

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light ;
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below.

And how, like the boom of a great bell, are the lines—

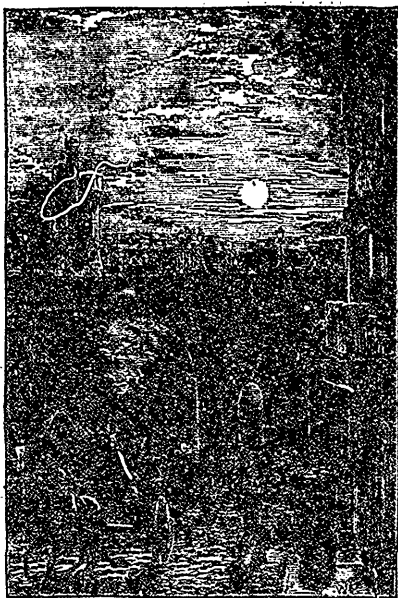
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

In traversing the fat grazing lands of Huntingdonshire, memories of Cromwell and his Ironsides would assert themselves. At St. Ives, famous in nursery rhyme, a cattle fair was in progress, and bucolic graziers, with ruddy faces, top boots, and "horsey" dress, abounded. In England you can almost always tell a man's rank by his garb. In Canada you cannot, except that the master is generally a little worse dressed than the man.

The old Cathedral of Peterborough, on the site of an abbey founded by the Mercian kings in 660, is of severe majestic simplicity. The storms of seven hundred years have stained and weathered those

Norman arches to a grim and hoary aspect, with which they frown down upon the ephemerides of to-day. Here that "most poor woman," Queen Katharine of Arragon, was buried, and for a time also, the unhappy Queen of Scots.

But of all the cathedrals of England which I saw, the most impressive is the mighty minster of York. How it symbolizes the profound instinct of worship of the human soul, its yearnings after the unseen and eternal! The sweet and solemn chanting of the choir seemed to me the litany of the ages, the



THE NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH.