

For the "Record."
THE QUEEN.

SHE stood before her people,
 And bent her young fair head,
 As the golden crown was lifted,
 The anointing incense shed.
 She seemed so young and fragile
 To hold the guiding helm,
 And sway the ancient sceptre
 Of Britain's mighty realm;
 So lofty, yet so lonely,
 A gentle, timid girl,
 Though round her stood, as vanguard,
 Proud knight and belted earl.
 As the promise of her glory
 Shone in her gracious mien,
 More prayed "God bless the maiden"
 Than "God exalt the Queen."

SHE knelt before her people,
 Beside the altar rail,
 Pure in her early womanhood,
 Beneath her bridal veil.
 Her voice rang clear and steadfast
 Throughout God's house that day,
 As she gave her loyal promise
 To honour and obey.
 Not now as England's sovereign—
 Queen of the wise and brave,
 A trusting woman only,
 Her wisely homage gave.
 And as they saw her kneeling,
 Her husband by her side,
 While thousands cried "God save the Queen,"
 More prayed "God bless the bride."

SHE dwelt among her people,
 And joy went through the land
 To see her royal children
 Hold fast their mother's hand.
 Daughters and sons of beauty—
 Fair children of the Isles.
 A happy home their birthright
 Pure life and parent smiles.
 They saw her girt with blessings
 As Queens are seldom blessed,
 Her noble, loving husband,
 At once her strength and rest.
 They knew her blest and honoured
 In that dear household scene,
 A happy wife and mother,
 A great and glorious Queen.
 With health and wealth replenished,
 God gave her long to live,
 His hand for many a lustre
 Was opened but to give.
 She saw her kingdom prosper
 In arms—in peace—at home,
 Within her distant Colonies,
 And where the white waves foam.
 The triumph of the sovereign,
 Whose fame the spirit stirs,
 The blessings of the woman
 In double share were her's.
 Her people saw such glory
 As England ne'er had seen,
 And more as boast than humble prayer,
 Cried out "God save the Queen."

SHE weeps among her people,
 Her staff is broken now,
 The lover of her girlhood—
 The husband of her vow—
 Is lying cold and silent
 In a vaulted chamber dim,
 And Victoria sits a widow
 So desolate for him!
 Her people weep around her
 In grief which love redeems,

For dearer in her sorrow
 Their royal Lady seems,
 Like her they sit in sackcloth,
 Like her they kneel and pray,
 And humbly own that He who gave
 Can also take away.
 From homestead, hearth, and altar,
 Where angels downward lean,
 A nation's bleeding heart implores
 God's comfort for our Queen.

HALIFAX, Jan. 14, 1862.

M. J. K.

[FROM GOOD WORDS.]

Medical Odds and Ends.

THE CONCLUDING LAY SERMON TO WORK-
 ING PEOPLE, BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAB
 AND HIS FRIENDS."

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—We are going to ring in now, and end our course. I will be sorry and glad, and you will be the same. We are this about everything; it is the proportion that settles it. I am, upon the whole, as we say, sorry, and I dare say on the whole you are not glad. I dislike parting with anything or anybody I like, for it is ten to one if we meet again.

My text is, "That his way may be known upon earth; his saving health to all nations." You will find it in that perfect little psalm, the 67th. But before taking it up, I will, as my dear father used to say,—you all remember him, his keen eye and voice; his white hair, and his grave, earnest, penetrating look; and you should remember and possess his Canongate Sermon to you—"The Bible, what it is, and what it does,"—well, he used to say, let us recapitulate a little. It is a long and rather kittle word, but it is the only one that we have. He made it longer, but not less alive, by turning it into "a few recapitulatory remarks." What ground then have we travelled over? *First*, Our duties to and about the Doctor; to call him in time, to trust him, to obey him, to be grateful to, and to pay him with our money and our hearts and our good word, if we have all these; if we have not the first, with twice as much of the others. *Second*, The Doctor's duties to us. He should be able and willing to cure us. That is what he is there for. He should be sincere, attentive, and tender to us, keeping his time and our secrets. We must tell him all we know about our ailments and their causes, and he must tell us all that is good for us to know, and no more. *Third*, Your duties to your children; to the wee Willie Winkies and the little wifes that come toddlin' home. It is your duty to *mind* them. It is a capital Scotch use of this word: they are to be in your mind; you are to exercise your understanding about them; to give them simple food; to keep goodies and trash, and raw pears and whisky, away from their tender mouths and stomachs; to give them that