

on which his head was exposed to sun and shower for thirty years. At length in a storm it was blown to the ground, picked up by a sentry, concealed in his house, and is now—strange irony of history—preserved, it is said, at Sevenoaks, in Kent.

From Westminster Bridge is obtained one of the grandest views in Europe—the noble river front of the New Houses of Parliament on one side, and St. Thomas's Hospital and Lambeth Palace, with its memories of Cranmer and the Lollards, on the other. Along the river side, on either hand, are the splendid Victoria and Albert Embankments, one of which is shown in our frontispiece. In the middle distance is Waterloo Bridge, and to the left the long façade of Somerset House.

One of the strongest impressions felt in London is that of its wealth and its poverty, its greatness and its misery, the immense differences of rank, the luxury of the rich, the wretchedness of the poor. Poverty is everywhere apparent, notably in the itinerant vendors of toys, trinkets, combs, pencils—almost anything for a penny; and, in the poorer regions, the wayside stalls for cheap food—pigs' feet, tripe, and the like. We noticed these especially at the great Smithfield market, with its memories of the martyrs, where the cries of the chapmen and vendors vociferously seeking custom were bewildering.

From Smithfield we visited a spot dear to the heart of every Methodist the wide world over—City Road Chapel, the mother church of Methodism. It seems to bring one nearer to the springs of Methodism to stand in the old pulpit in which its early fathers preached; to sit in Wesley's chair; to see the room in which he died; the study, a very small room, in which he wrote many of his books; the very time-worn desk at which he sat; and then to stand by the grave in which he was buried. In the old parsonage we saw the teapot, of generous dimensions, from which Wesley used to regale the London preachers every Sunday. On one side was the verse beginning "Be present at our table, Lord," and on the other, the words "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," etc. Near by rest the ashes of Clarke, Benson, and other fathers of Methodism.

"City Road Chapel," says the Rev. Hugh Johnston, in an admirable account of a visit to that historic spot, "is a very simple and unpretending structure, and since the fire, has been restored just as it was when first erected. My heart was stirred to see