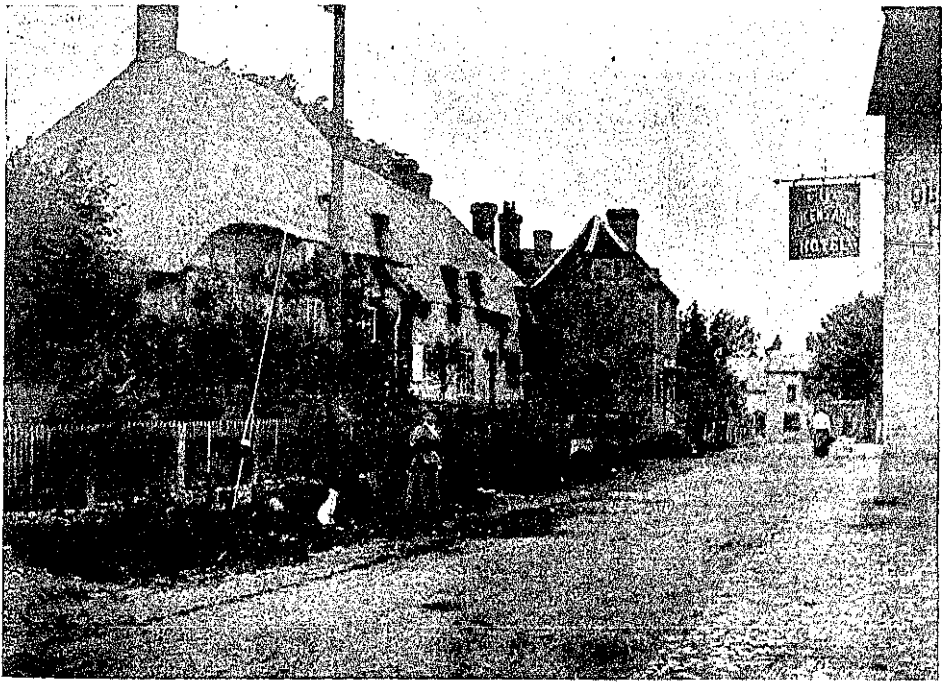


built to the glory of God "by a parishioner." It is built of the free stone found thereabout, described by White, and capital building stone it seems.

I took a photograph of the exterior, and another of the artistically designed cottages built by Lord Selborne for the people on the estate. My friend, who is a brother of the camera, went inside the church to take the interior. Finding he did not return in a reasonable time, I went in after him, and discovered him on his knees in one of the pews, red in the face and muttering something

lers' joy" climbing high over the tops of the hedges and filling the air with fragrance. Pleasant was it to pass the fields of clustering hops now approaching maturity, and pleasanter still to emerge, at length, among the delightful thatched cottages of Selborne itself. As in White's time it still consists of one straggling main street, and most of the cottages are pretty much as they were when the good man used to stop at the doors and chat with the occupants.

One or two new houses have been built, and these, unfortunately, are not at all in



THE MAIN STREET, SELBORNE.

in low, but apparently earnest tones. At first I thought he was at his orisons, and was about to retire. As a matter of fact, however, he was suffering from the usual complaint of the hand-camerist—his plates had jammed, and he was making frantic efforts to get them right with the aid of a changing bag that was too small. The exact nature of the remarks he was making I did not catch, and forbore to enquire too closely about them.

Pleasant was the ride along the "hollow lane" with sweet-scented masses of "travel-

good taste or harmonious with their surroundings, but luckily they are few in number.

We put up the horse and trap at the principal hostelry, "The Queen's Arms." It is a decent little inn, but not very old-fashioned in its style, and there was little about it to remind one of White. We hastened on, therefore, to the churchyard which is hard by. In one respect, and one only, White or my imagination had led me astray. Somehow or other, I had fancied the Plestor, the open space in front of the churchyard, was quite a large village green