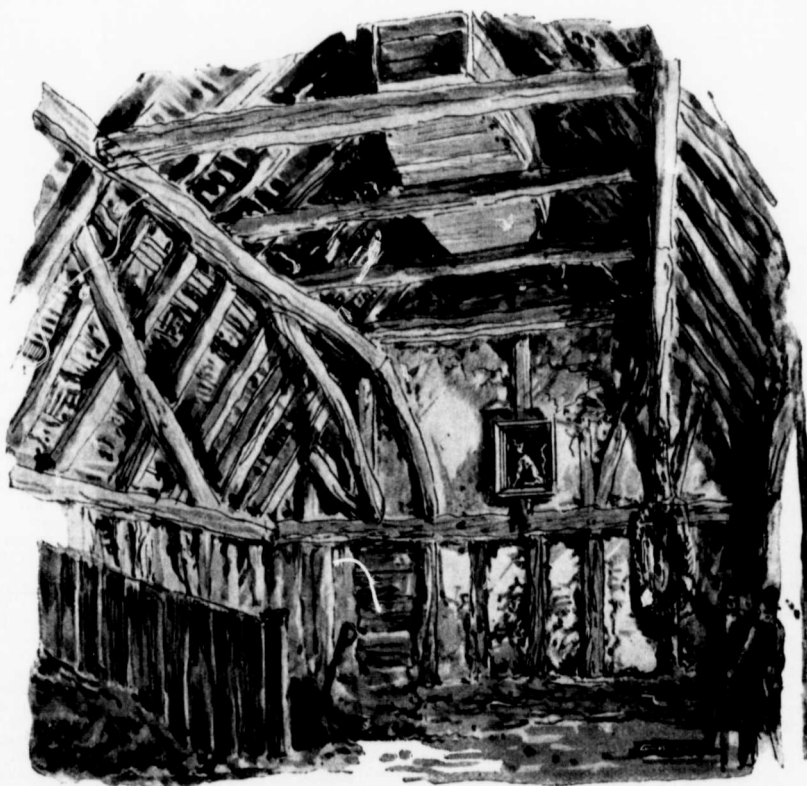
A LITTLE OUTING FOR LONDONERS.

PART II.

IF Knebsworth is not to be visited continue the high road and it will take one on to Stevenage. Just at the entrance to the town on the right where the road is very wide is an inn called The Castle, where there is a strange sight to be seen and a still stranger story connected therewith. A well-to-do grocer of the name of Trigg, lived in this house; he was a singularly eccentric man, and made a most remarkable will, leaving his money to a brother on the condition that his executor should not allow his body to be buried, but that his coffin should be placed upon the tie beams of the roof of a barn or "hovel" at the back of the house, where it is still to be seen, and the people at the inn will show it to the visitor and also provide him or her with a copy of the will. The fact has been questioned, but there are two pieces of evidence to which the believers of this strange story may point, and which it is difficult to dispose of. In the first place there is the will, the provisions of which were certainly carried out, and the second is the coffin which is still to be seen supported upon the tie beams of the "hovel." It has been said that it is empty, but it would be difficult to verify this statement. That the story is impossible is a dangerous argument, because in 1896 the body of a young lady at Brokenhurst had remained unburied for three years, and although the sanitary authorities interfered they were powerless

in the matter. Lucas the Hertfordshire hermit, of whose eccentricities we shall speak later on, kept the body of his mother in his house for nearly a quarter of a year; and there are other cases on record.

Stevenage has two great peculiarities. The first is the width of its street which gives it a most characteristic appearance, and the second is the distance of the village from the church; the latter is approached by a long avenue,



H.W.D.

OLD TRIGGS' COFFIN, STEVENAGE.