

September 29, 1917.—Another sunny day. Our walk, we three, and then—atrocities until luncheon, when Wheeler came again. I shall turn the book business over to Curtis Brown, and Wheeler will go to London.

This afternoon we had a charming time at Montivilliers—another archæological party of Colonel Kitson Clark's; the old church there, with its Norman tower of the eleventh century, and its additions, and so on, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, plainly visible in the façade. Then we walked to the cemetery of Brise-Garet, charming, with its curious gallery of wood, with carvings—almost gone, worn away by time and weather during nearly four centuries. A sad, pathetic, lovely—really sweet picture—through the arched doorway, at the end of the gallery: Three acolytes in white, bearing a cross, and singing, then an old priest in his robes, then two men bearing the white coffin of a child, and the poor weeping mourners behind; the picture framed by the great door. Beyond the green-grey boles of trees and the splendid sunlight in the foliage. We stood uncovered—ah me! *Sunt lacrymæ rerum!*

We visited too the buildings of the old abbey, part of which was turned into a nunnery, given over now to Portuguese soldiers. We went in—but I fled at sight of our noble allies, telling Kitson Clark that I came to study archæology, not entomology.

We had tea in the upper room of a pâtisserie—all very jolly.