

casual explorer to make acquaintance with all those "places of interest" listed in the guide-book and then go away and boast that he has seen more of London and has more regard for it than the average Londoner who confesses he has never been up the Monument; but the Cockney, as a rule, looks upon those places of interest as convenient objects intended mainly for the amusement of visitors—the things that he loves London for are not such common public property. When he is exiled and home-sick, far off in Canada or Australia, it is not the Duke of York's column, or even Nelson's, that lifts a beckoning finger in his dreams to lure him back; it is no mental picture of the British Museum or the National Gallery that brings the longing to his heart or the tears to his eyes,—I know what London means to him because I know what it means to me, who was born in it and have grown to manhood in it, so that now I can scarcely walk down any of its streets but my boyhood or my younger manhood has been there before me; something of my past has been trodden into its stones and is as inseparable from it, though none knows anything of this but myself, as all its older, greater memories.

So it comes to pass that the charm of London is largely incommunicable. I cannot realise all that it is to you, nor you all that it is to me, because our experiences, our personal associations with it are not identical. If I were to tell you why a certain doorway in Southampton Street, out of Holborn, is the saddest place in all London to me, and why it is I can never think of St. Swithin's Lane without seeing it paved with sunshine, you would under-