

of Lostwithiel Church, which Cromwell's prayerful soldiery turned into a stable, and at the font of which they christened a horse by the name of "Charles." In the straggling churchyard may be found, graven on a tombstone, this quaint epitaph:

"Here lies the landlord of the Lion,
He's buried here in hope of Zion.
His wife, resigned to Heaven's will,
Carries on the business still."

Equally practical is the signboard of the inn:

Town Arms Inn,

Lostwithiel.

"Since man to man has been unjust,
I do not know what man to trust,
I have trusted many to my sorrow,
So pay to-day and trust to-morrow."

"J. Stevens, Landlord, (1832)."

Beyond being Cornwall's half-way house and possessing the newest of English Anglican Cathedrals, Truro makes little claim on your attention. The Cathedral, closely hemmed in by humble dwellings like some French Abbey, is very new. The exterior, though lacking the delicate beauty of the old Gothic, is graceful, coldly graceful, in its lines. But the fresh brightness of the interior, with its jewel-like baptistry, is linked to the past by a fragment of the sixteenth-century church embodied in the south wall.

A narrow river, crossed by picturesque little bridges, winds through the town, which, like most Cornish towns, reveals strange contrasts. Within a hundred yards of the stately Cathedral you read, above the little store of a general merchant:

"Bibles, Bellows and Boots, Godly Bukes
and
Grinding Stones, Trousers, Testaments
and Tea Kettles,
Everything bought and sold here except
Treacle,
Best prices given for Whalebone Staze."

Passing beyond the river you see an ingot of tin—prepared as ingots were prepared for export two thousand years ago—and, meditating on the age of this Cornish industry, you await the little steamboat.

But, if you quickly exhaust the charms of Truro, the river journey to Falmouth will make amends. The low green banks rise as the dazzling white towers of the Cathedral recede, and at a curve of the river the blue water becomes darker with the colour of thick woods which clothe the banks. High on the hill, you see a stately stone residence, and beneath, a hedge-lined road breaks through the dense trees, which grudgingly yield space for the ferryman's cottage. The blended shades of fairy green grow bolder as you run into the open waters of Falmouth harbour and watch the late sun silhouetting the slopes of the rambling town. And night, too, is beautiful, a long harmony of stars, and the lights of countless shipping twinkling in the purple-shadowed water.

"The greatest smuggling port in the Kingdom," said my old boatman, indicating Falmouth, with a wave of the hand. He spoke with pride. "Always has been, always will be. Many's the keg of brandy my father landed—and grandfather before him—and many's the gallon of gin my mother smuggled ashore under the noses of the revenue men."

"Your mother? How?"

"Why in bladders, fastened inside her skirts."

"But, surely," I ventured, "there's no more smuggling nowadays?"

"Oh! the Customs boats can't see everything that goes on on a dark night."

Across the river we pulled in alongside the pier. Sadly I parted from the boatman with the smuggling ancestry. No laments had he for the good old days of the "trade." Perhaps he, too, lands "many a keg."

As you move south on the Lizard Peninsula pleasant trees and friendly hedges leave you, changing to mighty rocks and summer sea. The cliffs of this treacherous coast form a picture of rare beauty, and contrast strange-