

green in the warm sunshine. Fountains are spouting long jets of sparkling, white water from fauns, griffins, dragons and cupids on the terraces, which rise one beyond the other, receding gently from the view till they are lost in the valley beyond. Splendid green masses of laurel hedges, dark pine and cypress, and the English hawthorne, soften the dazzling white of the marble steps and the gravel paths. Everywhere there is a profusion of flowers, roses, carnations, mignonette, and the brilliant English poppy, until one is almost weary of the color. With the great flat blue sky, and the whole place flooded in sunshine, it is like a beautiful vision.

Seen from the terraces the house itself is even more imposing than it seemed when we first drove through the court-yard. It is built in the ornate Tudor style, with slender towers at the corners, capped in a style suggestive of Moorish architecture. The long mulioned windows were one of the most beautiful and distinctive features of this period, and to-day they have an added beauty in the long arms of ivy which sway to and fro in front of them. The main door is formed by a facade of Corinthian pillars, and leads directly into the grand hallway. This still retains all the characteristics of the later Tudor style, although it has been subjected to a good deal of alteration. The walls are hung with paintings, which both here and in the gallery adjoining, form a collection famous for its beauty and worth. Every part of the castle contains, indeed, some object of interest. There is the room in which Queen Elizabeth is said to have slept when she honored the Lord of Knebworth with a visit, and which is still preserved almost intact. The walls are hung with tapestry, and the great four-post bed, the high oak table, and the white and blue mantle with its quaint inscription of Latin, are looked upon with an almost reverent interest.

When at last we were ready to start back for the city the sun was almost setting. The great black towers stood out against the sky's background of pink, and purple, and blue in the west, and the vast grey dome overhead. The farm houses looked like small white cameos in a background of green. And the hedges grew blurred in the quickly falling twilight, as we watched them through the car windows. And we felt rather sorry as we sped back to the city, where the sound of the scythe has long since been lost in the ramble of tram cars, and rows of electric lights take the place of the stars.

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