

have passed from glory to degradation, but, happily, only to emerge therefrom, as a solace to our hearts and a delight to our eyes!

Waterloo Bridge, built early in the nineteenth century, seems to me the most beautiful of all the bridges that span the Thames, and this I say in spite of Ruskin's carping and somewhat contradictory criticism. He writes, of the arch under which passes the roadway of the Embankment, "As vast, it alone, as the Rialto at Venice, and scarcely less seemly in proportions." He goes on to say that it "is nothing more than a gloomy and hollow heap of wedged blocks of blind granite." Surely this is an unreasonable and hypercritical judgment?

Alas! the old-time beauties of London Bridge are gone, never to return; and, although the beauty of the present bridge consists chiefly in its great simplicity, one can hardly say more, from the æsthetic point of view, than that it is of excellent proportions.

The Tower Bridge is perhaps the most impressive of all—though by no means the most beautiful. As an engineering feat it is great indeed, and with its immensity is combined the idea of prodigious strength coupled with a grace and harmony of outline that delight and astonish one.