

Coronation Notes by Mollie.

Through the kindness of Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner for Canada, I was presented with a ticket for a seat, amongst hundreds of other Colonials, on a grand stand in Parliament Street, near the Abbey, from which I obtained an excellent view of the whole coronation procession, both going and returning. To insure getting through the crowds, we started very early in the morning, and by 8 o'clock we were on the stand, and from that time until three in the afternoon, when I left, I was never more delightfully entertained in all my life. It was indeed a feast for the eye: The elaborate decorations of the streets and buildings, the embellishments of windows and stands, the whole route sprinkled with clean damp red sand, contributing color to the scene. The imposing Canadian arch was again, and for the third time, bedecked for the occasion, and inscribed, "Canada, Britain's Granary in War and Peace" and "Free Homes for Millions." At night, when it was most beautifully illuminated, it stood out in resplendent glory, a very temple of radiance. But other objects soon diverted our attention, for Colonial troops, Anglo-Indian volunteers, and detachments of Eastern forces from Bengal, Madras, the Punjab, etc.; Sikhs, Gourkas, Burmese, Chinese, Fijians—the latter barefooted and very black, with yellow-bleached wiry hair standing up straight, not in appearance unlike an immense sponge; and many other varieties from all parts of the world, began taking up their position on the line of route; the variety of uniforms, and turbans, or headgear, of the Orientals giving a quaint and picturesque effect to a scene the like of which had not been witnessed before to such an extent and in such curious detail. All these bodies of men were heartily cheered as they arrived.

Anon came the visitors, in gorgeous apparel, honored by invitation to the Abbey, but not included in the State procession. Every now and then a royal carriage passed, recognizable as such by the scarlet livery of the servants, and one had glimpses of fair faces and beautiful dresses, followed by a crowd of notables—judges, members of Parliament, counsellors of the King, and all manner of official folk.

The dukes and greater peers drove past in gilt coaches with a wealth of decoration on them, their powdered coachmen and footman all in their quaint family liveries, whilst quite another variety of faces looked out from the carriage windows.

The whole scene was as a beautiful moving kaleidoscope. Naturally, we talked to the near neighbors on our stand, some of them from Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. A few even from our own London the Less—all happy and almost wild with the joy and excitement of the scene. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the little Yorks, the Princesses, "Bobs," Kitchener, and many others, all came in for a share of our hearty applause; but these demonstrations were trifling to those which greeted the King and Queen as they slowly passed along in the gilded fairy coach drawn by eight of the famous cream-colored horses of the royal stud.

Through the wide glass panels their Majesties could be plainly seen, the King looking somewhat pale after his recent severe illness, but stately, grave and majestic; the Queen, more beautiful and graceful, if possible, than ever. Both bowed constantly as they moved along, and not a few eyes were filled with tears of love, joy and thankfulness that a life so precious should have been spared in answer to the prayers of his loyal subjects.

Add to the scene the passing, in slow procession, of thousands of men and women in gorgeous apparel, some of the gowns of the duchesses being literally studded with diamonds, and the Court attire of the men being little short of magnificent. The Colonial contingents—i. e., 2,957 officers and men, 605 of whom were Canadians—were amongst the 30,000 troops which took part in the procession and in guarding the line of route, 22,000 less than would have been there had the coronation been held on the 26th of June, as first intended. These, as we all know, had returned disappointed to their homes across the water.

By the ringing of bells and booming of guns we knew that at 12.40 p. m. the climax of the important ceremony had been reached and that Edward VII. had been crowned King of England. Those who were privileged to witness the scene within the sacred walls of Westminster are not likely to forget the moment when, the electric light being turned on, the whole dazzling beauty of that bejewelled symbol of his kingship was in a flash of glorious light suddenly revealed. After

a breathless second the peers donned their coronets, and the whole Abbey resounded with the cry, "God Save the King." Before the actual crowning of His Majesty, he was, by the mouth of the head of the Church, and as by precedent, formally submitted for the approval of his people, and it was the formal recognition of the popular sentiment that they would have none other to reign over them which found its utterance in the Vivats of the Westminster boys and in the trained leadership, to give harmony to the enthusiastic cries of "God Save the King." The recognition by the King himself of the deeply religious significance of the ceremony, and the earnest, solemn meaning he personally read into, as it were, each separate symbol, had almost a mesmeric influence upon all present, whether as participators in or spectators of the scene. No one could miss the religious and State suggestiveness in every detail of the imposing ceremonies. The King's replies were each clear and loud. The listeners even high up in the triforium distinctly heard his words, "The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep, so help me, God." This he said as he knelt at his faldstool before the altar, with his right hand resting upon the Bible. The taking of the Communion by the King and Queen was a deeply solemn function, one which must for all time leave its impress on their own hearts and upon those who, in being witness to it, had their own hearts stirred to the very depths. The English papers will have told you of the two specially pathetic incidents which occurred on that memorable day, one when the aged Archbishop of Canterbury, kneeling at the feet of his liege Sovereign, either from emotion or from the infirmity of old age, could not rise without assistance, the King, quick to note his weakness, stretched forth his hands and raised the aged prelate himself. The other was when the Prince of Wales was turning away, after having

consideration for others and forgetfulness of self is a most prominent trait in the characters alike of King Edward VII. and Alexandra, his queen and ours.

MOLLIE.

The Bishop and the Drummer.

The Right Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley, of Kentucky, one of the eminent bishops in the Episcopal Church, enjoys a good story as well as if he did not wear the cloth. He tells this one on himself:

A number of years ago he was going by train to one of the smaller towns of his diocese to hold services. He was enjoying a cigar in the smoker, and upon the seat facing him was a very large valise, containing his clerical vestments. A drummer sitting back of him, noticing his jaunty travelling cap, leaned forward and enquired:

"Travelling man, eh?"
 "Yes," answered the bishop.
 "What house d'ye represent?"
 "The biggest house in the world."
 "Shillito's?" (the largest house in Cincinnati) asked the drummer.
 "Bigger than that."
 "Marshall Field?"
 "Bigger than that."
 "A. T. Stewart's?"
 "Bigger yet."
 "Well, what house is it? Those are the best I know."
 "I represent, sir," said the bishop, impressively, "the house of God."
 The salesman gave a gasp, then glancing at the mammoth valise, exclaimed:
 "Well, all I've got to say is, you carry a pretty full line of samples."



"GOOD FRIENDS."

Humor in the Family.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor or the capacity to have a little amusement along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion who sees the ridiculous point of things, and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great deal better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated about it. "Wife, what is the reason I can never find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked; then, with a comical look, she said: "I never could guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her, and then she felt happy; and so what might have been an occasion for unkind feelings and hard words became just the contrary, all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

An Irishman was walking with a friend past a jewelry shop. The window was filled with precious stones. "Wouldn't you like to have your pick?" asked Larry. "Not me pick," said Mike, "but me shovel."