

the grass under a tree, with a long-legged, gawky foal frisking at her side. Few sheep are to be seen, which seems strange when one contrasts these emerald hills with the brown slopes of the Sussex Downs at this time of year, where so many browse and the mutton is so famous.

After a stretch of fairly level road we come to another wood and a bridge which spans the little stream which feeds the wonderful Fraser Falls. Just here is a sawmill with the yard piled high with freshly cut lumber, and we walk through a bed of sawdust to the opening of a glorious wood, deep in pine-needles, ferns, and bracken and wonderful moss. The stream rushes clear brown into a pool the colour of maple syrup, blocked by great boulders, against which it dashes and foams and forms exquisite rapids till it reaches the great chasm where it drops sheer down in creamy masses into a deep cup, all verdure lined in moss and lichen. Frail white birches and elderberry bushes bend to drink of the cup, and rainbow drops of spray glisten on their branches. In a tremendous hurry to get to the sea, the stream rushes on through a narrow gorge, then tumbles in a final burst of creamy foam into a pool—mysteriously dark and wonderfully quiet after the tumult—from which it flows sedately between