

Various Bands were placed throughout the Building, and played as the Procession passed.

Upon the Procession entering the Albert Hall, the Royal and Executive Commissioners and Members of the Committees took the seats reserved for them in the Body of the Hall.

The QUEEN took Her place on the Chair of State, with His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales at Her Majesty's right hand, and His Royal Highness The Duke of Connaught on the left; the other members of the Royal Family ranged on either side, with the Great Officers and other Ladies and Gentlemen of the Household around them.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and The Bishop of London, who had previously arrived, stood on the left of the Dais, and The Secretary of State for the Home Department near Her Majesty.

The Heralds and Serjeants-at-Arms stood in the front of the Dais.

As the Procession entered the Albert Hall, the first verse of the National Anthem was sung in English by the Choir of the Royal Albert Hall, under the direction of Mr. Barnby.

As Her Majesty reached the Dais the second verse of The National Anthem was sung in Sanscrit, translated by Professor Max Müller, and the third verse was sung in English.

When Her Majesty and the Royal Family had taken their places, the following Ode, written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate, and specially set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, and conducted by him, was then sung by the Choir:—

## I.

Welcome, welcome, with one voice !  
 In your welfare we rejoice,  
 Sons and brothers, that have sent,  
 From isle and cape and continent,  
 Produce of your field and flood,  
 Mount and mine, and primal wood,  
 Works of subtle brain and hand,  
 And splendours of the Morning Land,  
 Gifts from every British zone !  
 Britons, hold your own !

## II.

May we find, as ages run,  
 The mother featured in the son,  
 And may yours for ever be  
 That old strength and constancy,  
 Which has made your Fathers great  
 In our ancient island-state !  
 And,—where'er her flag may fly  
 Glorifying between sea and sky—  
 Makes the might of Britain known !  
 Britons, hold your own !

## III.

Britain fought her sons of yore,  
 Britain fail'd ; and never more,  
 Careless of our growing kin,  
 Shall we sin our fathers' sin,  
 Men that in a narrower day—  
 Unprophetic rulers they—  
 Drove from out the Mother's nest  
 That young eagle of the West,  
 To forage for herself alone !  
 Britons, hold your own !

## IV.

Sharers of our glorious past,  
 Brothers, must we part at last ?  
 Shall not we thro' good and ill  
 Cleave to one another still ?  
 Britain's myriad voices call,  
 " Sons, be welded, each and all,  
 Into one Imperial whole,  
 One with Britain heart and soul !  
 One life, one flag, one fleet, one Throne !"  
 Britons, hold your own !  
 And God guard all !

His Royal Highness the Executive President read to Her Majesty a Report of the Proceedings of the Commission up to that time, as follows:—

*May it Please Your Majesty,*

" As Executive President of the Royal Commissioners appointed by Your Majesty's Royal Warrant of the 8th of November, 1884, for the promotion of an Exhibition of the British Colonial and Indian Empire, and subsequently incorporated by Your Majesty's Royal Charter of the 15th of September, 1885, I humbly beg leave to lay before you a brief statement of our proceedings up to the present time. The general interest manifested in the display made by Your Majesty's Colonial