

tle, when he went out among his soldiers to ascertain if possible the temper of his people towards him, and while discussing with some soldiers the conditions, he gives expression to the words which the great dramatic writer of England has put in this form :

For, though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man as I am, the violet smells to him as it doth to me, all his senses have but human conditions, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with like wing.

And as the discussion proceeded he said with even greater pathos :

What infinite hearts ease must kings neglect that private men enjoy.

So the Queen of England, while filled at times with sorrow, while rarely, in the latter years of her life, experiencing what we might consider great joy, yet nevertheless, was constantly attentive to her duties, and she constantly grew in the affections of her people, because she was attentive to duty, and she passed away with the affection, not only of her own people, but with the affection and regret of all humanity, so far at any rate as it can be reached by our civilization. There is one thing, it seems to me, in the Queen's life, or rather in her later years, that was particularly striking, the way in which she carried herself through those years. Sometimes it may be that age grows selfish. I know that is the opinion of some who discuss age, and compare age with generous youth, but I am sure we can say of the Queen that in her messages to her people, in her visits to the bedside of her soldiers, in her messages of sympathy to the suffering, whether to the widowed mother or to the parents who had lost their children, she spoke from the ripe experience of years—she spoke from the knowledge that this life is a good life, if people help each other through it, and so I think, hon. gentlemen, that when the last moments came to her and she had to lay down her life, she passed away like one who goes to sleep, like one who, in the well-known words of an American poet, wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. She has left a legacy to the people of her own country which will not be forgotten. I have sometimes thought, as I have considered

the character of the Queen, as I have thought of the age in which she lived, that when the incidents of this time shall have passed into dim forgetfulness—when history and tradition shall be so mixed up that it will be difficult to say which is which, the poets of that distant time will turn back to this age—turn to her life for the foundation of idyls, as Tennyson did, when he turned to the times of King Arthur. Her greatness as a monarch, her gentleness as a woman, her kindness to the poor in her Highland retreat, will furnish incidents which will point the morals of a future time. There is one other remark with regard to this which I should like to make. The times, of course, were propitious to such a Queen, and she took advantage of them and helped them. Never in the history of England, it seems to me, has England produced such statesmen as surrounded the Queen. I think in the Victorian age we have reached the very highest rank of men who desired to do their duty faithfully and well, that the statesmen of the Victorian age appear to be the most conscious of the high state to which statesmen should reach. They are the highest product, some of them, of civilization, since civilization began. I will not mention any names here. There were, I think, ten Prime Ministers in the time of Queen Victoria. There were other statesmen who sat around her council board and gave her good advice. After all, while it may be a high position to be the Prime Minister of England, or to sit at the council board, there is a limit at any rate when that position is reached, and no ambition and no plotting can carry men further than that. The statesmen of this time laid down their ambition and ideas so far as that goes, and I think English history will place them on the very highest pinnacle which civilization has erected. Then there is one other matter. We can sum up all the glories of the Victorian age, its great discoveries, the vast benefits which it has conferred, its moral opportunities, and what greater thing ever occurred, or what event ever occurred in the world like the death and burial of the Queen. When the Queen was crowned on the death of the former monarch, it took some time to get the information to the people of Canada. Now, the progress of civilization and its inventions have been so