

A Summer's Cycling Reminiscence.

THE STORY OF A THREE MONTHS' BICYCLING
TOUR THROUGH EUROPE, AND AN ACCOUNT
OF SOME OF THE IMPRESSIONS
RECEIVED.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.—XIV.

Good old London! what pleasant memories come back to us as we think of the many delightful days spent within thy gates! Ten days, full of incident and adventure, were wiled away by us in the great capital before we began to realize that, to see anything of the continent, the thread of our journey would soon have to be resumed. It would be an act of presumption for the writer to endeavor with his feeble pen to picture with any degree of accuracy or true coloring what life in London is. The daily existence of a traveller in London is hard to describe; it has to be practically experienced to be appreciated. For instance, this was the programme carried out during the first twenty-four hours after our arrival in London. McLean had already decided that we should at once embrace the opportunity of hearing Gilbert and Sullivan's last operatic effort, "The Gondoliers," so the evening was spent at the Savoy theatre.

Sunday morning found us stirring bright and early—we can use the word "bright" conscientiously, if not the "early"—and attended morning service at St. Paul's; we could not ascertain who the speaker was, but even the poorest preacher would appear eloquent in grand old St. Paul's Cathedral. In the afternoon we wended our way towards Westminster Abbey, with the indefinite idea of reaching there some time. The journey, however, was much shorter than we anticipated, and we arrived at the Abbey barely in time to gain admittance to the interior so dense was the throng of people, the great majority of them being, like ourselves, strangers. We were confined to one little corner of this vast edifice, and could see but very little of the great congregation which filled almost every available inch of room, but we had one privilege which could not be denied us—that of hearing the strains of the mighty organ, the music of which seemed almost divine to us. Ascertaining the location of Spurgeon's church before leaving our hotel, we climbed upon the top of a Cheapside omnibus, and after various changes from one bus to another we reached the church of the great preacher. We had taken the precaution to secure tickets of admission beforehand, so had no difficulty in getting good seats on

the lower floor. Mr. Spurgeon was in one of his happiest moods and gave us the benefit of an excellent sermon, which we duly appreciated; but the absence of an organ to lead the singing of that immense congregation did seem strange to us, and we could hardly realize that we were in a church when we were prompted to turn and look at the almost unlimited accommodation provided by the immense area this building covers together with its two large galleries.

Day after day the hours were employed in visiting the wonders of London, and its sights may well be called "wonders," for the change is constant; you may live a year in London and see something new every day. Shortly after our arrival in the metropolis it was our pleasure and privilege to meet Mr. G. H. Smith, the active secretary of the Anerley Bicycle Club of London. Mr. Smith is—well, to use a phrase of western slang, "out of sight"; everything that he could do to add pleasure to our sojourn in London was done with a willingness and indication of sincerity that was absolutely refreshing. Without making any additional comment upon our doings in London at this time we will hurry the journey forward. Nearly ten days after our arrival in London we started out one bright Sunday morning, under the guidance of our friend Smith, to ride to Brighton. Taking the coach road to this famous resort, we had a delightful run of six or seven hours' duration over an excellent bit of surface. Brighton is a great place, there is no doubt about that; but the entire absence of social gaiety at the time of our visit caused Langley to openly express his disappointment with reference to the town; we could not even get him to visit the Aquarium, which was certainly a mistake. No one in going to Brighton should miss seeing the Aquarium. Every kind and class of submarine animal is there to be found, disporting in its native element.

With the knowledge that France was so close at hand, we cut short our stay in England's fashionable watering place, and Monday afternoon took the road which skirts the sea beach and quickly covered the few miles between Brighton and Newhaven; as we came rushing down the steep hill, at the bottom of which is the little village of Newhaven, we were gladdened by the sight of McBride, who had come on from London by rail. We found that there were yet about three hours to spare before our steamer started, so we amused ourselves by taking a dip in the ocean, afterwards writing a few necessary letters, and becoming acquainted with a vision of earthly loveliness that claimed