

Trafalgar Square is the heart of London. From it all the city radiates. It is the centre-piece of the British Capital and the Corinthian column that has been erected to Nelson, is the epergne. The sun is sulking behind dirty rags of clouds so I can barely descry Nelson's statue at the top of the pillar.

It is Trafalgar Day and the monument is a veritable sheet of color. Tons of laurels and flowers have been hung about it, and about Landseer's lions that form its flanks. These conchant majesties strike different persons in different ways. To the ordinary observer they stand for the unconquerable might and masterhood of England. They appeared otherwise to a Scotsman of whom Julian Ralph tells us.

He was on his way to the South African diamond fields; stopped overnight in London and suddenly discovered these lions. "Great Heavens," he said. "Look at the size of those lions! Think what they must have cost! If there is money enough in London for people to leave out of doors like that, this must be a better place than Africa in which to make a fortune. At anyrate they've got all the money I want, and I'll stay here and get it." He stayed and he got it, but Scotch and insatiable, he is remaining for an indefinite period.

To the one side is another "precious stone of the nation." It was erected to Gordon, who, on an evil day, died for the honor of England. On it rested a fresh wreath of green, encircling the words:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

The lines suggest what Elihu Burrit said of Dr. Johnson; "He left something more than footprints on the sand of time. He left footholdings for the men wrestling with the surges of