

from every point of view, yet when we come to examine it we are astonished at its simplicity. There are no pinnacles, turrets, open parapets, or niches; there is only one belfry window on each side. The corners are accentuated by solid square projections, from which the buttresses are set off—a most striking arrangement. No description can account for its peculiar charm. All we can say is, that its architect must have been an extraordinary genius.

The interior of the church is worthy of the noble exterior. The lofty nave with its rich clerestory and elaborately-carved roof, the deep chancel with its elegant rood-screen, carved stalls, chantries, parcloes, etc., produce an effect of richness and solemnity rarely met with in country parish churches.

Unfortunately little of the old stained glass which formerly filled every window now remains, and its absence is not compensated

for by the discordant modern painted glass of the east window—the one blot upon this most noble interior.

This stately church was erected (except the chancel) by the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, and a wealthy family of the name of Spring, who were clothiers of the place, for Lavenham in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was an industrious cloth-weaving village in addition to a rich agricultural parish.

The whole neighbourhood shows marks of former prosperity, chiefly now attested by noble churches. We have already alluded to Long-Melford and Cavendish, both splendid churches remarkable for their elaborate cut and inlaid flint-work and rich tracery. The former of these is said to be the largest village in England, and the present Duke of Devonshire derives his name from the latter. Near at hand are Neyland, Stoke, Hadleigh, Cockfield, Denston, Elmswell, Lawshall, Rattlesden; all

remarkably handsome village churches with stately towers.

The whole county, however, abounds in fine churches, amongst which we must not neglect to mention Southwold, Blithborough, Covehithe—now, alas! in ruins—Beccles, Stowmarket, and St. Mary's Bury.

The monastic remains are numerous and interesting, especially at Bury St. Edmunds, Thetford and Butley. There are several old castles—Framingham is especially noble—and perhaps no county in England is so rich in ancient mansions. Two of the finest are Giffards, Hengrave, the old seat of the Gages—now to be sold!—and Beddingfield.

As the country is picturesque and, for the most part pretty, Suffolk is an agreeable county in which to take a holiday. Everywhere one meets sights of former opulence and well-being, not only of the upper classes, but of those in humbler walks of life.

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY was always a quiet grave day at the Maison Féraudy, no cooking was done that day by mistress or servants. *Locataires* were warned beforehand, so they could not complain; all was done the day before. The whole party started on foot for Poinville to attend their little temple, about nine o'clock in the morning. Madame Féraudy and Géniewalked together both dressed in black according to ancient Huguenot tradition.

Génie dearly loved that walk in the sweet fresh mornings. The road after passing through wide fields of corn and colza came out on the top of a low broken cliff over-hanging the sea. Here a picturesque flight of rugged steps cut in the rocks led down to the shining sands below. But on Sunday they turned away from these inviting steps and pursued a pleasant path on the top of the cliff for some way. About halfway to Poinville the sea broke in a long narrow ravine far into the land, a beautiful and wild spot. For the sea rushed through the fissure with the impetuous force of wild power constrained. It burst on the black jagged rocks, throwing sheets of snowy spray high into the air, and the roar of the tormented water reverberated from side to side. Over the ravine at a place where for a space an overhanging mass of rock narrowed the width, a slender bridge had been thrown for foot-passengers; the sides were furnished with strong wooden railings.

About half-way across, while Madame Féraudy would hurry on trying not to feel giddy and confused, Génie would linger in intense enjoyment, looking down on the tossing water below, rejoicing when a larger wave than usual broke violently and sent a sheet of spray upwards, the salt drops cool and fresh on her cheeks.

Génie's eyes would dance and shine with the keenness of her enjoyment, and she would pine for a storm, a great

storm in which for once she would see the great waves mad with fury, beating themselves in a wild combat with the forces of the earth.

"It must be a grand sight to see earth and sea at war!" she exclaimed, but Madame Féraudy shook her head. "It is more beautiful to see them at play," she said as she pointed to the sands below. The sea was sapphire blue, and the gentle waves broke softly into shining silver on the shore. In the distance little boats with sails white as the uplifted wings of the swan, scudded along, betraying that out at sea a fresh sweet breeze was dancing on the surface of the waves.

"How beautiful! how exquisitely peaceful!" murmured Génie.

Madame Féraudy gave a little shiver. "I do not love the sea," she said. "It is blue, it is fair, but oh, how treacherous! The young strong lives, the lost hopes, the bitter suspense, the broken hearts which can never be cured till 'the sea gives up her dead.' For all these she has to account!"

Génie looked up at her startled. The stern face was white and drawn, the brows contracted and raised as if the shadow of an old agony had passed over and withered her anew.

Madame Féraudy went on speaking. "You do not know, *mignonne*," she said. "You have never heard that my husband, Alain Féraudy, was a sailor. We had been married five years. It was not very long, looking back on it through the mist of years, it seems to me a little, little time. He was twenty-eight, and I was twenty-five when he was made captain of the *Cygne*, and we went to Brest together to say good-bye. She was a fine ship, she looked very beautiful and Alain was proud of her. I saw her start. A little steam-tug towed her out of the harbour, and I stood on the ramparts and watched her go. It was much such a day as this is to-day, a little rougher perhaps, for the white foam horses were riding on the

waves. The little steam-tug took her out very fast. The sun was in my eyes and the salt mist, it was high tide. When I had cleared my sight, the little steam-tug was ploughing her way home again, and far away the *Cygne* was shaking out all her canvas, brilliantly white in the dazzle of the sun. She caught the wind and scudded before it away into the blue. I think, Génie, I should always tell sailors' women-folk not to watch their ship go out; it takes long, and the picture haunts you ever after. *Mignonne*, your eyes are wet, why? It is all so long ago. Well, they told me the *Cygne* would be home in the late autumn, so I came back to Féraudy and waited till the leaves grew red and brown and fell, and then I knew it was autumn and I went to Brest. I stayed there, and the autumn merged into winter, and the winter into the spring of a new year, and ships came in and ships went out. Time after time, from the stone seat on the ramparts on which I sat every day and watched, I used to see white sails on the horizon, white sails filling out to the breeze which was sweeping them homewards joyously over the waves. Nearer and nearer till the black steam-tugs rushed out to bring them in.

"I was so happy, so joyous, so wild with hope! But at last they would no longer allow me to rush down to see the ships come in, for every time it was the same. Other wives met their husbands, other mothers met their sons, other girls met their young sweethearts, but for me it was otherwise; the *Cygne* never came home."

"My dear, dear madame," faltered Génie, choking with tears.

Madame Féraudy walked slowly on, her eyes were fixed on the far horizon. She went on speaking.

"It is best to know. In those days I used to envy those who had, at least, certainty, who knelt by death-beds and left their farewell kiss in the silent coffin, but when the certainty came,