

Sad ground, too, around the docks, when one contemplates the many tears that have fallen on its dust, from eyes that were never again to look upon the fathers and sons and husbands they loved so well, who had waved their last good-bye when they went to shed their blood so freely for the Fatherland.

The wonderful glamour of the Thames seems centralised here; and it is weirdly beautiful to see the great "liner" towed out through the dock gates, and then to watch her floating down the stream suffused in golden light, or wrapped in hazy mist, until she sinks from sight into the dim uncertainty of the future. Then, when we turn back from the "laughing, weeping" crowd, we crush down our sadness, for we see the great dome of St Paul's, standing up in tranquil dignity, and telling us that our God is ever watchful over our lives, and that we, little atoms, are in the hand of Him whose name is Love.

I once had the pleasure of passing some hours at Kelmscott House, where lived William Morris, the poetic socialist, who was so closely associated with Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti. I was making a sketch of the fine old Elizabethan house, when Morris unexpectedly arrived. I had