

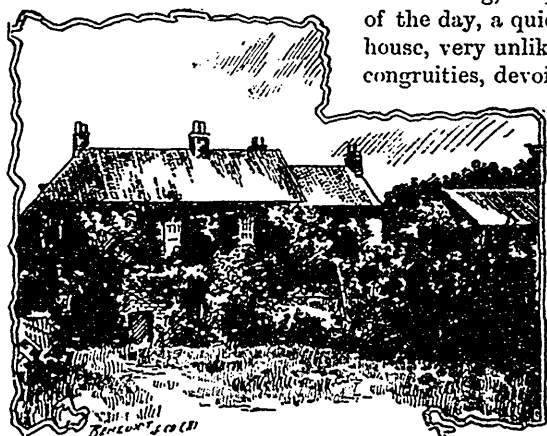
a large active town, but instead of that found a place of about two thousand inhabitants—no larger than it was in the time of the Wesleys—and as quiet as any of our country villages in harvest time.

The first place we visited was the rectory. It has in connection with it about three acres of ground. In front is a lawn and flower-plot, at the side a fruit and vegetable garden, and in the rear a small pasture-field. A writer in the *Saturday Review* has so fully and perfectly described it, as I saw it in the month of July, that I give his description.



RECTORY.—SOUTH FRONT.

“The present rectory, a long brick building, with a high-pitched tiled roof, rising from the bold projecting cornice, is an excellent specimen of the sterling, unpretentious architecture of the day, a quiet, genuine Queen Anne house, very unlike the crude heaps of incongruities, devoid of repose, which now



RECTORY.—WEST FRONT.

pass by that name. The garden, with its smooth lawn and long straight walks, bordered with the old-fashioned flowers, with hedges of sweet peas, fox gloves, sweet williams, and snap dragons, beds of odoriferous pinks, and a wealth of roses, is a delicious pleasure-ground in the true old-English sense of

the word, the rival of which one might go far to find.”

We were afraid that we were going to be disappointed in seeing through the rectory. Canon Overton was away, and his wife was ill; but, on expressing our desire to at least see the nursery, the