

men and women have, beneath the sounding-board of this city, spoken to the whole Empire. The story of London forms a very large slice of our national history. If we agree—as we do—that every Briton should be familiar with his own country's history, it becomes obvious that London deserves a foremost place in our interest.

We all know the citizen who will pull you up in the Borough High Street, and pointing down the yard of an old coaching-inn, exclaim, "That is where Mr. Pickwick first met Sam Weller!" but there are still Londoners who do not appreciate the significance of their city. It is hardly credible that a Cockney who knows every dock, wharf and jetty between London Bridge and Tilbury can feel as strange in Westminster as Captain Cook felt when he landed in Hawaii; or that one who sees the cross of St. Paul's every day is an utter stranger to its aisles. Indifference bred of familiarity is not, of course, confined to the Metropolis. The writer remembers meeting in the gallery of the House of Commons a visitor from Haworth, in Yorkshire, where the only features of more than local interest are a parsonage, an inn and a museum; but when this sightseer was asked if he had visited the Brontë Museum, he said "No!" Many a native Londoner if asked a similar question about places which travellers from afar do not miss would have to give a like answer. Even after compulsory education has been in vogue for half a century some are more familiar with the joy-wheel at Loughborough than with the far deeper joy of exploring the scenes where you can almost hear the laughter of Shakespeare, and the heavy tread of Dr. Johnson. Still it is encouraging to know that teachers who realise the educational value of a stroll round London commonly