
PREFACE

there cannot be many of these. The perpetual rebuilding which goes on discovers a little, but in the main tends to obliterate the older fragments of the City still surviving; a tablet marking the site is a poor substitute for the weathered stones that have been pulled down, but it is all that these modern times have to offer.

The City becomes more and more a collection of office buildings, and drifts steadily away from that type of little dwellings where the older citizens lived, and loved, and suffered, beside the churches which they built and thought to rest in when their work was done; but it is these fragments that to their descendants at home and beyond the seas still make London a land of dreams, and, more than any other, a city of shrines—a place of memories.