

"There twice a day the Severn fills,  
The salt sea water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye  
And makes a silence in the hills."

The church was locked, but the caretaker was found, and having entered, we read the well-known tablet to Arthur Henry Hallam.

*Glastonbury.* It lies 24 miles south of Bristol and 12 miles from the seacoast, a town of some 4,000 inhabitants, situated on elevated ground. Between it and the Bristol Channel lies a stretch of low land. In early days the elevated land, the hills on which the town stands, was an island, the Isle of Avalon, or the isle where the apples grow. Its soil is saturated with the earliest mythological stories of Christianity, and close to the high altar lie the remains of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere.

The Tennyson pilgrim must needs see Glastonbury Abbey. It is in sad ruin, but enough remains to indicate the magnificence of the original Abbey and its churches. The millenary celebration of the Bishopric of Bath and Wells took place in June of this year, and in connection with it the formal transfer of the deeds of the Glastonbury Abbey was made to the Church of England. At the time of my visit in August workmen had already begun work upon the preservation of the ruins.

*Tennyson Exhibition.* I come back to London and again make my way to 148 New Bond Street, the rooms of the Fine Art Society, where the centenary exhibition is being held. There is no great crowd. All is quiet and orderly. A few persons, catalogue in hand, are leisurely but intently looking over the portraits, letters, manuscripts, rare prints and first editions which have been loaned for a few weeks. It is not a complete collection, though there are 272 entries in the catalogue, but it contains the best, and to the lover and student of Tennyson, his life and his work, it is exceedingly interesting.

I have made my pilgrimage, I have walked in the poet's footsteps, I have done my homage, I have paid my small tribute to the memory of the worthy poet, and I have returned with a goodly sheaf of spoils in the shape of pictures, pamphlets, guide books and pleasant memories.