

torted heads. One is a copy of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," and another is dedicated to Dr. Livingstone, which recall the lines of *Punch*, the burial in Westminster Abbey, of this famous explorer.

"Open the Abbey doors and bear him in
To sleep with King and statesman, chief and
sage,
The missionary born of weaver kin
But great by work which brooks no lower wage.
He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is
known,
He lived, he died for men, be this his fame
Let marble perish—this is *Livingstone*."

A stroll westward from the City Temple brings you to Giltspur Street, so called from the knights who wore gilt spurs riding that way to the jousts in Smithfield, once the scene of quintain, tournaments and miracle plays. At Smithfield too, were held the Bartlemy Fairs, with their bull and bear baiting, acrobatic performances, prize fights by women, shows of dwarfs, monstrosities, and tigers pulling feathers from live fowl. However, the most popular amusement was the burning of witches and heretics, hence it was known as "Ruffian's Hall." It was in Smithfield that the Lord Mayor killed Wat Tyler, and in 1305 William Wallace was here beheaded.

This Golgotha will always be a blot on England's escutcheon, and on the memories of those apostles of religious bigotry, and blinding fanaticism who here lit the torch and whetted the blade. Two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burnt before, in the words of Fuller, "the hydropical humor, which quenched the life of Mary, extinguished also the fires of Smithfield."

Here, the flames licked up the life of the beautiful Anne Askew, she having been brought hither in a chair, because forsooth, my Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, "stockish, hard, and full of rage," had almost torn her body asunder on the

rack, and so she was unable to stand on her poor dislocated feet. To this spot too, came John Bradford, John Rogers, and a host of other "Holy men who died here martyr'd and hereafter glorified." It was a hard problem the church had to solve, for what could she do with men who passed to their death with light steps, and the words on their lips. "This is life eternal." Their bones, with scarce a semblance of humanity, were buried where they fell, and now a tablet marks the spot.

To the memory of these saints, and that of my own good ancestors, I laid a wreath of laurels on the stone, all the while repeating mentally some lines, the burden of which was, "Lest we Forget."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

London, Feb. 1.

Last night we attended a Protestant demonstration in the Royal Albert Hall, held under the auspices of fifty societies.

Deputations were brought from Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, by special trains. Although we had tickets of admittance, we found it hard to get in, and had to push our way through the elbowing crush that filled the vestibule. Already ten thousand people (six hundred of them clergymen) were seated in the great amphitheatre.

The chairman, Lord Kinnaid, said this meeting was the greatest demonstration of modern times. From four o'clock that day, he had received 685 telegrams from all parts of the world, one from Nottingham said, "We the undersigned English men and women, loving civil liberty, heartily support your efforts to maintain the grand cause of Protestantism to which England owes her greatness." To this telegram were appended 3,333 names, every one of which was telegraphed.