

From the farthest East of Asia all round to the farthest West of America, in all the various languages that the tongue of man speaks, in all the various modes in which the spirit of man seeks communion with the Father of Spirits, the voice of prayer arose on behalf of one young man in whom all felt that they had an inheritance. We shall not stop here to calculate the respective weights and merits of the petitions of Christians and Jews, of Mahomedans, Hindoos, Parsees, Buddhists; of prayers ordered by authority and prayers spontaneously poured forth; it is enough for us to know that He who "giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry," cannot be indifferent to the cry of any of His own "offspring." For "how much is a man better than a sheep?" And if, as in the days of old, the "Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men," can we think that the millions of outstretched hands, and of pleading voices from mosque, temple and synagogue, from cathedral and church and closet, from altar and home, from the sick-bed and the mother's, the wife's, and the nation's heart were all as nothing to Him? The great Empire of Britain was on its knees before God, and confessing its own sins and the sins of its Prince, waited—hushed and awestruck—for the answer. The spectacle was new to the modern world. That a prosaic people should be stirred to depths that had been undreamed of, and by a danger that did not threaten their material possessions or enjoyments; that a nation in this 19th Century should exhibit national unity when no foreign foe threatened, and national faith in God so universal that no one was ashamed of confessing it; these were marvels that the sneering sceptical spirit of the age stood amazed at, but which every true patriot may well be thankful for. Britain was never more truly great than during those anxious December days when all classes were fused into one by a common sorrow, a common sympathy and a common hope. Because of the sick young man at Sandringham there were kind words and gentle ministry for the sick everywhere else. The blatant demagogues whose trade is agitation and whose creed plunder, disappeared. The war of sects and of politics ceased over the land, and

a truce was agreed to without being made. Even the roar of commerce was hushed, its wheels muffled, its gains interfered with. In a word, the nation felt that,—in Scripture language—"the Lord had a controversy with them," and they knew not whether He would speak in anger or in mercy. And now that He hath spoken, now that He hath said, "I have heard thy prayers, I have seen thy tears; behold I will add unto his days," is it not right that the nation as one man should rejoice before Him? Many may not have heard the Word of the Lord; many profess to have seen nothing beyond a victory of the vital forces over those of disease and exhaustion. But "we see a hand they do not see; we hear a voice they do not hear." We believe that God alone is the giver of sickness and health, of life and death; and that from Him therefore came the word of power, "Live." And this day we offer unto Him thanksgivings. We called upon Him in the day of trouble, and He answered us. And we believe that He will be pleased with our thanksgivings to-day even as He accepted our prayers yesterday. For to-day also England is sublime. This morning's sun breaking over "dark purple spheres of sea" on the shores of China and the palaces of Calcutta, found men giving thanks to God for Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. And "as like a strong man he ran his race," it was the same from the rock of Aden far down to the wide pastures and gold fields of Australia. And as his light fell on the fortresses of Malta and Gibraltar down the line of a whole continent to Table Bay, the scene was still the same. But when his light fell on

"The cross of gold

That shines over city and river,"

when, two hours ago

"A people's voice

In full acclaim"

"in streaming London's central roar," welcomed their Queen and Prince, and "praised and gave thanks to the Lord, because He is good, for His mercy endureth forever;" if ever this earth can show ought that is sublime the sun saw it then. Often has Victoria stood before her people's face since that high day