

chantry in the cathedral crypt which bears his name. Legend says that when he lay dying of the wasting disease which carried him off in the flower of his age, he thought of the wonder-working spring near Canterbury, and sent for a draught of its pure water. But that did not save him, and soon after he was borne to the tomb he had chosen for himself in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, his favourite shrine, which he enriched with splendid gifts. However, the people would

unhurt by the hand of time or the more cruel violence of man. Over it still hang the surcoat, gloves, shield, and scabbard of the prince, those probably which were carried before his remains in his funeral procession.

From Harbledown, where the spring rises, the first, perhaps the best, view of the cathedral is obtained. Deep was the impression made upon the pilgrim bands when they caught sight of its lofty towers, when they saw the glittering angel



THE OLD NORMAN PORCH.

not allow their hero to be buried out of sight in the dark crypt; so they brought him to rest by the great saint's shrine, where all men could see his effigy of gilded bronze as he lay there, his sword by his side, his hands clasped in prayer, and at his feet the pathetic lines bidding the passing stranger pray for his soul:

Pur Dieu priez au celestien Roy,
Que mercy ait de l'âme de moy.

His was the first tomb raised in the precincts of the martyr's shrine, and it remains there to this day,

that in bygone days stood on the central tower. Erasmus, the cold and critical scholar, becomes eloquent as he describes the architectural beauty of the great church rearing itself up into the sky with a majesty that strikes awe into every heart, and evokes a cry of admiration from the lips of all. Behind it lies a background of fertile hills, clothed in autumn with the dark green of numerous hop-gardens; before it stand the massive round towers of the Westgate, the only one remaining of the seven fortified gateways which once guarded