

he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master."

No scholars are there now; the school has been removed outside London; but you may see the place just as Thackeray pictures it, and it is still a quiet haven for the Poor Brethren of the Charterhouse. The chapel bell that Colonel Newcome heard strike rings at the usual hour every evening, as they tell you it has rung every evening for some three centuries; and in Washhouse Court they show you what is traditionally the room in which the Colonel lived and died.

Since we must end somewhere, we may as well end here, against Smithfield, where we began. Not that our theme is exhausted; it is inexhaustible. All our great English authors have spent some of their time in London, from Chaucer downwards; more than half of them have lived many years in it; many of them—I believe I should not be far wrong even if I said half of them—were born in it, and as often as not it is their personal experiences of it that they have written into the lives of their characters. It is always decaying, and passing away, and renewing itself. Once London was as full of houses and streets associated with the imaginary men and women of the Elizabethan dramatists (those loyalest of Londoners); as now it is of associations with the imaginary people of Dickens, Thackeray, Gissing; as to-morrow it will be of similar associations with the characters of the imaginative writers of to-day; and it is because, for all its stern realities, it is such a wonderland of glorious dreams that every true Londoner sighs