

PRESIDENCY COLLEGE

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR.



Vol. XI

JUBILEE NUMBER

No. 1

Editorial

THIS number of *Presidency College Magazine* is a Jubilee Number, and contains a record of the chief events of the celebrations which were held this year in London in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the Throne of His Majesty the King-Emperor.

We are sure that all members of the College will like to possess this record of 1935. In years to come this number will become a book of great historical interest.

The articles and pictures in this book are eloquent of the loyalty and affection in which His Majesty is held by all his people throughout his vast dominions. He has earned this loyalty and this love by twenty-five years of devoted and unceasing service to his people, and his reign is an embodiment of the ideal that the highest form of work is service to others.

During these twenty-five years India has made great advances and seen many changes, and she is now to take her place in the Family of self-governing peoples which owes allegiance to King George. It was His Majesty himself who, in his last Christmas Message to the Empire, spoke of all his people as one great family. He said: "If I may be regarded as in some true sense the head of this great and widespread family, sharing its life and sustained by its affection, this will be a full reward for the long and sometimes anxious labours of my reign of well nigh five and twenty years." This year our King has been assured from every corner of his Empire that in richest abundance this reward is his.

Servire est Regnare.

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HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

The King-Emperor's Jubilee

THE EVE OF THE JUBILEE

THE following address was broadcast from London on the eve of the Jubilee, 5th May 1935, by the Most Reverend His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury :—

The service in which you have been taking part and the words which I am now to speak are meant to be a preparation for the prayers, thanks-givings, and rejoicings of to-morrow, when His Majesty the King will reach the Silver Jubilee of his reign. This is not the occasion to review the events of these twenty-five years. This has been done in many admirable books. I have been asked rather to speak of the King himself. My words will not be merely formal. They will be spoken from the heart and—if I may presume to say so—from a knowledge based upon the kind friendship with which His Majesty has honoured me for forty years.

On the 6th of May twenty-five years ago King Edward passed suddenly from the sight, though not from the memory, of his people; and the Prince of Wales, then in his forty-sixth year, became King. Those who were present on that day at his first meeting with his Privy Council will not forget the mingled dignity and modesty of his bearing and the simple sincerity with which he vowed himself to the service of his Realm and Empire. A year later, on June 22, 1911, with all the stately ceremonies preserved for long centuries, he was crowned in Westminster Abbey. It fell to me to preach the short sermon at the Coronation. Remembering the words of Our Saviour, "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth," I tried to sketch the ideal of a sovereignty based upon service. It has been given to the King to fulfil that ideal by twenty-five years of service, ceaseless and devoted.

I would ask you to think of him at Sandringham (his own special and beloved home) or at Windsor or at Buckingham Palace or at Balmoral, rising early every day, reading with scrupulous care all the State Papers submitted to him, transacting business with his Secretaries, then in the late afternoon returning again to the task, and thus acquiring a store of knowledge and experience for the service of the State. All his successive Ministers would bear testimony to the value of a judgment thus informed, and acknowledge that, though the King has strong opinions of his own and sometimes gives them vigorous expression, he has always kept in remembrance his responsibilities as a constitutional King.

Yet in the midst of all the daily pressure of State affairs he has ever been mindful of the lives, of the joys and sorrows and cares of all his people. Thus, for example, you may remember that in the early years of their reign the King and Queen made many journeys through the industrial districts of the country so that they might see and be seen by all classes not on ceremonial occasions only but in the midst of their daily life and work. I was allowed to accompany them on two of these journeys. During one of them a terrible colliery disaster occurred in the very district through which they were passing. Later in the day, instead of resting after long and exacting engagements, the King and Queen quietly and without notice went to the scene of the disaster and spoke to many of the afflicted wives and mothers in their homes. When I went there next day one of these wives said to me with tears in her eyes, speaking of the Queen's visit to her cottage, "I could not help kissing the floor where she had stood."

Across the seas, from the days of his boyhood in the Bacchante, the King had made journeys to India and all the Dominions and many of the Colonies, and had gained a personal knowledge of his widespread Empire such as no other Sovereign has possessed.

Thus, when the Great War brought to the nation the most terrible ordeal which it had ever been called to meet, the Throne meant to the people a man whom they had learned to respect and trust. At once he became the living and personal symbol of the country which called for their service. He visited the Grand Fleet in the far Orkneys, the Armies in France and Flanders, the hospitals at home and at the Front, the munition works in this country. By these visits he cheered and encouraged the sailors in their long and trying vigil, the soldiers in their grim struggles, the wounded in their suffering, the workers at home in their incessant labours. The iron of the awful time entered into his soul; but everywhere he showed in himself and sustained in others the spirit of calmness, courage, and inflexible resolve.

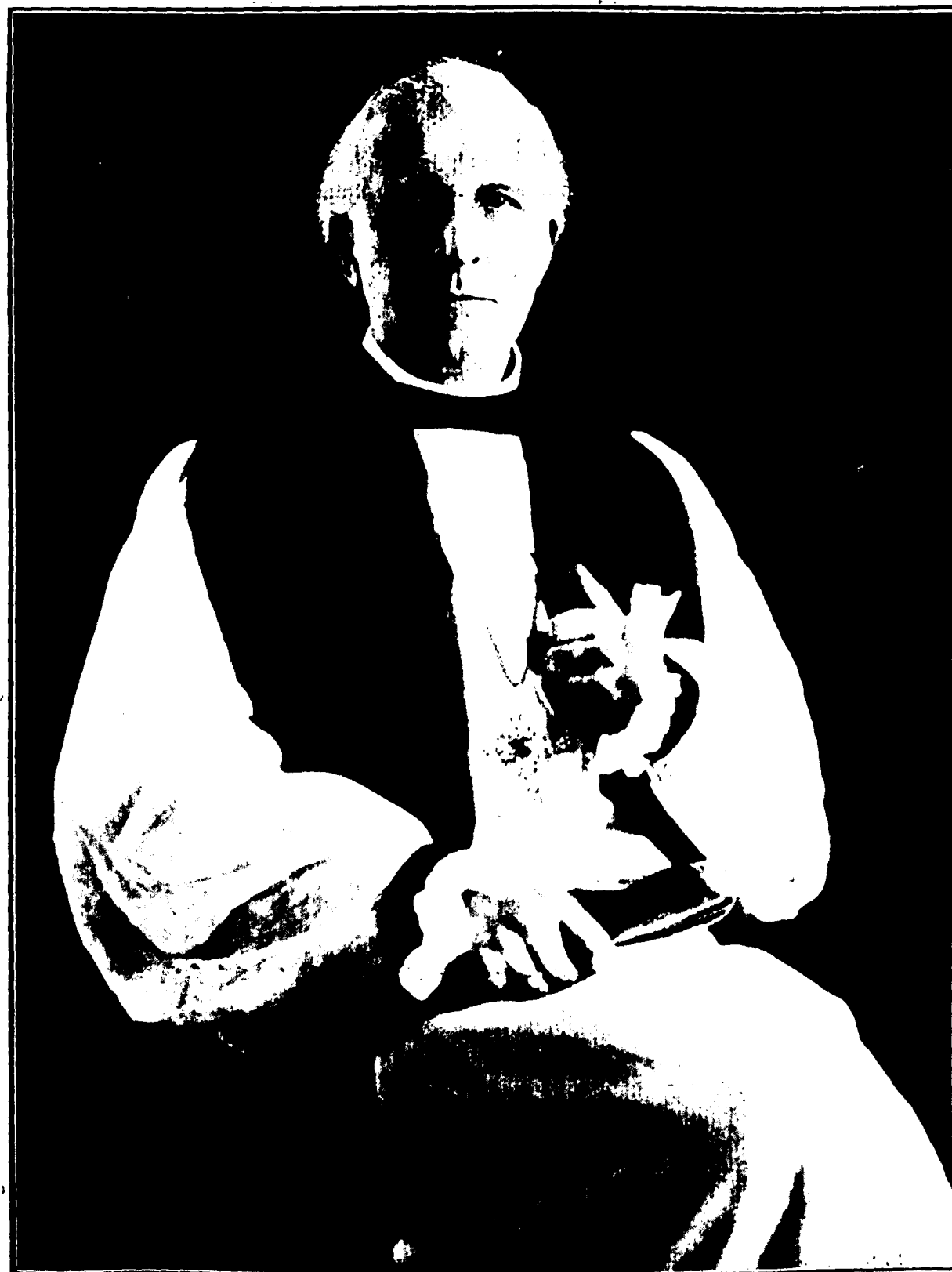
Since then, in these so difficult and arduous post-War years, I know well how constantly he has thought, how deeply he has felt about all our anxieties for the maintenance of peace abroad and the recovery of trade and industry at home, not least about the burden of unemployment which lies so heavily upon so many of his people.

You will realize when you think of these twenty-five years that into them has been crowded a series of crises far more formidable than any which disturbed the sixty-three years of Queen Victoria's reign. Throughout all these troubles the King has stood at the helm, anxious indeed, but calm, steadfast, confident. Here I must, if only for a moment, touch a subject on which it is fitting to be reticent. In that inner region of the soul where the foundations of character are laid he has been sustained in daily thought and prayer by a very real and very simple faith in God.

There is indeed another side to the King's personality without mention of which no picture of him would be complete. You would see that other side if you heard his laugh at a good jest or story or saw him playing with his grand-children. He is an ardent sportsman. Is he not one of the very best shots in the country? And in the days before his illness, as I myself have sometimes seen, he was eager to go through all the ardours of a long and difficult stalk in his Highland mountains. With multitudes of his subjects he enjoys the excitement of a horse-race or a great football match. He is seldom happier than when he is racing in his own valiant and venerable yacht *Britannia*. Indeed, in manner, speech, and spirit he has kept from his boyhood many of the qualities which have always endeared the sailor to the British folk.

This is the King for whom more fully as the years have passed his people have come to feel not respect only but a warm personal affection. When seven years ago they waited anxiously for tidings of his long illness they realized what he himself had come to mean for them, and they rejoice the more that he is with them now in health and strength. Beyond doubt it is this personal affection for the man as well as loyalty to the Throne which will to-morrow move the heart of the nation and Empire.

His place in the hearts of his people is fully shared by our gracious Queen. With our affection she has won our admiration. We admire her dignity—is she not, may I venture to say, “Every inch a Queen”?—her quick intelligence, her wonderful memory and chiefly her keen and constant interest in all that concerns the welfare of the people, their work, their health, their homes. During all these anxious years she has been at the King's side giving him the unfailing help of her comradeship and counsel.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

I have no time, nor is there need, to speak of the Royal Family. It would indeed be superfluous to speak of the place which the Prince of Wales holds in the nation's life. "The Prince" is a household word among us. He brings into every part of our public life his vivid and stimulating interest, not least into the cause of the unemployed. Of his sister and brothers I can only say now what I shall say in St. Paul's Cathedral to-morrow—they have brought to all classes and to all parts of the world that personal touch which has moved the whole Empire to adopt the Royal Family as its own.

So then the King comes to his Silver Jubilee surrounded by the loyalty and love of all the people of his Realm and Empire. You may remember the words of his last Christmas Message—"If I may be regarded as in some true sense the head of this great and widespread family, sharing its life and sustained by its affection, this will be a full reward for the long and sometimes anxious labours of my reign of well nigh five and twenty years." To-morrow the King will be assured that in fullest measure the reward is his.

You will not, I hope, regard my words to-night as unfitting for a place in a religious service. For surely it is very right and our bounden duty to give thanks to Almighty God, from Whom all good gifts come, for the service and the example which the King and Queen have given to their country. When we look out on the unknown future and on all the anxieties which still surround us at home and abroad we must needs pray that God's merciful Providence will continue to guide and sustain our King and country. I think that every one who is now listening to me will to-morrow say the old familiar words with a new reality and warmth of heart—"The King—God bless him."

King and People

JUBILEE DAY—6TH MAY 1935

TO-DAY, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the Throne, the King will drive with the Queen to St. Paul's Cathedral to take part in a service of thanksgiving. It is thirty-eight years since Britain kept Jubilee while her Sovereign drove to St. Paul's; and which is the greater, the difference or the likeness between the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria and the Silver Jubilee of King George V, it would be hard to say. There are obvious resemblances—the crowded streets, the decorations, the external signs of a general gladness. There are obvious external differences, of which the chief is the difference between an immense pageant of world-wide pomp and a much simpler and more domestic celebration. Another difference, not external, is also plain. The Diamond Jubilee glittered on the peak of an era of wealth, of security, of pride; and few there were among those that took part in it who perceived or heeded the little flaws that were already cracking its bright surface. The Silver Jubilee is a glad but humble offering of gratitude for the example and the influence of that servant of his people who stood at their head through the struggle to avert collapse and ruin and who has lived to lead them far back on the upward road to recovery.

Difference and likeness, however, are not always easy to disentangle. At Queen Victoria's first Jubilee, in 1887, this journal could say with truth that "No other English Sovereign has gained so much knowledge of her own and of foreign lands from actual observation"; yet how deep in truth is the contrast between the first-hand knowledge that was possible to the great Queen and that of her grandson, who has travelled so widely about his far-flung Empire that at home he knows the cottage as he knows the castle, and in his knowledge of distant lands can meet the specialists on their own level. The contrast is implicit in another sentence from that leading article of 1887: "To many of her people the Queen is a name rather than a living reality." Yet ten years later, at the Diamond Jubilee, there was a change of tone: "What gives its special point to to-day's ceremony is the purely personal relation, a relation of real attachment, which has so long existed between the Queen and her people, and which, in the minds of the masses, has now grown into a feeling of conscious pride." The words might have been newly written of King George V; and yet, for all the resemblance, there is a plain difference. It is a difference not of kind but of degree. In their time the words were true of Queen Victoria; she it was who began the tradition of personal service carried faithfully on by her son and her grandson. To-day the same words are so much more true of King George that they scarcely seem to mean the same thing. To the mass of her people the great Queen was to the end remote, august, a symbol rather than a woman. To the mass of his people King George is a man well known. Of two among the several great scientific productions of his reign, swift traffic and the wireless, he has taken full advantage. He has been seen all over his kingdom and in many parts of his Empire. At Christmas and at other times he has talked to his people, a father to his children, till his voice is as well known as his face. When his people think of him, they are as likely as not to think first of their friend and only second of that of which he is the living symbol.

Yet through his twenty-five years of sovereignty the Throne of Britain has gained beyond measure in power and in prestige. Elsewhere sceptre and crown have tumbled down, or have been politely bowed into the background. Here the monarchy

is more than ever before the summit of the Constitution and the core of the Empire. And to-day, at those moments when the fundamental solemnity of this great occasion reveals itself beneath the bright witness of its gaiety, the King's people will do well to give humble and hearty thanks that—through a quarter of a century so anguished, so restless, often so ugly-tempered as this—their constitutional monarch has been such a man as the King. By nature downright (as the Archbishop of Canterbury told his hearers last night) the King has been constitutionally very patient. He has never been (as some other Kings have been) too clever to be wise. Like the Bourbons, he never forgets; unlike them, he is always learning. He has never been above asking advice, nor above taking it when it was sound; and by his impartiality and generosity of spirit he has commanded confidence and candour, whether from old and tried servants and friends (Lord Stamfordham, for instance) whose devotion he had won by his staunch trust, or from less familiar counsellors whose mouths were opened by his matchless gift for putting men at their ease. No examples need here be quoted of all the occasions on which, at some critical moment, he has taken the right course or spoken the helpful word, from the first troubled years of his reign through the greatest trial that has ever befallen the nation. Only this needs now to be said of the War—that if ever a people had cause to thank God for a steady, brave, sensible ruler, Britain had cause in those dark days.

Even to-day the prospect is far from smooth and easy. Just as, instinctively, the people turned to the King at the outbreak and at the end of the War, so now they turn instinctively to the father of the Imperial family as they face the future that lies beyond this hour of remembrance and of hope. Few indeed and strange must they be who cannot take comfort in turning to a King who is man enough to find nothing human beneath his sympathy; to a man who can laugh; to a sportsman who can play as hard as he can work, a lover of yachting, shooting, football, the stage; to an English sailor, with no little of the traditional simplicity and piety of the sailor; to a man of character, known to be rich in what a political philosopher has called "the sound common sense of a *grand seigneur*." It is a commonplace now that throughout these twenty-five years the King has worked, as no Sovereign ever before him worked, personally to know, personally to be known to, his people; and a pitifully partial view of his success it would be that left out of count the essential share in it of the Queen, who, for her own part, has raised the dignity of all the womanhood of the Empire, even of the world, by her pride in woman's life and work, and has encouraged industry and art, the useful things of life and its finest graces, by her knowledge and her practical help.

To-day, therefore, the crowds that line the Royal route, the vastly greater crowds that listen to the broadcast service at St. Paul's, will be calling down blessings upon a man and a woman they have good reason to love. And, if that were all, this Silver Jubilee would be a trivial and material thing compared with the full truth of it. It is a secret of our Constitution that the very indefiniteness of the sovereignty allows more power and scope to the personality of the Sovereign. For twenty-five years the personality of a good man has more and more enriched the office that he fills. But never, so long as he wears the Crown, and never less than to-day, is he man and nothing more. By the law of the Constitution he is now the sole link that holds together the great Imperial nations whose leaders have assembled about him at this time. He is more, and other, than that. He is, in person, the Imperial Majesty. He is, in person, the unity and the continuity of the British Empire. He is the idea and the symbol of our national and Imperial being. To-day, when we pray for the King, we pray not only for our father and friend. We pray for his Empire, that it may go forward undismayed in the ways of freedom and of peace.

From "THE TIMES" of May 6

The Pageant of Jubilee

OUTSIDE THE PALACE

PAGEANTRY AFTER A LONG WAIT

War-Time Songs at Hyde Park Corner

BUCKINGHAM Palace was the centre of an Empire's waking thoughts. Many hours had to go by before the gates would open and the King and Queen pass on their way, but dawn, when it broke, found ardent citizens awaiting the Royal progress. Humble folk stood in clusters near the Palace rails. Every point of vantage within sight of the Palace was eagerly sought and quickly seized. The people waited. In these early hours of the morning they were an earnest throng, not without pride that their place in this central event of the Jubilee was so near to Buckingham Palace, surely at that time the very heart of the Empire.

There was movement from the earliest hours of daylight. Even those fortunate people who had seats in the long rows of stands that lined Constitution Hill and the Mall were obliged to be in their places by 9 o'clock. It was a colourful scene, the bright sunshine of this May morning gently touching the fresh green of London's trees and grass. A light breeze played among the leaves and gave life to flags and pennants that decked the road-ways. There was a multitude of people, but the day was still young with the freshness of morning air that came across the parks.

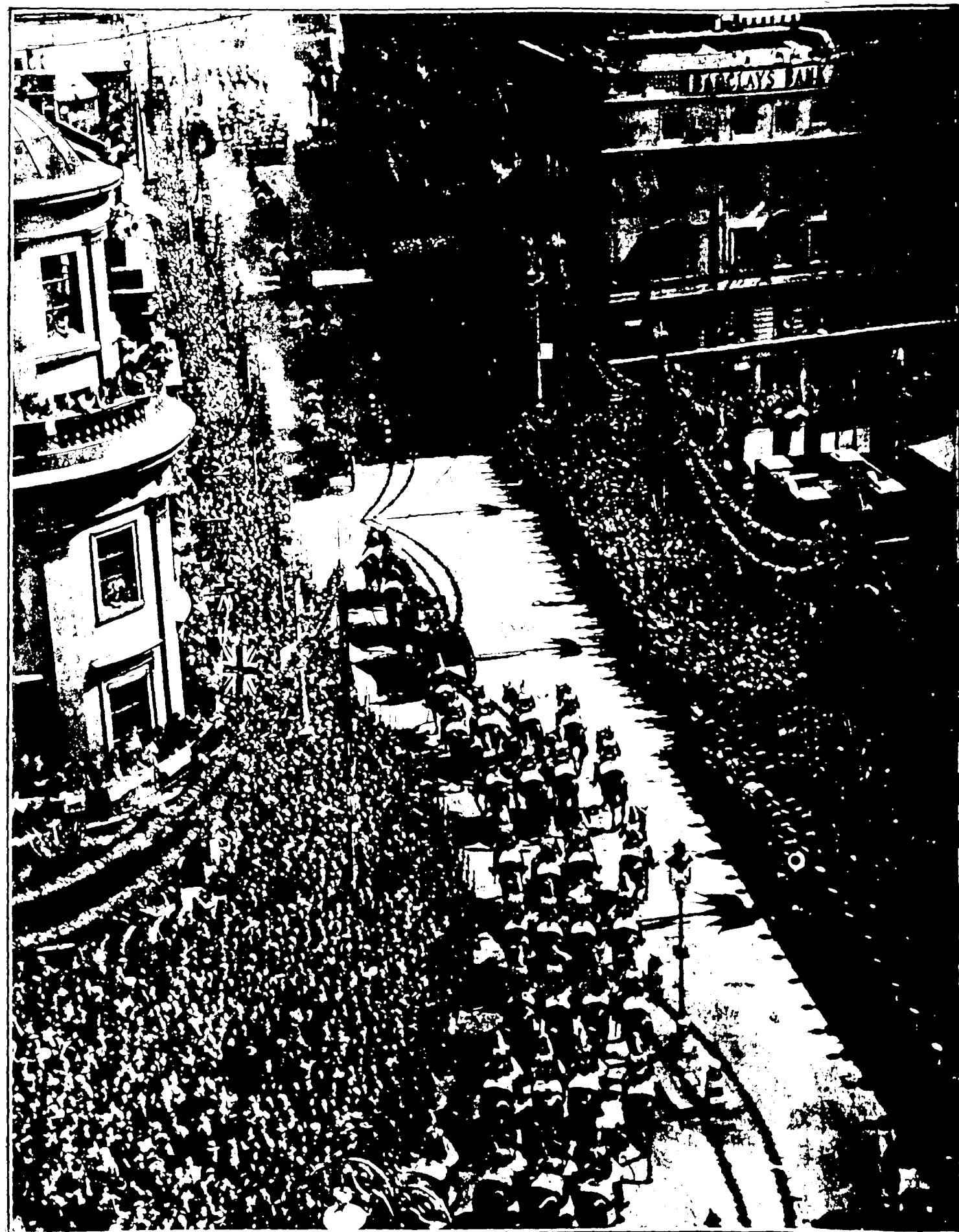
Colour in the Crowd

Time passed quickly in these first hours near Buckingham Palace. Every few moments there arrived some small contingent to take its allotted place on platforms that had been erected round the Victoria Memorial. Groups of cadets, lads of the Boys' Brigade, a detachment of the Legion of Frontiersmen, sailor boys from the Prince of Wales Hostel, a group of children from the Foundling Hospital—these were but a few whose uniforms and dress lent colour to the crowd. On the grassy slopes encircling the spaces between the parks and the memorial, bands of Red Cross nurses and Girl Guides looked across to the Palace. The tiers of reserved seats along Constitution Hill and the Mall quickly filled, and the route of the Royal procession stood out between a sea of people. No one seemed to have doubted that this would be a day of sunshine, and the people had dressed in their gayest attire.

Troops began to arrive—detachments of men from the Brigade of Guards to line the route, their scarlet tunics making a thin red line as far as the eye could see. At intervals there passed by companies of mounted troops, resplendent in their brilliant uniforms, on their way to other parts of the Royal route.

On Roof-Tops

On the whole brilliant scene, burnished with glorious sunshine, people looked down from every accessible viewpoint. Across the Green Park roofs of high buildings in Piccadilly could be seen packed with people. High above the Admiralty Arch people were on the roofs of buildings at Charing Cross, whence they looked up the Mall to Buckingham Palace; the campanile of Westminster Cathedral and the lofty balustrade



THE CROWDS AND THE ROYAL PROCESSION IN THE STRAND.

of the Duke of York's column held others who watched from on high ; and on the flat roofs of all buildings across St. James's Park workmen stood, outlined against the sky. In spite of the vast concourse of people, one never lost a sense of this being the most sylvan part of London, where parks converge and the sunshine plays on a hundred subtle shades of green before summer turns the leaves of trees into one darker tint. Wild duck flew overhead and pigeons nested, undisturbed by London in its festive mood. The eager crowd enjoyed the lively scene, impressed by military pomp yet ready to laugh like one man when a solitary policeman passed along the Royal route on a bicycle.

The pageantry of procession began at 10 o'clock. A carriage turned into the Mall from Clarence Gate, and there were cheers as the Prime Minister passed. With him was Miss MacDonald. There followed the five other carriages bearing the Prime Ministers of Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Southern Rhodesia, and Northern Ireland, and the representative of India. The people as they cheered seemed to rejoice in the Imperial character of this procession of Prime Ministers.

Next there passed the Lord Chancellor's procession, and shortly afterwards cars which a red crown marked as bearing members of the Royal Family drove along the Mall into Buckingham Palace, making their way to the accompaniment of a cheering people.

The Young Princesses

Within the Palace gates there began scenes of great activity. A captain's escort of Royal Horse Guards stood motionless. A bugle sounded, there was a clatter of hoofs as the escort wheeled round and issued from the south gate of the Palace. The people cheered with enthusiasm as the procession passed the gates, and the Duke and Duchess of York acknowledged the people's greeting, while Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret waved prettily to the crowds. In the second carriage the Duke and Duchess of Kent were alike greeted with great enthusiasm.

There was a pause and the scene was again repeated as the Prince of Wales, with the Queen of Norway and the Duke of Gloucester, left the Palace, followed in a second carriage by the Princess Royal, Princess Victoria, the Earl of Harewood, Viscount Lascelles, and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. The cheers of the multitude facing the Palace were caught up by the crowds along Constitution Hill as the procession made its way to Hyde Park Corner.

Once more the people waited expectantly. Again there seemed a subdued silence around the Palace courtyard, and through the wide open gates there could be seen motionless an escort of Life Guards. The King was about to appear. There was an echo of distant cheering, but in this brief interval before the climax it seemed that time stood still. Again a bugle sounded and the troops within the Palace courtyard sprang to life. Again a clatter of hoofs, and from the Palace there rode out successive detachments of Artillery, Dragoons, Hussars, and Lancers, brilliant in the splendour of their uniforms. Closely there followed the Sovereign's escort of Life Guards, and the King and Queen began their Royal progress amid the unbounded enthusiasm of their people.

Hyde Park Corner

At Hyde Park Corner a dense mass of people lined the route. They extended down Knightsbridge for more than half a mile. Grosvenor Place was packed. The top of every house and every other vantage point carried its quota. Even the top of the ceremonial arch at the head of Constitution Hill, the arches over Hyde Park entrance,

the lodge inside the gates, the iron gates and the railings were crowded with people. St. George's Hospital, the only hospital on the route, was faced with people, and all, as soon as the words "The King" passed among them, cheered lustily, completely drowning the band from Kneller Hall stationed in the centre arch of the entrance to Hyde Park.

Many of them saw nothing but the tops of the policemen's helmets and perhaps some of the mounted police, for the ground falls away from the route of the procession, and because of a certain amount of misunderstanding many found themselves at the back of the crowd instead of as they thought in the front. It did not matter, however; everyone was good tempered, and little mishaps are always to be expected. The women in the crowd produced the mirrors from their vanity bags, turned their backs on the route, and used them as periscopes. To the Royal party so many hands going up must have looked like a new form of salute, but there was no ambiguity about the cheer. It was truly a universal salute.

Variety of Accents

Every kind of accent was to be heard, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, but there were few Londoners present. The position was evidently no favourite of theirs.

From very early in the morning spectators had been arriving. At 7 o'clock the pavements all round were lined. By 7-30 the St. George's Hospital exit to the Underground station was closed, and an hour later the other exit outside Hyde Park was closed. Still a steady stream of people came up Knightsbridge and Grosvenor Place and moved down Piccadilly and Constitution Hill. With them came cars of all kinds and sizes.

Those on the pavements watched, for anything was good enough for amusement to people who had been standing for hours. A solitary Horse Guardsman coming out of the Park was cheered, and an old-fashioned "growler," complete with four passengers and red, white, and blue favours, was cheered even more loudly. Even the police, when they had to move back an intruding section of the crowd, were cheered, and the obstruction moved as though by magic.

Old Songs Again

The last vehicle to go into the Park was a motor-cycle and side-car, while the last pedestrians to leave Knightsbridge were the members of the British Legion. The Kneller Hall band greeted them with "Soldiers of the Queen," and followed it up with "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," "Who's Your Lady Friend?" "There's a Long, Long Trail Awaiting," and "Mademoiselle From Armentieres." Every one sang the old songs and the marching men went with something of the old jaunty air they displayed when the songs were new, to their station in the centre of the roadway, round the Artillery Monument.

Many of the women recalled other occasions in which they had seen the ex-Servicemen—Servicemen then—and one at least summed up every one's sentiment when she said, "King George is the only King for whom I would come into a crowd like this." At the moment the pressure was at its greatest, and every one was crushed, hot and uncomfortable, and so they waited.

When the first carriages went by those who had seen described to those less fortunate and answered such questions as: "What did the Princesses look like and what did they do?" "What was the Duchess of York wearing?" "What had the Queen got on?" and many other demands for personal details. So the procession came and went its way down Piccadilly.



DECORATIONS IN CANNON STREET
WITH ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN THE DISTANCE.

' Within a very few moments the cordons were broken and people streamed across the road, thankful to breathe freely once more. Many stood outside St. George's Hospital to hear the broadcast from St. Paul's while many more went into the Park or found shady corners or steps in Grosvenor Place and the streets near by to sit down.

IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

An Unforgettable Scene

In Trafalgar Square vast crowds, wedged tightly together in the full glare of the hot sunshine, waited and cheered and waited until the clock of St. Martin-in-the-Fields pointed to 10 minutes past 11 and brought the great moment when the King and Queen drove past in splendid array.

From the roof of South Africa House one had a panoramic view of an unforgettable scene in the vast Square below. As far as the eye could see flags fluttered gaily in the sun. The decorated roofs of Canada House, South Africa House, and other high buildings fronting on the Square—including the roof of St. Martin's Church—were thronged with sightseers, over whose heads dived and tumbled disturbed flights of pigeons.

Below, behind the naval ratings and Royal Marines with fixed bayonets who lined the route across the north side of the Square, great crowds jostled and swayed. At one moment the pressure of eager people at the north-east corner threatened to submerge the sailors and block the route; but prompt and vigorous action by mounted policemen kept the line intact. As the pressure and the heat increased scores of people fainted, and ambulance men were kept busy carrying away the casualties in their arms or on stretchers.

In front of the National Gallery, to the left of the entrance, sat a large number of military pensioners from Chelsea Hospital, their breasts glittering with the medals of old campaigns and their scarlet uniforms making a lively splash of colour. With them sat a group of soldiers in hospital blue and some white-capped nurses. Towards Pall Mall privileged spectators crowded the festooned balconies of shops and clubs and the brightly decorated stands that had been erected at every possible point. At the other side of the Square, beyond the spurting fountains, crowds were already waiting along the route by which the King would return to the Palace beneath the White Ensigns that hung from the Admiralty Arch. Everywhere was a riot of colour and the atmosphere of carnival.

At a few minutes past 10 o'clock the crowd laughed and cheered as the Speaker of the House of Commons lumbered past at a snail's pace in his two and three-quarter ton coach. Here was a suggestive and amusing sidelight on the mysteries of the British Constitution. In front of the King, and his sons, and his soldiers, and his Prime Ministers, and the Indian Princes, and the Lord High Chancellor rumbled the coach of Mr. Speaker—the descendant of a Stuart King who is now the First Commoner—symbolizing, whether by accident or design, the pre-eminent rights of the Commons House of Parliament. The symbolism of democratic pre-eminence was completed by the bewigged brewers' drayman in buff and blue livery who drove Mr. Speaker; and the two brewers' dray horses which hauled the coach. Well ahead of all the rest of the King's horses and the King's men the drayman and his team spent their holiday from the haulage of ale in delivering Mr. Speaker, in the coach that Queen Anne gave to one of his predecessors, at St. Paul's Cathedral, for the Royal Jubilee Thanksgiving.

After this various processions moved past at short intervals Mr. MacDonald, first among the Prime Ministers, was a dignified figure in uniform as he drove in an open carriage with his daughter, acknowledging the cordial cheering of the crowd. Behind him came the Prime Ministers of the Dominions and the representative of India wearing gold-laced uniforms and cocked hats.

A Crescendo of Cheers

The clattering hoofs of a Captain's Escort of Royal Horse Guards accompanying the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Kent stirred the crowds to new enthusiasm. Seated in an open carriage with the Duke and Duchess of York were their two children, the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, in pretty pink frocks and hats, waving to the people and enjoying the spectacle as only children can. The crowds gave them a great roar of welcome, and the cheering continued as the Duke and Duchess of Kent followed in the second carriage. The Prince of Wales, in scarlet uniform and bearskin, drove next in a carriage with the Queen of Norway and the Duke of Gloucester, escorted by Life Guards, and again the crowds gave a full-throated greeting. In a second carriage in the Prince's procession, drove the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood with their two boys, and Princess Victoria.

The brilliantly uniformed detachments of mounted troops drawn from regiments of the Cavalry of the Line and "D" and "F" Batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery which rode ahead of the King's procession added much to the pageantry of the scene. The pennons of the Lancers, the plumes and glinting helmets of the Dragoon Guards, and the teams and guns of the Horse Artillery made a brave show. Then came the advance body of the Sovereign's Escort of the Life Guards—and from the great crowds round about and above Trafalgar Square there rose to a crescendo a great and continuous volume of cheering as the gilded Royal coach, drawn by six grey horses, came into sight. The King brought his hand to the salute repeatedly in acknowledgment of this tremendous greeting, and the Queen, a majestic figure wearing the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter over a silvery dress which shimmered in the sunshine, smiled and bowed her thanks.

A Narrow Route

Between Trafalgar Square and Ludgate Circus the processions passed along thoroughfares less wide than those of the first part of the route, and, with its decorations and crowds, Fleet Street seemed almost to close in the passing cavalcades. The narrow roadway had the one advantage that the people were near to all they had gathered to see, and for a full two hours they were given a practically continuous spectacle as the carriage processions were preceded by unbroken lines of motor-cars, many of them open, carrying to St. Paul's Cathedral those who were to form the congregation for the service. There were men familiar in public life to be recognized, and a rich variety of uniforms and ceremonial dress to be savoured. Just one thing seemed to happen contrary to what must have been planned. The private cars were so numerous that they were crowding the route until half past 10, and the processions of the Speaker and of the Prime Ministers of the Empire made their progress through a congestion of traffic.

Bells of St. Clement's

There was one point, however, on this section of the route which had spaciousness. Where the wide eastern horn of Aldwych curves into the Strand is one of the finest processional sites in London, a fact which had occurred to some thousands of on-lookers, many of whom, if one might judge from their dialects, had travelled far—from

Cornwall or beyond the Tweed. When the first spectator camped out on the kerbstone—or the steps of the Gladstone statue—cannot be said; perhaps he came before sundown on Sunday, and in the darkness took the opportunity of planting the little Union Jack that fluttered in the hand of one of the figures at the great statesman's feet. But soon after 6 o'clock a crowd 10 deep was lining the pavements, and as the morning advanced every place of vantage was occupied, every lamp-post, every window, every balcony, every roof. Even the stone figures of the explorers at the entrance to Australia House were called upon to carry in their laps a number of enthusiasts who risked their necks in climbing up from the ground. The churchyard of St. Clement Danes was packed with humanity, and from the belfry of the ancient church came repeated pealing of the bells. It was a good-humoured crowd, part of a great family gathering, as it were, dismayed by nothing, pleased by the gentle breeze which tempered the heat of the sun, and ready to cheer the police or anybody else who passed, to listen to the music of the band which played "Land of Hope and Glory," or that which bade them pack up their troubles in the old kit bag. Periscopes played a large part in the proceedings; some of these were obviously home-made, but others had seen service in war.

AT TEMPLE BAR

City Greeting to the King

When the Lord Mayor had offered the pearl sword of the City of London to the King at Temple Bar and the Royal procession remained halted to allow the members of a civic delegation to rejoin their coaches, a dense crowd followed up two minutes of cheering with the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow." This completely unorthodox greeting, started tentatively but taken up most lustily, seemed to typify the sentiment of men and women who had waited many hours to see and acclaim their Majesties. They would have sung the National Anthem if anybody had given them a lead, but the chorus the King and Queen heard was a spontaneous and homely tribute to the unbounded personal popularity of Their Majesties.

The ceremony at the point where the Griffin looks westward from his pedestal was now a brilliant formality, but in past centuries English monarchs sued for permission to enter the City with the knowledge that London was jealous of its privileges and rights and exacted their acceptance from successive Sovereigns. Even in the time of Queen Victoria the gates of Temple Bar were closed when Her Majesty rode in state to Guildhall and were not opened until the traditional sword had been tendered and returned to the Lord Mayor.

Yesterday the boundary was marked chiefly by an abrupt change in the decorative scheme of the Royal route. Blue and yellow masts carrying the Tudor rose and portcullis of Westminster gave way to red and white festoons and the arms and flag of the City. As Their Majesties' carriage approached, two constables stretched a crimson rope across the roadway, but this was a gesture to commemorate a prerogative, and before the escort of Life Guards reached the Bar the cord had been withdrawn, and the Lord Mayor, with bared head, stood beyond an imaginary line to welcome the King.

The Lord Mayor's procession came to Temple Bar just as the motor cars of members of the Royal Family who were not riding in the carriage processions passed down Fleet Street on their way to St. Paul's. Sir Stephen Killik, wearing his crimson robe and ermine cape, stepped down from a panelled and ornamented coach, and with the

deputation of the Court of Aldermen and the Court of Common Council was for a few minutes, in accordance with long established custom, the guest of the ancient banking house of Child and Co., now incorporated in Glyn Mills and Co. He then proceeded to the Law Courts side of the street, and took up a position with the Sword Bearer on his right and the Sergeant-at-Arms bearing the Mace on his left. When the processions of the Duke of York and the Prince of Wales passed the Lord Mayor saluted, and the Prince returned the salute. An interval followed; during which the surrounding crowds became almost silent and the only sound was the pealing of the joyful bells of St. Clement's. Then came the detachments of mounted regiments and the Royal Artillery, and after they had gone by it could be observed that the scene had been set for the reception of the King. The City Sword in its pearl scabbard was held with the point resting on the ground and the Sergeant-at-Arms had reversed the mace—a matter of symbolism with its own beginnings in the long history of the City.

As the clock struck the first quarter after 11 the escort of Life Guards trotted past Temple Bar, the massed people cheered and waved their greeting, and the Royal carriage drew up to the pavement before the civic group. The Lord Mayor received the sword from its bearer and tendered it, hilt foremost, to the King. His Majesty, leaning forward, held the hilt for a moment and then returned the sword to the keeping of the city. The simple ceremony occupied only a few seconds, but the King had a short conversation with the Lord Mayor before Sir Stephen Killik and the deputations walked to their waiting carriages.

It may be recalled that at the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs rode to Temple Bar on horse-back, and that after a ceremony identical with that of yesterday they remounted to lead the procession to the Cathedral steps. The Lord Mayor, it was recorded in *The Times*, mounted his horse with considerable alacrity and rode off eastward holding the sword aloft. "The spirited steed," it was added, "caracoled away at a great pace to the great amusement of the crowd, and it was noticed that the Queen, the Princess of Wales, and the Princess Christian joined in the merriment." There was less in the dignified departure of the Lord Mayor and his supporters yesterday to entertain the people, and the attention of the throng was concentrated on the King and Queen. Cheer followed cheer until a section of the crowd near the Griffin began to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow." The general gathering hesitated at first to take up a refrain which can seldom have been directed to the King, but gradually the words were taken up to end with a fresh roar of cheering as the procession moved on into the City.

IN LUDGATE CIRCUS

Fervour of Cheering Crowds

Down the gentle slope of Fleet Street the Royal procession passed into a beflagged and decorated Ludgate Circus, thronged with crowds who welcomed them with a fervour excelled at no other point along the processional route. Here, and into Ludgate Hill, had come thousands of people straight from the railway termini serving the north. They had arrived at an early hour; they were to return at night at a time when even London revellers would be thinking of bed. Some, as they told sympathetic neighbours, had never seen the King and Queen or any member of the Royal Family. This was for them the day of days.

The railway bridge which destroys what would otherwise be a wonderful Vista of St. Paul's, had been hidden beneath a triumphal arch showing a mighty St. George slaying a fearsome dragon. On the rising ground beyond could be seen the Cathedral standing out boldly in the brilliant sunshine, dome and cross outlined with brilliant distinctness against the blueness of the sky.

With the good humour and patience which characterize British people on such occasions, the crowds waited for many hours in an atmosphere which grew more and more oppressive. The barriers across the northern and southern approaches to the Circus had been set sufficiently far back to allow freedom of movement for those who did not insist on pressing forward to the permitted limits of the roadway. Indeed, there would have been accommodation for a few hundreds more, and within a reasonable time of the arrival of the Royal carriages the police allowed visitors to enter.

A Moving Climax

From far down the route could be heard cheers as the escorted carriages passed on their way; the cheers were taken up in relays and burst into louder volume in the more enclosed area of the Circus. There was a particularly warm reception for the Prime Minister; a delighted and spontaneous outburst of admiring welcome when the Duke and Duchess of York and their children came into view, followed by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and a deep-throated tribute to the Prince of Wales. When at last the King and Queen arrived, round upon round of cheers was accompanied by a fluttering of handkerchiefs and waving of flags that transformed the Circus into a living kaleidoscope of movement. This was a thrilling and moving climax.

Every place, save one, from which the procession could be seen seemed to have been utilised. The exception was the box from which, in normal times, the traffic lights are operated. This, commanding one of the best views of all, was empty.

AT THE STEPS OF THE CATHEDRAL Brilliant Diversity of Colour

On great State occasions St. Paul's recovers the yard through which on most days of the year the tides of traffic roar. Then the space in front of the portico is once more a part of the Cathedral precincts, and those who look down upon it from windows or stands feel themselves within the seclusion of a close. Ludgate Hill is the way to the City no longer; it has become the *Via del Duomo* of London; and all the horses and carriages that mount the slope pause at the top, as though checked at an invisible portal, before turning in a slow curve which brings them to a halt at the foot of the double-flighted steps leading to the open West door.

This impression the scale of yesterday's pageantry immensely reinforced. Posted in the yard were so many troops, most of them in the prose of khaki, that there was not a great deal of standing room for spectators. The open windows of the houses that gird the Cathedral and the stands beneath them were extremely decorous in their animation. The happy hum of crowds in holiday humour came softened up the hill. But what seemed most distinctly to mark off the level space as a ceremonial enclave was its decorative restraint. From the palace to the Cathedral precincts no one style of decoration prevailed. We no longer dress our house fronts in arras and tapestry and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East, as they did in the days of the Tudors and did still



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL
SEEN FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.

when Queen Anne drove out to give thanks for Blenheim. The sense of colour had everywhere triumphed over the sense of form, and the streets were all as gay in unconsidered blues and reds and yellows as haphazard gardens until they reached the head of Ludgate. There the unadorned Cathedral—shadowy, immense, august, yet somehow friendly—imposed its own genius of ordered beauty and tranquilly gave its promise to direct and exalt the emotions of the day.

A Living Avenue

Upon this noble plainness successive waves of colour broke. One after another the processions came tittupping up the hill, swung round the semi-circle, and came to a standstill where beneath a red and white awning the Yeomen Warders of the Tower made a living avenue of scarlet, gold, and black running straight as a ruler from the carriage-way to the West door. Each procession brought into the precincts mighty rushing undulation of sound and a brilliant diversity of colour; each was humanized by illustrious, familiar, and beloved figures; but they left the eagerly awaited climax still to come.

At length every one knew that it was near. Masses of cavalry—Lancers, Hussars, and Dragoons—and Horse Artillery, each breech block seeming to have been polished to the quick of its being—trotted by. The distant cheering was deeper pitched than it had been before; and as the Life Guards debouched from Ludgate Hill, each trooper riding as Hardy's trumpet-major used to ride, as if nothing less than crowns and empires ever concerned his magnificent mind, every one sitting felt impelled to stand, and every one standing stood on tip-toe. And there were the Windsor greys stepping lightly in their blazing harness and the Royal coach collecting all the light and flashing it back from its painted woodwork and big burnished lamps, and we were all shouting as the gold-coated trumpeters sounded fanfare and the bells of St. Paul's rang out and the sunlight danced about the scarlet and gold and the coach halted at the place where Queen Victoria's carriage stood during the service at her Diamond Jubilee. Yet it was not of historical precedents that most people found themselves thinking at this moment, not even, perhaps, of twenty-five crowded years. For as the King and Queen were seen responding to the greetings of the Bishop of London a personal simplicity shone suddenly through the stately ceremony, and we reflected that it was a simplicity known to many thousands of humble workers who in good days and bad have met Their Majesties, and may, indeed, have given them tea in their cottages.



THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

15

The Great Thanksgiving

IN ST. PAUL'S

Thanksgiving and Prayer

ALL the movement of the day in London and the thoughts of the distant peoples who, throughout the world, shared imaginatively in its act of thanksgiving, converged upon the Cathedral which commonly stands as an island amid the busiest thoroughfares of the City. Yesterday St. Paul's Churchyard had been cleared of traffic, and those who were invited to the Service, arriving early, found themselves in unaccustomed quiet. In the surrounding windows, spectators had begun to assemble, but the curving roadways were empty of all but a few carriages and the great carts from which sand was being scattered on the processional route. The Cathedral itself, rising against a sky so blue and clear that it seemed to have borrowed a sure brilliance and an almost Mediterranean gaiety from the South, had an appearance little known to Londoners. As though by the withdrawal of traffic it had been given room to breathe, its architecture wore an air, not of splendour only, but of ascending lightness, which the green and blossoming trees at its foot to the north-west marvellously increased.

The spaces within had been very wisely prepared for the ceremony that was soon to occupy them. Where stands had been set up they had been covered with a material that laid no emphasis upon them but accorded gently with the cathedral stone; the great area of the building was not lessened nor its design broken up. As the people moved slowly and quietly to their places in the nave, in the transepts, and under the dome, it seemed at first that the persuasion to wear brilliant colour had been too little regarded, particularly by women, but minute by minute the scene was enriched by the uniforms of sailors, soldiers, and the diplomatic corps, and above all, by the magnificent plumes of India.

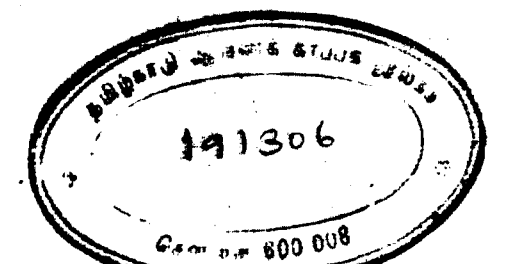
Pale Primrose Light

Soon after 9-30 the organ gave its opening voluntary. By this time the sun, which was afterwards to play so brilliant a part, had not moved far enough to the south to exercise its full influence. Its beams, falling through a window of the south transept, touched Nelson's feet and slanted, at an acute angle, into the nave, but the body of the congregation, assembling beneath the dome, and the red chairs that awaited the Royal Family's coming, were as yet untouched by it, and lay, a little bleakly, beneath a pale primrose light from which, now and then, a single face, illumined by chance, would conspicuously stand out.

At 20 minutes past 10 the congregation rose. The King's Bodyguard were moving in, the Yeomen of the Guard to the Nave and the Corps of Gentlemen at arms, in golden, white plumed helmets which from that time onward were to dominate the scene, to the Dome and Transepts. A little more than a quarter of an hour later a procession entered, consisting of the Speaker, the Prime Minister in the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House, members of the Government with places in the Commons, Prime Ministers of the Dominions, Sir Joseph Bore as representative of India, the Lord Chancellor, and Cabinet Ministers in the Lords. Their places were immediately to the

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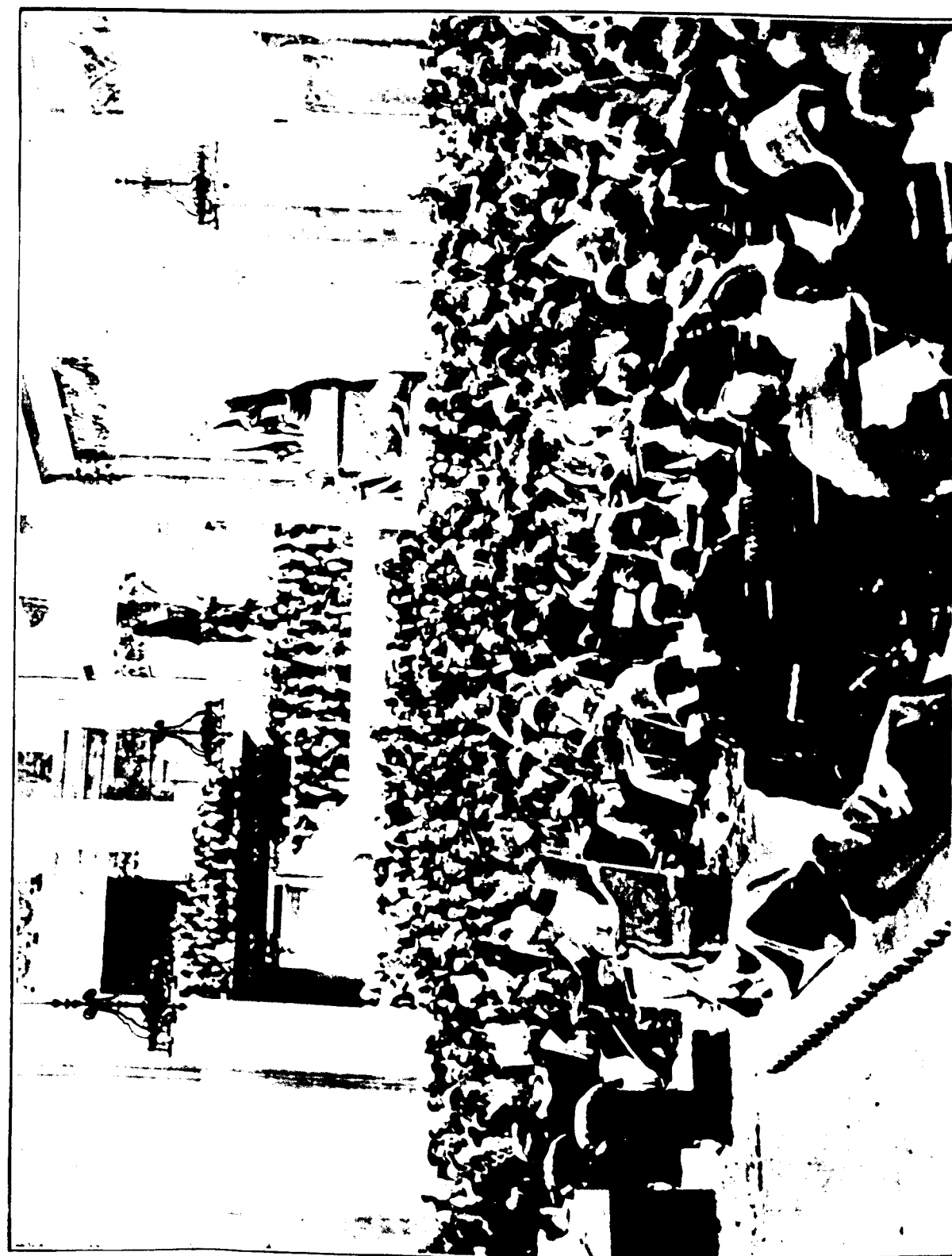


north of the chairs in which the King and Queen would sit, and their uniforms appeared as a block of gold in the foreground of North Transept. When they were seated it was seen that the Leaders of the Opposition were among them, Mr. Lloyd George earnestly wagging a persuasive finger, Mr. Lansbury sedately in black. The sun meanwhile was slowly moving its long arms towards the north, and the organ playing its introductory music.

A sound of cheering outside the Cathedral marked the coming of those members of the Royal Family who were not to take part in the procession. When they had been led to their places, with the Duke of Connaught at their head, the Bishop of London, with the Dean of St. Paul's and the Canons Residentiary, wearing the new vestments made for the reopening of the Cathedral, moved down to the West Door that they might be in readiness to receive the King. A pause followed, broken only by the cheers with which Ludgate Hill greeted the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and, five minutes later, the Queen of Norway, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Royal. As yet their arrival was known, to the greater part of the congregation in the Cathedral, only by the acclamation of the crowd outside, for the Queen of Norway and Their Royal Highnesses did not now proceed to their places but waited in the Chapel of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The clatter of their withdrawing Cavalry escorts came in sharply through the open dazzle of the South Door. By this time the congregation was fully assembled. The King's Indian Orderly Officers were at their post beside the steps of the Choir. The Choir, the clergy, and the Archbishop of Canterbury in cope and mitre had come in procession to their places. Presently the movement up the Cathedral of the Deputations of the Court of Common Council and of the Court of Aldermen, together with others who had met the Royal coach at Temple Bar, signalled the arrival of the Lord Mayor and the near approach of the King.

Royal Procession

The congregation were standing, silent and without movement. The sound of the National Anthem came in muffled, seemingly from very far away. By contrast near and suddenly stirring, a fanfare of the Trumpeters of the Life Guards announced Their Majesties' arrival. To the music of Purcell's Trumpet Tune, the Royal procession moved up the Nave: first the Bishop of London, the Dean of St. Paul's, and the Archdeacon of London with their clergy; then the four Heralds, the Captains of the Body Guard, and members of the Household; then the Garter King of Arms and the Lord Mayor bearing the Pearl Sword; and, immediately preceding Their Majesties, the Lord Steward and the Lord Chamberlain. The King, wearing the uniform of a Field-Marshal and the Ribbon of the Garter, and the Queen, in white and silver, bearing herself with a proud and graceful dignity conspicuous even in the Queen, went to their places under the Dome, and stood, facing the altar. The Royal Family, behind them, formed a group of brilliant colour, the two young Princesses of York at their mother's side, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester in uniforms of the Army, the Dukes of York and Kent in that of the Navy and the Duchess of Kent wearing a hat which, whatever its inconveniences may have been in a procession, was a wide enchantment in the Cathedral. She certainly had listened to the advice of the artist who suggested that, on this occasion, ladies should be "decked with all that would bring out their beauty"; and if, later, in Queen Victoria Street, there were envious breezes, *il faut souffrir pour être belle*.



Praise and Thanksgiving

When the first verse of the National Anthem had been sung, there followed the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell," to the tune of the Old Hundredth—a tune so familiar that everyone present could, and did, join in the singing of it. On occasions of State, the English are ordinarily reluctant to sing and even more reluctant to pray aloud, and it is a mark of the singular emotion, which made of this Service not a spectacle only but an act of profound gratitude that the hymns were generally sung and that the Lord's Prayer flowed over the Cathedral like a tide. The Form of Service, as the Dean of St. Paul's has himself pointed out, was designed to express two leading thoughts: "that of thanksgiving and that of the Heavenly King in His Kingdom," and the expression of them was admirably clear. The first psalm was the 95th; the second, sung with brilliant aspiration, was the 121st: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." Dr. Berry, Moderator of the Federal Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, read the Lessons with excellent lucidity, the first [Joshua I. 7-9] being a grave prelude to the exaltation of: "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain" [Rev. xxx. 10, 11, 23, 24], and the two faultlessly combining to "set forth the law of the earthly kingdom and the glory of the heavenly kingdom." The choice, as a second hymn, of Spring Rice's verses: "I vow to thee, my country," to the music of Holst, pursued yet further the idea of earthly and spiritual dedication which gave to the whole Service unity and power.

ARCHBISHOP'S ADDRESS

"King and Father"

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who delivered his address from the pulpit and was heard without difficulty, spoke first of the strain and anxiety that had fallen upon the King throughout his reign and of the underlying unity, with its centre in the Throne, which had upheld the nation. He said:—

Twenty-five years have passed since the reign of our beloved Sovereign began. Looking back upon them we realize, as he of all men must, that more perhaps than in any previous period of our long history they have been years of almost unbroken anxiety and strain. They began in an atmosphere of embittered party strife. Into the midst of them came suddenly the fiercest ordeal which the nation has ever been summoned to face. Since then have followed years of toilsome effort in the midst of a world restless, bewildered, broken by the shock of war, to revive the trade and industry on which the lives of multitudes depend and to find the bases of a settled peace. Yet beneath the troubled surface there has been in the life of our nation the deep underflow of a spirit of unity, confidence, and steadfast strength. The spirit has found a centre in the Throne. Elsewhere ancient monarchies have been swept away by the storms of revolution. Here the Throne has been established in ever stronger security.

Across the seas during these 25 years the attainment of full nationhood by the great Dominions has been acknowledged. The Empire has become a Fellowship of self-governing peoples. Yet their freedom has not lessened but strengthened loyalty to the one Commonwealth; and it is in the one Throne that they find the symbol and bond of their unity.

A Personal Attachment

It may be that by the mere force of circumstances or of sentiment the Throne itself would have been accepted by the people of this realm and the nations of the Empire

as the centre of their unity. What is certain is that the personality of the King has given to the Throne the power of a personal attachment. He has brought it into the hearts of his subjects. For they have discerned in their Sovereign a man whom they could understand, respect, and trust. They have seen in him a quiet dignity worthy of his high office, and with it an unaffected friendliness. They have seen a constant care for their welfare and an unselfish devotion to their service. In times of crisis—before, during, and after the War—they have found in his own calmness and steadfastness an inspiration and an example. They have rejoiced in his association with their sports and pleasures; yet they have felt that his life was founded, as they instinctively desire the life of themselves and of their country to be founded—on the faith and fear of God. Thus in the passage of the years he has come to be not the King only but the father of his people, and to loyalty has been added the warmth of love. This is the secret of the real personal emotion which to-day fills the heart of his realm and Empire.

The Common Weal

In that common heart a special place of honour and affection has been won by our gracious Queen, unwearied in her care for the health, the happiness, the homes of all the people. The Prince of Wales and the Royal Family have brought to all classes and to all parts of the world that personal touch which has moved the whole Empire to adopt the King's family as its own.

For all that our King has meant for us and has given to us, and for the way by which during the stress of these five and twenty years this people has been led, it behoves us to offer our thanksgiving to Almighty God. We lift up our eyes unto the hills from whence has come the help by which both he and they have been sustained, to that high region where, above the mists and clouds surrounding us, the Will of God, silent, patient, sure, is reigning. As we lift our hearts in thanksgiving so let us bow them in humble prayer, for our King and Queen that God may continue to bestow His blessing upon them, and for us all that He would pardon the sins we have committed, the mistakes we have made, the chances we have lost. Pray for this dear land, and for the Empire which has grown around it, that by God's help they may uphold before the world the cause of peace among all nations, the principles of liberty and justice, and the example of a community wherein all the citizens are the willing servants of the common weal. May we as a people through all the fleeting shadows of time see and follow the light which comes from that ideal and eternal city whose maker and builder is God.

When we have thus presented our vows and prayers for King and country before the Throne of our fathers' God we shall close our thanksgiving by singing the old time-honoured words, and within them to-day we shall concentrate the gratitude, the hopes, the loyalty of our hearts—"God save the King."

The hymn "O God of Jacob" followed. The Bishop of London then offered a prayer of thanksgiving for the protection and example of the King and Queen "in years of war and in manifold anxieties," and, the congregation kneeling, other prayers and suffrages were said, ending with that summary of many prayers which begs that we may be given even those things "which for our unworthiness we dare not, and for our blindness we cannot, ask." When this was done, a great hush fell upon the Cathedral, the occasion having, as it were, transcended its own pageantry, and it being near to the hearts of all the King's subjects that they, with him, had passed through and were facing great perils, and that in his character and leadership his many nations were content to be judged. The Lord's Prayer, led by the Dean, was said with rare simplicity and passion.

Melody and Colour

The *Te Deum*, composed by Dr. Stanley Marchant, unelaborate, melodic, and well fitted to the occasion, was sung, the Archbishop, the Bishop, and the assembled clergy forming, while it was in progress, a group of great splendour before the Altar, and the sun, which by now had fallen across the Cathedral in brilliant shafts, drawing rich passages of colour from the congregation. The people, rising after the Archbishop's blessing to sing the Anthem again, stood, not in the uniformity of tone of the earlier morning, but in flashing pools of light, and the stone of the Cathedral itself was a pattern of general gold, slashed by the great shadows of the suspended lamps. The first verse was quietly sung, but, in the third, choir and congregation moved to a superb climax, it being felt that this King had, by the unswerving courage of a single purpose, won, not the hearts only but the minds of his subjects, and that, in the twenty-five years of his reign, he had made the Anthem, in a special sense, national, its prayer being not one of personal loyalty alone but for the salvation of the King's people in the person of the King.

The procession was re-formed and left the Cathedral to Parry's March from "The Birds" and to a second fanfare from the trumpeters.

THE KING'S MESSAGES OF THANKS

"Lastingly Impressive Ceremony"

The Dean of St. Paul's announced at a second thanksgiving service in the afternoon that he had received a message from the King expressing thanks for the arrangements made and continuing:—

"The King and Queen recall with thankfulness in their hearts the blessings which have been vouchsafed to them during these last 25 momentous years in the history of this country, and it was with a spirit of profound thankfulness to Almighty God that Their Majesties had been able to join their people to-day in this lastingly impressive ceremony."

The following telegram from the King was received by the Lord Mayor, last evening:—

"From my heart, my Lord Mayor, I thank you for the welcome congratulations on my Silver Jubilee which you have conveyed on behalf of the citizens of London, whose loyalty, sympathy, and affection during the past 25 years have never failed me."

"The beautiful Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, in which we united with our people in the very heart of the Empire, will ever be to the Queen and myself an inspiring memory."

19 23

Departure from St. Paul's

RENEWED OVATION

A TRUE HOLIDAY CROWD

Sightseers from South London

THE people who lined the return route of the procession came prepared for a long, and perhaps monotonous, wait. All the excitement—the processions and the ceremonial—it seemed from the programmes, was to be on the forward route to St. Paul's till the service was over. As it turned out, they were wrong; the morning was full of interest.

The conditions were ideal for sightseeing, and none complained that it was if anything too hot. Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street made a brave show in the sunshine with their garlands and flags just fluttering in the breeze. Here it was a case of large crowds but no over-crowding. Even at the Mansion House Station corner, where the processions were to sweep round into Queen Victoria Street, it was hardly necessary to be in position at 7, 8, or 9 o'clock in order to be sure of seeing the King and Queen. Yet some thousands of enthusiasts were there hours before the sun was high. In Queen Victoria Street by 9-30 the pavements were well lined with spectators, all the buildings had their windows crowded, and many people broke the skyline of the roofs. On the top of Unilever House scores had a marvellous vista of the street.

Side-Street Picnics

It was a true holiday crowd. Most of the people wore favours, many had coloured paper hats, nearly all carried newspapers, and all had plenty of food. They were ready to cheer and be amused at anything. In Queen Victoria Street, especially on the inside of the circular route, the press never became too thick for pedestrians to pass along the pavement in comfort. Many people, realizing that there was no risk of losing their places, preferred to picnic in the shade of side streets. Others sat down where they were, but most preferred to stand and not miss anything that happened.

Strains of the National Anthem from St. Paul's had by now announced the arrival of the King, and then the loud-speakers took up the tale. It was a stroke of high imagination which arranged this broadcast. It flung wide the walls of St. Paul's to embrace the whole of the City route, and reminded the spectators that at that moment, in effect, the dome and golden cross covered the whole Empire. The service came through perfectly. Many of the crowd listened with reverence, following the service from the order paper, and some joined in the singing, notably those who occupied the stand at the College of Arms. All, by this broadcast, were made to realize the deeper significance of the pageant.

The service drew to its close, and the two verses of the National Anthem bared all heads and straightened backs again. The waiting Cavalry and Artillery formed up and moved on towards Westminster. The stage was set for the passing of the King. In the distance, music and cheering turned all eyes back along the route. The Sovereign's Escort appeared out of the shadow of St. Paul's and trotted briskly down Cannon Street. Then came the carriage of the King and Queen, the latter an unforgettable figure of pale

Departure from St. Paul's

beauty, both acknowledging the salutations from either side. In Queen Victoria Street the sight of a man in scarlet livery and the sun gleaming on the breastplates of the Life Guards announced, at last, that the King had passed the easternmost corner of his route and had turned his face homeward.

Roars of Cheering

As he came down the street named after his grandmother to the splendid promenade which also commemorates her reign the King's thoughts may well have turned, as did those of some of his older onlookers, to the last Jubilee, of which the chief memory in a display of vast magnificence is that of the supreme dignity of the aged Queen herself. Yesterday's display, though on so much smaller a scale, was equally splendid, for nothing can excel the Household Troops in pageantry. The Life Guards, magnificent in black and silver and scarlet, held the eye as the procession came down the hill, the noise of cheering rapidly swelling. Then the King's carriage suddenly appeared in view. His Majesty seemed almost overcome by the warmth of his reception and its profound meaning. He and the Queen acknowledged the cheers, and then their carriage passed under the railway bridge, with its quaint river cartoon, on to the Embankment, where a roar of cheering greeted them from the dense concourse on and about Blackfriars Bridge.

In the later processions all the Princes had their share of cheers, but the noise rose to a tumult for the little Princesses. They made a delightful picture in their rose-pink dresses, and little Princess Margaret delighted all with the enthusiasm and daintiness of her hand-waving. The Duchess of Kent, holding with one hand her large fawn picture hat, gave her charming foreign gesture of acknowledgment with the other.

The rest, the Prime Ministers and the others, were felt to be anticlimax, for it was the King's day. Last, as he had been first, of the real events came the Speaker, his coach lumbering along amid rapidly passing motor cars. Soon the people began to move westward to see the decorations. Troops marched off; the police followed, and presently all that remained of the pageantry in Queen Victoria Street were two pavements and gutters thickly strewn with torn newspapers.

On the Embankment

It was not until 8 o'clock that the length of Victoria Embankment showed serious signs of the big crowd which was to gather there during the next two hours. When they did arrive in large numbers they found plenty to amuse them during their wait, and once the soldiers had made their appearance, with march and counter-march and the noble strains of their bands before they took up their positions, everybody was happy. The children, in their anxiety to gaze at those exclusive and fortunate beings who lolled indolently in the calm of the Temple Gardens, were inclined to smudge their faces on the railings, and there was a deal of emergency washing by mother with her handkerchief to be seen, but there was never any uncomfortable congestion anywhere along the Embankment.

When the first of the procession passed down the Strand and into the City the cheering and the joyous pealing of bells drifted pleasantly down to the river. When the King and Queen themselves were at Temple Bar the reflected excitement, followed by a rush of people from the Strand to reinforce those already assembled on the Embankment, was immense; and later those who were near enough to hear a broadcast of the service in St. Paul's were clearly spellbound.

At last the long vigil came to an end with the generous cavalcade of troops ; and it was agreed by all, old and young, that the passing of the King and Queen on that broad sweep of the Embankment was as happy a sight as the heart of man could ask for. The crew of H. M. S. President had dressed ship, each separate Royal procession being saluted ; bands here and there played the National Anthem ; and so round out of sight went an honoured stream bearing members of the Royal Family, whom the onlookers had acclaimed in a spirit which demonstrated something deeper than loyalty.

As the King and Queen headed the procession back to the Palace by way of Northumberland Avenue and Admiralty Arch their progress was again watched and cheered by enormous crowds in Trafalgar Square. The crowds seemed to have increased in the interval. They stretched back half way across the Square on the south side, and the approaches to the Strand and other streets leading from the Square were densely packed. The cheering followed the King and Queen until their coach had disappeared under the Admiralty Arch to the processional way of the Mall.

AT THE ADMIRALTY ARCH

Spectators in Trees

Of the crowds who waited at the east end of the Mall to see the procession pass through the Admiralty Arch on its return journey, many early comers found seats on the Duke of York's steps. These, and the sides of the roadway, were already crowded with people by 9 o'clock, when the Mall was closed to all but foot passengers. The terraces of the houses facing the park gave a commanding view of the procession as it passed out of Trafalgar Square into the Mall, and these and the windows were filled with spectators. Even the bordering plane trees, just sufficiently in leaf to give a little welcome shade to the hot road below, were not reserved only for the pigeons who sat peering down with their heads on one side, and an air of faint bewilderment ; several people had found seats in the branches.

The strongest impression in those hours of waiting was the impression of orderliness. Hour after hour the people waited quietly, cheering whenever an opportunity occurred. It was hot beyond all anticipation. As the morning went on the standing crowd began to realize how hot it really was. The Marines along the route, in their tight-fitting tunics, realized it most of all. Presently one of them collapsed, and was helped out of the ranks by men of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Another followed, and then others, until about a score had had to leave the ranks. The smoothness of the organization at once made itself apparent ; the ambulance men were immediately beside any man who was overcome by the heat, and the places of those who had fallen out were instantly and quietly filled. A few women also became faint from the heat and received prompt attention at the temporary first-aid stations.

The band of the Marines played military music before and after the relaying of the service from St. Paul's. As the mounted escort at last passed through the Arch and came into full view the onlookers in the road, at the windows, and on terraces and roofs cheered again and again. When the cavalcade had passed under the cluster of white ensigns that hung from the Arch the various shades of green in St. James's Park threw the rich colours into strong relief. The loudly acclaimed procession of the King and Queen was followed closely by that of the Prince of Wales and, at a somewhat longer interval, by the procession of the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Kent.

THE HOMECOMING**End of a Triumphant Progress**

There are scenes of splendour which live in the mind for ever. Those people who stood by the Victoria Memorial and watched the Royal procession making its way along the Mall can surely never forget the brilliant spectacle. Plumed helmets of the Life Guards glistened in the sunshine which turned the helmets of the Carabiniers into a sea of sparkling gold. Patient people who had waited long hours at the western end of the Mall were richly rewarded.

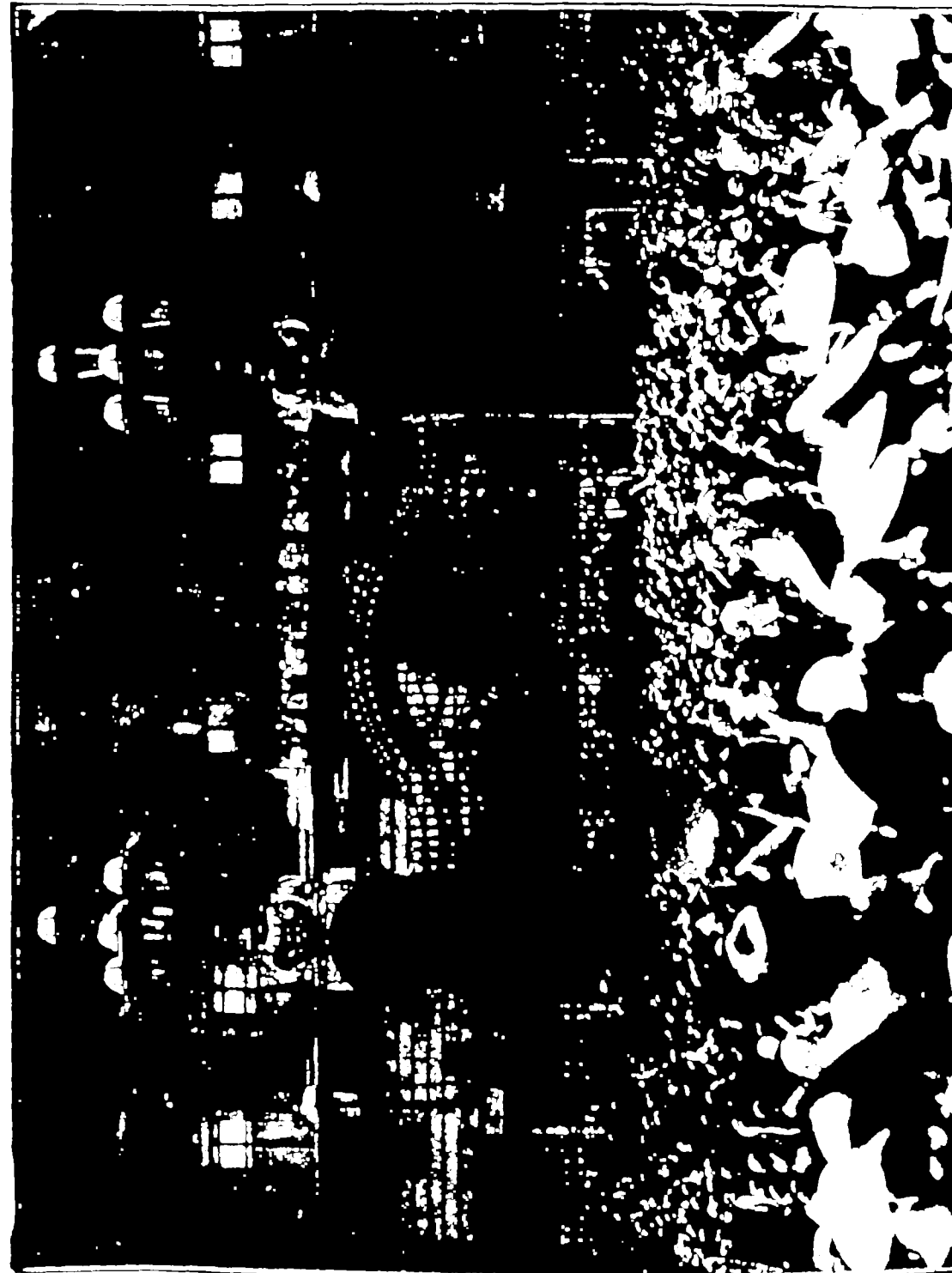
The King and Queen, as they drew near the end of their triumphal journey, showed no signs of fatigue. They constantly acknowledged the tumultuous cheering of the people up to the time that they again entered the gates of Buckingham Palace. Shortly after 1 o'clock the carriages of the other members of the Royal Family arrived at the Palace, the escorts moved away within the courtyard, and the gates of the Palace were closed.

Cheered to the Echo

Barriers that had held back the vast crowds were released as the troops moved off. There was a rush of people towards the gates of Buckingham Palace, and a sea of faces looked up towards the balcony. Within a few moments the King and Queen appeared at the window and stepped out on to the balcony. The crowd cheered to the echo, and sang as one man "God save the King." The other members of the Royal Family then joined the King and Queen on the balcony, and the people cheered again and again.

In the centre of the Royal group the young Princess Elizabeth peered over the balcony and waved a hand. Beside her another little hand waved even more vigorously, but not until a footman placed a stool on the balcony could the crowd see the face of the little Princess Margaret Rose. As she peered over the balustrade the people shouted with joy. For five minutes the Royal group remained, and the people cheered. Then, as they withdrew into the Palace, Princess Margaret Rose lingered awhile and enjoyed the scene by herself.

The crowds, dispersing along the Royal route, tended mostly towards Buckingham Palace. In the Green Park and St. James's Park people rested on the grass, released from long hours of standing. In Birdcage Walk people gathered outside the barracks and watched returning troops. Detachments of the Guards marched along the road preceded by their bands.



THE CROWD OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.
THEIR MAJESTIES ARE ON THE BALCONY.

Later Appearances

Great Ovation for Their Majesties

THROUGHOUT the afternoon and evening and until a late hour great crowds assembled in front of Buckingham Palace. The Mall itself was a grand parade, the scene of a constant coming and going of His Majesty's loyal subjects.

The one great desire was to see the King and Queen. Many probably had seen Their Majesties in the Royal procession, but the great majority of those who congregated in front of the Palace and on the steps of the Queen Victoria Memorial were those who had not been so fortunate. They came from various parts of the country, as their dialects indicated, and among them were visitors from abroad.

It was a cheerful and orderly crowd, and the services of the police only became necessary on occasions to clear the road-way for passing motor cars. Those who were near the Palace just after luncheon experienced a thrill of joy when the King and Queen appeared on the balcony for the second time yesterday. There had been much cheering and singing, and when movement was observed at the balcony windows over the north door of the Palace a great ovation rose from the crowd.

Their Majesties, both hatless, stepped on to the balcony and acknowledged the cheering by repeatedly bowing and waving their hands. The King wore a lounge suit and the Queen wore a hydrangea pink and silver dress, with a rope of pearls. It was a great moment for the crowd, but apparently all too brief, for no sooner had a large section of the assembly sung the first verse of the National Anthem than there was further clamour for Their Majesties to show themselves again. Right through the afternoon there were bursts of anticipatory cheering and frequent shouts of "We want the King!" alternating with "We want the Queen!"

MEMORABLE SCENES

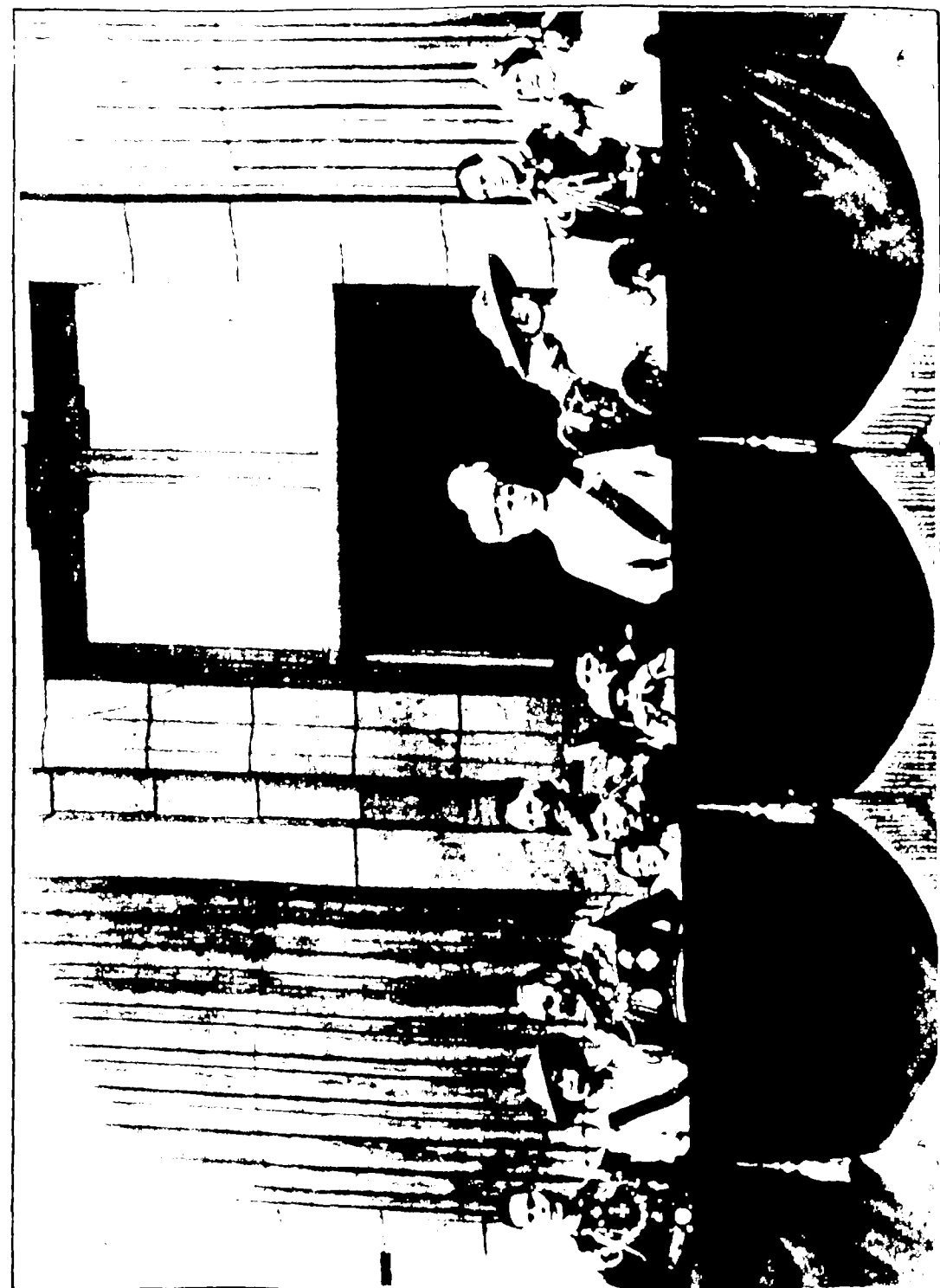
Vigorous Singing by Vast Crowd

Great as was the throng in the afternoon, it was completely eclipsed by the density of the evening crowds which filled the roadway in front of the Palace, surrounded the Queen Victoria Memorial, and extended for some distance along the Mall.

It was a memorable spectacle. In the gathering dusk of a glorious night, these thousands of people gazed on the Palace, noting every movement. The drawing of a blind, the sudden illumination of a room were signals for outbursts of cheering. And as they waited to see Their Majesties once again, for they knew that the King and Queen would not disappoint them, they sang the National Anthem and snatches of popular songs. Then every few minutes cheers would be raised, now in one section of the crowd and then in another, culminating in a great and prolonged "Hurrah."

Just before half past 9, after several false alarms, there were shouts of "Here he is." Lights had lit up the central balcony, and presently the King and Queen appeared. Deafening cheers and the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, and flags greeted Their Majesties, who were seen to bow and wave their acknowledgments. A section of the crowd began to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," and soon the great assemblage were giving full and sincere voice to the song. Then followed the vigorous singing of "God save the King." Their Majesties stood listening and were undoubtedly impressed by this wonderful display of loyalty.

As they stood together for a few minutes longer while the crowds cheered, there was a sudden transformation of the scene. The flood-lights had been switched on. The façade of the Palace stood out clearly in the white light and, with Their Majesties as central figures, presented a notable spectacle. Further and even more vigorous cheering ensued. Again the National Anthem was sung and Their Majesties with a gracious acknowledgment retired. A final cheer and the crowds began to dissolve.



A CLOSE VIEW OF THEIR MAJESTIES ON THE BALCONY.

24
AT THE END OF THE DAY

The King's Message to His People

THE King broadcast the following message to the Empire on the night of May 6 :—

At the close of this memorable day I must speak to my people everywhere. Yet how can I express what is in my heart? As I passed this morning through cheering multitudes to and from St. Paul's Cathedral, as I thought there of all that these twenty-five years have brought to me and to my country and my Empire, how could I fail to be most deeply moved? Words cannot express my thoughts and feelings. I can only say to you, my very dear people, that the Queen and I thank you from the depth of our hearts for all the loyalty and—may I say?—the love with which this day and always you have surrounded us. I dedicate myself anew to your service for the years that may still be given to me.

I look back on the past with thankfulness to God. My people and I have come through great trials and difficulties together. They are not over. In the midst of this day's rejoicing I grieve to think of the numbers of my people who are still without work. We owe to them, and not least to those who are suffering from any form of disablement, all the sympathy and help that we can give. I hope that during this Jubilee Year all who can will do their utmost to find them work and bring them hope.

Other anxieties may be in store. But I am persuaded that with God's help they may all be overcome, if we meet them with confidence, courage, and unity. So I look forward to the future with faith and hope.

It is to the young that the future belongs. I trust that through the Fund inaugurated by my dear son the Prince of Wales to commemorate this year many of them throughout this country may be helped in body, mind, and character to become useful citizens.

To the children I would like to send a special message. Let me say this to each of them whom my words may reach: The King is speaking to you. I ask you to remember that in days to come you will be the citizens of a great Empire. As you grow up always keep this thought before you; and when the time comes be ready and proud to give to your country the service of your work, your mind, and your heart.

I have been greatly touched by all the greetings which have come to me to-day from my Dominions and Colonies, from India, and from this Home Country. My heart goes out to all who may be listening to me now wherever you may be—here at home in town or village, or in some far-off corner of the Empire, or it may be on the high seas.

Let me end my words to you with those which Queen Victoria used after her Diamond Jubilee, thirty-eight years ago. No words could more truly or simply express my own deep feeling now: "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them."

His Majesty's Message to the Children

THE following Message from His Majesty was distributed to the pupils and teachers in the schools and educational institutions of London:—

On the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of my accession I send you this Message.

You are the heirs of a great past; but the future is yours, and is your high responsibility. Each of you must try to be a good citizen in a good city. To this end you must make the best of all your powers.

Strive to grow in strength, in knowledge, and in grace. If you persist bravely in this endeavour you will work worthily for your family, your city, your country, and for mankind. So to live, in whatever sphere, must be noble and may be great. My confident trust is in you.

GEORGE, R. I.



The Speeches in Parliament

ON 8th May a resolution was passed by the Houses of Parliament that a humble Address of congratulation be presented to His Majesty the King on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of his Reign. The following are the speeches which were delivered in the House of Commons.

Prime Minister's Speech

Mr. MacDonald was cheered by a crowded House on rising to move :—

That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty to congratulate His Majesty on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the Throne. That the said Address be presented to his Majesty by the whole House.

The right hon. gentleman said :—I feel assured that the motion on the Order Paper to-day in my name meets with the wishes of every member of this House. (Cheers.) It asks that an humble Address of congratulation and loyalty should be presented to His Majesty on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the Throne. In order to mark the special significance of the occasion it is proposed that Mr. Speaker should exercise his ancient right of voicing the sentiments of this House, and he has consented to address His Majesty on behalf of this House in his own words. I should, perhaps, also inform the House formally that His Majesty has intimated his pleasure to come to Westminster Hall to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon to receive the Address. (Cheers.)

On Monday we witnessed on the streets of London and in St. Paul's Cathedral a greeting which went far deeper and higher than a mere formal expression of loyalty from a people to their Sovereign. It revealed a regard and appreciation warmed by personal affection. The words which the King spoke to his people over the wireless on Monday night disclosed his secret—a very human Sovereign has taken possession of the hearts of his people. (Cheers.) Throughout the twenty-five years of His Majesty's reign his people have come to know that he has discharged with the greatest care and understanding the high duties and the delicate tasks of the august office which he inherited. He has worn the Crown not only with the dignity and distinction of a Monarch but with the rectitude of a Constitutional Sovereign, solicitous to preserve the liberties of the nation and the rights of his Parliament, and also with the consideration and care of one who has thought of his people not only as subjects but as human beings, who rejoiced and sorrowed, who prospered and suffered. (Cheers.)

Years of Anxiety

When he was called to the Throne he was faced with conditions which might well have troubled the heart of the doughtiest of men. He did not shrink. With the noble example of a father withdrawn all too soon from our worldly and political affairs, he held his sceptre in a firm hand. (Cheers.) As it happened, the years continued to come to him full of many anxieties : the anxiety of war and the equally great anxiety of national rebuilding at the end of the war.

Those who at any time during those anxious days had the good fortune to come into personal contact with him found in him a patience, a courage, a spirit, which made

paralysing pessimism impossible and neglect of duty unthinkable. He bore his cares in such a way as to be an example and inspiration for the whole of his people to face with manful fortitude and hopeful endeavour all the trials that had befallen them. To-day, at the end of a quarter of a century, he enjoys the confidence of a nation that is not only to survive, but is to add still noble chapters in its history. (Cheers.)

A Pageantry of Devotion

On Monday we saw, as we have not seen before in our time, a spontaneous pageantry of devotion offered to a King and to a man. In the world around us we have beheld thrones totter and thrones fall; we have beheld popular liberty assailed and representative institutions broken. But to-day we here still retain in his realm the blessings of public order, continuity in institutions, and a peaceful broadening of law and justice. We by our practical sense have discovered how to progress without disruption and to renew our youth without revolution. (Cheers.)

We are too near to these evolutionary movements to trace the influence which the personality of His Majesty has had in making these happy achievements possible. But those who have known most intimately the elements which have prepared the way for him, also know how much was contributed by the very simple fact that the King was moved in all his actions by a single-minded devotion to the well-being of the State, and that he was endowed with a comprehensive and comprehending instinct which gave a ready welcome to changes making at once for stability and progress. (Cheers.)

There was a time in our own lives when the Crown seemed little more than the survival of an institution, an inheritance from the past, a part of a tradition, whose value was to give some measure at any rate of support to continuity in the constitutional, the political, and the spiritual evolution of a nation. To-day these fine but mainly intangible justifications are supported by others of a more tangible character.

DOMINIONS AND THE CROWN

"Free and Yet United"

The great Dominions have passed beyond the colonial stage. Westminster is no longer their capital city. The evolution of their nationality has made them self-governing communities. What is it that has knit them together? Must we face the destruction of unity owing to the inevitable strengthening of individuality, must the nations to which we have given birth depart into the great open world with kinship nothing but a remote memory and unity nothing but disembodied sentiment which is to weaken gradually as the years go? That, I believe, not only for our own good, but for the good of the whole world, was not the purpose of Parliament. The Statute of Westminster discovered and proclaimed a bond of continuing unity. That bond is the Crown. (Cheers.) To-day the existence of the Crown enables the Dominion nations to be free and yet united together.

In our own home here the changes of a quarter of a century have been great. We have broadened the basis of our democracy, we have enormously widened the field of recognized State responsibility, a responsibility recognized by all parties; and the story is not yet ended. (Cheers.) The Prime Ministers of the Dominions, whom we welcome in our midst to take part in our celebrations of thankfulness and congratulations, are really but the forerunners of coming generations. Our story is not ended. That means that our constitutional evolution is not finished.



THE KING AND QUEEN DRIVING TO THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

"The King of His People"

So, while celebrating this Silver Jubilee, our faces are firmly turned to the future, while in our hearts and in our memories we roam along the inspiring pathways of the past. We have had a monarch who has not only ruled with constitutional equity, but a man who has felt keenly for and with his people. In these later days, for instance, when, in spite of the splendid recovery in our industrial position, there have been areas from which the tide of prosperity seems to have ebbed, and month by month, while we have been able to report recovery in trade and improvement in employment, we have still to face with bowed heads and with sad hearts the fact that thousands of our most worthy citizens have remained distressed through no fault of their own. (Hear, hear.)

The expanding life of a nation is beset by many individual tragedies, but I know that when distress and sorrow have stricken the people no heart, among us, of any class or condition or status, felt more keenly than that of him whose Jubilee we celebrate. He is the King of his people, and his people's triumphs and sorrows sit, as I know full well, by his fireside as by their own, and make him happy or sad. (Cheers.)

That feeling was reciprocated when he himself not so very long ago went far within the shadows of death and the whole nation held its breath for the news which came from day to day of his progress. (Cheers.)

Companionship of the Queen

Our predominant feeling to-day is one of heartfelt thankfulness that his life has been preserved to us, and also that throughout his reign he has been blessed by the companionship, the comfort, and the counsel of Her Majesty the Queen—(cheers)—to whom we respectfully offer our homage and admiration, together with our thankfulness and congratulation on this occasion. Both Their Majesties have shown in all their work and interests a simple uprightness and a care for what is of human good, and that is what has touched and opened those deep springs of affection and joy which outpoured in the happy spontaneous welcome which they received on Monday from their people. (Cheers.)

It is the earnest hope of all His Majesty's subjects—and this House can very properly claim to voice it—that for many years to come health and strength and happiness and the unity and blessings of home life may be given to him to continue as our sovereign head. I am sure it will be the desire of this House to present to His Majesty an humble Address of homage, loyalty, congratulation, and thankfulness. (Loud cheers.)

THE KING'S HUMANITY

Mr. Lansbury on Social Changes

Mr. Lansbury (Bow and Bromley, Lab.), who was received with loud cheers, said:—I rise for the purpose of seconding the motion which has been moved by the right hon. gentleman, and I do so on behalf of myself and my friends. I suppose that if a notion of this kind had been moved when I was very much younger I might have felt slightly different from what I am feeling to-day. One thing is certain though, that the experience of the years has taught me that, whatever people may say or think about the British Constitution, it is a fact that, contradictory as it sounds, it does work and the

masses of the people are continually winning more and more recognition and the right to take part in the government of this country. (Cheers.)

His Majesty the King and the Queen are not known to me as they are to other hon. and right hon. members, but—with the very slight acquaintance, I was going to say—on the very few occasions on which I have had the privilege of meeting them nobody could have received more kindness and consideration than myself. (Cheers.) In the days of one's joy and in the days of one's sorrow both the King and the Queen were kindness itself to me. (Cheers.)

I cannot help feeling that when the Prime Minister spoke to-day of the King as a man he expressed in a very fine manner what all of us who have ever had any meetings with him must always have felt. We who sit here, and certainly myself, believe ultimately that human society will be based on classlessness. I think that the mixture of classes in this House and in the country, and the manner in which the Royal Family during these troublous years have mixed and taken part in everything concerning our lives, have done something to break down the feeling which prevailed when I was young that the Monarchy would preserve for ever the domination of class. I think that we are getting away from that, and I believe that the King and Queen and their family have done a very great deal to bring that about. (Cheers.)

The Message to Youth

During this reign revolutions really have taken place in regard to the political and social conditions of the people. To me, rapidly reaching the end of life, it is a big thing to look back and to realize the political advance in power which has taken place on the part of the people that I belong to. In other countries these advances would probably have been accompanied with great bloodshed, but, whatever may be said, within this reign we have conquered political power. The House will forgive me, I am sure, for saying that the coming of women into political life, the coming of young people into political life, and the coming of the great mass of the people into the suffrage is to me one of the outstanding events of these 25 years.

The broadcast speech, or message, which the King delivered on Monday night was one which I think is unsurpassed in the history of monarchs of any time. (Cheers.) The appeal that he made to the young, the appeal that he made to children was, I think, splendid and magnificent. (Cheers.) But, in common with the Archbishop's sermon on Sunday night, the King called our attention to the fact that, in the midst of all the splendour and all the pageantry of Monday, there were in our country masses of people who are still denied the fullness of life which we ourselves enjoy. I think that also stamped the King as a very human person indeed—that on that night, when he was full of gratitude for all the loyalty that had been expressed to him, he remembered that far away in London's streets there were these people without the means of a proper enjoyment of life. (Cheers.)

Destiny of British People

What does all that mean for us? I do not know, and hardly any one in the world can forecast, the future of the world, and very few of us here can forecast the future of our country, but I may be allowed to say here, as I say many times outside, that I am a Socialist through and through, but I have always believed, whatever else

I have not believed, in the destiny of the British people. I do not think, and never have thought, that it is of no account that the Prime Minister should be able to-day to speak of the Dominions and the other parts of the British Empire in the manner he did.

I think that our people have done great things in the past, but I believe that they have the greatest thing to do in the future. Pitt once said in this House that England by her exertions had saved herself and by her example had saved the world. I want our country to respond to the appeal of His Majesty. I want us to say that we are going to put the coping-stone on the advances that our people have made in political and social freedom and to say that we are going by one means or another to win economic freedom, and I hope that we are going to say—the young men, young women in this House and outside—that we are going to lead the world in upholding the banner of individual freedom, individual liberty, and also international freedom and international liberty. (Cheers.) I want the British Commonwealth of Nations to remain, but I want it to lead mankind away from war, away from trust in war, and to build a new world based on co-operation, brotherhood, and love.

Let me just say this finally. I believe the world is hungering and thirsting after a new way of life. I hope the British people are going to show that new way and hold up the banner not of domination, but of comradeship and co-operation. (Cheers.)

"A FRIEND WITHIN THE STATE"

Sir H. Samuel on Devoted Service

Sir H. Samuel (Darwen, L.)—I rise to support the motion now before the House. Both the right hon. gentlemen who preceded me have stressed the personal—I might almost say the domestic—note that has been so remarkably predominant in these celebrations. At the wedding of the Duke of Kent and Princess Marina the ancient form of service prescribed that they should come into the church with their friends and neighbours. I believe it is exactly that relationship of friends and neighbours that the nation feels for its Royal Family, and it is assured that that feeling is reciprocated.

The people think of the King and Queen not only as personages but as persons, not only as sovereigns, crowned, sceptred, and enthroned, figures in the history that is now in the making, but as very human men and women sharing in the joys and sorrows, the efforts, failures, and successes that are the common lot. They see the King fully maintaining the dignity and majesty of the State, and also they see in him a friend within the State, and the country, I believe, feels itself most fortunate in its Queen. (Cheers.) Her Majesty, it is well known, possesses in high degree the qualities of kindness and sagacity, and those are qualities, valuable always and everywhere, but most valuable upon a throne. After this long period of 25 years there still remain five members of this House, of whom I have the honour to be one, who held Cabinet office under King Edward, and we know close at hand how grave and how frequent have been the anxieties which have attended the King throughout his reign from its very first moment.

Courage and Endurance

He has a nature sympathetic and sensitive, and many and many a time his heart must have been wrung by the afflictions and sufferings of the multitudes of his subjects and by the perils that have surrounded the country and the Empire. That is one reason

why there has been such sincerity and depth of feeling in the capital and throughout the country and the Empire during this Jubilee. People say: "He has gone through so much"; and they wish to show by their affectionate greetings that they understand the long years of anxiety through which the King has passed, and that they honour his quiet courage and steadfast endurance. They know, too, that his calm judgment has been invaluable in the stormy times through which we have passed; and that it is valuable still—for with grave problems of unemployment at home and unrest abroad we have not yet passed out of the stormy weather.

Mr. Speaker, to-morrow will be one of the rare occasions on which you perform the functions which have given to your office its name. You will speak on behalf of the House of Commons to the King. (Cheers.) And when in Westminster Hall, so fit a place for such a ceremony, you present the Address which is being authorized by the House to-day, you will be able to assure the King that you are speaking on behalf of a House of Parliament which realizes to the full the inestimable value of the Crown in preserving the constitutional liberties of the people and the fundamental unity of this country and of its world-wide Commonwealth, and which is profoundly grateful also to the King and Queen for 25 years of devoted and unstinted service. (Loud cheers.)

THE KING IN THE WAR

Mr. Lloyd George's Tribute

Mr. Lloyd George (Carnarvon, Ind. L.) who was greeted with prolonged cheers, said:—There are three members of this House who were present when a similar Address of congratulation was carried to Queen Victoria—my right hon. friend the member for West Birmingham (Sir A. Chamberlain), my right hon. friend the member for South Molton (Mr. Lambert), and myself. As the senior of these three survivors and as the Father of the House—(Cheers)—I hope that hon. and right hon. members will allow me to add a few words to the very eloquent speeches to which I have listened.

I was a Minister of the King for 12 years. To use an old, honoured Cabinet phrase, I was one of the King's servants. (Cheers.) During six of those years I held the position of his principal adviser. They were fateful times for this country, for the Empire, and for the world. My experience in those years is that of every Minister and ex-Minister to whom I have ever spoken on the subject—that no one would wish for a kinder, more considerate, or a more loyal master. (Cheers.) We were all impressed by his instinctive understanding of the limitations of the Crown's authority. There has been no better example of a constitutional monarch who knew what the Sovereign could do and ought to do, and also what he ought to refrain from attempting to do.

Stand for Human Freedom

I remember the speech delivered by Lord Balfour when he moved a similar motion to that which the Prime Minister has so eloquently presented to the House to-day. After dwelling upon the respect of the late Queen for the Constitution, and how she held it inviolate, he added these words:—

No negative ever excited the passionate devotion and affectionate loyalty which the Queen has inspired in the minds of her subjects.

Still, times have changed since then. At that time liberty was gaining ground and gathering strength even in the most autocratic countries in Europe. But when to-day



THE VISCOUNT SANKEY
LORD CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

most of the European Continent is subject to dictatorships which ruthlessly suppress the forms and the essentials of liberty, the maintenance of our free Constitution in all its integrity of spirit and letter in any land cannot be deemed merely a negative. (Cheers.) In itself it is a notable stand for human freedom that we are celebrating; and by its success that stand may yet divert the currents of despotism that are sweeping away free institutions in many lands. (Cheers.) We owe a great deal to the unswerving fidelity of the King to a free democratic Constitution for this result.

One Great Service

I feel under a special obligation to refer to one great service rendered by the King to the country and to the Empire. That was the way in which he exerted the enormous influence and prestige of the Crown during the War in order to promote the spirit of co-operation among all classes of the people that led to ultimate victory. (Cheers.) In the greatest crisis that ever befell this Empire, His Majesty used that influence to the advantage of our native land. In those terrible times monarchs had a special contribution of their own to make—something which was apart from what either warriors or statesmen could tender in the way of service; and that something was essential and vital to national leadership in any country. It needed great wisdom, great instinct. Where it failed doom fell on the mightiest empires of this world.

During the whole of that time the part played by the King was one where judgment, tact, wisdom, unostentatious courage, helped the nation through all its difficulties. (Cheers.) It is only those who knew the difficulties of ensuring co-operation at certain moments who can realize what that meant. Nerves were frayed by the protracted agony of a great conflict; there were periods of unrest and irritation that retarded and even thwarted effort. At those moments the timely intervention and presence of the King saved the situation in many an area and restored good-will and active co-operation throughout the land. That is a service which the Empire is recognising to-day. (Cheers.)

I agree with my right hon. friend that there have been no more remarkable demonstrations within living memory than those which we have witnessed during the last two or three days, and which have so deeply moved us all. I remember—many of us, if not most of us, will remember—the Coronation scenes of 1911. There was warmth and cordial welcome by his people of the King to the Throne. But there was a note of fervent enthusiasm after 25 years of experience—a note of fervent enthusiasm which came from a feeling of gratitude and of deep and abiding affection. (Cheers.) The homage of the crowd was one of the most impressive things that any one has ever seen; and it was the celebration of the triumph of democratic government under the leadership of a King.

During his reign the liberties of the people have been preserved, but there is no country where good order is more sacredly assured. The power of the people, as my right hon. friend pointed out, has been considerably enhanced, but there is no land where justice and authority are more respected. In spite of the economic depression, the conditions of the people have improved during this reign. The wealth of the nation is still the envy of the world. There are few States and no Empires of which this can be said. No wonder that this week there has come from the hearts of the people of every class and every condition one universal prayer—that such a beneficent reign should continue for many a year to come to bring plenty and contentment to every home and peace to every nation throughout the world. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Addresses from Parliament and the King's Reply

ON May 9 the King, who was accompanied by the Queen, visited Westminster Hall to receive addresses from the two Houses of Parliament. The following is the text of the two addresses.

From the HOUSE OF LORDS, read by the Lord Chancellor:

MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

We, Your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, beg leave to offer to Your Majesty our most heartfelt congratulations on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of Your reign. With every one of Your Majesty's subjects, whether within the United Kingdom or in the most distant corners of Your Majesty's Dominions, we give thanks to Almighty God for the blessing and protection bestowed upon Your Majesty during these five and twenty years; and we pray that for many years to come Your Majesty may continue to rule over us in health and strength and happiness.

This City of Westminster, this Hall wherein we meet, tell the story of the growth through centuries of civil liberty and the rule of law, of that ordered freedom which is the pride and heritage of our race. In comparison with these long centuries, twenty-five years may seem but a short span of time. They have been years of struggle and anxiety as well as of resolute achievement. Into them have been crowded the fierce ordeal of the most desolating War in history, the toil of rebuilding the shaken structure of our common life, the slow and arduous endeavour to regain prosperity and to establish peace. Elsewhere Thrones and Constitutions have failed to outlast the strain. Yet in this Realm the development of public rights and liberties has not been arrested but has been made wider and more sure. More truly than any of Your illustrious ancestors Your Majesty rules over a Nation of free citizens. Yet in spite of, nay, rather because of, this wide extension of government by the people, the Throne stands more firmly than ever before as the centre of the national life.

Beyond the seas there have been other, perhaps even greater, changes. During Your Majesty's reign free institutions have sprung into being and have flourished throughout Your Empire, and in Your Parliament of Westminster Your Majesty has marked the growth of Your self-governing Dominions by the declaration of their authentic place in that association which we know as the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Your Majesty's own personality has made the Throne not merely a symbol, but a loved and living reality. For in the Sovereign Your subjects have discerned a man who by simply being himself has commanded their respect and appealed to their hearts. In time of war the standard-bearer of the national spirit, in the anxious years which followed a counsellor wise and steadfast, seeking not Your own but ever mindful of the needs and cares of all Your people, avoiding no hardship and shrinking from no sacrifice, Your Majesty has called forth a loyalty and love which have given a new meaning to the name of King.

We venture also to offer our loyal homage and respectful congratulations to Our Gracious Queen, who has shared with Your Majesty the toils and triumphs of these five and twenty years. By her unfailing interest in the lives and homes of the people Her Majesty has won a place of Her own in their affection. When we see gathered round Your Majesties Your sons, always and in every part of the world active in the public service, we have a sure confidence that, when this generation has passed and the

bright pageantry of this week has become a distant memory, the House of Windsor will still reign over a loyal and united people.

In no formal manner, but from the depth of our hearts, we pray—God bless, Your Majesty.

From the HOUSE OF COMMONS, read by the Speaker:

We, Your Majesty's faithful Commons, desire to offer our humble congratulations on the completion of twenty-five years of Your Reign, our assurance of our loyal devotion to Your Person and Your House, and our heartfelt gratitude for what You have done for Your country and Your people.

On Your Majesty's accession to the Throne we ventured to use these words—that we were convinced "that Your reign, under the favour of Divine Providence, would be distinguished by unswerving efforts to promote the virtue, prosperity and contentment of the realm and to guard the rights and liberties of Your Majesty's faithful people." That hope has been abundantly fulfilled.

Our Constitution has proved itself strong enough to withstand the shock of a great war, and flexible enough to adapt itself to the changing circumstances of the Empire and the world. It has given the nation stability when elsewhere foundations were crumbling. While retaining its historic features, it has been broadened to give expression to the will of the whole people on an extended franchise, and under it Your Majesty's Governments have been able, without breach of continuity, to undertake new responsibilities on behalf of the public weal.

Your Majesty's reign has seen profound changes in world conditions, and the consequent emergence of complex and unfamiliar problems. We may humbly claim that our historic forms of government have proved themselves adequate to meet each crisis as it arose. Our traditional polity has varied its methods in order to preserve its essentials. Britain remains, as ever, a free and a well-ordered nation.

These years record a continuous process of development in the Empire of which Your Majesty is Sovereign. The Colonies have grown in economic and political stature. We have now before us constitutional proposals designed widely to extend the measure of self-Government inaugurated in India fourteen years ago. Statutory recognition has been given by Parliament to the new structure of our partnership with the Dominions as free, equal, and autonomous States united by a common allegiance to the Crown.

Your Majesty's high office has been enriched by the personality of Him who holds it. You have shared in the nation's trials and triumphs; You have sorrowed and rejoiced with Your people; Your wisdom and fortitude have steadied the national temper; with the gracious aid of the Queen, You have won by Your sympathy and kindness something warmer than allegiance and profounder than loyalty. To-day You are more than Sovereign: You are Head of the Family, and of a Nation and an Empire. You have made a Household.

Twenty-five years ago You defined the tasks of a Sovereign as "the safeguarding of the treasures of the past" and "the preparing of the path of the future." Your Majesty has nobly fulfilled both duties. We look back with grateful hearts upon the past, and with confidence we await the future. We offer You, with deep respect and affection, the homage of a free Parliament, and we pray that, by the blessing of Almighty God, You will long continue to be the Sovereign of a proud and devoted People.

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The King's Reply

The following is the text of the King's reply to the Addresses :

MY LORDS AND MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS :

I thank you from my heart for your loyal Addresses, and for the words of devoted affection which you have used in speaking of myself, of the Queen and of our Family.

Your presence here to-day, accompanied by the Prime Ministers of the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand and the Union of South Africa, gives rise to many memories and many thoughts. The Mother of Parliaments and her children, grown to full estate, stand now upon equal terms in common allegiance to the Crown. The unity of the British Empire is no longer expressed by the supremacy of the time-honoured Parliament that sits here at Westminster. The Crown is the historic symbol that unites this great family of nations and races, scattered over every quarter of the earth. The United Kingdom and the Dominions, India, the numerous Colonies and Dependencies, embrace such wide varieties of speech, culture and form of government as have never before in the world's history been brought into a Commonwealth of Peace. In these days, when fear and preparation for war are again astir in the world, let us be thankful that quiet government and peace prevail over so large a part of the earth's surface, and that under our flag of freedom so many millions eat their daily bread, in far distant lands and climates, with none to make them afraid.

I especially welcome here to-day representatives of my Indian Empire.

This, my Palace of Westminster, in the mighty heart of our Empire, is the very cradle of our envied Parliamentary institutions. Here is the anvil whereon our common law was forged, to become the joint inheritance of the United States of America and our own community of peoples. Beneath these rafters of mediæval oak, the silent witnesses of historic tragedies and pageants, we celebrate the present under the spell of the past.

It is to me a source of pride and thankfulness that the perfect harmony of our Parliamentary system with our Constitutional Monarchy has survived the shocks that have in recent years destroyed other Empires and other liberties. Our ancient Constitution, ever adaptable to change, has during my reign faced and conquered perils of warfare never conceived in earlier days, and has met and satisfied new democratic demands both at home and overseas. The system bequeathed to us by our ancestors, again modified for the needs of a new age, has been found once more, as of old, the best way to secure government by the people, freedom for the individual, the ordered strength of the State and the rule of law over governors and governed alike.

The complex forms and balanced spirit of our Constitution were not the discovery of a single era, still less of a single party or of a single person. They are the slow accretion of centuries, the outcome of patience, tradition, and experience, constantly finding channels old and new for the impulse towards liberty, justice and social improvement inherent in our people down the ages.

