

five millions, one half of whom do not know how the other half live. It is increasing steadily at the rate of 600,000 every ten years, and it has undergone vast improvement during the last fifty years. Old Westminster and St. Paul's, however, still hold undisputed sway over all who are susceptible of awe and admiration in the presence of the product of human genius consecrated to noblest uses. Next to them, I think, the Thames Embankment is one of the finest things in London. It is a broad emplacement reclaimed from the river, two or three miles in length, flanked on one side by beautiful gardens, and on the other by a magnificent revetment wall of granite. It cost upwards of ten millions of dollars. Not the splendid Houses of Parliament, with the great clock tower and St. Stephen's Hall, nor all the museums and picture galleries, nor the gorgeous Albert memorial in Hyde Park, not even the docks, vast and admirable as they are, are to be compared with this, the greatest work of modern London. Here Cleopatra's Needle, buried for centuries in the sands of Egypt, was placed in 1878, at the expense of a private citizen, Mr. Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., and is now gazed upon with wonder and admiration by thousands who never so much as heard the name of Cleopatra before. Already a number of monuments have been erected on the Embankment, notably to Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools, "by the S. S. Scholars of England;" to Sir I. M. Brunel, the great engineer; to Henry Fawcett, "by his grateful countrymen;" and to Robbie Burns, by an admiring Scotchman.

The British and Foreign Bible Society rooms and Exeter Hall were visited, and in both places the officials were extremely courteous. In the former, the principal attraction is the library of some 15,000 volumes, containing probably the largest collection of the various translations and editions of the Bible to be found anywhere—including Wycliffe's and Tyndale's, Coverdale's and Cranmer's and Luther's, the "He" and the "She" Bibles; the "Breeches," the "Vinegar," and the "Treackle" Bibles, &c. Thirteen thousand Bibles and portions are sent out from this central depot every working day in the year, in 270 different languages. In the main Hall there is a very large and fine painting of Luther reading the Bible; also full size portraits of Tyndale

and others who have benefited the world by their contributions to sacred literature. Exeter Hall was purchased a few years ago, and fitted up for the use of the Young Men's Christian Association at a cost of \$240,000, all at the expense of six gentlemen who contributed \$40,000 each for this purpose. It is situated in the busiest part of the Strand, close to the Adelphi, the Gaiety, and other theatres, and an innumerable number of saloons, restaurants, billiard rooms and other places of questionable resort. Over its doors might appropriately be written *Lux in tenebris*, for the Association is doing a good work for the improvement of the spiritual and mental condition of young men; but anyone who is conversant with the equipment of similar institutions in America, will be inclined to say that Exeter Hall itself is a huge mistake, in every respect ill-adapted for the purpose for which it was acquired. The big Hall, which holds some 4,000 people, is but seldom used; the Library is in the cellar, and the whole thing is behind the times. This parent Association should be better housed. The president of the Association, since the death of Lord Shaftesbury, is Mr. George Williams, the revered and honoured founder and treasurer, as he is also a munificent supporter of the Association, and the father of the 3,000 associations scattered all over the world which have grown out of it; the General Secretary is Mr. Edmund.

Having thus accounted for two weeks, I should now proceed to summarize the varied experiences of that which followed, but I must confess it baffles my powers of boiling down. I must just skim the surface and ask leave of the Managing Editor *pro tem*, to send a few more leaves from my notebook at another time. We crossed the English Channel on the night of August 30th and arrived at Antwerp next morning at 9.30. We had three hours to inspect the quaint old town and exquisite cathedral, and to listen to the chiming of the bells. One hour by rail and we were in beautiful Brussels, where we were roasted as in a slow oven for forty-two hours. The thermometer only registered 90° in the shade but it felt ten degrees hotter. The evening of September 2nd found us at Cologne, enjoying the hospitality of our old friend, Herr Krone, and inhaling the balmy breezes of the Rhine. Next day we thought to reach Heidelberg,