



under glass of some old records of Oliver Cromwell's time and his signature to the Death Warrant of Charles 1st.

Next into the House of Lords, where the rich red leather furnishings and the throne of the King and Queen, used on state occasions, as well as the Wool-Sack of the Lord Chancellor, were interesting sights. The fine windows and decorations of ceilings and walls called forth admiration.

8 The statues of all the Barons who extorted the Magna Charta, and the Bar from which all official communications from the House of Commons are delivered was most interesting. Hurrying back to the Main Lobby, to the House of Commons, we were lined up with a party of Australians to see the Speaker's procession: we stood at attention as the Sergeant-at-Arms came into view, calling out "Make way for the Speaker," heading the procession and bearing the wonderful Mace, he called out "Strangers, remove your hats." Then, as they disappeared into the House, once more he sang out "Close the doors." Our party then separated, the men going away in charge of Mr. Cathcart Wason, M.P., with the Australians, to the Main Gallery over the entrance to the House, and the women in charge of another Member, Sir S. Smith, to the Ladies' Gallery on the opposite end. The boys told us afterwards that we looked like "birds in a gilded cage," but the Sister felt as if she were "behind the Bars."

Often and often had we seen pictures of Premier Asquith, and read with interest his masterful speeches, but it was far more thrilling to listen to his voice in that forceful speech on Tariff, and his resumé of the War. Our luck was indeed "jake," as the boys expressed it,

for we also heard Sir Edward Carson speak, and many other famous Members were taking part in the debate; it was quite exciting, as some of the Irish Members rose in debate on the question of the disposal of prisoners who had taken part in the Rebellion. Through the kindness of Sir Stephen Collins, Mr. G.N. Barnes and Mr. Cathcart Wason, we had tea on the Terrace, the cooling breezes from the Thames fanning our faces, and the good things to eat satisfying the "inner man."

In discussion of various subjects and times and in description of our own fair Canada, the men rose to the occasion, and our distinguished hosts came to the conclusion that Canadians were splendid conversationalists. I must not forget our visit to the Crypt to see the Chapel of St. Stephen, built by King Stephen and restored later by Edwards 2nd and 3rd. The guide pointed out the wonderful mosaic panels in the walls, carving in solid stone in the ceiling—one of the most beautiful ceilings to be found anywhere—and the quaint old altar cloth and brass candles date back to Queen Elizabeth's time. It was most fascinating and thrilling to think of the history connected with the place: it was here that Guy Fawkes placed his infernal machine, but to-day the weddings of prominent people take place here and many a child is baptized at the wonderful font.

Thanking Mrs. Buckland and the hosts for a wonderful afternoon, we left for home by "underground," as the 'busses were crowded, and such fun and excitement in changing up in "lifts" and down moving stairways with several men as yet on sticks! But, at last, our charges arrived safely home, a tired but satisfied bunch.