

relics of Shakespeare's time, among them is an old desk in which it is said he sat when he went to the grammar school on High street, also deeds relating to his several possessions, a gold ring in which is inscribed the initials W. S. found in the Stratford church yard and supposed to have once been the property of the poet. In a small apartment near the birth room stands a portrait of Shakespeare, encased in a heavy steel frame as a means of protection from fire. Tradition has it that this portrait was first owned by the Clopton family and afterwards fell into the hands of a William Hunt, an old resident of Stratford. It remained for a time in the dust and dirt of time and was repainted into a different subject. 'Tis said the little Hunt boys used it for a target, but being inexperienced shots they seldom hit it. Some time after it was rescued from obscurity by a skilled artist who believing it to a painting of some note, removed the thick beard and moustache, and the face of Shakespeare appeared on the canvas. It closely resembles the bust of Shakespeare in the Stratford church and is more than likely a copy of that work.

On my way to Anne Hathaway's cottage, a distance of about a mile, I was accosted by a bright little boy of 10 years whose face was so covered with freckles that his features became visible only under the closest scrutiny. He wished to show me the way across "Shottery Lane," the path Shakespeare was wont to take during his courtship of the fair Anne. My little guide entertained me as we passed through the streets of the village, and soon we were amidst the rural scenery of which the English may justly feel proud. Shottery Lane is a winding narrow path leading through gardens, fields and meadows, where poppies bloom in confusion and wild flowers grow along the margin of the tiny brooks which find their way amidst the green landscape. 'Tis well not to hurry oneself along here, for there is much to interest the traveler; the vision of Shakespeare is ever before you and at every turn you see where

he might have stopped to pick a flower or perhaps to rest his eyes upon the beauties before him, and when you reach the stile in the meadow under the generous shade of the chestnut trees, it is not difficult to imagine that here he and his faithful Anne delayed in their ramble and watched in silence the clear meadow stream which flowed by at their feet. Nearing the hamlet of Shottery the pilgrim enters a curious little village of old and quaint houses with thatched roofs partly hidden from view by high stone walls over which peep wild flowers and luxuriant vines and ivy. The streets are narrow and windings and every turn presents a scene of peace and contentment. The Anne Hathaway cottage is buried in a bed of straggling wild flowers, poppies and honeysuckles and the old fence with its swinging gate is nearly lost to view, hidden beneath crawling vines and rhododendrons. The heavy thatched roof which has stood the winds and rains of many years seems to glisten in the rays of the sun and present an air of welcome. I imagine this cottage has not changed much in its appearance since the time when the poet used to swing aside the old gate and stopping to gather a handful of roses along the path was welcomed by his first love under the vine covered terrace.

Inside the sun played through the window and lighted up the wide fire place, the stone floor shone, the walls of plaster glistened, the flowers from the gardens without sent in their perfume. Indeed it was a scene for peaceful reverie. Near the fire-place stands an old worn wooden settle on which we are pleased to think Shakespeare sat, with Anne at his side, on a winter's evening, before the large log fire. At the opposite side of the room are many of the old pieces of china-ware used by the Hathaway family, and up stairs in a low ceiling room is shown the bed occupied by Anne Hathaway and some of the old bed linen is encased under glass to preserve it from the ravages of time. Here under the thatched roof within the small garret once the room of Shakespeare's