

buttercups, and hunted thrushes' nests, and sported in the crystal stream; and across those meadows the love-sick swain

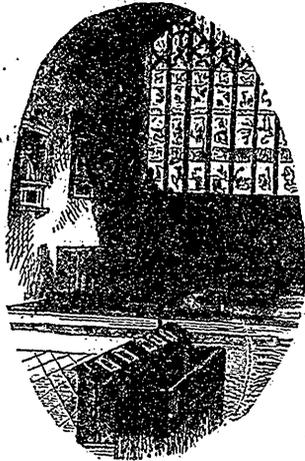
sped to the cottage of sweet Anne Hathaway; beneath those trees they held their tryst, and on their beechen bark he carved her name."



We next visited the old Grammar School, of Edward the Sixth's time, where the immortal bard learned the mysteries of that English tongue which he has rendered classic for ever. We then proceeded to the house in which the future poet saw the light. It is a quaint two-storied timbered house, which has successively been used as a butcher's shop and as an

inn. The front door is cut in two, so that the lower part might be kept closed—to shut out the dogs. The stone floor has also been badly broken by the chopping on the butcher's blocks. Passing up a winding wooden stair, we enter the room in which the wondrous babe's first cry was heard. Across this rough floor he crawled on his first voyage of discovery, and through this lead lattice he caught his first glimpse of the great world-drama, whose thousand varied scenes he has so marvellously painted for all time.

Here is his desk from the Grammar School, notched all over with his school-boy jack-knife. Here is his signet ring, and the chair in which he sat. What a potent spell of poetry to bring to this



CHANCEL OF STRATFORD CHURCH.