

PARDON CHURCH, PATERNOSTER ROW IN XVITH CENTURY.

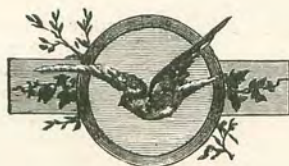
Drawn for "The Girl's Own Paper" by H. W. Brewer.

belonging to that office for many years under her care, received her Majesty's commands to provide everything proper for her Majesty's dress for the coronation, and to enquire into all particulars necessary for the Queen to know." The memorandum goes on to say that inquiries having been made as to where her Majesty should be dressed, it was answered at Westminster. Accordingly, the Earl Marshal provided a room suitable for the purpose, and on the morning prior to the coronation, all her Majesty's robes and jewels were carried there under a guard. The Page of the Robes stayed on the spot all night "with a proper guard which was asked of the officer on duty there."

And lastly, coming to the coronation of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, of which much has recently been written,

it is only necessary to add that few sights have ever been more imposing than when the youthful Queen entered the Abbey arrayed in her robe of crimson velvet furred with ermine, and bordered with gold lace, wearing the collars of her Orders, and with a circlet of gold on her head, her train being borne by right noble ladies. And as soon as the ceremony of crowning took place, at the conclusion of which the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the bishops their caps, and kings of arms their crowns, the scene was one, it is said, never to be forgotten, for—

"Soon as the royal brow received the crown,  
And majesty put all her glories on,  
Straight on a thousand coronets we gaze—  
Straight all around was one imperial blaze."



## CORONATION HYMN.

BY THE REV. W. T. SAWARD, B.A.

WHERE peaceful valleys in resplendent beauty  
Wake to the echoes of a hundred bells,  
Each English heart thrills with unfailling duty  
As far and wide the tide of victory swells.  
From rocky coast to shores of friendly greeting,  
Where blue waves break in foaming laughter free,  
In Homeland and afar, thy sons are meeting  
To crown the last great monarch of the sea;

Where dusky nations all their woes forgetting,  
Beneath the myrtle and the feathered palm,  
In reverence, own the sun that hath no setting,  
With torn hands reach to this majestic calm.  
Great King puissant, Majesty tremendous!  
Whose light has shone in all our noblest men,  
Crown at Thine awful bar our King, and send us  
The consummation of Thy great Amen!



## PATERNOSTER ROW IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

ALMOST upon the site of the Religious Tract Society Office in Paternoster Row, in the sixteenth century, there was a large open space surrounded by a great cloister, very much resembling that still existing at Westminster Abbey, only considerably larger. This space was known as Pardon "Church Haugh" or "Hawe." The name Haugh or Hawe in old times signified a burial ground, and for such a purpose this space was used until the middle of the sixteenth century, and served as one of the cemeteries surrounding the Cathedral of Old St. Paul's. John Stowe, the chronicler, and Dugdale, copying him, inform us that the monuments erected in the cloisters and chapels here were equal to any in the Cathedral itself! In the centre of the open space surrounded by the cloister was a chapel erected by a canon of St. Paul's of the name of Gilbert Becket, father of Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, wherein he was buried, but many years afterwards this chapel, being out of repair, was rebuilt by a license of King Henry VI., and daily service was celebrated therein. The expense of the rebuilding of this chapel was borne by Thomas More, probably an ancestor of the great chancellor.

John Carpenter; founder of the City of London Schools,

had the walls of the cloister adorned with paintings representing the Dance of Death, copied from the pictures in the cloisters of the cemetery of the Innocents in Paris, and employed John Lydgate the poet to write a description of them, which is printed at full length in Dugdale's *History of Old St. Paul's*. Here Death is made to address everyone and remind them that they cannot escape his doom. The address to the little child is curious, and his answer is rather touching.

"A, a, a, a! woorde I cannot speake,  
I am so yonge—I was borne yesterday—  
Death is so hasty on me to be wreak,  
And list no linger to make no delay.  
I am but now borne, and now I go my way;  
Of me no more tele shall be told;  
The Will of God no man withstond may—  
As soon dyeth a yong as an old."

The great cloister and chapel were pulled down by Protector Somerset, and the stones were used in the erection of Somerset House, and the bodies were buried beneath a mound in Moorfields, and later on five windmills were built upon the site.