

that he himself must ever be identified, in closest union, with England's glory and her greatness.

But there is another aspect in which to look upon this sad visitation: it strikes another chord, which draws forth at once a full response from the throbbing heart of every subject of the empire. Whatever might be the disturbing cares necessarily attendant upon royalty; whatever the weight with which the imperial diadem pressed upon the fair brow of our beloved Queen, it was ever the joy and the pride of all her people! of every creed, race or degree, that whether she was wandering with freedom among the wild glens and mountains of Scotland, enjoying the quiet seclusion of Osborne, holding her high court amid the stately halls of her ancient Palace at Windsor, or mingling in the crowded and busy scenes of her capital, yet that always and everywhere, in the inner circle of her home, her cup overflowed with the fulness of domestic love and peace. Yes, much as we may hereafter, on public and political grounds, have to lament the loss we have sustained as a nation, yet the first spontaneous outburst of grief has everywhere been called forth, by deep and true sympathy with the *widowed* Queen. In every public newspaper the same feeling is manifested; and also in every private letter, of which I have received several from different parts of England, one from the wife of a clergyman in a little country village, who says, "Nothing can be more striking, than the deep sorrow everywhere felt, and the sympathy for the Queen, even here in this remote village; all the people into whose houses I happened to go yesterday were talking of nothing else." (b)

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(b) Another friend writes word, "we are all so unhappy at the Prince's death—for the poor Queen especially; they were so happy and domestic together, like private people; and he was of so much use to her in all her business. It is most deplorable; it seems to excite the same feeling in every one, as was demonstrated on the death of the Princess Charlotte. The Dean told us he was about to preach on Sunday, the 15th, at the Cathedral, on the uncertainty of life: not knowing what had occurred at Windsor the night before; when just as he was going up to the pulpit, he had a paper put into his hand from the Mayor, telling him of it. At the conclusion of his sermon he informed the con-