

During the past summer, as you all know, London was a mecca for all tourists, and every one who could, bent his steps thitherward, I among the number.

I reached London the evening before the operation on the King.

What a wonderful sight it presented with its teeming crowds! Here were to be seen all sorts and conditions of men. The ubiquitous American, the sturdy colonial, the canny Scot, the true-hearted Irishman, the bareheaded, bowlegged, barefooted Figi Islander, the pigtailed Chinamen, princes from far off India with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, civilians and soldiers, princes and paupers, a motley crowd indeed full of eager expectation. For were they not here to witness one of the greatest pageants of ancient and modern times?

When the news came out that there was to be no coronation, that the King had been operated on, and that instead of witnessing the Coronation it might be a funeral, the gloom and sorrow and disappointment was great indeed. The old adage was never more forcibly demonstrated, that "man proposes, God disposes."

But, as the reports became more reassuring day by day, the tension gave way, and joy followed sorrow, and laughter followed tears.

London witnessed at this time many stirring events; one of the most interesting to us from Canada was the Review of the Colonial troops.

As I stood on Constitution Hill and witnessed the march past of 2,000 troops from all the colonies, a thrill of patriotism and pride welled through me; a feeling which only those who have experienced can appreciate. An object lesson of the unity and strength of a great empire, an empire on which the sun never sets.

And as I on the succeeding day stood on the Mall and witnessed the Queen, beautiful, majestic, every inch a queen as she drove past, accompanied by the Royal family, and followed by Lord Roberts and 2,000 Indian troops in their gorgeous and picturesque uniforms, their stately military bearing, my enthusiasm again reached the bursting point, and I was proud that I was the son of an Empire that was able to rule by love such a great country as India, and that these same soldiers were happy to do honour to their King, and if need be to lay down their lives in the service of the Empire and be reckoned amongst the soldiers of the King.