

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
 Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and forever,
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
 Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey.

Threading the forest of masts from almost every port, and passing the maze of docks on either hand, we reach the gloomy Tower, fraught with more tragical associations than any other structure in England, perhaps than any other in the world. Here the soil drank the blood of Fisher, More, Cromwell, Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Catharine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, Lord Admiral Seymour, the Earl of Essex, Lady Jane Grey, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, Lady Shrewsbury, Protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Guilford Dudley, Strafford, Sir Harry Vane, Stafford, Algernon Sidney, Laud, Monmouth, Lord Lovat, Russell, and many more of England's princes, warriors, statesmen and nobles. Erected by the Norman Conqueror to overawe the turbulent and freedom-loving city, it was for centuries the grim instrument of tyranny, and here were wreaked many a cruel deed of wrong. These stern vaults are a whispering gallery of the past, echoing with the sighs and groans of successive generations of the hapless victims of oppression. Such thoughts haunt one while the garrulous beef-eater is reciting his oft-told story of the arms and the regalia, of the Bloody Tower and Traitors' Gate, and cast their shadow of crime athwart the sunlit air.

"London Bridge," says the Rev. Hugh Johnston, "is the place to see the living stream of humanity, and the enormous traffic which makes London the commercial metropolis of the world. The first bridge was built A.D. one thousand, and for eight hundred years London managed with only one bridge across its river. On the top of its gates many a trunkless head was stuck upon pikes, and ghastly memories lurk beneath its arches. This new bridge is about fifty years old, and you get some idea of how it is crowded when it is estimated that eight thousand foot passengers and nine hundred vehicles pass over it every hour—twenty thousand vehicles pass over it every twenty-four hours, which vehicles, averaging five yards each, would extend in close file from Toronto to Hamilton, and fifteen miles beyond towards the Forest City—our new London. The persons passing daily over this bridge, marching in a column of six abreast, would extend fifteen miles up Yonge Street."