

died as a rejected queen. Here the Jews were tortured. Here the Seven Bishops were imprisoned. Here Lady Jane Grey was led to her execution. Stand with me, at night, at the entrance to the Traitor's Gate and think of the long, long line of the condemned who have passed beneath its scowling masonry.

I stood in London Tower and there swept over me the memories of a thousand years. Standing in the presence of a sparkling array of imperial jewels I thought of how the fierce waves of history had swept through this old castle. How revolutions and counter revolutions had changed it from armory to residence, from residence to palace, from palace to storehouse, from store house to mint, and from mint to hospital.

London! Seven thousand miles of streets! Every twenty minutes a new building is added. Every four minutes a child is born. Every five minutes a soul passes into eternity. I confess that the streets of London had for me a strange fascination; so narrow and so broad, so straight and so crooked, so ugly and so beautiful, so ancient and so modern, so clean and so squalid, so new and so old—and when I read certain inscriptions on houses which stand for the architecture of a past generation I wondered if my house would ever be thought worthy of such a tablet: "In this house lived William, Ewart Gladstone." "Here John Henry Newman lived in his youth," "Here Oliver Goldsmith lodged," "Here the Duke of Wellington resided," "Here Samuel Johnson dined."

Kipling sings his song concerning "The Five Nations and the Seven Seas" and Shakespeare exclaims: "This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England." But the historian, Macaulay, ventures to paint a vivid picture of the time when the glory of England shall have passed away and "when some traveller from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of the London bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's cathedral." In such an hour what would be left? London bridge, gone! Thames Embankment, gone! Parliament buildings, gone! Buckingham Palace, gone! St. Paul's Cathedral, gone! The Bank of England, gone! The British Museum, gone! Westminster Abbey, gone!

What would we have left? We would have left the untold treasures of a great language. The language of John Milton and William Shakespeare. A book written in German is read by Germans, a book written in French is read by Frenchmen, a book written in Spanish is read by Spaniards, but a book