

south of England, apparently, before and below you. The heather was in rich bloom when I was there in July. We retrace our steps slowly, and now we are following the very road down which he often went and along which his body was so tenderly carried on that October day in 1892, on its way to final rest in the great Abbey. Before taking the train back to London I went over to the Parish Church to see the memorial window designed by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The subject is Galahad and the Holy Grail.

"I Galahad, saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine;
And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere."

The tablet below the window is, I think, well worth recording here, as it may not be familiar to many.

"In Memory of
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,
POET LAUREATE.

In thankfulness for the music of his words, also for that
more excellent gift, whereby, being himself schooled
by love and sorrow, he had power to confirm
in the hearts of many their faith in
the things that are not seen,
The hope of immortality.

In praise of God, the Inspirer of Prophet and of Poet,
this window is dedicated
by some friends and neighbors of Haselmere."

Clevedon. A trip to Bristol included calls at Bath, Wells, Cheddar, Glastonbury and Clevedon—Bath, with its old Roman remains; Wells, whose millenary celebration took place this year; Cheddar, with its rocky vale, its beautiful caves and its dairy associations; Glastonbury, with its ruins and reminiscences of King Arthur; and Clevedon, the burial place of Arthur Hallam. It is only a few miles by rail from Bristol to Clevedon. A short drive from the station brings you to the old parish church founded some nine centuries ago. It stands by itself in the hollow of a hill overlooking the Bristol Channel.