

---

## RELICS *and* MEMORIALS *of* LONDON CITY

---

mighty merry till almost midnight"; nor where Tennyson mused—

"High over roaring Temple Bar,  
And set in heaven's third storey,  
I look on all things as they are,  
But through a kind of glory."

### ST. PAUL'S

The view given of St. Paul's from Fleet Street will strike many as unfamiliar. It is not the view they know, when the traffic is a raging torrent and the cathedral is drowsing in the afternoon sun; but perhaps this is not less characteristic to those who have seen it in the grey of the dawn—the most historic street in the world for the English-speaking race. Every time you walk that way, on everyday cares intent, you take your part in a pageant that has gone on for two thousand years; so many, that great part of the performers are forgotten and are no more than the dust of the highway; but this is sure—your fellow-actors have included every King and Queen of England, from first to last, and many from foreign lands—Roman legionaries, crusaders, nobles, prelates, men of deeds, men of words, men of letters, and men of visions; almost every man and woman who has made a mark in the crowded pages of English history—high-born and lowly, all doing their little part in the day's work, just as you are; and so, home.

FINIS