

born there. Being the birthplace of Shakespeare was its whole occupation, and it found it an exceedingly profitable one. The Red Horse Inn, with its parlor just as Irving left it, is almost as profitable a show as Shakespeare's birthplace. Irving is everywhere in evidence. He is a taking bait with Americans. So is the bric-a-brac, Shakespeare spoons, china, paper cutters, and what-not *ad finitum* that are heaped in every corner—wise, indeed, the man who can leave town with less than a bushel.

As in Stratford-on-Avon so almost everywhere in England. The island is a great museum of antiquities; it is a show on a vast scale. Feeble indeed the place that has not its guide-book on sale and its places where admission must be paid. Imagine the birthplace of Burns near Ayr with an automatic gate for handling crowds at twopence a head, with a great restaurant attached, and also a bazaar of souvenirs for sale; or Dove Cottage in Grassmere, the home of Wordsworth, turned into a show; or a steam calliope at the gate of Kenilworth Castle.

A few spots there are where the dew of primitive sweetness still clings. Stoke Poges, the scene of Gray's *Elegy*; Clovelly, the quaint little hamlet that figures in *Westward Ho!* Melrose and Dryburgh Abbies; the hallowed walls of Oxford; all these took away no illusions. But the spirit of the age is upon them. Soon they too must join the race for the shilling and have their beauty tarnished forever.

F. L. P.

A COLD DAY

'Twas a cold day.

The air was brisk and stirring and strong gusts of wind sent clouds of leaves scurrying hither and thither, ending their mad dance in a corner of the wall or by flying impolitely up at Jeanette as she slowly walked along.

Nature looked cold and shivery; the deciduous trees were naked save for a few pale and faded leaves which, fearful that the next rude blast would carry them away, were tremblingly clinging to twigs like age, tenaciously to the memories of youth. The firs, though warmy dressed, made all seem the colder by contrast, and their sharp, angular forms lent an air of desolation to all about her, so that she involuntarily hung her head so that she might