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In
Mem-
oriam

The Maple City
Worships In
Silent Sorrow



IMPRESSIVE CIVIC MEMORIAL SERVICE

Sorrowing Multitude of all Denominations Does Honor to the Sleeping Sovereign.

COLONIAL TRIBUTE TO THE LIFE OF ONE LONG LOVED AND LOST AWHILE.

City Clergymen Voice the Community in Earnest, Eloquent Eulogies—Beautiful Service of Sacred Song.

The Queen Sleeps.

The vision pales and dies
Which gladdened long our eyes,
Great majesty in womanhood enshrining;
She passes to her rest,
Victoria the Blest,
Her crown with a diviner luster shining;
And, while her stricken people weep,
She lays her scepter down and falls asleep.
Hush! She is sleeping now
Smooth is her eyes by Death's caressing fingers;
Closed are her eyes and lids—
Calm is the white, wan face,
Where the endearing grace
Of motherhood and widowhood still lingers.
Silence the trumpet and the bell!
The Queen doth slumber—wake her not!—all's well!
Lo! where the pale North Star
Rides in his sable car
Pointing to man the way o'er land and ocean—
There is the symbol seen
Of her, the great, good Queen,
Who guided us with single-souled devotion—
A star whose clear and steadfast rays
Illumined our faltering steps and charted all our ways.
Her gentle spirit drew,
As doth the sun the dew,
Our hearts to her, alike in joy and sorrow;
And when the daylight died
She took our hands and cried,
"Be of good cheer, there is a bright to-morrow!"
She was our Mother then, and more,
And loved us as no sons were ever loved before.
But when, at war's alarms,
She called her sons to arms,
Then was she Queen, defiant, lion-hearted;
Then was she King and Lord,
Girt with her empire's sword—
Saward the lightning of her legions darted;
War-worn they came again to her,
Who was their sovereign balm and sweetest comforter.
Not as we bring the bloom
To deck her kingly tomb
Shall we survey the splendor of her glory;
But in the after years,
When pride hath dried our tears,
Our children shall be told her wondrous story.
Now let her rest, in Jesus sleeping—
God guard her ever in His holy keeping!"
—Robert Dennis, in London Express.

"She wrought her people lasting good."

On Saturday a mighty nation, comprising millions of human souls, stood silently with tear-stained countenances, down cast eyes and deeply reverential mien, at the bier of the greatest and most beloved Sovereign, who has ever graced the ranks of Christian kings and queens. It is in vain that men have striven to express by empty words the sorrow which has fallen upon this "Empire of British men." As strong and stern of character as the Anglo-Saxon is, accustomed to suffer in silence, to bear his woes alone, without any exhibition to other men, there are times—few though they be—

when his great reserve is broken down and that strong, stern soul, so long forbidding his sorrow, while the world stands silent by in respectful sympathy. The Anglo-Saxon—unlike the Latin races, whose joys and woes are frantically shown forth—is accustomed to restrain and keep within bounds those griefs and sorrows which all but overcome his manliness, so that, on an occasion such as the present, there is a certain stateliness even in the outward showing of the suppressed agony which pervades every British heart. Seldom is the picture presented to the world, of a vast nation, whose power extends to and flourishes in the uttermost bounds of the earth, stricken down by inexpressible sorrow at the passing away of one who

min, even though she be the honored head of that nation. Other kings and queens have passed away within the memory of living men, who were held in awe and reverence by their subjects, but in every case there have been some found, both within the borders of their own lands and abroad, to whom such deaths brought satisfaction; but never before has a monarch gone to the last reward before whose bier the whole civilized world stood with bared heads and from prince and peasant, there ascended to High Heaven prayers and praises to God, by whose mercy and guidance monarchs rule, for the gift of a Queen whose virtues made her "Revered at home and loved abroad." Such an one was our late Sovereign, the lady Queen Victoria, of blessed memory. The loyal and patriotic citizens of Chatham—though the Maple City is but a single unit in the thousands of mourning cities throughout the world—were not behindhand in giving public testimony to their grief in the death of our Queen, and on Saturday afternoon failed to overflowing part in the memorial service, which marked the funeral day of Her Most Christian Majesty.

All classes of men and women were well represented and the glitter of badges in all parts of the house testified to the presence of many lodgesmen who were out in full force. As the array of reverend gentlemen filed upon the platform a perfect sea of faces greeted them. Even the "gods" were packed and there were not a few ladies even in this elevated station. It is estimated that over five hundred citizens were turned away. The only decoration upon the stage was a fine painting of our late lamented Sovereign, which was draped in black and purple with an outer covering of evergreen, while from the top were draped the national colors with the simple but eloquent inscription "Our Queen."

At the front of the stage were seated Rev. Dr. Buttisby, who conducted the services, Rev. Dr. Solanus, Rev. Dr. Hannon, Rev. H. W. Locke, Rev. Robt. Sims, Rev. J. J. Ross, Rev. Mr. Kenway, Rev. Mr. Henderson and Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Charing Cross. To the rear of the reverend gentlemen was the chorus, composed of members from all the church choirs in the city as well as the following conductors: Mrs. Alice James, of William St. Baptist; Mrs. John Cooper, of the First Presbyterian; Miss Eliza Ide, of the Park St. Methodist; Miss Nellie Risley, of St. Joseph's; Miss Blanche Baxter, of Victoria Ave. Methodist; Miss Maude Oliver, soloist of Christ Church; Harry Horstend, of Holy Trinity; S. H. Marshall, of St. Andrew's, and others. E. J. Forsythe conducted the musical portion of the services and presided at the piano. His Honor Judge Woods, Rev. Dr. Hermann and others were also upon the platform. The solemn proceedings were opened by Rev. Dr. Buttisby in a short address.

"We are not here," he said, "as denunciations, but as citizens who have assembled together to show our great sorrow in the loss of a Queen, who has endeared herself to every honest British heart that beats. We have no doubt but that this service will be a most profitable one and that all present will join with us in testifying to the grief that has fallen

on upon us by reason of this great misfortune. Then followed a hymn by the choir, "Asleep in Jesus: Blessed sleep from which none ever wakes to weep."

AN IMPRESSIVE PRAYER. Rev. J. J. Ross next offered up a prayer that God would comfort the British nation in the hour of its affliction.

"We have to thank Thee, O God, for many things. We thank Thee for the gift of Jesus Christ, Thy dear Son, who died that we might be forgiven and not the least do we thank Thee for another gift from Thy hand, that of our beloved and gracious Queen, Victoria. Truly, it has been truly said she was a Queen of wives, a Queen of mothers and a Queen of monarchs. Such a Queen was truly the gift of Heaven to a mighty nation. She derived her power and her influence for good from the Holy Ghost, and may we, by the shining example of her gently and noble life, be so influenced and raised up. For our sake, O God, and for the sake of the nation, give us this grace. By the life of our beloved Queen, Thy Kingdom has been extended and it is our sincere hope and prayer that the mantle of his saintly mother may fall upon King Edward's shoulders, so that he, too, may continue the good work. All these mercies we ask for Jesus' sake—Amen."

As Mr. Ross prayed it was impossible to fail to make the great emotion among the large audience, and not a few grey haired old gentlemen, who have had the privilege of living for over half a century under the benign rule of Victoria, were observed to wipe the tears from their eyes, while one hoary headed veteran literally wept.

Previous to the Scripture reading the choir sang feelingly.

"Now the battle-day is over; Now the battle-day is past." Owing to the untimely absence of Rev. Rural Dean McCosh, Rev. Mr. Henderson read a portion of the Holy Writ, beginning at the seventh chapter of Revelation, the 18th verse.

REV. DR. BUTTISBY.

Rev. Dr. Buttisby in introducing Rev. Father Solanus remarked that it was the first occasion on which the Rev. Father had addressed a mixed congregation in the city of Chatham.

Father Solanus said— "My dear Christian friends,—It is true that this is the first time I have

held the pleasure of appearing before the general public in this city. It has not been from any lack of inclination on my part, but principally owing to the fact that my various pastoral duties have so far prevented me from doing so.

"However, when I received the kind invitation of his worship Mayor Sullivan to be present on this occasion and to take part in the memorial service for our lamented Sovereign, endorsed as that invitation was by all the clergy of the city, I immediately and gladly accepted it. We are assembled here to-day for the purpose of showing our loyalty and devotion to the memory of one whom God, in His infinite goodness, placed over the British nation for so many years.

"We owe this devotion to our late Queen both as Britons and as Christians. The Holy Scripture commands us to honor and obey those placed in authority over us, and no Sovereign within the memory of man was more deserving of this honor, reverence and obedience of her subjects than was our dear Sovereign, the lady Queen Victoria, who is being laid at rest to-day.

"All power is from God. By Him kings reign. The power of kings and queens is from God, and their strength is in the Most High.

"It is incumbent upon us to show obedience to our Sovereign, not through fear of punishment, but because it is our conscientious duty. It should be the one aim and thought of all subjects to reverence and obey their Ruler, but how cheerfully is that reverence and obedience shown when we have such a Ruler as Victoria was.

"Monarchs have their duties laid upon them by God, and their lives should serve as beautiful examples to those below them. But could we single out from among all the monarchs of the world, past or present, one in whom were combined all the virtues as they were combined in Victoria? All her actions were with a view to gaining that knowledge which would enable her to rule the nation justly, as God Himself would have her do. For her advisers she gathered around her such men as Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen and many other equally distinguished and learned men on whom she relied and upon whose advice, coupled with her own wonderful sense of right, she ever acted.

"Not the least conspicuous of our beloved Queen's many virtues—in fact by far the most conspicuous—was her love of religion. My friends, when a woman fills the exalted position which she held for over sixty-three years

as the Queen of the mightiest Empire in history, and no human being is able to find one flaw or blemish in her spotless life and character, then it is that the full sense of her greatness dawns upon us and we see that in her heart was the true foundation of religion.

"No man or woman could desire a more beautiful example than her noble, pure and godly life, nor could any monarch wish to find a more blessed reign to serve him as a model for his own. It is with hearts in which sorrow and gratefulness to God mingle in harmony that we pray—

"Eternal rest and reward Give her, O God!"

The choir sang with great expression the hymn—

"Hush! Blessed are the dead In Jesus' arms who rest."

REV. ROBT. SIMS.

Rev. R. A. Sims spoke in tones exhibiting much emotion. He said that when the coffin lid was closed down and the earth has seen the last of the mortal remains, then it was that life was as it were, revived in the conversation that turns on the departed.

So it was in the case of Queen Victoria, and the history of the past three score years and ten was now being recapitulated. Little was to be gained in fixing attention on one particular in any person's history, because on occasions the basest could be noble, and the noblest at times yielded to temptation. The closing days were generally the proof of life.

The general estimation pronounced by the world on any of its leaders after death was always a fair criterion of worth. The judgment of the world was rarely far from the truth.

In contemplating the death of our late Queen the lord bishop said the greatest woman and the greatest sovereign had passed away. These words embodied the judgment as passed by the world on Her Gracious Majesty. She was not unmoved as the Queen of a mighty Empire as she regarded all her subjects, from the highest to the lowest, equal before the bar of justice. To her the greatness of the nation consisted not in the awful miseries of war, but in the suppression of vice, in her wealth of the nation consisted not in silver gold or jewels, but in the souls of her God-fearing, contented and self-respecting men. She had aimed at conditions that would make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong.

Continued on Fourth Page.



Requiescent in pace.