

fixion and Transfiguration, as well as various figures of saints and angels. On the other side are more single figures, some apostles, others the local saints, and the two sides are decorated in the same style.

The inscription is as follows:—

AUGUSTINUS
AD RUTUPINA LITTORA IN INSULA THANETI
POST TOT TERRAE MARISQUE LABORES
TANDEM ADVECTUS
HOC IN LOCO, CUM ETHELBERTO REGE
CONGRESSUS
PRIMUM APUD NOSTRATES CONCIONEM
HABUIT
ET FIDEM CHRISTIANAM
QUAE PER TOTUM ANGLIAM MIRA CELERITATE
DIFFUSAM EST FELICITER INAUGURAVIT
AD. DXCVI.

Curiously enough, the date is wrong, as Augustine landed in 597, not 596. Close to the cross is a grove of old elm and ash-trees, not very large, for the situation clearly does not suit them; and a quarter of a mile away rises a spring still known as St. Augustine's Well.

The missionary to the Saxons is not forgotten, for we question a labourer who comes by while we are photographing the cross, and he gives us a lot of information.

"St. Augustine landed there," he tells us, "for the sea used to come a deal higher up. A good many people come

to see the cross, which now belongs to the Big Church" (the Kentish name for Canterbury Cathedral).

Then he points out a piece of wooden paling, which he says was put up by the new owners, and directs us to St. Augustine's Well. "Though it ain't a well, but a spring in a dyke, and rare good water too. Pity it ain't made more use on." He tells us that there are no ruins nearer than Richborough, which makes an end of our hopes of finding some remains of the pilgrimage chapel. No, there is nothing! The fields are smooth, and we stroll across to the dyke, which is choked with flags and rushes, except near the spring, which is deep and clear. There is a dipping-board, and a footpath towards a couple of cottages, whose inhabitants evidently use the well. Half a dozen fly-catchers take short flights from the palings, and the meadow is gay with yellow bed-straw and pink rest-harrow. Far away we catch a glimpse of Sandwich, but around us are only a few sheep and the tall hedges which divide the fields. For memorials of the first English archbishop you must go to Canterbury and look at the splendid cathedral. Here a cross and a spring in lonely fields remind us of the timid monk who took his life in his hand to win the Saxon warriors to the "White Christ."

OUR NATURAL HISTORY PRIZE.

IN the January number we offered a special Prize of Half a Guinea's worth of Books for the best Essay on "Some Useful English Insects." Over three hundred papers have been sent in, and the Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S., has awarded the prize to Emily Sturgess, of 27, Barton Street, Birkenhead. She is a domestic servant, aged eighteen, and her paper does her much credit.

St. James's Day

(July 25th).

"**L**ORD, give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

"So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,
So meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crown'd."

C. F. ALEXANDER.