

among the stately old trees; a great park, all finished a hundred years ago and glistening in the never-ending showers that sweep in from the broad Atlantic.

There are bleak uplands, it is true, which only add by contrast to the fertile valleys below. There are moorlands, long since drained and cultivated until the name belies them. There are little villages everywhere nestled among the shrubbery as though they grew there, and here and there are the stately houses of the country gentleman and lords of the manor with their deer-parks, avenues and drives.

The vale of Somerset stretches thirty miles eastward from the Bristol Channel to the inland cliffs of Dorset and Wiltshire. Isolated in the center of its lovely fertile plain stands a curious cone shaped hill crowned with an ancient tower. This is the famous Tor of Glastonbury, the conspicuous center of the most stirring legends of the religion and history of the English race. Upon its summit the pagan kindled his sacred fires. In the green hills bordering the lovely valley the relics of the cavemen are unearthed. At the foot of the cone the clustered abodes of a colony of lake dwellers are still extant. At its foot King Arthur lived and died, and here before the Romans fought their way into the west of Britain and five centuries before Augustine established at Canterbury the seat of the English Christian Church, pilgrims came from Jerusalem and built a little chapel of withe and wattle and dedicated it to the service of our Lord. Legend says that here came Joseph of Arimathea in the year 63 with eleven disciples, sent to Britain by Phillip. Be this as it may, a church was built here within one hundred years after the death of Christ, which was long venerated as the first Christian church in Britain and a most splendid monastery grew up about it, and there gathered with the march of years a wealth of lore and legend greater in interest and mystery than England ever knew. To this place King Arthur, "deeply smitten through the helm" passed from Chancelot in the dusky barge whose decks "were dense with stately forms, black stoled, black hooded like a dream" to heal him of his grievous wound. From the peaks of the capricious Tor you gaze upon

"The island valley of Avelon"

"Where falls not hail or rain or any snow"

"Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it is"

"Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns"

"And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea"

(Tennyson).

Here is King Aruthur's country and the heart of it, and here upon this hill was found his tomb in the time of Henry II.

Stand upon the top of the Tor and you are more than five hundred feet above the plain which was the fighting ground of the continental legions, which one after another, century after century, infested Britain, Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman, and in the fullness of time left here the Englishman; from the Mendip Hills on the North to the Poldew and Quantock hills on the south, from the Bristol Channel and the Cheddar Cliffs westward to the escarpments of Wiltshire on the East. Many of the most momentous battles were fought here by the men who made England. All is quiet now