

When Edward Is Crowned . . .

Significance and Antiquity Of the Ceremony.

Across the seas in London at the heart of the British Empire our King is making great preparations for his forthcoming coronation, consequently the many ceremonies pertaining to that event will be full of interest even to those for whom a trip to England next June will be an impossibility. There are so many mystic forms and curious customs in connection with the coronation that it would be well to become familiar with a few of them. As a matter of fact, coronation ceremonies are connected with the first establishment of Christianity in England; they also perpetuate some of the earliest British notions of public liberty, and while they proclaim the hereditary rights of the Prince, they are introduced by a recognition of some of the most ancient claims of the people. In these ceremonies, too, is shown the character of each constituent portion of the body politic from age to age, and they are chiefly valuable perhaps as preserving a claim of national identity, unbroken by conquest or by civil war, by changing dynasties, or by the most important revolutions of the empire. Notwithstanding the vast democratic progress of England to-day, she still shows her love of regal rule in the enthusiasm with which she enters into the splendid ceremonial of the coronation.

In the coronation rites there is a great amount of symbolical instruction to which we require a clue. Below are a few explanations of the regalia and royal vestments.

The regalia of England are symbols of a monarchical authority that has been transmitted by coronation ceremonies for upwards of ten centuries. But the incorporation of England, Scotland and Ireland into one United Kingdom has connected the history of the Imperial regalia with some tales of legendary lore of more than passing interest, the truth of which, if the circumstance does not demonstrate, nothing will. Irish records are said to add at least another thousand years of substantial history to the honors of that solid regal seat or coronation chair in which our monarchs are both anointed and crowned, while some of our own "honest chroniclers" assign to it a still more marvelous antiquity.

Holinshed gives us the history of one Gathelus, a Greek, who brought from Egypt into Spain the identical stone on which the patriarch Jacob slept, and "poured oil" at Luz. In Spain Gathelus built a city called Brigantia (Com-

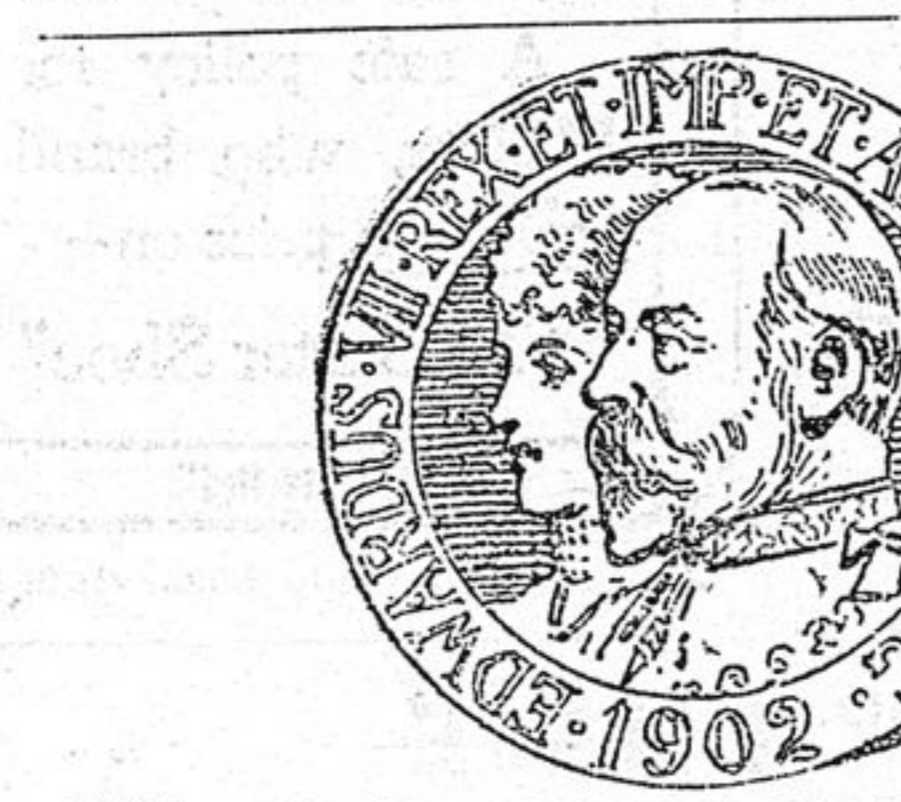
postella), where he "sat upon his marble stone, gave laws and ministered justice unto his people, thereby to maintain them in wealth and quietness," and "thereof it came to pass that first in Spain, after in Ireland, and then in Scotland, the Kings who ruled over the Scottishmen received the crown sitting upon that stone, until the time of Robert I., King of Scotland." Another story is that King Simon Brech transmitted this stone to Ireland, about 700 years before the birth of Christ, and that "the first Fergus" brought it out of Ireland into Albion, B.C. 330.

There is an important property of this stone. It is said to furnish a test of legitimate royal descent, yielding an oracular sound when a Prince of the blood is placed upon it, and remaining silent under a mere pretender to the throne.

Apart from these legends, the real history of the Fatal Stone is curious, and has induced the learned Toland to call it "the antientest respected monument in the world." It is to be traced on the best authorities into Ireland, whence it had been brought into Scotland, and had become of great notoriety in Argyleshire, sometime before the reign of Kenneth, or A. D. 834. This monarch found it at Dunstaffrage, a royal castle; he enclosed it in a wooden chair, and removed it to the Abbey of Scone, where for 450 years "all Kings of Scotland war crownit" upon it, or "guhil ye tyme of Robert Bruce." In which time, besides many other cruelties done by King Edward, the said chair of marble was taken by Englishmen and brought out of Scone to London, and put into Westminster, where it remains to the present day.

The ancient Irish prophecy, quoted by Mr. Taylor in his "Glory of Regality," assures us that the possession of this stone is essential to the preservation of royal power. King Kenneth caused the leonine verses following to be engraved on the chair:—

Ni jallat fatum
Sci quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem
Regnare tecentur ibidem.
Thus given by Camden:—
Or Fate is blind,
Or Scots shall find
Where'er this stone
A royal throne.



THE CORONATION MEDAL, ISSUED IN BRONZE AND SILVER.

circumstance, and to its being also entitled the Sword of Mercy, some etymologists have traced it to the Latin curto, I cut short. The Sword of Justice to the Spirituality is obtuse, that of Justice to the Temporality sharp at the point.

The King's spurs and orb and S. Edward's staff of the golden ring with which our Kings are invested, as the ensign of royal dignity, and of defence of the Catholic faith, there is yet another miracle of the coronation to relate. A certain "fayre old man," having asked alms of S. Edward, the Confessor, he had nothing at hand to bestow but his ring. Shortly after two English pilgrims lost their way in the Holy Land, "when there came to them a fayre ancient man," with "white hair for age." Then the old man asked who they were and of what region, and they answered that they were pilgrims of England, and had lost their companions and way. Then this old man "comforted them goodly" and brought them to a fair city; and when they had refreshed the morn, this "fayre old man" went with them and brought them in the right way again. And he was glad to hear them talk of the welfare and holiness of their King, S. Edward; and when he was departing from them he told them who he was, and said, "I am Johan the evangelist, and saye ye unto Edward your King, that I grete him well by the token that he gaff to me, thys ryng, with hys one handes." The present ring was the favorite one of Mary Queen of Scots, and was sent by her, at her death, to James I.

The spurs are a very ancient emblem of knighthood; in later coronations the abundance of ceremonies has only allowed time for the King's heel to be touched with them.

The Orb, or Mound (Fr. Monde) is an emblem of sovereignty, said to be derived from Imperial Rome, and to have been first adorned with the cross by Constantine on his conversion to Christianity. This part of the regalia, being indicative of supreme political power, has never been placed in the hands of any but Kings and Queens regnant.

The only remaining member of the Regalia now in use is S. Edward's Staff; but whether so called from any of the pilgrimages of the Confessor—from its being designed to remind our monarchs

of their being but pilgrims on earth—or simply from its being offered with the other regalia at that monarch's shrine, on the coronation of our Kings, we have no means of determining. All the regalia are supposed, indeed, to be in the custody of the Dean, as the successor of the Abbot of Westminster, at the period of each coronation.

The Royal vestments of England are amongst the most gorgeous "makings of a King" known to history. In the robes ordinarily designed to be worn in Parliament, and consisting of a surcoat of the richest crimson velvet, and a mantle and hood of the same, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace, the King first makes his appearance on coronation day (on which he wears a cap of State of the same materials, and at this time only). These are, therefore, called the Parliament robes, in distinction from his robes of estate, for which he exchanges them in the Abbey at the close of the coronation, and which only differ from the former in being made of purple velvet. These sumptuous external robes are laid aside during the anointing and other parts of the coronation service.

The Armil, or Stole, is the only ecclesiastic symbol now retained in the investiture of our Kings. The ornament in present use embraces the neck.—L. C. in Toronto Ladies Journal.

MORPHINE FIENDS.

Ten Per Cent. of Physicians Slaves An Authority Says.

At least 10,000 persons in the United States are victims of morphine and 10 per cent. of American physicians are slaves to opium in some form, according to a statement adopted by the Medical News. All recent estimates, the same authority asserts moreover, indicate that the use of morphine not only as a drug to allay pain, but also as an intoxicant, is daily becoming an increasing evil.

A physician to whom this statement was quoted expressed some doubt as to the extent of the evil so far as the medical profession is concerned, but said that the general estimate was rather under than over the mark. "The demand for morphine in the drug stores is increasing at an alarming rate," said this physician. "Traffic in the drug is restricted by law, but the law is practically ineffectual. Any morphine fiend who needs a supply knows how to get it, and does obtain it readily enough and apparently one user of the drug makes many more."

"Before long there is sure to be a cry for increased restriction. What is needed, however, is not so much a new law, but the stricter enforcement of the present one and vigorous prosecution of those who connive at the illicit traffic in the stuff." Whether or not it is possible to cure the confirmed morphine eater after the habit has reached a serious stage is still the subject of debate among physicians. There are also differences of opinion as to the best treatment, although the authorities agree now that institutional treatment or the services of a trained nurse to outwit the cunning aroused in the patient by the craving for the drug are essential to success.

Baths and exercise in the open air form an important part of the newest treatment advocated and it is laid down that there is practically a certainty of a relapse unless the treatment is prolonged to three months, oftener to six.

The sudden withdrawal of the drug by friends or relatives, horror-stricken over the discovery of the disease, has resulted in many cases in a fatal collapse. Substitution of some other opium derivative has been rejected as unsatisfactory. Gradual withdrawal of it or tapering the doses is the only choice in a majority of cases, and in some cases lessening it by one-sixteenth is as much as can be effected at first.

Mr. Manley—"Well, darling, I've had my life insured for \$5,000." Mrs. M.—"How very sensible of you! Now I sha'n't have to keep telling you to be so careful every place you go to."



"MAMMA IS WAITING FOR US?" WHERE IS SHE?

THE BOY, THE BANK, AND THE DIME.

A Tale With a Moral For Mothers.

Once there was a boy about seven years old, whose parents thought he was flawless. He was petted every day, and by leaps and bounds he grew into the idea that the earth and the fullness thereof was his. He became arbitrary in his methods and not only gave the neighbors, but also his parents, much trouble. Neither his father nor his mother was particularly "keen" on psychology, and so matters drifted along until the time came when the father awoke to a realization of the fact of his offspring's degeneracy. He came, also, face to face with the collateral fact that something would have to be done in the way of child-government, or the time would speedily arrive when even a revolution would do no good. He therefore resolved to begin with the inculcation of the great and basic laws of frugality. If, he reasoned, he could teach his son and heir the value of money and self-denial, a great step forward would have been taken, and the way consequently would be opened for education along other lines toward which the youth had so far manifested the utmost repugnance.

Filled with those thoughts, and others in which his son constantly figured as a bright and shining star, the father bought a toy bank that was constructed that it would receive dimes to the extent of five dollars, but unless the full complement of fifty dimes had been faithfully deposited within the precincts of the bank there was no such thing as withdrawals. Until the aforesaid deposit, the bank was securely locked, but when it held five dollars' worth of dimes it could then be easily opened and the money placed in a real savings bank, there to draw compound interest and to double itself, from time to time, as the years rolled by. The father brought the bank proudly home, thinking of the time when his son should figure among the world's great capitalists and financiers and be able to trace the origin of his wealth to the little bank he was about to give him. It was an inspiring thought, and the reveries into which this father fell because of it were very pleasant indeed. He dreamed, as fathers will, and when he reached home he was not a little disappointed to find that the boy had been put to bed and was sleeping quietly. He explained his ideas to his wife, and wanted to awaken the lad in order to impress the scheme upon him, so that no time should be lost with his new education. His wife demurred, however, and so the father was obliged to wait until the next morning before presenting the matter to the young savage, who was to be the subject of an experiment with which he was destined to be entirely out of sympathy.

At breakfast the father made a rather neat little speech to his son, and gave into his hands the bank and a dime, to put into it, that should serve as a nucleus about which might gather his wealth and capital that was to be. He also promised further contributions if the boy would be good. The young man was engaged in eating his breakfast while his father was talking about the bank, and it must be confessed that the charms of the cereals that were a part of the family menu, together with the accompanying milk, were greater than was the rudimentary system of finance that was parentally outlined. In due time the father went down town to do business. The son remained at home for the same purpose, as it afterward appeared. When the young man had quite finished eating (because there remained nothing else to eat) he turned his languishing attention to the bank that his father had given him. He knew there was a dime therein, because he had seen it placed inside. He could also hear it rattle when he shook the bank.

His mother was a trifle busy, and went upstairs, rejoiced to think that she could leave the young man with the bank and the contemplation of it. When his mother had retired, his interest in the bank seemed to intensify. He shook it, and the rattle of the imprisoned dime was again distinctly perceptible. He shook it more fiercely, and the sound of infinitesimal but hoarded wealth was hollow. He shook the bank a third time, and then it slipped from his fingers and

fell with a crash to the marquetry floor. The bank, which was quite heavy, struck on its sharp corner and broke a piece out of the floor that cost one dollar and fifty cents to have replaced a few days later. The boy picked up the fallen bank and looked at it very hard. He did not even glance at the damaged floor. He tried rather to pry the bank open with a silver fork, the result being that the prongs of the fork were snapped off. He began to be annoyed. He finally struck the iron bank right smartly with his little fist, which bruised him. This made him quite angry. Throwing the offending bank on the floor, and thereby making an additional dent in it, he kicked it with one of the new shoes he chanced to have on, in such a way as to rend a most unsightly hole in the shoe that did the kicking. He realized vaguely that his progress in breaking the bank was something like the progress of most of those who have tried this sort of thing on a larger scale at Monte Carlo.

In a reflective mood he picked up his bank once more and turned it over and over again. Visions of the candy, gum, soda and other edible and semi-edible juvenile joys that the dime in that useless bank would buy rose up before him and overmastered him. He went to his father's tool chest, where he had so often been told not to go. He lifted the heavy lid, and there, right on top, lay a hammer. It fairly invited him to use it. Temptation carried him away captive. He grasped the hammer and struck the bank with all his little might. The edge of the hammer was chipped off, and there was a dent in the new bank. That was all. He hammered away at the bank until there were many dents in it, but the run upon the bank was valiantly resisted. The hammer was but a delusion and a snare. He put it back in the chest and closed the lid with a bang. The thought of the dime so near and yet so far was most aggravating. He thought and thought and thought. There was nothing promising that presented itself by means of which he could make that dime negotiable. He took the bank out in the back yard, where the walks were flagged. He threw it several times on the flagstones. The only results were more dents. The bank began to look a trifle battered. Its capital was as yet, however, entirely unimpaired. He took the bank into the house again and put it on the hot kitchen range. Some of the bright paint spluttered up and came off, but there was no further result.

At last an idea came to the child that seemed promising. He took it up the street, and when fairly out of sight of his own house he placed the bank upon the car track and then ran back to wait for a passing car. Presently the car came with a rush and was gone, scattering sparks in transit. The car simply pushed the bank off the track. The boy put it back and possessed his soul with such patience as he could. The four following cars likewise swept the bank harmlessly from the track, but the fifth, a fifteen-ton car, struck it a little on the slant and the bank was left fragmentary. With a shout of triumph the youthful spendthrift snatched the dime from the road-bed where it lay, and with it safely in his hand he ran off to the nearest candy store, where he bought sweetmeats until the dime was gone. Then he went out and enjoyed the confections until they, too, were gone.

There is no need to tell what the moral of this tale is, nor to mention the doctor's charges for attendance on the child because of the candy eaten for which the dime paid. It would be worse than useless to point out wherein the father failed in his application of first-class moral teaching. Nor would anything be gained by tabulating the language of the father when the damage was footed up. These items are familiar to parents with boys in the family and are quite commonplace. So, for that matter, is this little story of the boy, the bank, and the dime.

ODDEST VACCINATION CASE.

Little Girl Carried It Latent for Two Years.

The remarkable case of a small girl whose vaccination took after two years' delay should be some consolation to those who have got it over quickly. The case has been reported to one of the medical journals by the child's physician and is recorded as being probably without precedent in medical science.

The child was vaccinated when she was only six months' old and with very slight success. Nothing was thought about that until a few weeks ago, and two years after the original vaccination she had an attack of scarlet fever with complications which puzzled the family doctor. The old vaccination marks seemed to wake up again.

Inquiry revealed that the little girl had not been revaccinated, though all the symptoms might have indicated that she had. Other physicians were called in and watched the case.

When the child's recovery was certain they agreed that the one explanation feasible was that the vaccination had remained latent in the child's system for two years and that the fever had started it afresh.

INDIAN ENGLISH.

An intelligent sepooy one day came to a telegraph office in India and handed in a message to send to a station in Central India. Having read the message, the operator said there was something wrong. "No, sahib; me knows English," he said. Again an attempt was made to explain to him that it was wrong; worded. "Me knows English," he declared haughtily and indignantly. "If you no send, me report superintendent Mandalay." Thus threatened, the message was forwarded: "Come quick; father dangerous dead."