

Stars and Stripes are floating the London air, and the American shield was repeated regularly around the decorated walls of St. Paul's, and indeed appeared everywhere repeated in the city.

It seemed as if the old mother was in a state of admiration over her eldest daughter's magnificent proportions, and meant to indicate to the younger swarm that she had learned her lesson, and would never give occasion to any other of the family to break the doors and windows and get out of the house.

Of course the Irish contingent in the House of Commons had to behave with its usual wisdom, tact and common sense, and decline to "jubilate." The London papers reminded them that, after the Queen herself, the person most prominent, most wildly cheered, quickest recognized in the gorgeous procession of royalties was an Irishman—"little Bobs" as they called him, on his small Arab—Lord Roberts of Candahar, field marshal and hero—and when Lord Wolseley and Charles Beresford were cheered at every passage, as soon as recognized—cheers that seemed to stop but from sheer inability to cheer longer, they reminded Mr. Healy and "his tail," that Ireland was "in it" beyond possibility of question, and that, as in times past, so in coming time, Irishmen, of the like calibre would always be "in it" for the strength of three kingdoms and the empire.

The royal livery has been flying about the city in all directions, and the royal carriages with scarlet coachmen and footmen, carrying colonial premiers, bigger or less big, princings, dukelings, Indian rajahs and the like, hither and yon, have had to take their chances among the drays, omnibuses and cabs. These people have been quartered in hotels, in private houses, and royal houses, and the resources of her Majesty's and the Prince of Wales' stables must have been tested to the utmost—for many of the guests, among the Indian rajahs and the colonial premiers especially, are of solid proportions, and also the wholesome-looking, good wives of the latter would try the material and workmanship of the royal springs.

The "colonials" are having their innings this time, and so is Mr. Chamberlain. They have at last got it through the heads of the duller Englishmen that there is an empire, that England is but a bit of it, and that imperial and not "little Englander" statesmanship is to the fore. John is scratching his shock head, dreadfully puzzled at the discovery of this portent of an empire, which, as Prof. Seeley said, "he created in a fit of absence of mind!"

He has it on his hands clear enough, and all its responsibilities and possibilities, and let us wish him God's blessing with it. He has no suspicion yet of the extent of the revolution wrought in all his belongings by this sixty-year

reign—a greater revolution, in my judgment, than has ever been wrought in any European country. The old has passed utterly away, and to him a new world has come—a roaring democracy—with the crown a symbol and no more, as one result of a good woman's long and spotless life, who has reigned, but not ruled, nor tried to rule, for sixty years. Woe be to any wearer of the crown who tries to make it more than a symbol hereafter, or wears it less unsullied than she!

The ceremony on the porch of St. Paul's was magnificent. The descriptions in the papers exhausted language. The Queen was visibly affected. So also, it seemed to me, was the Prince of Wales. He was really a noble figure as a field marshal, and his care for his mother was touching. At her age the long procession must have been wearing, and all her children were evidently careful and helpful. The sons rode by her wheels. The Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury were gorgeous in copes of cloth of gold. Other bishops were in scarlet chimeres. There was profound silence during the prayers, and the Te Deum was chanted by the best choirs in London, accompanied by a great military band.

There was a touch of nature at the end. As it were spontaneously, the whole vast assembly broke into "God save the Queen!" and, that finished, some one called "Three cheers for the Queen!" I thought it was the Prince of Wales, some papers say it was the archbishop. At all events, they were given with a will by ten thousand voices, and the procession moved on.

The most noticeable figure in it, among all the laced and bedizened throng, was a gentleman in black frock coat and silk hat—Mr. Whitelaw Reid—our special envoy. Oddly enough, he was put to ride with the Spanish envoy! It has been much commented upon.

I see continually new arrivals of American bishops. There was a goodly number here. The Lambeth Conference business will begin as arranged, and it is hoped the balls and garden parties and reviews, and general fanfaronading will be over to the degree of allowing it to hear its own voice. Dean's Yard is a quiet place, too, out of the "rush"—more quiet even than the House of Commons—nearly as quiet as the Lords, which is a Quaker meeting at present.

Meanwhile, at the invitation of Dean Farrar, we are all going down to Canterbury, Ebbs' Fleet (whatever that is), Richemont Castle, and so on, for a day or two, and lend ourselves, with gentle grace, to the venerable superstition that Augustine and his monks planted Christianity in England. It will please some amiable people, and do nobody any harm, I hope.

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON.