

It seems to be much in keeping, too, with its environs, and has nothing offensive in its practical modernity. It looks, with its two massive towers, like what it really is, a great triumphal arch, through which pass the grand old river and the men and the ships that have made Old England what she is. Oh! the splendour of it all—(ah! the misery too)—of this, the richest and the greatest City the world has ever seen!

And now I must say Good-bye to dear old London, with all its wealth and all its poverty, with all its happiness and all its woe, with all its darkness and all its light. It has ever been to me a most enthralling place, not only on account of its intense attractions from an artistic point of view, but also from what it has always taught me to feel so strongly—how little and feeble each one of us is, and that therefore there comes the stronger necessity to try and work aright.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place, without a tear.