

Traversing the old historic Cheapside, probably the most crowded thoroughfare in the world, we reach St. Paul's, five times burnt down and rebuilt, and associated with many of the chief events of English history. Its mighty dome dominates the entire city with a majesty surpassing even that of St. Peter's at Rome. Of all its monuments, we thought the most impressive that of England's greatest sailor, Horatio Nelson, in the solemn crypts, and that of her greatest soldier, Arthur Wellesley, in its lofty aisle; the latter a magnificent sarcophagus beneath a marble canopy.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR.

Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest forever
Amongst the wise and the bold.
In streaming London's central roar
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

From the golden gallery, four hundred feet in air, one gazes upon a denser mass of humanity and its abodes than is elsewhere seen on earth. The crowded streets, the far-winding Thames, the distant parks and engirdling hills, make a majestic picture, whose impressiveness is deepened by the thought that the pulsations of the heart of iron throbbing in the mighty dome vibrate upon the ears of more persons than people the vast extent of