

## *Among English Inns*

of a village green minus any green thing, excepting one great tree. But we shall always have tender remembrance of it for the sake of the larks who sang us enchanting trills and roulades as we took our way back to the Angel. The sun was getting low, the evening light was golden, and the songsters were rising for their last flight, their voices loud and clear when their tiny forms had become mere specks in the glowing sky. As we started off again down the river, the air was full of their music. This part of the Bure is a land for painters; a great, flat sweep of country, with here and there a group of trees about a red farmhouse, or a beckoning windmill. The sails of many boats, black, white, or coloured by the weather, apparently skim over the distant meadow; now and again a little red-brick village nestles down near to the water's edge, and every high point of land is crowned by a noble square flint church tower. Even the moon was kind to us, and came up, peeping out among pink clouds, to make our way more beautiful.

"You should take a month to see the Broads and a year to see Norfolk," was the skipper's oft-repeated advice. We agreed humbly. We had passed villages we longed to explore, and Broads of which we could not even get a