

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

The Queen! the Queen! God save the Queen,  
Our native English rose;  
Midst loyal hearts long may she reign,  
On British faith repose;  
Heaven on Victoria's empire smile,  
Bright star of Albion's sea-girt isle!

The Queen! the Queen! God bless the Queen  
With upright heart and true,  
To guard the laws—the rights maintain  
To free-born Britons due;  
Throned in a people's ready love,  
Blest, and a blessing may she prove.

The Queen! the Queen! God keep the Queen  
From secret dangers free;  
Should foreign foes in arms be seen,  
Give her the victory;  
Whilst hearts of oak maintain her sway,  
And hail her empress of the sea!

The Queen! the Queen! God give the Queen  
His chaste and holy fear,  
To love his Church and Word divine,  
His ordinance revere;  
And England keep a burning light,  
Truth's beacon-star, all purely bright.

The Queen! the Queen! God make the Queen  
A joy to Britain's land;  
And love and loyalty combine  
To guard our native strand;  
Speed gloriously Victoria's reign,  
Bless England's realm, save England's Queen.

*Collager's Monthly Visitor.*

## THE REV. DR. CROLY.

One of the most original characters, as well as one of the most brilliant writers of the present day, is the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.; and his outward appearance is not less striking than his genius.

I have seen many taller persons than Dr. Croly, for I do not imagine his height to be above six feet; yet he always strikes me as having more of the giant about him than any other man I ever saw. His gait, movements, expressions, and ideas, are all in the same gigantic style.

There is, indeed, something vast and mysterious about him, which impresses you with the idea that you are looking on a being of some other age and clime than your own.

His frame is built in the Cyclopean style of architecture, broad, firm, and massive—and the commanding head which surmounts the edifice is not less remarkable. His countenance has a strange antique appearance, well according with the antediluvian kind of majesty which clothes his figure. I believe he has not passed far beyond his fiftieth year; there is nothing in the least old, or even elderly about him,—for his carriage is as lofty, and his stride as vigorous as they ever can have been;—and yet were any one to tell you that, like his own Salathiel, he has lived for centuries, you could not deny the strange assertion, judging merely from his appearance. His countenance has that rugged, weather-beaten complexion of which the prototypes are the faces of the Elgin marbles—indeed, to comprise his general exterior in a few words, I should say that he is very like a brother of the "Three Faces," from the Pantheon.

His forehead is square and heavy, and his dark

grey hair is combed down and cut straight across, as if to make it look as low as possible. His deep-set steady, grey eyes, are nearly hidden beneath dark, projecting eye-brows; yet if ever the broad stamp of genius was set on mortal physiognomy, it is fixed somewhere about that massive brow. His nose is long and straight, his mouth wide, his complexion dark, and the outline of his face nearly square; altogether it is one of the most striking and unusual of countenances, and when once seen is never to be mistaken or forgotten.

Dr. Croly's manner is perfectly original; I never saw any one whom he at all resembles in this respect; it is also perfectly natural. He has a powerful, impressive style of action, and he suits it to his splendid imagery with the most exact propriety, yet without any appearance of effort or design.

While engaged in his peroration, or in the cooler and more didactic parts of his discourse, he stands nearly motionless, or resting his hands on the sides of the pulpit, he swings slowly to and fro, with his head projected forward, almost in the manner of a Roman catapult on its side supports: but as soon as some glowing thought, or mighty imagining comes upon his mind, he raises himself to his full height in a moment, and with a vigorous, but never vehement action, pours forth a torrent of extemporaneous eloquence, as unexpectedly to his auditory as it seems to be to himself. He speaks and preaches all *improviso*; yet you never hear from him a single word or sentence which seems capable of correction.

His language is as magnificent as his ideas are lofty, and as his style and manner are majestic. To those who are in the habit of reading his publications, I need only say that their language is precisely that of all his sermons and speeches, and seems to cost him no more effort than the commonest chit-chat would cost a common mind. It is indeed the native language of his soul; so much a part of himself, that it would be as great an undertaking for him to use plain and meagre forms of speech, as it would be for a man deficient in talent, to attempt the elevated, yet brilliant expressions in which all his thoughts seem naturally to clothe themselves.

His manner never becomes violent, nor his utterance too rapid. He is never in a hurry, but seems quite at his ease, and speaks with great apparent pleasure to himself. He is perfectly at home on all his numerous subjects, and takes his own time to dwell upon them. Sometimes he pauses for a while, as though waiting for an idea, and holds his hand near his forehead, as though to receive the thought immediately from the brain itself; and when he resumes, with a flow of burning, yet majestic imagery, he dashes forth that hand at his auditory, as if he flung a javelin with it. The force and originality of this singular action, so peculiarly his own, can scarcely be imagined by those who have not seen him.

He has particular actions for particular words as well as for ideas, as those well know who remember the triumphant air with which he pronounces his favourite epithet of "magnificent!" or the no less appropriate, yet less pleasing expression of countenance which he bestows upon another frequent term—"ridiculous!"

His voice is deep and powerful, it seems to be capable of every variety of modulation; but it is very

carelessly managed. Its wild tones are flung forth at random, like the thrilling thoughts they embody, as varied, as strange, and as expressive.

That voice, that manner, those ideas, indeed, every one of his endowments, would be incomparable, if touched by the governing and regulating hand of art; but you see in every look, in every gesture, that he scorns the slightest restraint upon the wild majesty of nature.

He is at once the most unartificial, and the most highly educated, the most uncivilized, and the most princely being imaginable; more resembling an abstract personification of human nature in its highest style, than a member of ordinary human society.—I am not singular in my idea of this extraordinary man, one friend of mine, on first seeing him, remarked that he was like a thorough-bred gentleman, just come "from the moon;" and another, a lady by no means in the habit of giving romantic descriptions, declared that she liked Dr. Croly "because he was totally unlike all other men; so native, so independent, and if you do not like him as he is, there the matter must end, for no human power can ever alter him one hair's breadth."

His mind seems, indeed, quite of the same mammoth class as his person; it is equally gigantic, but not so well proportioned. His fervid imagination, or some favourite theory, too often overpowers the more solid faculties of his intellect; but such is his commanding power of eloquence, that you are not conscious of this while you listen to him. His addresses are writs, not of *habeas corpus*, but of *habeas animus*. He deprives you, for the time, of all power of resistance, and whisks you away on his eagle-wing, to regions of time or space far distant from the present. Whether his subject be celestial or terrestrial, Jewish, Roman, or British, Antediluvian or Millennial, it is all the same to him; he shows it to you as if it lay before the bodily eye, and he makes you almost as much present there as he is himself.

History, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, seems to lie before him as a map; he has never at a loss for examples or parallels; and not only are its events thus open to his view, but all its bearings and consequences are equally well known to him. He sees not only the skeleton of our world in all its nations and ages, but the same immensely comprehensive glance seems to convey to his mind all the fillings up, and even the draperies of the figure. If ever a professorship be founded for the philosophy of history perhaps no man is fitter for its chair than Dr. Croly.

His private character is replete with an amiable simplicity and benevolence, which make him the delight of his family, and of his numerous friends.

To attempt a description of his genius would be needless to those who have read his works, whether of fancy or theology, in prose or in poetry; and to those who have not, it would be vain.

I can only say, that however extravagant my sketch may seem to those who do not know Dr. Croly, I am sure that those who do will agree that this or any other description must fall far short of justice to the original.—*Random Recollections of Exeter Hall.*

*Pray without ceasing.*—The bird is not always on the wing, but he is ready to fly in an instant; so the believer is not always on the wing of prayer, but he has such a gracious aptitude for this exercise, that he is prepared in an instant, when in danger or need, to fly for refuge to his God.—*Rowland Hill.*