

the ancient city. Through this, which is considered the finest city gate yet existing in England, we pass into the principal street. Many are the pilgrims who in olden times entered Canterbury by this gate: kings and queens, foreign emperors and princes, armed knights and learned scholars; newly-created archbishops followed by a brilliant train of bishops, clergy, and cour-

from all parts of the realm, to "wenden on their pilgrimage with full devout courage."

Since those mediæval days Canterbury has seen many a change. The sight-seer has taken the place of the pious pilgrim; the number of churches has been reduced, and their magnificence no longer strikes the eye of the stranger. The lofty walls and watch-towers which en-



A BIT OF NATURE'S ARCHITECTURE.

tiers, on their way to be enthroned in the chair of St. Augustine; not to speak of the multitudes of simpler folk who flocked to worship at Thomas a Becket's shrine. The poet Chaucer sings of the merry cavalcade that rode forth in the freshness of the morning from famous London town; knight and merchant, scholar and lawyer, Prioress and Wife of Bath, yeoman, priest, and friar, a motley company

circled the city when Chaucer's knight, after paying his devotions at the martyr's shrine, went out to inspect their strength and "pointed to his son both the peril and the doubt," are all gone, and the Conqueror's mighty castle is turned into a coal-pit. Yet the old city is full of quaint bits and picturesque corners, timbered houses with carved corbels and oriel windows, hostelries with overhanging eaves