

him that of his loving wife Mary Ann. I placed our tribute of flowers, for which he had a life-long passion, over the ardent Heart which never grew old. A gorgeous growth of crimson geraniums covered the grave as with a magnificent pall—in keeping with the splendour of the brilliant imagination which created an oriental Empire for his "Faery" Queen.

In the Church we found the monument Queen Victoria put up in his memory, under the arms of the peer, the marble profile of Lord Beaconsfield, inscribed

To
THE DEAR AND HONOURED MEMORY
OF
BENJAMIN EARL OF BEACONSFIELD
THIS MEMORIAL IS PLACED BY
HIS GRATEFUL SOVEREIGN
AND FRIEND VICTORIA, R.I.

"KINGS LOVE HIM THAT SPEAKETH
RIGHT."—PROVERBS XVI, 13.

From the Church we followed the uphill path towards the Manor. Within the gates we met an agreeable blue-eyed man, who permitted us to view the front of the beautiful Tudor mansion, and tread the terraces, where in times past the peacocks spread their fine feathers, and, as advised by Lord Beaconsfield, "My dear lady,—You cannot have a terrace without peacocks."

We passed from the terrace to the beautiful gardens where he surrounded himself with flowers, and of which he wrote, "I cannot resist the fascination of the sultry note of the cuckoo, the cooing of the wood pigeons, and the blaze of the rosy may." We admired the magnificent trees where he was fond of strolling under the stars. We wandered around, a great privilege, and saw the Golden Gates.

Descending the path by which we came, I realised that it was along this narrow way that Lord Beaconsfield's simple funeral passed from his beloved home to the little graveyard at the foot of the hill, where his stupendous genius is entombed. Down this same path came potent Majesty on foot to do him honour, when, soon after his death, Queen Victoria visited the grave of her Greatest and Best Beloved Minister.

Much more we saw that summer's day, thanks to our wonderful car, passing on the

homeward way through townlets with long unspoiled streets of period houses, built in Stuart and Georgian times, saved, let us hope, for all time now that the people have awakened to the priceless beauty of such treasures.

Home again in London Town, laden with the spoils of the earth. I awoke in the morning, after dreamless sleep, with memory enriched come "Winter Time."

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

SAVE OUR NATIONAL TREASURES.

It wrings many hearts when it becomes known that our treasures of architecture—often taken stone by stone—have been quietly sold to America. Only to-day we learn that one of the most magnificent specimens of panelled and other decoration in England, the Great Chamber of Gilling Castle, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, has been provisionally purchased for removal to the United States.

The whole of the work is in the noblest style of the Elizabethan period, and the Great Chamber has over and over again been described and illustrated in text-books and other works dealing with domestic architecture and decorative craftsmanship.

The elaborate mantelpiece has the armorial bearings of Sir William Fairfax, centrally supported, below the Royal Arms of Elizabeth, by the lion and griffin.

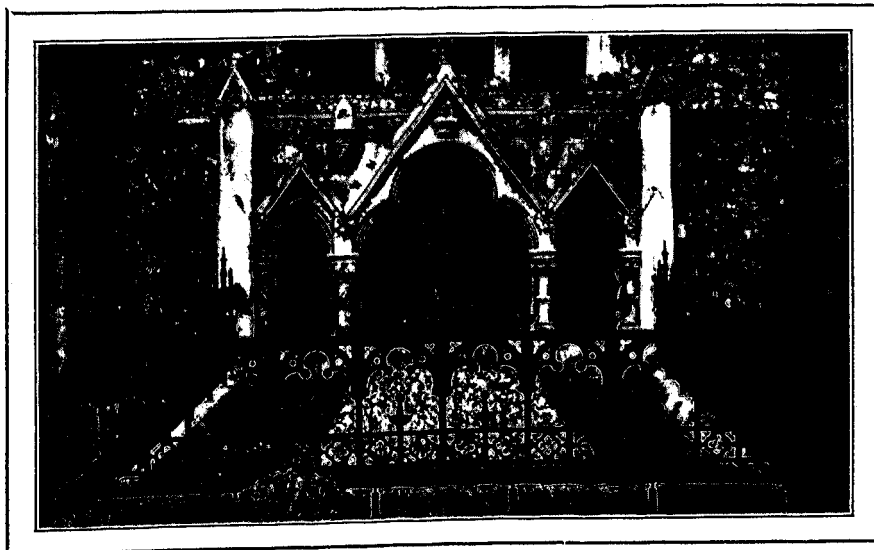
Three stained-glass windows of richness and delicacy are dated and signed "Bernard Diminckhoff, fecit anno 1585." In the completeness of detail, the wonderful beauty of the work, and its artistic unity as a grand reception room, the Great Chamber has never been surpassed. The work was done to the order of Sir William Fairfax, who inherited Gilling Castle in 1571.

The Bill now being drafted by the Office of Works will seek wider powers from Parliament to ensure the protection and preservation of ancient monuments, and it should make it illegal to take such a treasure as the Great Chamber out of the country.

What a relief to those who really love our historic national treasures, that



MEMORIAL IN HUGHENDEN CHURCH OF
BENJAMIN EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.
Erected by Queen Victoria.



THE GRAVE OF THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G., AT HUGHENDEN.

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