

eter. The population of London comprises more than one hundred thousand foreigners, and more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than all Palestine. Every four minutes a birth takes place in the metropolis, and every six minutes a death.

London is not merely the largest and most rapidly spreading city in the world, but it exceeds in opulence and luxury, and probably, too, in chronic destitution and misery, every other city; and every year its wealth and wretchedness increase upon a scale to which history affords no parallel. The area already covered by the mighty town, which adds another big town to its mass each succeeding year, is about 450,000 square acres, and it contains 700,000 houses, of which 26,170 were built in 1881. During the last thirty years whole districts, large as cities, have arisen, as by the wand of an enchanter. In that time the length of the streets has been increased by over fifteen hundred miles, of which eighty-six miles were constructed in 1881. London stands in four counties, and is striding on to a fifth. In its march it has swallowed up hundreds of suburban villages, and it threatens to engulf many more. In one direction it has devoured Bow, Blackwall, and Stratford, and licks its lips for Ilford and Barking; in another it has nearly reached Hammersmith, and menaces Chiswick and Turnham Green. Hampstead and Highgate are almost overtaken by it on the north, and on the south its antennæ nearly touch Dulwich and Balham.

"When a man is tired of London," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Charles Lamb used to shed tears in the motley and crowded Strand from fulness of joy at the sight of so much life. In contemplating this "tuberosity of civilization" (as Carlyle terms the modern Babylon), now more than twice the size of Paris, who can realize that it was once confined to the hill above the Walbrook; that an estuary filled what is now St. James's Park; and that Camberwell and Peckham, if on dry ground at all, were on the margin of a vast shallow lake, interspersed with marshes and dotted with islets? Yet we are told by Mr. Loftie, in his recent *History of London*, that there was a prehistoric time when elephants roamed on the banks of the Thames, when Westminster was a haunt of stags, and when the men who slew them slew them with weapons of stone.

It is said that there are more churches and chapels in London than in all Italy. London has nearly thirteen thousand policemen, twelve thousand cabmen, and twelve thousand post-office