

speak to us of the boyhood of the great soldier. The house in which he was born still stands conspicuous as the vicarage; the house in which he grew from infancy to boyhood still lifts its quaint gables but a stone's throw distant; while the church in which he was baptized looks down from its high knoll on both, but little altered save for some internal restoration and a graveyard richer by the tombstones and grassy mounds of half a dozen generations. On the farther side of the village, and immediately above it, rise the green slopes and stately groves of Squerryes, so indelibly associated with the pastimes and the friendships of Wolfe's early youth, and within which he deposited that bulky packet of faded letters which speaks to us so eloquently of the hopes and high ambitions that animated, the doubts that clouded, the principles that guided, his brief but glorious life.

Westerham lies upon the very fringe of Kent, at a point where several unnoticeable rivulets and springs unite to form the infant Darent. About midway between Sevenoaks and Oxted, it is inside what may almost be called nowadays the outer circle of suburban London. On the east and west the main lines of railway have swept up to and beyond it. Being itself, however, upon a branch line, and that, too, a branch line of the South-Eastern, the builder has not yet laid his hand upon it to any noticeable extent. The old town is still entirely rural and unspoiled, and has probably altered little since the day when young Wolfe and his brother used to bowl their hoops along its single spacious street. Westerham is the centre of a region whose easily accessible beauties the Londoner, using the term in its widest sense, delights to explore. And yet it would be