

word's been presented at court. The sun also in conjunction with the tulips and budding horse chestnut trees have further come out. Smiling spring together with smirking society have taken possession of London in general or rather the West End in particular.

It is in the Park that society is on exhibition. Here one can view with bated breath (if he be an anglo-maniac) the blue blood of Britain, or, for that matter, from the fact of its being Jubilee year, the blue blood of every nation under the sun. London glories in numerous parks, but "the Park" is essentially Hyde Park. Here it is during the season that the Honorable Lord Tom Noddy doffs his shingle tile to the stately and distant dowager viscountess [and her lovely daughters (vide the Family Herald)]

One can spend a very instructive day, in Hyde Park, for here one can indulge his tastes and study almost any subject in existence from fancy swimming to politics, atheism to the latest style in trimming poodles, from the Prince of Wales to a vagrant. Arrogant riches and levity, poverty and sorrow, jostle each other, the only individual not in evidence being the wheel crank. He may be in the park but his wheel is conspicuous by its absence "for which relief much thanks."

London early in the morning is not the most seductive place on earth—there are too many ash barrels around, dustmen, milkmen, blear-eyed toppers, and that heart breaking vast army of homeless outcasts and semi-starved paupers who are perpetually being told by the police to "move on," who wander from railway arch to doorstep in their endeavor to find a resting place for their tired limbs; with the advent of dawn they creep out from their hiding places and wend their way parkwards where they can stretch their aching bodies out on the green sward. To them the parks with the drab canopy of heaven above are a home, and any spring morning before the gates open one can see this army of loafers waiting for admittance.

It is well worth the trouble of getting up early in the morning to view this great city in its different aspects. Up Piccadilly we go, which twelve hours previous was crowded with fashionable equipages and fair shoppers who in their turn disappeared to be succeeded by thousands of promenading gaudily dressed and painted members of the demi monde, giddy youths, and old roués, in evening dress, and opera coats. These have dissipated and now we pass by the closed shops, aristocratic clubs, huge private mansions wherein wrapped in slumber lie the Duke of Devonshire, Baron Rothschild, the Duke of Wellington, et al, and arrive at Hyde Park Corner. The gates have just been opened. From all directions come scurrying young healthy looking fellows with towels over their shoulders, bound one and all for the Serpentine (a piece of ornamental water.) With a yell and a roar they disrobe upon the bank and ere one can realize it there are several hundred little figures swimming and diving in the water much to the scandalization of the well behaved waterfowl. Towards 7 o'clock the crowd of ablutitionists becomes denser, and ranges from the office boy to the man who never misses a morning's dip the year round even if the Royal Humane Society's man—who is always in attendance in case of accidents

—has to break the ice. At five minutes to eight the majority are upon the bank dressing, for anyone who is in a state of undress when Big Ben, a mile away at Westminster, booms out eight o'clock, is promptly collared by the police for indecent exposure. Eight o'clock strikes and several small boys make a frantic break for their wardrobes which lie upon the bank dive into their shirts and go scudding in the breeze across the green sward, like young comets (from the fact that they are all tail) with a park keeper and a "hobby" in hot pursuit. One however remains, a beautiful "relievo." Cupid in distress, and as his limped fawn like eyes are lifted supplicatingly up to the face of the stern limb of the law, his chiselled lips plaintively murmur "Please Sir them—'ave stole me blooming clothes." Bathing is also permitted after 7:30 p. m. in the Serpentine and every evening it is great fun to watch the line of enthusiasts standing along the bank with every available button undone, ready at the stroke of the clock to throw off their garments and with one fell swoop rush violently down the steep place into the water.

From nine until one o'clock aristocracy takes its equestrian exercise on that well known Rotten Row. A walk outside the railings of this famous Row is most enjoyable. The reason why it received its peculiar name is unknown, though it is generally conceded that it had its derivation from the French, Route de Roi. The Row is about as wide as E-st Temple street including the sidewalks, and extends across the Park, being flanked on both sides with a double avenue of trees. No vehicles of any description are permitted to intrude, the surface being covered with sand and tan bark to the depth of the horses, betlocks. Here during the season can be seen every description of animals from a polo pony to a racer and hunter; fat girls, slim girls, ugly girls and pretty girls, one and all attired in faultless tailor made riding habits and followed at a respectful distance by liveried lackeys; young heirs to titles and millions prance around on spirited horses, together with grizzled old war veterans with waxed moustaches who come along on that detestable English trot, that is considered good style in riding.

But it is in the afternoon that the Park is seen at its best. To use a Utah lady's expression, who is visiting England, "one just stands still in amazement and fairly gasps" For hours a double procession, two lines going and coming, pass in review; large heavy handsomely upholstered carriages furnished with rubber tyres and the family arms emblazoned upon the panels, with a liveried coachman and footman upon the box pass upon the slow trot and are kept in line by the mounted police at stated intervals; the occupants of the various equipages loll back on their cushions and survey the common herd through their quizzing glasses with an icy stare. Half a million of money is represented in the horse flesh in the park alone on a single afternoon. Here comes a curious yellow chariot, which a sacrilegious Mormon Elder promptly dubs a "Studebaker wagon" Upon the box are perched the usual coachman and footman. Only these dignified servants are clothed in strange attire, viz.: Plush knee breeches, silk stockings, gold laced hats and curled white wigs. Within the

open carriage sits in solemn state a nursemaid with an infant in her arms; 'tis some young viscount or duke out for an airing. Then the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York drive along followed by an admiring crowd.

But Hyde Park is not wholly given up to the aristocrats and sycophants who pay a penny for a seat within the railings so as not to have their skirts contaminated by the contact with the rabble on the free benches. Across the Park at an entrance known as the Marble Arch, is situated a vacant bare spot. Here it is that is situated the poor man's parliament. All day long, but especially in the evening, discussing politics and every "ism" under the sun, may be seen little knots of men, and for any young Mormon Elder, who is dying for a chance to confound the wisdom of the world, right here let me prescribe a dose of poor man's parliament, to be well shaken before taken. Situated about a quarter of a mile within the Park from the Marble Arch is Reformers Tree. It is here that all the large labor demonstrations are held. On May day I attended a huge demonstration held here in favor of eight hours labor a day. There were some thirty bands in the procession. The anarchists were there in force singing the Marsellaise to the elevation of the red flag and red cap of liberty. There were twelve platforms from which the leading labor leaders, socialists and anarchists of Europe spoke, including several ladies, who, if anything, were more denunciatory than the men, whilst a big force of police stood by and smiled.

In Regents Park similar scenes are enacted on a smaller scale. It is here every Sunday morning that the Mormon Elders hold forth. It was in Regents Park that the London boys opened up the summer campaign and sallied forth in fear and trembling. We were early, but finally after much debating, selected a spot and sailed in. Let us be merciful and pass over that hymn, the rendition of which caused an aged park keeper to lean feebly against a tree and weep bitterly. No sooner did our melodious voices scare the sparrows than the crowd began to gather in to see who was suffering. To the left of us a hoary-headed disciple of theosophy erected a scarlet banner and began to yell at the horizon in his endeavor to gain an audience. Thirty feet immediately in front of our little band a man mounted a portable rostrum and proceeded to ridicule the Bible and Almighty in a manner that made one's blood run chill. To the right of us was another similarly engaged; whilst behind us was a socialist who cursed society and every "blood-sucker" in toto. In such a pandemonium did our gallant little band stand by our guns and rake them fore and aft. Our worthy president trotted out our best rhetoricians (Canon Farrar and B. H. Jr.), and we had the sympathy of the crowd. I only wished that I had a phonograph to record that meeting, with the object in view of reproducing the same at farewell missionary benefits at home. It might sound something like this:

Our side.—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not, shall be damned."

Party on left.—"Now look at your ministers, Moody and Sankey, Dr. Parker, et al; all a lot of damned humbugs."

Party in front.—"And they call this