

James II., the Lords' Parliament assembled here and declared for the Prince of Orange.

Among the old streets in this vicinity is Paternoster Row, occupied principally by booksellers and publishing houses. It is an old monastic locality, and derives its name from the turners of rosaries, or Pater Nosters, dwelling there, with stationers and text-writers, who wrote and sold A, B, C, with the Pater Noster, Ave, Creed, etc.

At Covent Garden Market may be seen in the early part of the day the largest collection of fruit and vegetables in the world. The quantity of vegetables of every description, fruit of all kinds and from every clime, flowers and herbs, that are offered for sale daily in this market is perfectly amazing. One cannot help wondering how such an enormous quantity of stuff can find its way with so much regularity hither. It is asserted that there is more certainty in purchasing even a pineapple in Covent Garden than in Jamaica or Calcutta, where pines are indigenous.

In Fetter Lane lived the leather-sellers of the Revolution, "Praise God Barebones," and his brother, both in the same house. Here, too, was the Moravian meeting attended by John Wesley.

In order to appreciate London fully one must be familiar with its history, and with the history of England. There are few, if any, of the great men who have lived in Britain, but are in some way connected with London, and as you walk the streets, their names are constantly recurring. The very stones on the streets invite

you to pause and hearken to their tales of royal processions. They will tell you, perhaps, how Richard II. looked dressed in his parti-coloured robes jingling with golden bells, as he rode to old St. Paul's; or what a glad day it was when Queen Elizabeth, beruffled and befarringaled, rumbled along in her plumed coach, on her way to St. Paul's to thank God that He had scattered and shattered the Spanish Armada; or later, how William of Orange and Queen Anne both in turn clattered over them on their way to return thanks for victories over the French, and how our Gracious Sovereign went in state to celebrate her royal jubilee.

Turning from these you may dive into some lane, where odd gables stare at you through their dirty, dusty windows; yet if you question them they may tell you curious stories about Caxton, the veteran printer, or his successors, who published for Wm. Shakespeare, the play-writer, and cautiously speculated in Milton's great epic, "that great production of a sorry age." Passing on, another tells you that Izaak Walton, honest man and patient angler, used to sit up there and watch the passers-by. Another tells you that here barometers were first sold.

"Varied as the colours in a kaleidoscope are the figures that will meet us in these perambulations; mutable as an opal are the feelings they arouse,—for all these many-coloured stones are joined by the one golden string of London's history."

O thou, whose days are yet all spring,
Faith, blighted once, is past retrieving:
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory's in believing.

—*Lorrell.*