

replied; "you have only to roll it and mow it for a couple of hundred years."

Before one enters on the rural paradise that surrounds London, he must pass through a dreary region of hideous deformity. For some distance the railway passes on a viaduct over the suburban streets. Anything more ugly than the hundreds of acres of blackened chimney-pots and red-tiled roofs and narrow alleys and crowded dwellings of London's poor, in the manufacturing district on the south of the Thames, it would be hard to conceive. But soon we emerge from this Arabia Petræ of London's stony streets to the Arabia Felix*



DISTANT VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

of her engirdling parks and villas and hedgerows and gardens. We approach the Thames at Putney, where Thomas Cromwell and Gibbon were born and where William Pitt died, and pass Richmond and Twickenham, with their memories of Walpole and Pope. Skirting Richmond Park we cross the winding Thames to Kingston, where several of the ancient sovereigns of England

* For this happy phrase we are indebted to Dr. Nelles admirable address before the English Wesleyan Conference.