

walk, wondrous little girls holding infants hardly smaller than themselves ; it seemed to be their great delight to join hands and dance in time to the music, and more than once we have been compelled to admire the good nature of Mr. Babbage's enemies in staying on in a place where no pennies were to be expected, in order to play for the children's pleasure. The visitor to any of these slum-districts of London, will ask what the Christian Church has done for their redemption. For the last three hundred years, a certain number of churches have been built, in which after providing seats for the respectable classes who could afford to pay for them, the meanest and least comfortable are left for any chance poor who may care to stray into them. These churches were open but once a week. At that very time on the one holiday when the working man was most strongly tempted to go forth to the parks and suburbs, in search of his weekly allowance of fresh air, and were he to enter the church the bare uninviting service destitute of music, decoration, or anything else that could give it heartiness or beauty, were not likely to attract him to repeat his visit. Better days have come. The gorgeous fane at Hatton Garden, is but a specimen of what has been done in many other poor quarters of London. Every seat in this large church is free to all comers. The magnificent choral service is daily attended by numbers of the poorest class.

For the benefit of those who in that region of moral and physical filthiness could scarce find a spot where to kneel and pray undisturbed, the church doors (over which is the inscription "free for ever to the poor of Christ") stand open night and day.