

That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer!

Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon this pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

Methodists are everywhere characterized by their conspicuous devotion to the person and crown of their rightful ruler. Without reserve they recognize their duty to fear God and honour the king. This they did in troublous times, when their loyalty was sorely tried by civil and religious disabilities, by petty persecutions and groundless aspersions. This they do with an added zest and a more enthusiastic devotion when all disabilities are removed, and when the Sovereign is one whose private virtues and personal attributes, no less than her official dignity, are calculated to call forth the truest fealty of soul. And never was Sovereign more deserving to be loved, never had ruler stronger claim upon the loyal sympathies of her people, than our revered and honoured widowed Queen.

Not the splendours of royal state, not the victories of arms, not even the conspicuous virtues of her life, are the chief claim upon our loving sympathies; but rather the sorrows through which her woman's heart hath passed. To these royalty affords no shield, the castle wall no bulwark. As the Roman moralist long since said, "Death knocks alike at royal palace and at the peasant's hovel."*

With the meanest of her subjects the mistress of an empire is exposed to the shafts of bereavement and sorrow. This touch of nature makes us all akin. The undying devotion to the memory of the husband of her youth has touched the nation's heart as nothing else could have done.

And worthy was he to be loved. In a position of supreme delicacy and difficulty how wisely he walked; what a protecting presence; what a sympathizing friend to his Royal consort; what a godly example to his household, to the nation, to the world!

Can we wonder that his untimely death left the world forever poorer to the sorrowing Queen; that the pageantry of state became irksome, that her heart pined for solitude and communion with the loved and lost, that for well-nigh a score of

* Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.