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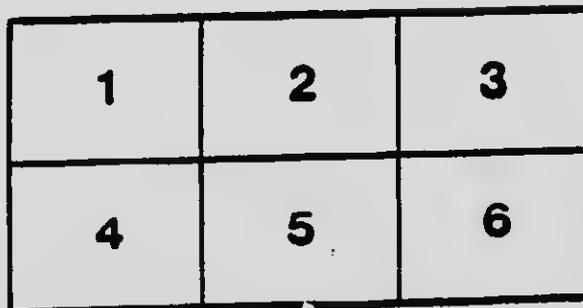
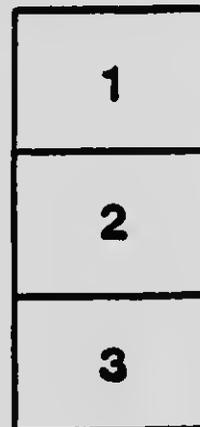
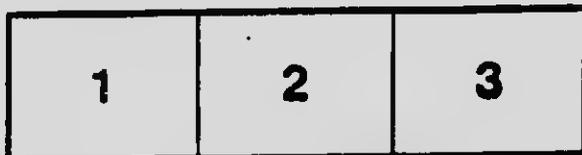
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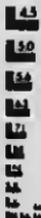
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# The Prince

at

# Massey Hall

ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR E. M. KEIRSTEAD, D.D., LL.D.

AT THE

CHAPEL SERVICE OF McMASTER UNIVERSITY  
TORONTO.

NOVEMBER 7th, 1919



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# The Prince at Massey Hall

*A Study and an Interpretation of the Address of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales before the Canadian and Empire Clubs, delivered in Massey Hall, Toronto, Tuesday, November 4th, 1919.*

I Peter II, 17.—“Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the King.”



HERE we have four commands and yet in the light of Redemption and the imperatives of the Christian conscience they become one. For the Powers that be are ordained of God for the welfare of man. The mighty Hand of God in His wide Providence through the ordinance of Government provides the security under which established society can exist and the command to honour all men and to love the brotherhood can be obeyed. Our Lord's command to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's was expanded in the teachings of His apostles and to-day evokes from us the answer of a good conscience.

In the spirit of this Scripture and in full view of the events of historic interest of which we are witnesses I desire to study with you the notable address delivered before the Canadian and Empire Clubs in Massey Hall on Tuesday, November 4th, by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

The Personality of the Sovereign, always an influential factor in the government and welfare of a nation, becomes of special moment in view of present-day thought on the function of the Crown in relation to the rule of the people.

The address of Tennyson to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, seventy years ago:

“O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of braia, or birth  
Could give the warrior Kings of old”

acquires new meaning in the light of the ampler day to which we have come when the old doctrine of the divine right of kings has been replaced by the new and wider view of the Divine right of the King as God's great minister to and for the people who call him theirs as he calls them his. In the old sense “the King

is dead," but in the new we cry "Long live the King," you, "O King live forever."

And we watch as those who watch for the morning to see if the Laurent's prayer:

"May you leave as rulers of your blood  
As noble to the latest day"

is being answered.

Massey Hall was filled with men alive and sensitive at every pore, who remembered meetings there in days of dark dismay when every home almost had sent its beloved into the battle line for the cause whose representative in a high degree had now come from that battle field to utter words of greeting from the inmost heart of the Empire and to feel the heart-throb of Canada as it answered again and again in unison with his own.

Even the music seemed to have a special tone of elevated strength. "Rule Britannia" and the "Maple Leaf" acquired a loftier strain like that of the sacred Hebrew melody with the added gladness of Christian song.

The decorations gave the Hall an impression of grandeur and restrained beauty that suits the British taste and the British character.

The cheering had a distinct quality. It was intelligent, not perfunctory. It was general, but even as it increased in frequency and volume there was in the very tempest of it, as Hamlet would say, a kind of restraint and fitness that carried the conviction that the audience was speaking its real mind and not giving way to senseless shouts and explosions.

The speaker and the audience accorded well and made "one music." For it was as citizens of the Empire we had assembled to honor the Heir to the Throne to which, as representative Canadians, we are indissolubly bound. Throughout our history we have ever been drawn into closer fellowship with the old land by ties of common blood, by the greatest literature the world has known, by the creative cementing power of the Christian religion as well as by the security afforded by the British arms. And as far as the memory of men still living goes the personal worth of the Sovereigns has stirred our national imagination, has evoked a reverence and a gratitude that have imparted to the splendor of the throne the charm and strength of a vision of endless life.

To these uniting forces has now been added the power of the ancient sacrifice, a humble and a contrite heart. More things are wrought by blood than this world dreams of. When our

own soldiers, volunteers from our best Canadian homes, wearing the emblematic Maple Leaf, marched into the fighting line in France and Flanders and there paid the last full measure of devotion to our common heritage, our place in the sun was so far assured that our light can never go out. As the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church, so we are fluding the blood of the soldier is the seed of the nation. And a part of our Empire's future has been bought with the price of our best and bravest. Trying then to look into the seeds of time and to see which grain will grow, we looked, out of our Empire consciousness, to see what light and lending would be given by the King's best representative and spokesman. And when he had finished speaking, with one accord we said from the deepest of the heart: "Lead, and we will follow up the quest."

These conditions probably imparted a feeling and a personal abandon to his thoughts and his audience that made the Prince's address one of the most notable ever given by the Heir to the Throne in the way of revealing his own mind and his purpose to identify himself with the people whose minister in the high office of Government he avows himself to be.

The speech was evidently his own. Its matter, scope, spirit and language, the feeling with which it was delivered, its likeness to his personality all declared it was of his own invention. No one it seems to me with any knowledge of literary criticism or any experience in speaking could give credit for it to anyone but the speaker. The last part in which he discussed the relation of the Dominions overseas to the Empire of course brought him nearer the utterances of statesmen than the main part of his address. But even there it was clear he was not uttering words put into his mouth by another.

Accordingly the address can be taken, must be taken as revealing his own mind and purpose—"Language best shows a man; speak that I may see thee." Here the Prince "stands and unfolds himself"; he takes us into his confidence, makes us see as he sees and feel as he feels.

What of his delivery? On rising the Prince was evidently nervous. That is to his credit. As "the man that hath no music in himself and is not moved by concord of sweet sounds is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils. Let no such man be trusted," so the man who is not moved by the sight of a large audience is wanting in human sensibility. The sight of the

multitude moved Jesus. Especially is the normal man who is richly endowed moved by the audience it is his duty or privilege to address. He knows he is on the throne of real empire and feels his responsibility.

The Prince was nervous and with good reason. True there was present no

"Store of ladies richly dight  
Whose eyes rain influence"

and (v Jove's darts; but an audience of three thousand even of mere men is terrible as an army with banners to the speaker, who all alone has to face their javelins.

The first few sentences are uttered in a strained voice. But he soon comes to himself. He is at once *en rapport* with his audience and soon the audience carries him along and evidently he has forgotten his embarrassment. In such cases, the audience itself becomes eloquent and it seems to the speaker as if his hearers do the speech making and he only says Amen. One soon feels that the Prince is, after all, human. In fact one forgets that he is a Prince. He is indeed every inch a Prince; but he is something more,—a bright, alert, susceptible, courageous young man, in the very flower of youth, and making, as he says, his maiden speech to so large an audience, he is "worth a hundred coats of arms".

What about the "tell-tale" voice? He has not spoken a minute before one is thankful for his voice. It has in it no rasp of the file; it has no trace of "the wretched pipe of scannel straw." Indeed "there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ" and he, unlike Guildenstern, can make it speak. "It discourses most eloquent music," as Hamlet might say. Yet it does not attract attention to itself; does not speak about itself; it is only a voice to utter the message. Is it a trained voice? Well, every phonetic element gets clear expression and every syllable of the address of about twenty-five minutes is heard in every part of the hall. There is no extraordinary physical exertion; no evidence of fatigue; no calculation of effect; no attempt to manage the voice with reference to the contents of the speech or as to peroration. You hear no echoes of the Professor of Elocution. Perhaps the teaching was so perfect that the Professor has disappeared and only his spirit inspires and directs. Probably it is mostly the Prince's own intuitive mind and understanding heart coming to their own kingdom of power.

What about his English? His diction, his style in short?

His words are those of the good old Saxon tongue. They are especially appropriate as, for the greater part of his address, he is dealing with sensible objects and simple though universal feelings. In the later portion, where problems of Government and the implied principles are discussed, words of classic origin are used in harmony with the greater comprehension and wider generalization. Yet nowhere is there evidence that the form and not the matter has been the determining factor. Language is his servant, not his master; "the body of the soul its form doth take."

There is little, if any, evidence of grammatical training in the classics. He was never compelled to "do" innumerable exercises in translating English into Latin prose. The fear of the schoolmaster is not before his eyes. His English is not equal, as to form, to that of Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. But it is direct, forcible and effective for the purpose of the address. Of course, even here, one would not expect from a young man of twenty-five the readiness, versatility and dexterity in using words that he could not help observing in the late Lord Salisbury. The Prince's English was not inflated, and it was always dignified and adapted to his thought, and when he had finished you were prouder than ever of your mother tongue.

What about his strength of mind as shown in this address? Is he a logical thinker?

His address gave evidence of coherent thinking. Some speeches have many thoughts but no more sequence in their arrangement than have the stones in a stone heap; lots of thoughts but no thinking. That is not the Prince's way. As Lord Rosebery ploughed his lonely furrow so the Prince dares to apply the scientific method of farming, in which he says he hopes in time to "make good" as a farmer, to his speech making. The land is all before him "where to choose," and like Romulus, he puts in his plow and it is not allowed to bob from the ground until the furrow is finished and then with a good conscience he can homeward plod his weary way. His speech would get a good mark from a competent Professor of Rhetoric.

What about the tricks of oratory?

There are no tricks or oratory, i.e.—none evident. But the Prince has the skill of his craft.

He began by assuring us that we must not expect an oration.

He disclaimed the powers of oratory as did Mark Antony. And he seemed so sincere that we believed him. So we were off our guard and before we knew he was attacking us he had absolutely conquered us! We may hope he will sway the rods of empire as deftly and successfully.

And the content of his address had the cumulative force of developing thought. Beginning with a description of the West he dwelt with things seen, the objective. That was an easy task. Advancing to the sphere of government and national life in which are included "humanity with all its fears and all its hopes of future years" his statements though few were so charged with thought that his words were like Webster's weighty, like Luther's half battles.

The Prince does his own thinking. He can build a speech. You are sure he could build a house and your heart takes fire with the hope, the assurance, the conviction that he will do his royal part royally as an Empire builder. And somehow you desire to work with him as you do your bit though he is unaware of your existence. Could any orator ask for more?

Does the Prince show that he knows anything about diplomacy? For the "master of those who knew" teaches us by the courtier Polonius the necessity of worldly wisdom in order to "get on." Use truth, he seems to teach, where truth will work and, since necessity knows no law, "your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth." Here, perhaps, more than elsewhere, Shakespeare might be another name for Bacon.

The Prince is wholly truthful and he has the art of using the truth most effectively.

He praises Canada, and especially Ontario and Toronto. He speaks so cleverly and with such solemn assurances that he might say vastly more and then only begin to sound their praises that Canada and Ontario and Toronto take him seriously and ask him to call again which he repeatedly affirms he will certainly do and almost immediately though the interim, however short, will seem an age to him!

And so you are sure he will be a King who can do no wrong in the difficult and delicate task of diplomacy.

Does his address, however, show balance of judgment as well as critical acumen and power of sustained thinking? For in the case of a King "he who offends in one point is guilty of all."

His manner is modest yet not apologetic. He is frank but not in any degree naive. He is gracious but does not offend

with airs of condescension. He is decisive and positive but shows no trace of the bluntness and presumption that are often associated therewith. He is self-reliant but not self-assertive; and the elements so mix'd in him that Nature might stand up and say to all the world, "*Here is a Prince!*"

He talks about himself and apologizes almost, but we see he so speaks because he knows our predominating wish is to know what he thinks of Canada and the Empire, and he pays us the compliment of answering our unspoken questions with a fulness never hoped for from an heir to the throne—questions with the answers to which are involved our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor. Accordingly as he speaks our confidence goes out to him as we enter anew into partnership and fellowship with him in the great immeasurable trust we share with him.

In a word, as Milton is excused for associating himself with Homer and Virgil on the ground that he was and knew himself to be one of the immortal triad, so the Prince with the consciousness of the greatness of the Empire and his identification therewith by birth and office takes the greatness to which he is born and appeals with irresistible eloquence for the support of that Empire to whose service he dedicates himself with a humility and a faith that challenge the best in the best of that Empire's sons.

It was the Prince's statement that he already feels the care that yokes with empire and that he would do his best to prove worthy of that trust that especially moved his hearers.

Of course as Canadians we were delighted to hear him affirm that Canada was co-ordinate with Great Britain as a part of the Empire, that in going to the United States the Prince would be as truly a representative Canadian as a Britisher and that hereafter any person who spoke of us as *colonists* would be under the censure of the Heir-Apparent.

This is a day by good men wished for long.

But when the Prince spoke of the responsibility of his office there was a "Cry of the Humnn" that made our heart's best beat for him. In Queen Victoria's Journal one entry says that when the minister, at a service in Scotland, prayed for her and the Prince Consort and their children, a lump came into her throat when he prayed for "their children." The statement shows she had "that masterpiece of nature, a mother's heart," and reminds us that

"A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen."

Something like her feeling moved many a hearer when the Prince spoke with genuine emotion of his load of care.

In such a moment the Hebrew seer would cry out for the living God and the Christian's burdened aspiring soul links itself up with the divine as he knows of earth that "ere she gain her heavenly best, a God must mingle with the game."

But as the Prince thus spoke another higher light flashed on us gathered there. It was not only the Prince who claimed our loyal and affectionate regard.

The Personality of the Nation itself which he represented in its abyssal depths came in upon our minds in that hour of exalted insight.

In "The Coming of Arthur" we read:

"But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round  
With large, divine, and comfortable words,  
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld  
From eye to eye through all their Order flash  
A momentary likeness to the King."

So even as the Prince spoke in the spirit and expressed the great thoughts of the Empire, which enrich the blood of the world, the Prince himself became partly obscured in the vision of the Empire's mesuing in the light of the torch he had thrown to us.

A sense of the historic character of the hour came over the assembled thousands and History seemed to say:

"But heard are the voices  
Heard are the sages,  
The Worlds and the Ages:  
'Choose well; your choice is  
Brief, and yet endless.'"

There was, however, another sentiment that found expression in the words of His Royal Highness concerning his responsibility as Heir to the Throne. The words were few but all golden. There was no break in the voice, scarcely a perceptible tremor, but the fulness of the man spoke and the voice responded in harmony with the nature of the summons.

A bush fell on the multitude and the touch of two vast worlds, the past and the future, the personal and the official, the purely human and the Divinity that doth hedge a King was upon the vast assembly that made the place seem a kind of Holy of Holies. Thought leaped out to wed with fact; the King-to-be was one with the people, the source of all power in the political sphere, and all were in the grasp of that underived, all-controlling *sense of obligation* that becomes most imperative in the greatest souls and in the most far reaching, up-reaching relations of organized

life. The far-resounding depths of the human soul were answering the deeps of God's great call to go out in service for mankind wherein the life shall be touched to finest issues.

And as he spake in simple yet mighty words of *Duty*, one could not help feeling that it was the potent voice of the nation through all its history as expressed in our literature from Chaucer who speaks of "the faith I shall (i.e. owe) to God" to Wordsworth and Tennyson, to Browning with whom it becomes "All's love, yet all's law", and to our John Met'rue and Bernard Trotter.

"Truth teller was our England's Alfred named,  
Truth lover was our English Duke—"

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story,  
The path of duty was the way to glory:  
He that walks it, only thirsting,  
For the right, and learns to deaden  
Love of self, before his journey closes,  
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
Into glossy purples, which outred  
All voluptuous garden roses."

This is the great truth, which embodied and made regnant in Him who is the truth, will make men free indeed.

And so, impelled alike by the history that the sense of duty keeps alive and the concern for the future all unknown that lies upon us deep almost as life, we ask on behalf of our nation:

"And keep it ours, O God, from brute-control,  
O statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul  
Of Europa, keep our noble England whole,  
And save the one true seed of freedom sown  
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
That sober freedom out of which there springs  
Our loyal passion for our temperate Kings;  
For saving that, ye help to save mankind  
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
And drill the raw world for the march of mind  
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just."

