

that time must give way to some one else. All of those who rose, appeared to be speaking with great earnestness, and not a few, as they sat down, were shaken hands with by many of those sitting or standing near. At 9.30 the collectors pass round, and now those who wish may leave. In connection with the Army a paper called the *War Cry* meets with a good demand. This is sold on Sunday as well as week-day to the London people.

*Friday, August 24th.*—Knowing that my stay in England is now fast drawing to a close, I take the opportunity to-day of making a final visit to

## LONDON CENTRE,

And of ascending high above the clatter of the London world. Accordingly after numerous enquiries as to the shortest route, found my way to my destination, the

## MONUMENT.

This gigantic piece of masonry commemorates the Great Fire of London, and is situated near the Thames' embankment, within easy walking distance of St. Paul's Cathedral. For the trouble of climbing up the monument stairway a fare of three-pence is expected, and asked for—not asked for either, for the old man at the foot of the stair-case is either very deaf or both deaf and dumb. Passing this old man I observe a task is before me. Leaning over the bannister and looking upward I am made aware that the bright spot, I see above this spiral shaped stairway, must be neared very closely before my trouble is half over. The stone stairway, winding round in a spiral form, ascends to a tremendous height. At intervals port-holes, to admit a little light and help to ventilate the interior, alcoves also, have been left. The latter are patronized by the tired climber, when not altogether out of reach, but as this happens very often, they are not of much aid either ascending or descending. Emerging on to the stone platform, I catch a fresh breeze, hundreds of feet above the travellers on the streets below. I have more of an inclination to lie down rather than stand up, and try to rest my trembling limbs. An iron-barred cage encloses the visitors, and thus avoids what would necessarily be a common occurrence, the losing of hats or caps. Telescopes may be had on the payment of a penny for ten minutes' time, when I gladly give up the instruments to the owner after following all kinds of devices to see some one thing distinctly through them, but fail. Not being a very clear morning, I cannot distinguish buildings at any great distance. The Crystal Palace with its glistening roof is just caught sight of. We have however a vast amount to attract our attention in the immediate vicinity. One of the most pleasant parts of my tour is to lean against the railing and view the many moving masses, vehicles diminutive in size, in scores at the street corners, as a slight murmuring sound is gently wafted by us with the