

them whether they came with friendly or hostile intent, the Spirit came upon Amasai, who was chief of the captains, and he said: "Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse; peace, peace be unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers, for thy God helpeth thee." Now, I am sure, Queen's Own, that you are all ready to re-echo the words of Amasai as giving expression to your heart-felt allegiance to our Queen, and say: "Thine are we, Victoria, and on thy side, thou daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent; peace, peace be unto thee, and peace to thine helpers, for thy God helpeth thee. We are the *Queen's Own*!"

And, Queen's Own, much as you may have gloried before in the name you bear, you are, methinks, specially glad to be called the Queen's Own Regiment on this morning of the anniversary of the Queen's own accession to the throne. That is the thought that is prominently present in all minds to-day. This day marks the completion of sixty years of the happiest, longest, most prosperous and progressive reign in British history. The Diamond Jubilee has come, and we are assembled here to offer to our bountiful Father above the tribute of praise. We thank Him, this morning, for having given us such a sovereign to reign over us, and for having heard the prayers of His people, and for sixty years with His favour beheld her, by the grace of His Holy Spirit inclining her to His will and enabling her to walk in His way, granting her to live so many years in health and wealth, and strengthening her to vanquish and overcome her enemies.

Yes; this is the anniversary of the Queen's accession. On the 20th day of June, 1837, at five o'clock in the morning, the young Princess was awakened out of her sleep to hear the news that she was Queen of Great Britain and Ireland; and at eleven o'clock of the same day she met Lord Melbourne and the Privy Council, read her speech to them, took the oath and the proclamation of her accession was signed.

Sixty long years have passed since that auspicious morning, and during these three-score annual revolutions of our earth around the sun our noble Queen

"Has worn the white flower of a blameless life
In that fierce light which beats about a throne."

And, even as the aged prophet of Israel pointed out Saul the son of Kish to the assembled people, and said to them: "See ye him whom the Lord hath chosen, that there is none like him among all the people?" all the people shouted and said: "God save the King!" So on this Jubilee morning we, and all her loyal subjects throughout the length and breadth of the Empire, as we remember that this is the anniversary of Her Most Gracious Majesty's accession, and as we think of all the noble qualities of heart and head that have distinguished her from all other monarchs, feel constrained to unite in one glad shout that shall echo the wide world round, and say: "*God Save the Queen!*"