

embroidery of red and yellow threaded through them, and purple blackberries to our hand. In our wallet—of very modern cardboard—lay crisp rolls with cheese between, and apples for the wayside meal. By a trout stream fringed with willows, through which the undulating grass-lands of a park gleamed, through sequestered villages with windmill and church silhouetted on the skyline, by the old forge ringing now with the shoeing of many war horses, by the tents of our volunteers spread across the country-side, we sauntered to old tunes when possible, though the jaunty rag-time seemed to urge on the feet better than Wagner's ponderous "Pilgrim's Chorus," and consolation was found in the thought that doubtless Chaucer's lively party often stayed their hymning for the troubadour ditty and the love-song. Both war and love were in the songs we sang.

At last by a time-honoured Norman church with an exquisite porch half-mantled in ivy, and a path with stiff yew trees through the churchyard, we were brought to the ancient Pilgrim's Way, where in an old hostelry we praised God and rejoiced over a glass of good Kentish ale. Thence through a wood heavy with shade, to a narrow bridle-track we came,