

## An Appreciation

The grey days went by. On Osborne tower the royal standard drooped sadly in the wintry air, while within she lay quiet and still with folded hands—at rest at last! A Queen in marble, they said, who saw her thus. There was a whisper—ay, perhaps more than a whisper—of a robe of pure white satin, of strewn orange blossoms, and of the face, with the sweet silver hair, hid at the last from sight by the veil she wore on that long-gone wedding morn, sixty years and more ago now. It may have been so. We repeat—to the last her heart was young.

Into the mighty pageant that followed we shall not attempt to go. The event is too recent; the purple hangings on the walls seem scarcely to have disappeared. She was happy in her life, and, as Mr. Arthur Balfour truly said, happy also in her death. It was fitting that the end should come at Osborne—"sweet Osborne," as she had ever styled it in her journals—since it enabled her sailors to pay a last tribute of love. Who that saw the passage of the tiny *Alberta*