

fare. We would suggest to the authorities that it might be a great gain if the new hall were made use of as a library. It would hold a very large portion of the books, if not all, which are at all in active use. At the same time it would be quiet and undisturbed by reason of its not being a thoroughfare. The present library could then be used, partly still as a library, but mainly as a room for seeing clients, a waiting room for witnesses, etc. At all events, the use of the hall as a library would, it is thought, be so great a gain, that the fact of its being at present used as a lecture and examination room is a small objection to the scheme.

But if the present library must continue to be the only library, we would urge replacing in the alcoves the tables which used formerly to be there. At present any one intent on searching up the law governing some point which necessitates reference to a number of authorities, and much thought and reflection, may often look in vain for a quiet table on which to place his books, and at which to pursue his researches. The tables now in the library are few, and generally crowded. It is certainly not conducive to profitable study to have some one touching your respective elbows on each side. It might also be well to replace the tables in the two rooms, which were formerly the Benchers' rooms, at each end of the library. At present, these rooms are well nigh worthless as places for reading. Many of the profession share these views. The above suggestions may possibly not be the best that can be made, but we offer them in the hope that whatever is best in the premises may be done.

## SELECTIONS.

### THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

AFTER a few years' absence from London it is hardly safe to assume the present existence of any old landmark, but we hope the much decorated barber's shop in Fleet street, just within Temple Bar, has escaped the fate of its better known neighbour, the old Bar itself, and still remains with its bold inscription informing the passer-by that here once stood the palace of Henry VIII. A second Elia would find matter for an essay in such an instance of the irony of history, but the mantle of Elia, alas! has not fallen upon any successor, and our purpose is not to moralize, but to turn once more, as in the happy days of yore, down the archway under the shop, and descending the flight of steps to enter the ancient and solemn portal of the Temple church. What an airy architecture have we here! How original and striking the effect of the old octagon chapel—of which the first stone was laid by an eastern patriarch in the early crusading days—opening into the younger but still ancient oblong, forming now the principal building. Around us lie the Crusaders themselves, with legs crossed, and their great guards by their sides, while over our heads the quaint gargoyles show the exuberant wit of monastic fancy. How some old fellow must have chuckled to himself when he knocked off this poor sinner's head, with the devil actually eating his ear! Truly Rabelais was not without predecessors who writ their mocking tales in stone.

But we pass through the barrier and enter the main building. Our lady companions are ushered to their separate seats at the side, and we bachelors for the nonce must take our places in the middle pews, for the separation of the sexes still remains a custom of this church, handed down from the old monastic times. A chorister boy is busy arranging music books. A distant strain of rehearsal reaches us from the outer buildings, and we may therefore safely conclude that we have a quarter of an hour to spare before service commences. We notice the clean spring of the arches from the darkly