

unprotected female having any comfort in a journey with such a prospect before her! There is no such thing as calmly walking to the cabstand and handing your check to the cabman, while you contentedly enter his cab. You must first secure your traps, then, with your arms full, make your way as best you can to the tender-hearted cabman who awaits you outside.

There are many ways of seeing London, and probably one of the best for those who have but a limited time at their disposal is to see it from the top of a 'bus. As these ply in all directions, from aristocratic Regent Street and Piccadilly, down through St. Giles, and on through Whitechapel to the Mile End, phases of London life are presented which are not easily seen in any other way. As a rule, too, the drivers are well informed, and not indisposed to gratify your thirst for knowledge. But you will probably be seated with the driver some time before this thirst for knowledge comes upon you. The fact is, you are in a constant state of nervous apprehension. The streets are crowded with vehicles of all sorts, carriages, cabs, carts, drays and donkey waggons crossing and recrossing each other in every possible direction, until you are satisfied that there is no possibility of getting through without crushing a cab or riding over a donkey waggon. Yet, in the midst of all this seeming confusion, your driver sits serenely, steering his great omnibus with such skill through each winding channel that, in a burst of admiration, you are likely to forget your principles, and treat him to what he so much loves—a pot of English ale. Yet this traffic is one of the sights of London. To sit on one of the 'busses, at the Mansion House, and watch the gulf stream of humanity as it flows round the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, gives one a new sensation, which is much heightened as you lift your eyes towards Cheapside and see how the surging masses strike against each side of the street, and eddy away into lanes and alleys with all the restless regularity of a heaving sea.

The 'bus top at night brings before you, in all its brilliant hideousness, one of the greatest curses of London life—"the gin palace." Far as the eye can reach, in any street you may be riding through, you see, at regular intervals, a house brilliantly illuminated. As you get near you see that there is a constant stream in and out of the illuminated palace; yet nearer still, and from your point of vantage on the 'bus, you can see, over the ground glass that covers the lower part of the window, that the place is still full, and that fully one-half of those who are thus squandering their earnings, blighting their homes, and nightly adding to the criminal classes, are women.

It is no wonder that in London great wealth and luxury are yet surrounded by extreme poverty and wretchedness. Their drinking habits are simply awful, and the crowds at these gin palaces must represent untold misery somewhere.

Perhaps I should add, by way of mitigation, that as a rule Englishmen in their cups are not quarrelsome. You can pass through these reeling ranks wherever you may meet them, at any hour of the night, and if you mind your own business no one is likely to molest you. Much of this security is, of course, due to the watchful care of London policemen; but when you have credited them with what they may justly claim—and it is generally admitted that the London Police System is the most perfect in the world—there is yet room to credit much of the street security to the inoffensive habits of the Londoner, even when under the influence of drink.

The moral police system of a community is centred in its churches, and there is certainly no lack of these centres in London. On the Surrey side of the Thames, not far from Blackfriars' Bridge, a plain, unpretending building that would scarcely attract your notice as you passed on a Sunday morning, is forced upon your attention by the long stream of humanity which bends its course in that direction. Entering with the stream, you find yourself in the far-famed Spurgeon Tabernacle. The audience-room is about as long as the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, but very much wider, and it has two galleries instead of one. The church is uncarpeted, and the pews are not upholstered; yet there is an air of great neatness and cosiness throughout. As a stranger, you must stand in the aisles until the pew-holders have had an opportunity of taking their seats; but at five minutes to the time for beginning the service, if the pew-holders are not