

A HOLIDAY TRIP UP THE EAST COAST OF BRITAIN—*Concluded.*

"London at last!" was my cry as we emerged from the station into the busy thoroughfare. It would take a much more skilful pen than mine to describe the wonders of the "great village,"—a whole library of books and a life-time would be required. In a short stay of ten days only the surface could be glanced at, and that imperfectly. Perhaps the most imposing thing in the whole of London is Westminster Abbey, with its hallowed associations. From the time when the little church of St. Peter was miraculously consecrated, down to the time of its present glory, it is inextricably associated with the life and history of the nation, and is a worthy resting-place for Britain's honoured dead. The Abbey on close inspection is rather the worse for time, but is nevertheless very imposing. Emerson's description of architecture, as "frozen music," aptly applies to it. As you enter and hear the great waves of melody from the organ reverberating through the lofty aisles, surrounded as you are by the remains of the illustrious dead, man feels his insignificance in a measure that few other buildings could produce. The Poet's Corner is of course the first thing that everybody looks for. I noticed a beautiful fresh wreath of flowers upon the grave of Dickens, showing in what a manner he is enshrined in the hearts of the people. Henry VII's Chapel in the Perpendicular style is much admired for the elegant fan tracery of the roof.

Outshone by the greater glory of the Abbey, close beside it nestles the little church of St. Margaret's, Westminster. It is interesting as the resting-place of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was beheaded close by in the Palace Yard. The church contains some fine stained-glass windows, one of them to the memory of Caxton, the printer. Passing up Whitehall to Trafalgar Square, we "took in" the National Gallery. It would take more time than the average traveller has to spare to adequately view the wonders in this collection. I was heretic enough to prefer the English and Dutch schools to all the gilded madonnas and saints of the Italians. At the east side of the square is the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, celebrated chiefly for its magnificent Greek portico. In it are the remains of Nell Gwynne, Roubilliac, the sculptor, and other celebrities. Passing eastward along the Strand you come to the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, and further on that of St. Clement Danes, where Dr. Samuel Johnson used to worship. I went into this church and sat in the old Doctor's pew, whereat I felt much improved. Many of the churches in this part of London are the work of Wren, and were erected after the great fire. Owing to the lack of money, Wren was compelled to lavish his genius on the most prominent part of these edifices,—the steeple. Some of Wren's spires, especially that of St. Mary-le-Bon, are very fine. Passing through a narrow passage out of Fleet street, I took a ramble through the Temple, which has been compared to a large cheese tunneled through and through. Many famous men lived here, among them Johnson, Goldsmith, and Blackstone. Their houses can still be seen. The most interesting object is the Temple Church. It is composed of two parts,—a round and an oblong. The Round Church

was consecrated in 1185 and the nave in 1240. It is the largest of the four round churches in England, and narrowly escaped destruction in the great fire of 1666. Its carved Norman doorway is very beautiful, and the church itself contains the tombs of many of the Templars. As the name implies, the Temple was the residence of the Knights-Templar. This Society being suppressed in 1312, the domain passed into the hands of the Knights-Hospitallers, who demised it to certain professors of the common law. Since then the Temple has been one of the great teaching schools of law. The church is the only part that remains of the original buildings. Near the church is the tomb of Goldsmith. In the Middle Temple is the famous Elizabethan Hall, begun in 1562. It has a firm timber roof. In this hall Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was first produced. Not far away is the famous Fountain Court. Here the Lancastrians and the Yorkists plucked the red and white roses which were to be their badges in the coming struggle.

Som. Let him, that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

All will remember the scene in "Martin Chuzzlewit" when Ruth goes to meet her lover in Fountain Court.

"Merrily the fountain leaped and danced, and merrily the smiling dimples twinkled and expanded more and more, until they broke into a laugh against the basin's rim, and vanished." A quiet nook is this, and one can dream an hour or two away very comfortably, away from the din of the great city which cannot penetrate into these retreats. In Fleet street, not far from the Temple lane, is one of the old Elizabethan houses with projecting stories. Here the poet Drayton lived. At the top of Ludgate Hill rises the grimy structure of St. Paul's. It seems as if it was striving to emerge from the darkness and gloom of earth to a purer and more perfect atmosphere. Inside it is so bare of ornament that it seems harsh and cold. The Wellington Memorial by Stevens in one of the side chapels is a fine piece of work. The crypt contains the tombs of Nelson, Wellington, Wren, Turner and other great ones.

Passing along Cannon street, we notice in the wall of St. Swithin's Church the "London Stone," encaged in iron. It is supposed that this was a Roman milliarium. On it Jack Cade smote with his sword, saying, "Now is Mortimer lord of the city."

An interesting place to which I made a special visit was the graveyard of Bunhill Fields in Finsbury. Here lie buried Daniel Defoe, John Bunyan, Susannah Wesley, Isaac Watts and a lot of others. Daniel Defoe is remembered by a tall column erected by the school-children of England. Returning, I passed through Smithfield, that place so often lit with the glare of martyr-fires. On the south side of London Bridge is the interesting church of St. Saviour's, Southwark. It was the church of the Priory of St. Mary Overy, and has a long history. It has been much spoilt by restorations, but the Lady Chapel is in its original state. This contains a fine tomb to Foxe, Bishop of Winchester. In this chapel Gardiner