

prospect of it among the thousand and one reasons why I love my birthplace and keep an unfailing interest in it.

You may be irresistibly attracted to London by its glamorous literary or historical associations ; by the fulness, variety, and eagerness of its life ; by the homely sense of human neighbourhood that enfolds you in its crowded thoroughfares ; by the bizarre splendour and pulsing movement of it when all the lamps are alight and the shop-windows flood the tumultuous streets with golden fire ; by the mystery and stranger beauty of it when it lies lifeless under the quiet stars and so lonely that you can hear the echo of your footsteps as you go ; by the countless real and imaginary romances of men and women who have died and men and women who have never lived that fill its highways and byways, day and night, with dreams and ghosts ;—there is such a magic in the very names of many of its streets that, if you know it, when you read them and say them to yourself the long rows of big modern buildings grow as unsubstantial as a mist and fade away and rows of smaller, quainter, more picturesque houses rise in their stead and all old London as it used to be but will never be again closes in about you as by enchantment.

Perhaps this large and general apprehension of the city's witchery is coloured and intensified by feelings and intimate memories peculiar to yourself, and once you are fully susceptible to its manifold, indescribable charm, that view of the Crystal Palace on a clear day really does not seem a joy worth troubling about. It may be well enough for the