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THE CROWNING OF OUR KING.*

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THE CHOIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY—THE SCENE OF THE CORONATION.

POET'S CORNER was sloped and galleried almost like stalls and dress circle at the Opera, the statues of bards and sages were hidden in blue and orange hangings, and Lords and Commons watched from this vantage point instead.

Thither the Peers had come, magnificent in robes of crimson and ermine over gold-laced coats and white breeches, and carrying their coronets with baggy red velvet tops upon their fists, some of them like gorgeous boxing-gloves. The Members of Parliament were accoutred as officers of the army or yeomanry or volunteers, or uni-

formed as Deputy-Lieutenants of their counties, or wore the black velvet and steel of court costume; a few of them, the Radical and Labour M.P.'s, were in ordinary morning dress. And thus, from Poet's Corner, these two estates of the realm watched the splendid *mise-en-scene*.

Opposite, a great bank of peeresses, all crimson, ermine, and lace, white shoulders and diamond heirlooms. In the midst the two thrones of red and gold, the King's raised two steps higher than the other, and around the vast carpet of deep blue pile marked with the rose, shamrock, thistle, and lotus, stretching from the altar down the sanctuary or "theatre" of the crowning array to the great west

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