



## CHAPTER XIX.

### *A NATION MOURNS THE LOSS OF ONE BELOVED.*

“The Master is come, and calleth for thee” (John 11 : 28).

“The oars have dropped from the tired hands,  
The Master is drawing near;  
‘It is I,’ He said ; ‘Come home, my child ;  
It is I, be of good cheer.’ ”

“Could we hear her speak from that far-off land,  
Where her guerdon is now ‘Well done !’  
We feel she would say to her people’s heart,  
My friends, love well my son.”

THE nation has been stricken with a keen sorrow. All have felt it, from the throne to the humblest cottage. We all do mourn our great and gracious Queen. But would we wish to keep her ? Was not for her the change for good ? She was tired, for she worked hard for her people. She was patiently waiting and ready when the call came.

I am wondering if she has been taken from the evil