

Young Friends' Review.

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."

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HIGH NOON.

Time's finger on the dial of my life
Points to high noon. And yet the half-spent
day
Leaves less than half remaining? For the
dark
Bleak shadows of the grave engulf the end.

To those who burn the candles in the stick,
The sputtering socket yields the little light,
Long life is sadder than an easy death.
We cannot count on raveled threads of age
Whereof to weave a fabric; we must use
The warp and woof the ready present yields,
And toil while daylight lasts. When I bethink
How brief the past, the future still more brief
Calls on to action, action! Not for me
Is time for retrospection or for dreams;
Not time for self-laudation, or remorse.
Have I done nobly? Then I must not let
Dead yesterday unborn to-morrow shame.
Have I done wrong? Well, let the bitter taste
Of fruit that turned to ashes on my lip
Be my reminder in temptation's hour
And keep me silent when I would condemn.
Sometimes it takes the acid of a sin
To cleanse the clouded windows of our souls
So pity may shine through them. Looking
back

My faults and errors seem like stepping-stones
That led the way to knowledge of the truth
And made me value virtue! Sorrows shine
In rainbow colors o'er the gulf of years
Where lie forgotten pleasures. Looking forth
Out to the Western sky, still bright with
noon,
I feel well spurred and booted for the strife
That ends not till Nirvana is attained.

Battling with fate, with men, and with myself,

Up the steep summit of my life's forenoon,
Three things I learned—three things of precious worth,

To guide and help me down the western slope.

I have learned how to pray, and toil, and save;

To pray for courage to receive what comes,
Knowing what comes to be divinely sent;

To toil for universal good, since thus
And only thus can good come unto me;

To save, by giving whatso'er I have
To those who have not—this alone is gain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Arena.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

(Continued.)

One day we visit the Tower of London, a place of historic interest, and called the saddest spot in England. The castle is very large, built of heavy stone masonry, surrounded by a thick stone wall, and a moat, which used to be kept full of water, with drawbridges to cross over to the inner wall, an old-time method of defence. It was once the home of kings and queens, but its large banquetting hall is now filled with relics of ancient warfare. There are life-sized representations of horses and men clad in heavy steel armour, also the knights of the fourteenth century, carrying long lances in their hands, by means of which their opponents were unhorsed. Instruments of torture, such as were used by the Inquisition, are exhibited, among which we notice thumb-screws and the rack. We called it the chamber of horrors, but were reminded thereby of the many cruelties that have been practiced often in the name of religion. In the oldest tower, full of gloomy cells, many illustrious persons have been imprisoned, and names and messages are roughly engraved by dull implements in the walls by solitary ones, who sought to leave some record of their feelings. Tradition says it was here Lord Guildford Dudley was confined. We walk up the steps over which he passed on his way to execution. See the window in the jailer's house from whence Lady Jane Grey waved to him her farewell kiss, herself suffering the same fate two hours later. We are shown a block and an axe, the spot where their lives ended, and visited the old Chapel where their ashes repose. Along the aisle, underfoot, are many