

blazing Cross, and the Sceptre with the Dove, into the Sovereign's hands with the admonition:

"Receive the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of Kingly power and justice.

"Receive the Rod of Equity and Mercy.

"Be so merciful that you be not too remiss.

"So execute justice that you forget not mercy."

THE PUTTING ON OF THE CROWN.

At last the hour of Coronation has come. Bare-headed the King is still seated in the Chair of Destiny, and awaits with the silent congregation the blessing of the Imperial Crown. At the altar stands the Archbishop; he lifts therefrom the Crown, and prays aloud.

"Bless, we beseech Thee, and sanctify this Thy servant George our King, and as Thou dost this day set a Crown of pure gold upon his head so enrich his Royal heart with Thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues."

The Choir gives forth a mighty "Amen." Then the Primate stands before the King, the jewelled diadem is upraised, it is placed upon his head.

The King is Crowned.

Anointed and crowned, with all the insignia of earthly power about him, the King is solemnly blessed. For a moment we gaze on him. A deep sigh of feeling passes through the multitude, the heart quickens, and then comes rushing the sound of human triumph—an outburst of harmony, heart cries of love and thankfulness, the beating of drums and singing of silver trumpets, and from afar the booming of guns.

Majestically the Monarch ascends his Throne, and his loyal lieges make their Homage. First the boy Prince of Wales kneels bare-headed before his Sovereign and repeats those valiant words:—

"I, Edward, Prince of Wales, do become your liegeman of life and limb, and of earthly worship; and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die, against all manner of folks—so help me God."

The Prince rises and ascends the steps of the Throne, he kisses his father on the left cheek, and backwards would descend, but the King detains him, and placing a hand of benediction on the fair young head, leans forward, kisses him in turn, and clasps his hand—a very human touch, and well done.

And Regina Maria! Still uncrowned in her Chair of Estate she sits, her eyes turned to the Throne.

What an immortal moment for the Royal wife and mother!

The Peers in their degree then make the oath of fealty on their knees; arise, touch the Crown, and kiss their Sovereign on the cheek.

The Homage ended, with one accord outcry once more the People, the drums throb, the trumpets sound.

God save King George!

Long live King George!

May the King live for ever!

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

Less august, yet more entrancing, is the crowning of the Queen.

From her Chair, Queen Mary passes to the altar steps. She sinks on her knees, and listens to the prayer of the Primate:

"Multiply Thy blessings upon this Thy servant Mary, whom in Thy name, with all humble devotion, we consecrate our Queen, defend her evermore from all dangers, ghostly and bodily, make her a great example of virtue and piety, and a blessing to this kingdom."

To a fald stool the Queen passes. Again, the Golden Canopy is brought forth supported now by four Duchesses, and held over her for her anointing.

The lustrous Crown, in which blazes the Koh-i-Noor, is placed upon her head, and up rise the white gloved hands of every Peeress to coronate herself.

Anointed and crowned, and having received all her ornaments, the Queen, bearing her Sceptre and Rod in her hands, is led to her crimson Throne, she bows reverently to the King as she ascends the dais.

The Communion Service brings this most impressive religious service to an end, and after the Recess the Processions of Queen and King are re-formed, and as they pass down the nave transplendent, happy, and glorious, the National Anthem is sung in triumphant harmony by choir and congregation, and a storm of cheers for the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales bursts forth from those Westminster boys, whose ringing young voices, so clear and searching, have throughout the Service stirred every heart.

ETHEL G. FENWICK.

For the mass of the people who lined the route, waiting to offer loyal greeting to their Sovereign and his Consort on their Coronation Day, there was not a dull moment, and when at last, escorted with all pomp and circumstance, the King and Queen appeared, wearing their crowns, in the famous State carriage of crystal and gold, the shouts which rent the air acclaimed them consecrated, and the elect of the people.

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