

amid all the din and distraction of French state pagantry, she found time to think of her favourite, the little Highland girl on the banks of the Dee, and then and there selected and bought an article to please and gratify the little body. These are the links that bind the people to the Queen.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD.

There were few of the friends she has lost whom the Queen missed so much or mourned so sincerely as the late Dr. Norman Macleod, her favorite Scotch chaplain. Grateful for the consolations he had given under her great bereavement, she pays an affectionate tribute to his memory when she writes, in March, 1873:—"I am anxious to put on record all my recollections of my dear and valued friend, Dr. Norman Macleod, who has been taken from us, and whose loss is more deeply felt every day. I have, therefore, made the following extracts from my Journal since the year 1861, when my heavy misfortune brought me into very close contact with him." She dwells especially upon sermons which had impressed her as being singularly adapted to her case. Perhaps she found even greater comfort in the quiet conversations in which he gave her encouragement and hope:—

"We talked of dear Albert's illness, his readiness to go hence at all times, with which Dr. Macleod was much struck, and said, what a beautiful state of mind he must always have been in, how unselfish, how ready to do whatever was necessary; and I exemplified this by describing his cheerfulness in giving up all he liked and enjoyed, and being just as cheerful when he changed to other circumstances, looking at the bright and interesting side of them; like, for instance, going from here to Windsor and from Windsor to London, leaving his own dear home, etc., and yet being always cheerful, which was the reverse with me. He spoke of the blessing of living on with those who were gone on before. An old woman whom we knew, he said, had lost her husband and several of her children, and had many sorrows, and he asked her how she had been able to bear them, and she answered, 'Ah! when *he* went away it made a great hole, and all the others went through it.' And so it is, most touchingly and truly expressed, and so it will ever be with me!"

At a later period, when Dr. Macleod was evidently failing in health, the Queen writes:—

"He dwelt, as always, on the love and goodness of God. . . . No one ever felt so convinced, and so anxious as he to convince others, that God was a loving Father, who wished all to come to Him, and to preach of a living personal Saviour, One who loved us as a brother and a friend, to whom all could and should come with trust and confidence. No one ever

raised and strengthened one's faith more than Dr. Macleod. His own faith was so strong, his heart so large, that all—high and low, weak and strong, the erring and the good—could alike find sympathy, help, and consolation from him.

"How I loved to talk to him, to ask his advice, to speak to him of my sorrows, my anxieties!

"But, alas! how impossible I feel it to be to give any adequate idea of the character of this good and distinguished man! So much depended on his personal charm of manner, so warm, genial, and hearty, overflowing with kindness and the love of human nature; and so much depended on himself, on knowing and living with him, that no one who did not do so can truly portray him. And, indeed, how can any one, alas! who has not known or seen a person, ever imagine from description what he is really like?

"He had the greatest admiration for the beauties of nature, and was most enthusiastic about the beautiful wild scenery of his dear country, which he loved intensely and passionately. When I said to him, on his last visit, that I was going to take some mineral waters when I went south, he pointed to the lovely view from the windows, looking up the glen of the Dee, and said: "The fine air in these hills, and the quiet here, will do your Majesty much more good than all the waters."

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

God save our gracious Queen!

Long live our noble Queen!

God save the Queen!

Light on her path descend:

Joy and hope sweetly blend:

Choicest gifts to her send:

God save the Queen!

God bless our native land:

Her strength and glory stand

Ever in Thee!

Her faith and laws be pure;

Her throne and hearts secure:

And let her name endure—

Home of the free.

God smile upon our land,

And countless as the sand

Her blessings be!

Arise, O Lord Most High!

And call her children nigh,

Till voice and heart reply—

Glory to Thee!

God save our native land!

Thy sovereign word command

Her light to shine:

Till earth is lighted all,

And nations prostrate fall,

On Jesus' Name to call,

And praise be Thine!