

when damp, and having his pocket-handkerchiefs aired, then it will be high time for him to be buried. Going fishing to-day, doctor? I know where there is the sauciest old bull-trout in all the stream. He has defied me fifty times. Will you come and try a cast?"

Five years after this I was called to see McBride in town. What a change a few years had wrought upon him! The man who used to defy the wildest winter storm that ever blew across the hills of Badenoch, had come to spend the winter in London because of the weather there, he had heard, was mild, and still by no means enervating.

He was only the ghost of his former self. Wind and limb were good enough yet, but the liver was wrong, and that still more delicate organ, the kidney, was not wholly intact. To add to this, the nerves of organic life were greatly shattered.

In these nerves, reader, or in their ganglionic centres, reside a life and power which are in a manner beyond our control. These ganglia and their efferent nerves preside over vital internal motions, as the beating of the heart, for instance, that goes on whether we will it or not, whether we are asleep or awake. Youth and strength may be said to reside in them, and when they begin to fail, vital capacity itself is reduced, and in many cases a complete break-up is inevitable.

McBride was a man who would have everything explained to him. He was afraid, he said, of nothing but that which he did not understand.

Had medicine no power, he asked, over those nerves of organic life? Ah! yes, I answered; but he must be quiet and steady. Medicine and diet both had power over them, by improving the quality of the blood supplied, but he must live now by rule if ever he would be anything like his old self.

That he now saw the folly of his former reckless habits I do not doubt. But this same recklessness now took a new form. I could not get him to follow out my plan of treatment for two days running. He had lost steadiness; he delighted in reading about and sending for every new remedy he heard of. Of course, these were tried, against my wishes, but only for a day or two, and then thrown aside or forgotten.

Had he followed my advice simply and steadily he might yet have got well. He put me in mind of a nervous man in a boat among breakers, who wants to stand up and gaze wildly about him, although his only chance of safety lies in keeping still.

In summer McBride was seized with an irresistible longing to return to Dunroon; and by easy stages so he did. I went with him, and was with him to the end. The most painful part of the concluding scene was the eager desire he evinced to live, and this never deserted him to the last breath. Truly his was a good life thrown away for the want of ordinary precaution; and comment on this short but true history is needless.

WAVERLEY ABBEY.



THE topic with which the town of Farnham in Surrey seems most intimately connected is that of hops, for on the successful cultivation of that graceful climber hinges the prosperity of the wide district of which it may be called the centre. Many are familiar with the old castle towering above the irregular buildings of the town proper, and the archæologist is probably aware that traces of the Romans having not only camped but built their villas in this vicinity are frequently unearthed; but our mission is to tempt all who love nature in her

fairest aspects to quit the beaten track of the tourist, and inspect with us what remains of one of the most ancient of our ruined abbeys—Waverley.

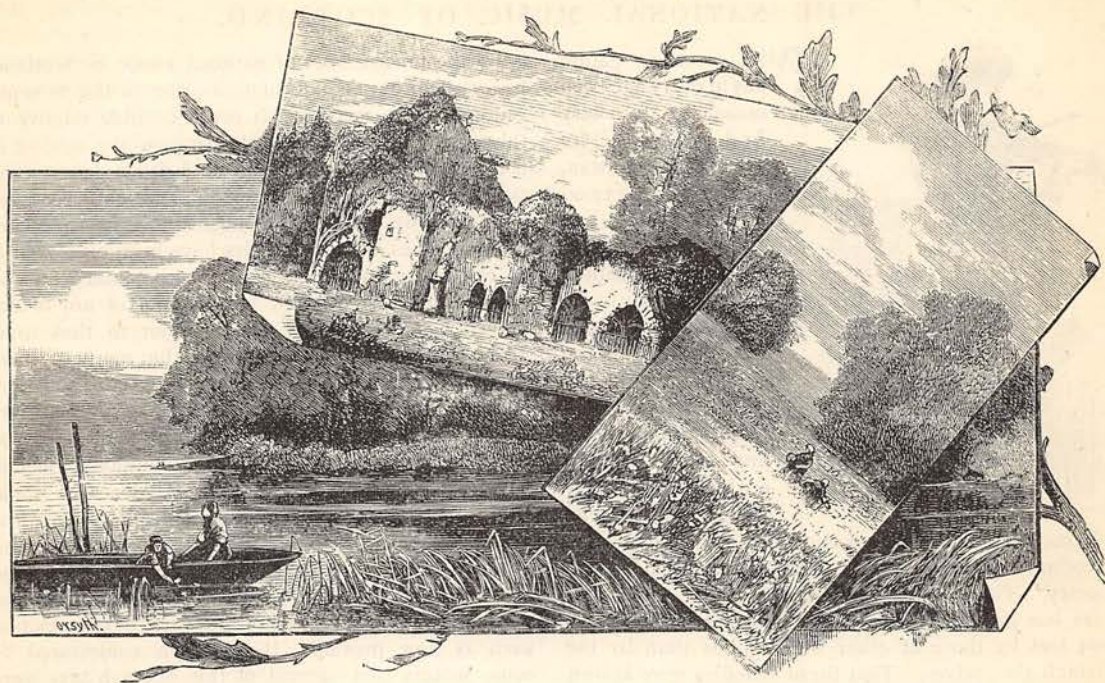
Approach its site from which direction you will, its surroundings are charming, the lanes leading to it winding along under steep banks of sandstone, riddled with the holes of the sand-martin, or at the foot of slopes crowned with fir-trees. The little stream of the Wey babbles through its meadows, or rushes over the weir beside the mill where the Cistercians once ground

the corn that fed the brethren and the poor at their gates. Secluded it must always have been, yet how changed in all else since on a Christmas morning in the twelfth century a Bishop of Winchester laid the foundation, in a bend of the river, of the now vanished monastery!

Whether the site was well chosen must often have proved a vexed question, for the Wey, like other rivers fed from the hills, has a trick of overflowing its banks, and from those records of Waverley which Sir Walter Scott discovered, we believe, while making researches in the State Paper Office, we learn that the very existence of the Abbey was often imperilled by these floods.

But in spite of this disadvantage the inmates had a lovely home—green, and peaceful, and fertile. The hand of the spoiler has had as much to do with the disappearance of the monks' gardens and orchards as time, but nothing can destroy the quiet beauty of the locality.

The gate-house of the convent must have been razed to the ground many long years ago, and on the slope on the north side of an artificial canal or lake is erected the more modern house of the present owners of the estate. By their courtesy admission is freely given to all comers, and a path on the south side of the lake leads to the ruins of the ancient edifice.



The Abbey had been wrecked and despoiled when visited by Aubrey 200 years since, though he described some parts as being in fair condition, and made special mention of "roundels of painted glass" that still remained in some of the windows; but so often were the hewn stones carried away to build walls, &c., in the neighbourhood, that there remains scarcely a vestige of the noble Abbey church, 320 feet long, with its tower and transepts, its many chapels and altars, that possibly vied in grandeur of architecture with Netley or Furness.

Of this or a subsequent church in which no fewer than eight bishops have assisted at an imposing ceremony, nought remains but some buttresses and a portion of the outer walls. A mouldering sun-dial, on whose pedestal are carved a couple of bats with outspread wings, stands on what is supposed to be the site of the high altar; and embedded in the turf one comes suddenly upon a coffin of Purbeck marble that is said to mark the whilom entrance to the choir. Where beneath that emerald sward was the burial-place of the fathers no one seems to know, and of their courts and cloisters, their infirmaries and their chapter-house, a few broken walls and decaying windows are all that meet the eye.

The only portions of the monastic buildings that can be said to be in tolerably good preservation are the common-room or refectory of the monks, which must have been a stately chamber, and the guests' hall, with its groined roof and Purbeck columns. Both are sadly, strangely altered since a monarch (King John) tested the hospitality of an Abbot of Waverley, but they are very interesting relics, and assist one in

realising the splendour of an establishment in which, if the old chroniclers may be trusted, the dedication of the church was celebrated by feasting 7,000 persons of both sexes.

The same river flows on and laps the bases of these walls that saw them rise white and stately, but the manors and the mills of the Cistercians, their farms, their woods, and their messuages have passed into other hands. Even their principal fish-pond, after bursting its banks, was drained, and is now under cultivation. What became of their silver and gold, their rich vestments and jewelled ornaments, only the king's commissioners could have told; but, more strange than all, we cannot hear that any one in the vicinity of Waverley can boast of possessing those less perishable articles, such as oaken chests and chairs, tables and settles, that must have abounded in buildings of such magnitude.

The only exception is a huge copper cauldron that is preserved, oddly enough, in the vestry of a village church a few miles distant. This cauldron is currently reported to have been the property of an old crone who took up her abode in the cave where the Ludewelle or spring arose that supplied the monks' lavatory, but it is with more probability conjectured to have been removed at some time or other from the kitchen of the Abbey.

Waverley Abbey has more attractions than our limited space permits us to enumerate, therefore we say, seek them for yourself, gentle reader, and let us have the gratification of knowing that we have suggested, however crudely, a pleasant day's outing in one of the prettiest parts of Surrey.

L. CROW.