

much the vestibule of the Capitol at Washington as of the Parliament Houses of Westminster, and the customs, the traditions, the very language, of the ancient courts which for ages held their sessions here, are familiar and effectual to-day in every tribunal which is known to the daughter nation across the sea.

Westminster Hall is old England. Kings may have founded it, but the people now reign in it. It is the area where the great events of

the kingdom not only concentrated their force, but developed into picturesque scenes. Unlike the Abbey, it has no tombs; unlike the Tower, it has no dungeons; its memories, like spirits, are not visible in its interior to-day; and yet if they could all revive in the breadth of their association, if they could all speak from the depth of their occasion, neither Tower nor Abbey could exceed its power both to move and to impress the mind which stands within its gates.

THE KING OF ENGLAND.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

In that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed,
 Like the birds' song beneath unnatural night,
 And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed
 The rose imperial of our delight,
 Then, even then, though no man cried "He comes,"
 And no man turned to greet him passing there,
 With phantom heralds challenging renown,
 And silent-throbbing drums,
 I saw the King of England, hale and fair,
 Ride out with a great train through London town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield
 The lion bore the dint of many a lance,
 And up and down his mantle's azure field
 Were strewn the lilies plucked in famous France.
 Before him went, with banner floating wide,
 The yeoman breed that served his honour best,
 And mixed with these his knights of noble blood;
 But in the place of pride
 His admirals in billowy lines abreast
 Convoyed him close like galleons or the flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his face,
 And his brow calm with youth's unclouded dawn,
 But round his lips were lines of tenderer grace
 Such as no hand but Time hath ever drawn.
 Surely he knew his glory had no part
 In dull decay, nor unto Death must bend,
 Yet surely too of lengthening shadows dreamed
 With sunset in his heart.
 So brief his beauty now, so near the end,
 And now so old and so immortal seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail
 Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee;
 O King of men that die, though we must fail,
 Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant sea.
 O man that servest men by right of birth,
 Our heart's content thy heart shall also keep,
 Thou, too, with us shalt one day lay thee down
 In our dear native earth,
 Full sure the King of England, while we sleep,
 For ever rides abroad through London town.

London, For ever.