

grave remain," by the special request of the widowed Queen. This hymn, like the chorale which followed it at a later portion of the service, were favorite chants with the late Prince Consort, by whom it is said their music was composed. It is impossible to imagine anything more exquisitely touching than the cadence to the lines,

"So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,"

which was chanted by the choir in whispered tones that seemed to moan through the building with a plaintive solemnity as deep in its sorrow as the notes of the "Dead March." A translation from the German gives the words of this mournful hymn as follows:—

"I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bonds have sever'd;
By hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death deliver'd,
I'll come to Thee, where'er Thou art,
Live with Thee, from Thee never part;
Therefore to die is rapture.

"And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
My longing arm extending;
So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only son,
Opens the gates of bliss—leads on
To heaven to life eternal!"

Again the Dean resumed the service in a strained and broken voice—for all in the chapel now made no attempt to conceal their emotion—with the sublime passage, "*Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.*" Then was sung, with exquisite pathos, Martin Luther's hymn, "*Great God, what do I see and hear!*"

As the last strains of this solemn chant ended, the personal attendants of his late Royal Highness advanced and slowly removed the heavy pall, leaving the coffin in all its mourning gorgeousness uncovered. As this was done Earl Spencer placed on the head above the inscription plate the crown of the Prince Consort. At the same time Lord George Lennox laid the baton of the late Prince as Field-Marshal, crossed with the sword, and surmounted with the Field-Marshal's hat and plume on the foot of the coffin, above the insignia of the Garter. All these memorials were fastened to the heavy black velvet cushions on which they were laid. Thus left alone in the midst of the wide expanse of black, the melancholy gorgeousness of the crimson coffin stood out the one conspicuous centre in startling contrast, almost the only solitary object in all the Chapel which was not covered with black and draped in solemn mourning. As this last ceremonial was being performed, the choir again solemnly sang the following hymn to an air composed by the Prince himself. (Gotha):—

Happy soul, thy days are ended—
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love,

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.

For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear the momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

When it ended the attendants retired from the grave, and there was a silent pause, during which, as the wind mourned hoarsely against the casements, the quick, sharp rattle of troops outside reversing arms was plainly audible. Then came the muffled toll of the bell, the boom of the minute guns, and the coffin slowly and at first almost imperceptibly began to sink into the grave.

BITTER GRIEF OF THE MOURNERS PRESENT.

There was more than mourning at this most solemn time. The Princes hid their faces and sobbed deeply. All, not only the Royal train, but in the chapel, allowed their tears to flow almost unchecked, and some, such as the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the personal attendants of his late Royal Highness, among the pall-bearers seemed not less deeply moved for a time than the Royal orphans themselves. Still, the coffin continued to sink. It is but a few short months ago since the late Prince stood at the head of the same sombre opening and wept as the remains of the Duchess of Kent were in the same manner lowered slowly to the Royal mausoleum. The ceremony then was gloomy and mournful enough, though, after all, it was but the burial of a member of the Royal family long retired from public life, full of years and honors, and one who had already passed the term allotted to mankind. But here, with the Prince Consort, the husband of our Queen, a young man in the pride of life and usefulness, of health and strength and manly beauty, the loss seemed more than could even then be realized; and it was difficult—it seemed almost impossible, to believe that the coffin then so slowly creeping down the wide black groove held all that was mortal of Prince Albert. It was a solemn period, and a most trying one for the mourners, whose half-stifled sighs were audible from all parts of the choir, as with the faintest and slowest motion the coffin still continued sinking. The silence within the chapel was intense; every movement among those present could be distinctly heard; the wind moaning round the building sounded with a hoarse rush which now and then was almost noise, and the muffled knells from all the spires of Windsor seemed booming above the Royal grave itself. Slowly fading from the sight the coffin

gradually became level with the floor, then sank deeper and deeper, casting almost a glow of colour from its deep crimson sides upon the cloth-lined walls of the grave, till it was lost to view for ever.

THE CONCLUDING INCIDENTS OF THE TOUCHING CEREMONY.

As the last trace of its gold and crimson crown disappeared the service was continued amid the deepest grief, with the passage, "*Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed.*" At the proper interval the earth was thrown upon the coffin, and fell upon its ornaments and plate with a sharp rattle that was heard throughout the building. Then was sung by the choir, "*I heard a voice from Heaven,*" to Croft's plaintive music; and after the reading of the prayer "*Almighty God with whom do live,*" was chanted an English translation of another of the late Prince's favourite chorales, as follows:—

"To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content,—for Thou art ever nigh."

The collect, "*O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,*" concluded the service, and Sir Charles Young, advancing to the head of the grave, proclaimed the style and titles of the deceased Prince, saying:—

"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life to His Divine mercy the Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Illustrious Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and the most dear Consort of Her Most Excellent Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, and honour."

This formal proclamation has hitherto always concluded with the words, "Whom God bless and preserve with long life, health and happiness." But on this occasion, for the first time during Her Majesty's reign, the prayer for happiness was left out, and only that for "life and honour" offered. The change is mournfully significant, though the words we have quoted were in fact not spoken; for with the first mention of the Queen's name Sir Charles Young's voice faltered, and the concluding sentence of the mournful prayer, if uttered, was quite inaudible. Then the organist began the solemn strains of the "*Dead March*" in Saul, as the mourners advanced to take a last look into the deep grave. The Prince of Wales advanced first, and stood for one brief moment, with hands clasped, and bursting into a flood of tears he hid his face, and, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain, slowly left the chapel. Of the two, Prince Arthur seemed the more composed at the end of the ceremony, as if his unrestrained grief had worn itself out. All the mourners and those invited to the ceremony advanced in turn to take a farewell glance at the coffin, and not one looked down into the deep black aperture unmoved—none quitted the chapel without traces of deep and heartfelt sorrow.

THE ROYAL VAULT AND THE WREATHS FROM OSBORNE.

When all was over, and the last of the long, lingering train of mourners had departed, the attendants descended the entrance to the grave with lights. It is difficult without strong lights to pierce the intense gloom which always envelopes this last resting-place of Royalty. It is a very plain, wide, lofty stone vault, with a groined roof springing from stone columns. On either side, supported by these columns, are four tiers of marble shelves; in the centre are three very massive and wide slabs of marble, raised some two feet from the ground. The side shelves are destined for the members of the Royal family—the centre marble bier for the coffins of monarchs only. As the light slowly penetrates this dismal chamber, two purple coffins, looking almost black in the gloom, can be distinctly seen at the furthest end, brightly reflecting back the rays of light as the beams fall upon their richly gilded ornaments, which shine as though affixed but yesterday. These are the coffins of George III. and Queen Charlotte. Above their heads, but shining out warmly with a bright crimson glow, are the coffins of three of their children, who died young. At their feet, but some distance apart, and quite alone, lies the gorgeous coffin of George IV. On the centre slab, and nearest to the gates, the coffins of William IV. and Queen Adelaide rest side by side, the Queen being on the left. The light distinctly shows these coffins, and the velvet is as soft and rich, and the silver plates and handles as bright, as on the day when they were first laid there, many years ago. Not even dust seems to have soiled their funeral grandeur; and except a few stray bits of gravel on and around the centre plates, where the earth was