

the remains of ninety martyr Friends were buried, most of which were long since removed.

In a drive through the streets of this great metropolis, out Kensington way, we pass Buckingham Palace, the Queen's city residence, with large grounds attached. In front is St. James Park. Hyde Park is also very large and fine, and there is an artificial sheet of water called the Serpentine, supplied from the Thames, over which many row boats are gliding.

Albert Memorial is a magnificent monument, the gilded canopy bearing the inscription, "Queen Victoria and her people to the memory of Albert, Prince Consort, as a tribute of their gratitude for a life devoted to the public good."

We were also at the South Kensington Museum, and the National Art Gallery, both of which contain fine works of the old masters, both in painting and sculpture. An inscription round the cornice of one room in the latter building says: "The works of those who have stood the test of ages have a claim to respect and veneration, to which no modern can pretend."

Westminster Abbey, with its royal burial vaults, and long series of monuments to eminent men, is 513 feet long, 102 feet high, its towers are 225 feet, and it was entirely rebuilt in the thirteenth century. Interment within its walls is considered the last and greatest honor which a nation can bestow upon her most deserving offspring. The poet's corner contains, among other memorials, busts of Longfellow, Tennyson, Burns, Southey and Coleridge, and two marble slabs in the floor mark the graves of Tennyson and Browning. In one of the aisles of Henry the Seventh Chapel is Mary Queen of Scots' tomb, and in the opposite aisle a cradle tomb in memory of an infant daughter of James the First. There are gilded tombs of royalty whose outward glory has long since departed, while the lives which bore fruit to bless and uplift humanity,

still command our grateful respect. There are ancient corridors, called cloisters, looking upon inner courts, whose time-stained arches are twined with flowering vines, making a lovely picture. Beneath our feet are inscriptions in the pavement, and ancient stone coffins and stone figures, with features obliterated by the hand of time, lie close to the inner wall.

But time and ability fail a description; we walk the aisles with reverent step, a profound silence stealing over us. 'Neath the tall arched roof on either hand white marble forms are standing, while reverberating through aisle and chapel fine melodies are floating and their echoes are dying away. In a review of our journey we find much interest has been centered round the graves and monuments of generations past and gone, but we must remember that much of this old world treasure consists in memories and relics of men and women, many of whom lived and labored and died before our new world was discovered. They are our forefathers; their life and character are made familiar to us through the pages of history, wearily toiling, but with earnest purpose—the good and noble planted seeds of reform—the benefits of which we of to-day are reaping. We should cherish every noble example and profit by it, aspiring to

"Make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Another day the pilgrims stray, via the Metropolitan Railway, (underground through the city), to Chalfont, and five miles farther on by carriage to Jordan's meeting house and burial ground, on the way taking luncheon in the old cottage where John Milton lived when he finished "Paradise Lost," and commenced "Paradise Regained," (1665-68.) It has been unchanged since the poet's time, and contains a few relics of him, among which we notice his autograph with date 1679.