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HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.



ONE of the best of the sovereigns of France is remembered in history as Louis "Le Bien Aimee," "Louis the Well-beloved." No phrase could be more appropriate to our late lamented sovereign. There was something inexpressibly touching in the chivalrous devotion of the four hundred millions of subjects of Queen Victoria to her crown and person. Millions who never saw her face would gladly have laid down their lives in her behalf. In many a lowly cabin on the far frontier of Canada, in her remote backwoods, or lonely prairie, or mining camp, or fishing village; in the Australian bush, in New Zealand, Natal, Cape Colony, Straits Settlement or Jamaican hut, and in the islands of the sea, as well as in the mother country, the portrait of the Queen was the chief and often the only adornment. The Queen's Birthday was, next to Christmas, the gladdest holiday in the year, and the prayer for Her Majesty was uttered the wide world over as for no other sovereign in the history of mankind. The noble hymn, "God Save the Queen," stirred the pulses throughout all the British possessions; the toast, "The Queen," was the first at every patriotic banquet, and as Daniel Webster said long years ago, the morning roll of her drum-beat encircled the world.



THE KING AT 50.

To transfer all these deep, heart-felt sentiments, the growth of over sixty years at once in all their fulness, to even the Queen's son, would be a psychological impossibility. Yet King Edward's strongest claim to our love and loyalty is that he is the son of Albert the Wise and Victoria the Good, and that his first utterance on assuming the crown was that he would seek "to walk in the footprints of his mother."

To succeed such a Queen as the late lamented Victoria would be a severe ordeal for any human being. Few could sustain it as well as our beloved Queen Consort Alexandra. Her character and unique qualifications for this high office were