

needless to add, gone through two American editions. The short career of Sir John Lubbock as a politician has been marked by substantial success. Although neither a showy orator nor a brilliant debater, he has succeeded in passing six useful Bills beside that Bank Holiday Bill. How does he contrive to get through this quantity of work? Mainly, he will answer, by beginning early in the morning. At six o'clock he will be found in his work-room preparing for the day by a plunge into the world of science, by writing a paper to be read at some learned gathering, or by making anatomical drawings, an art in which he has acquired considerable skill. Then come breakfast, a drive to the Orgington station, and thence, as swiftly as may be, to Lombard Street. Afterwards follows, according to the season, the House of Commons or home, for the member for Maidstone is a genuine family man."

A mile or more from Downe, through a well-wooded valley, we are met by the arms of the City of London, showing the limits of the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, and reminding us that we have reached the limits of our letter. Just out of our limits is Cudham, or—as it is called locally—Coodham, with its church prettily perched on the top of an eminence. Its shingled spire is to be seen on every side. A nearer view shows an edifice of the Early English style, with a handsome north aisle to the nave and a south aisle to the chancel. The latter is made to do duty as a vestry, and one of the most beautiful of Decorated windows is blocked up. The nave has been "restored" with painful propriety. At the east end, and in other parts of the church, the Early English lancet windows have been superseded by square-headed insertions of the later Tudor style. The church contains some fine brasses, a piscina, and other objects of interest to antiquarians. In the churchyard are two magnificent yew-trees, which doubtless flourished there at the Conquest.

A little east of the church stands a modern parsonage, most pretentious in its semi-castellated magnificence, and looking as if it had dropped from heaven. The whole place looks as if it were a hundred miles from London.

Downe and Cudham both lie in the midst of picturesque scenery, but much of the woodlands, which in former times stretched over the greater part of the parish, have within the last few years been converted to agricultural purposes. The route thither from Keston is thus described in Unwin's "Half-Holiday Handbook":—"As we traverse the road, and glanced into the valley beneath, a strangely diversified mixture of colours presents

itself. The beauty of the various tints contrasts with the arable land, and even in winter time the gradation of colour of the chalk soil from white to a deep brown is very striking. In spring it is even more so, as the young corn and clover, with patches of the farmer's enemy, the yellow charlock, and here and there a newly-ploughed field, form a fine study for the artist; while in autumn the ripe corn gives the appearance of a valley of gold. About a mile along the road from Leaves Green is a cottage known by the appropriate name of the Salt Box, from its being shaped like that article; and opposite this are two lanes—one leading down a steep hill into the valley, the other called Jewer's Hill, offering a shady retreat, where beech-trees grow on either side, their branches meeting overhead, and forming a leafy tunnel. This road leads to Croydon and Chelsham; and should the tourist feel inclined to penetrate its recesses, he will be amply repaid by the rich harvest of wild flowers awaiting him. A pleasant ramble on the chalk hills and slopes in search of these will enable him to pluck specimens of the hoary mullein, that grows here to the height of four or five feet, its yellow flowers clustered round the stem making it a very conspicuous object. The sulphur-coloured blossom of the toad flax, the purple of the foxglove, the sweet aromatic-scented wild thyme, the bladder campion, the pretty yellow *cistus*, or rock rose, and milkwort, all lend by their gay hues a charm to these chalky slopes. Continuing along the main road beyond the Salt Box Cottage is a small hamlet called Biggin Hill, consisting of a few cottages tenanted by farm-labourers; and on the left the road leads to Cudham village, which is about three miles distant. The route thither lies through fruit plantations, which are in the summer months scenes of great activity, for shoals of the London poor migrate to the locality for the purpose of earning a few shillings by fruit-picking. One is struck with the wild and romantic picturesqueness of the place, and many would scarcely believe such a spot existed so few miles from the metropolis. A few years ago this region was covered with trees, and formed an immense wood; but the suitability of the soil for the growth of fruit was perceived, and a few growers turned their attention to the cultivation of strawberries, many acres of which are now raised. The roots of the trees were grubbed up, and year after year several acres are added by the same process. Most of the crops find their way into the London markets; and when the season is on, long strings of vans, heavily laden, pass through Bromley during the evening, ready for the next morning's market."