

judgment day. They communicate with the river by means of huge gates through which the water flows in and out, and which are opened and shut by hydraulic power.

The total water area of these docks, including that of those on the opposite or Birkenhead side of the river, is 421 acres, with a lineal quay-space of 28 miles, and this is exclusive of the area of the graving docks, which is also considerable.

As might be expected, the shipping interest, which so greatly predominates in Liverpool, has given a corresponding shape and character to its general business and enterprise. In some sections of the town there are whole streets in which one can buy anything pertaining to the building and rigging of a ship, or to the feeding and clothing of a sailor, but hardly anything else. In certain shops, for example, every thing in the shape of hempen lines, from a twine to a hawser, is offered for sale; in others, quadrants, chronometers and compasses, or belts, hammocks and "sou'-westers." Looking into the street one sees a continuous line of drays and lorries, passing and repassing, laden with chains, anchors, manilla, tar, oakum; while every other man met on the side-walk is a sailor, custom-house officer, dock-gateman, or boatman.

But while Liverpool wears a decidedly maritime aspect, while the business of the place is that of a people who go down to the sea in ships, it has yet other interesting features. Some of these are *physical*, as its fine parks, skirted with the elegant residences of its hundreds of princely merchants and ship-owners who appear daily on 'Change. Some are *historical*, as the Wellington monument, reared in commemoration of the military exploits of the great Duke, the statue of himself which surmounts the tall shaft having been cast of the cannon which were taken at Waterloo. Others again are *ecclesiastical*, as the different places of religious worship, which in size and finish compare quite favorably with those of the other great towns of England. Then there are various buildings for literary, scientific, and charitable purposes, some of them reared by public,

and others by private munificence, as St. George's Hall, the Free Public Library and Museum, and the Parochial Industrial Schools. These last are a magnificent pile of buildings in the Elizabethan style of architecture, in which 1200 children ranging from 3 to 14 years of age find a healthful and happy home.

In St. George's Hall I had the pleasure of attending a Sunday School Concert. Over a thousand children, all dressed in white—at least the female portion of them—took part in the exercises. The great organ—one of the finest in England—under the skilful touch of Mr. Best, one of England's best organists, gave forth its grandest, sweetest tones. It was an entertainment ravishing to both eye and ear. Those hundreds of little girls in their white apparel, and pouring forth their sweet songs, appeared like so many angels. In rising simultaneously from their elevated seats to sing, they seemed almost to be spreading their wings to fly; but if they did not themselves go up, their singing was yet like bringing the New Jerusalem down.

But while they sang so sweetly and executed their several parts so well, I could not yet help feeling that the tunes were of a heavier kind than those ordinarily sung in Sunday Schools this side of the Atlantic. They seemed to me less sprightly in movement and less animating in sentiment than most children prefer; although it must be confessed that not a few composers of Sunday School music, in endeavouring to adapt their compositions to the taste and capacity of children, have gone to an extreme in these respects, and produced specimens of song of a decidedly namby-pamby kind. In some instances little regard has been had to truth itself. I know not the author of the hymn in the first stanza of which the singer expresses the desire, and in the last the certainty, of being an angel after death; but whoever he was, in putting forth this sentiment he must have consulted his own fancy rather than the word of God; for the Scriptures lend no countenance to the notion that human beings are transformed into angels in the next world.