

ham, in a few words, "I am old and grand, and as soon as he uttered the words 'Your Majesty,' she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss her hand before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She then presented her hand to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously, and then retired." It is 60 years since that scene took place in the young Queen's home at Kensington. "With long life will I satisfy her, and show her my salvation." Would it not be well for those who think that nothing is right but what comes of manhood vote, with all its villainy, corruption, and defilement, to contemplate that scene in the quiet drawing-room at Kensington, the Church and the temporal power of the realm on bended knee, acknowledging the legitimate sovereign?

No matter in what direction we look, we stand amazed at the miraculous expansion of England and English influence in this Victorian era. We have rescued since the Queen came to the throne more than the third part of Africa from darkness. We have found the sources of the Nile. We have traced the great river Congo from its source to its mouth. We have explored the whole of Southern Africa. In Australia we have crossed and recrossed the continent, while in our own country the whole of North America has been taken from the red Indians, and is now settled in almost every part. In this Victorian era we have harnessed steam and made that omnipotent agent as tractable as the ox or horse. We make him, in his willing obedience, lift to its bed in the cliff the massive bracket to form the cantilever bridge, spanning the yawning gorge over which passes the traffic of the world. Prometheus, now no longer in myth or fable, climbs the heavens and brings down the lightning from the clouds, controls him by learning the laws that govern him, and engages him to do the meanest and most menial offices. In all those discoveries and appliances of the hitherto latent forces of nature for the benefit and advantage of the human race, we see one of the principal characteristics of the Victorian era and age. In the higher culture and more complete subduing to the needs and delights of men, of those regions where the faith of Christ is owned, we may see already pledges and promises of that complete restoration of the earth to all its original fertility and beauty, which our Lord's victory over sin and Satan shall one day have brought about. In this direction and towards this glorious consummation the life and reign of our gracious Queen, under heaven, have largely contributed.

Monarchs of England in the direct ancestral line from the first Saxon King to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria :—

SAXON DYNASTY.

	A.D.
Egbert	827
Ethelwulf	838
Alfred	871
Edward the Elder	900
Edmund First	940
Edgar	958
Ethelred	979
Edmund (Ironside)	1016

NORMAN DYNASTY.

William First	1066
Henry First, married Matilda the Saxon	1100

PLANTAGENET DYNASTY.

Henry II.	1154
John (Lackland)	1199
Henry III.	1216
Edward I.	1272
Edward II.	1307
Edward III.	1327
Edward IV.	1461



THE RIGHT REV. FREDERICK T. L. P.D., ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

TUDOR DYNASTY.

Henry VII.	1485
-----------------	------

STUART DYNASTY.

James I.	1603
---------------	------

BRUNSWICK DYNASTY.

George I.	1714
George II.	1727
George III.	1760
Victoria	1837

Whom may God preserve.

"Her court was pure, her life serene,
God gave her peace, her land repose;
A thousand claims to reverence and love
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

"And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet."

"By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea."

THE CHURCH IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The progress of the Church, or even of the Anglican branch of the great tree of the Church, is a subject so vast that we might well hesitate to enter upon it. Yet it may be possible to indicate the principal lines on which such a study should be conducted, and these may be followed up more or less completely by the various classes of readers who may accord us their attention. When we survey the last sixty years we shall experience the power of very varied emotions. What changes have taken place! How, one might even say, the whole face of society, the whole face of the religious world, is altered!

Some will say for good, others for evil. Doubtless, there is always gain and loss, and we cannot expect to experience complacency in the survey of every detail. Yet, on the whole, there is immense gain. In Great Britain, in the colonies, gain generally in numbers, and greater gain in life and power and beauty.

If there are any whose memories can travel back to the state of Church affairs in the year 1837, who will now take a tour through any English county, what will they find? They will find, first of all, with hardly an exception, a beautiful parish church, sometimes large, sometimes small, sometimes ancient, sometimes modern, but nearly always cared for, restored, or, better still, preserved in its pristine beauty. So much for the exterior. Let the visitor enter, and what does he find? The same decent, reverent care for all the accessories of Divine service—altar, desk, and pulpit furnished for their respective uses, in such a manner as to show that no part of the service of God is neglected or belittled.

Sixty years ago, he would have found the churches, in many places, neglected and dilapidated, and where they were well kept in repair, this was often done with such hideous taste that the beholder was ready to wish they had been

left untouched by the hand of the spoiler. Horrible "three-deckers" stood under the chancel arch, obstructing the view of the Holy Table; high pews stood up as hindrances to common worship, and on the Lord's Day, the service consisted frequently of a mere duet between parson and clerk, whilst the metrical Psalms were sung by a number of charity children, removed from the congregation into a distant gallery.

"'Tis sixty years since"—yes, from the time of the Queen's accession to this day is about the same period as that which elapsed from the rebellion of 1745 to the writing of