



CORONATION OF WILLIAM IV.

Banquet in Westminster Hall, King's Champion performing the ceremony of the Challenge.
In this hall Charles I. was tried and condemned to death.

door. In the choir stalls the Archbishops, Bishops, and Westminster Canons in red were ranked ready. Overhead the tattered war-flags, the storied windows of azure and amber and gules, the Whig and Tory tints of the velvet which hung the galleries that rose to the roof, the sea-blue and ruby of ancient tapestries, the gray of the clerestory, the pale violet of the upmost air. The old place was a dream of colour.

A strain of music from the choir, of 400 trained singers, men and boys, in robes of white and sanguine : "A Safe Stronghold Our God is Still" they sang, the old Lutheran chorale. The vast congregation rustled with anticipation, but it was only ten of the morning, still an hour and a half to wait.

And what a congregation ! Foreign princes and envoys, representatives of the greatest Republic and the smallest European kingdom,

ambassadors and the diplomatic staffs of every nation. Premiers of the Empire, maharajahs and dazzling Indian feudatories, peers and peeresses, Members of Parliament and their wives or daughters in court dress, field marshals and admirals, the judges red-robed and bewigged, chancellors of universities in gold and black, the State priesthood and Nonconformist pastors, British and American pressmen lining the triforium, nurses and ambulance men and firemen peeping in wait.

What a mingling of climes and eras ! A Parsee who is Member of Parliament sat near me, swarthy in the Windsor uniform ; a Cypriote lady and a veiled Moslem dame watched from a chapel in the choir ; three negroes clad in violet and white stood in the light that fell through fourteenth century windows ; one saw the yellow silks of Buddhists, the