

symbols with which they both were somewhat heavily weighted, for the crown is but one amongst many of the insignias of their royal state. It is in this chapel that they put on their Imperial robes, the description of which reads like a fairy tale, and replaced the actual crowns of ceremonial with the Imperial State crowns.

THE STATE COACH OF HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

[From the State Coaches in Europe, by George A. Wade.]

"This coach was built in 1761, from the designs of Sir William Chambers, at a cost of £6,500. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria used it at her coronation, but it was not employed for any Royal procession after the death of the Prince Consort, until February, 1901, when it was redecorated and put into thorough repair for further service. Old Londoners will not soon forget how well the 'fairy coach' looked upon the auspicious occasion of the first opening of Parliament to which it conveyed King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

"It is conceded to be the finest of all the State coaches of Europe, and, in design and decoration, just fitted for a Sovereign who is 'Lord of the Seas,' for such it was intended to be by George III., for whom it was built. Neptune and Triton figure largely in its design, and its painted panels were the work of Jean Cipriani, a famous Florentine painter."

FACT AND LEGEND.

Tradition as well as history has much to tell of the old Abbey Church of St. Peter, built by Sebect about A. D. 616, at the time when the site of the present Abbey was an island, when Father Thames, instead of decorously flowing between embankments, spread himself over acres of marshy land, and left stranded a sandy mound which people in those days called "Thorney Island." Upon that mound, which had appeared to the Pious King as so suitable for the erection of



[THE CANADIAN CORONATION ARCH.]

a temple to be dedicated to the honor of God and St. Peter, stands the Westminster Abbey of today.

Intermingled with the story of the building of the first Abbey there is a picturesque old legend that seldom is heard of. The fable runs that one night, soon after the church was finished, a fisherman who was just putting out to drop his nets was called by a stranger wrapped in a mantle, who ordered him to row him over to Thorney Island.

"Once there, the unknown told the oarsman to wait until he returned, whereupon he made off in the direction of the new church. He hardly had disappeared when the waiting fisherman saw a sight that made him wonder if he were wide awake. Every window of the dark building suddenly became bright with a brightness such as its

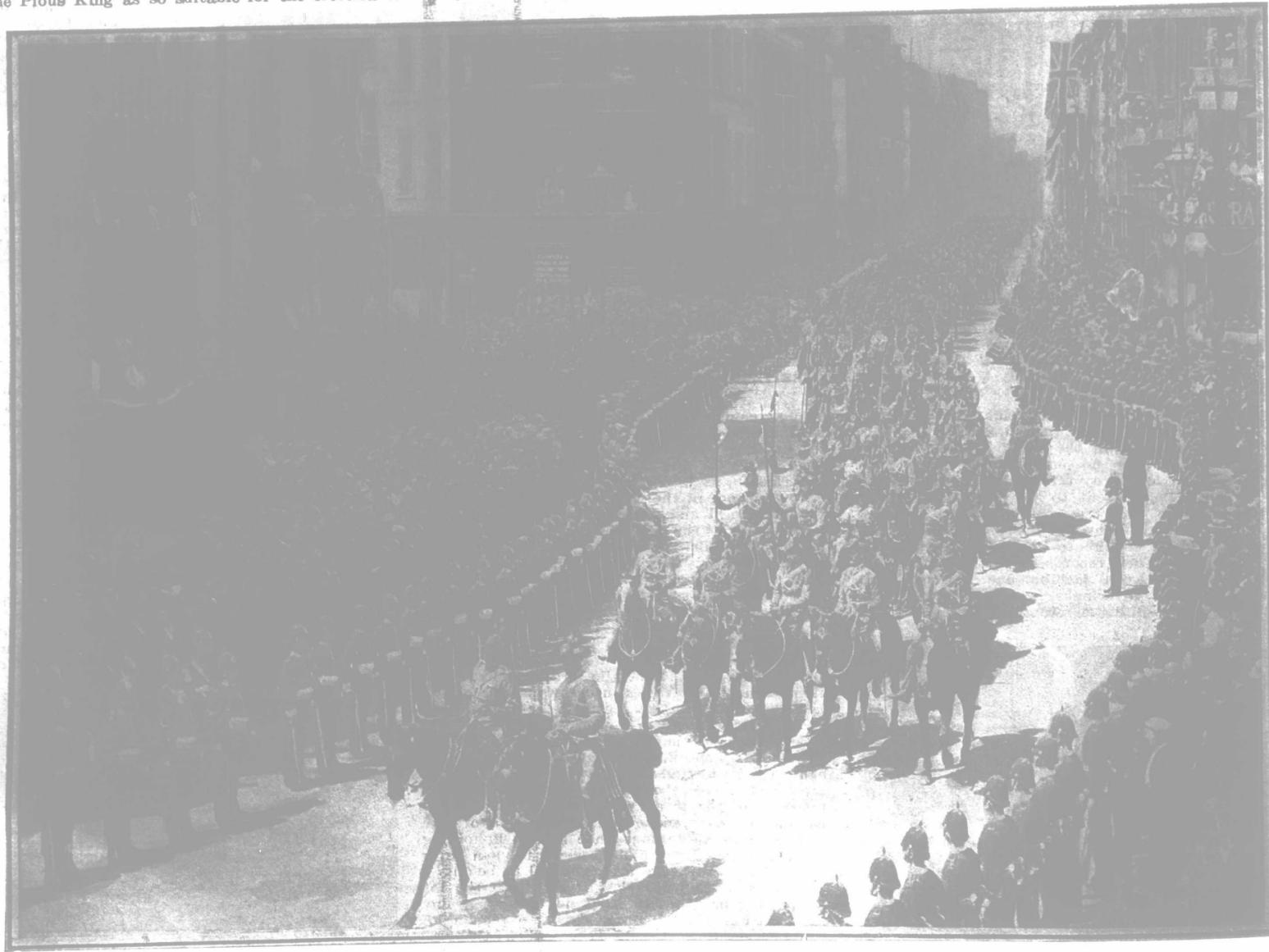
frightened beholder never had seen before, and then to his ears there came the sound of sweet voices singing.

"Both lights and voices died away almost immediately, when the figure in the mantle reappeared, and, stepping into the boat again, asked to be set on the shore from which he had come. On the way over, the fisherman noticed with awe that above his passenger's head there floated a halo, and, when the shore was reached, he fell on his knees and begged to know his identity.

"I am St. Peter, who bears the keys,' the stranger replied, 'and I have blessed my church.' Then he disappeared, bidding the boatman to return to his fishing, which he did, and, like those of the disciples, his nets could hardly contain the fishes that entered them.

"Filled with gratitude, next morning he took a fine salmon and laid it at the church door as an offering; the act established a custom, and, for years afterward, fish were offered up daily on the high altar."

Considerable uncertainty gathers around the somewhat misty records of the historic Coronation Stone, the silent witness which, if it could speak, would have a world's history to tell, since Edward I., some 600 years ago, bore it away from Scotland and caused it to be deposited in Westminster Abbey. Upon it, since then, a long line of England's kings and queens have been crowned. Dean Stanley described it as "the one primeval monument which binds together the whole Empire," and yet, although it is rough and rude in appearance and small in size, it has been in use as a coronation stone for 2,500 years, or such is the claim made upon its behalf. Who can contradict a statement of such antiquity, or dare to say that it was not the stone which the Patriarch Jacob erected as a standing testimony to the gracious Covenant made with him by the Almighty himself? Nay, rather, let us feel it is for us our Stone of Covenant, and with that be more than content.



CROWNING ENGLAND'S NEW KING—A TYPICAL LONDON PROCESSION.