

These pages that I have written are inadequate, incomplete. One's eye sees so much that it cannot fathom; one's heart and one's mind feel so much that can be uttered in no mere words; one feels, but one cannot express, the beauty, the grandeur, the might and power, that lie before one in the Capital of the British Empire. As Shelley says,—

London : that great sea whose ebb and flow
At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more ;
Yet in its depths what treasures !