

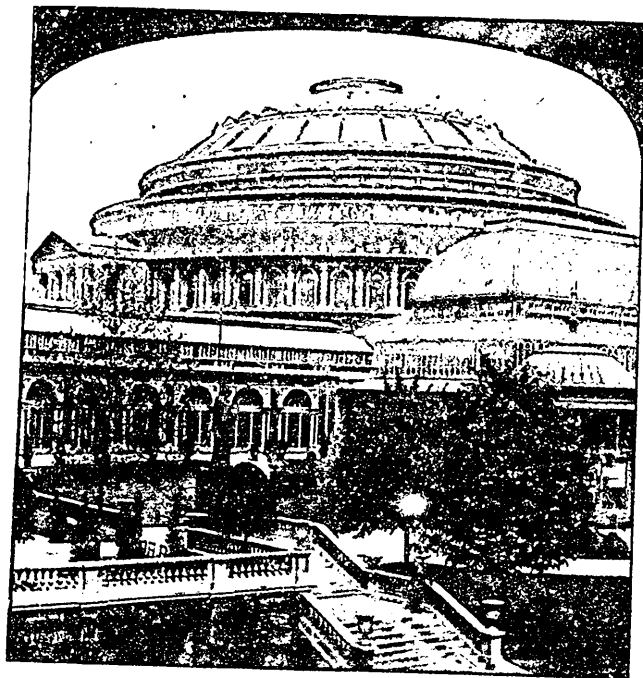
fatherless, furnishing home and love and care for more than 2,000 orphan children.

Rural England possesses a perennial charm in its embowered parks, where stand its stately palaces or castles, its humble homes, nestling beneath their straw-thatched roofs. "God's finger touched but gently when He made our England," says Mrs. Browning, "so soft are all its con-

associations Mr. Haight cannot refrain from bursting into verse.

"Through cloister and aisle bat and owl  
wing their flight  
As the shadows of even betoken the night,  
Like the wraiths of sad spirits condemned  
thus to roam  
'Midst the desolate wreck of a once happy  
home,  
Reflecting on moments misspent.

"So, the highest must fade, and the strongest decay,



ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

tours, the curve of its valleys and the swell of its hills."

The old monks had remarkably good taste in building their abbeys and churches in the most fertile vales, where the refectory was enriched with fish from stream or mere, with fowl from sedge or brake, and venison from the forest glades. One of the most charming of these is Tintern Abbey, over whose manifold beauties and

For change and decadence o'er man hold  
their sway ;  
Not here are true pleasures, pure wealth,  
or a home,  
To dust and to ruin *these* even must come,  
Thus mused I as onward I went."

Our author thinks Tintern one of the finest ruins in Great Britain. "On entering the building," he says, "the spectacle is one of inexpressible sublimity. The matted masses of ivy which cover the