

Caledonian School, Bushy, at Harrow, Windsor and Eton, Aldershot, Portsmouth and the Dukeries, were full of interest. Those great lorries in which we were trundled through Aldershot, with the men who operated them, now know what active service is. On that day at Portsmouth when the fleet was mobilizing for the North Sea we witnessed many a sailor returning to the dock-yards, called in for his country's defence.

Stratford, with its sight-seeing, its theatre-going, its Educational Conference and its School of Morris Dances and Folk-Song would fill many a page.

The Conference itself, which met in the old Grammar School of Shakespear's day, was enough to engross one.

A morning session, which many of our party attended, was presided over by Professor Trench of Dublin University, and teachers from all over Great Britain were present. A paper on "Training in the Appreciation of Poetry," read by a lady of rare culture, was followed by a most animated discussion. The discussion brought out a great difference of opinion, as to whether or not Robert Louis Stevenson's poetry was appreciated by children; also as to the value of paraphrasing in the teaching of literature.

A lady with a very Scotch accent denounced paraphrasing by the pupils with great vehemence.

One felt tempted to rise and give as an argument in its favour, a pupil's interpretation of the passage,

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

The pupil's words were to this effect, that it was better to be kind than play in the band, and to have simple faith than kill a lot of Normans. That pupil, it is quite evident, had not had paraphrasing enough. The point of difference seemed to be in the understanding of the word paraphrase. Our Scotch friend must have had a metrical version in her mind. Surely no one could object to a pupil's expressing a passage in other words to show that the meaning was understood. We saw this point nicely illustrated in a lesson given on Wordsworth's "Daffodils" in a literature class at Oxford. The teacher read, and the pupils interpreted in their own words as the teacher asked for the meaning.

As for children enjoying Robert Louis Stevenson's poetry—one teacher seemed to put her finger on the place, when she said that children like Stevenson's poetry because it lends a glamour to common experiences. Another teacher gave a pupil's rather wise comparison between Tennyson and Browning. "Tennyson," she said, "thought things would come out all right, Browning knew they would."

In the churchyard of Holy Trinity (the church of Shakespeare's christening, marriage and burial) one may still sit on the stone seat overlooking the Avon, where Longfellow sat in 1865; but whether an Ode to the Avon will be the outcome is another thing.

A walk across the fields to Shottery at "high noon" brought us to Ann Hatheway's cottage. There it was, with its thatched roof, sunning itself in the old garden as it did over three hundred years ago, when Shakespeare was young.

Goodbye to Country and Morris dances on the green of the beautiful Memorial Theatre, and to all that made Stratford so fair. The English Lake District, with its hospitable mountains and shores and all that endeared it to the poet Wordsworth awaits us next.

The sail on Lake Windermere, the climb up Wansfell Pike, picking heather on its summit, the ride to Keswick, passing Grasmere, where we visited the poet's grave, the Helvellyn range, and Thirlmere are all visions of loveliness to be called up, when the actual horizon is dull and narrow.

Entraining at Keswick it was not long till we found ourselves "ayont the Tweed," where the pawky wit is found.

At Melrose in the gray light of the early evening we first set foot in Scotland. The gray Abbey, built in the dim ages of David I of Scotland, and receiving many a blow from English invaders, still stands in the beauty of decay, a mute witness to the "elder days of art" and religion.

Then came Edinburgh, the ancient northern capital, its great castle looming up in the murky atmosphere, and frowning down on the town, like a huge personality that will not be ignored. We covered what is known as its "historic mile." Passing Salisbury Grag, and Arthur's Seat, and alighting at Holyrood Palace, we entered the oldest part, sacred to the memory of Mary