

tions of human society. Every seventh day was a sabbatic day; every seventh year was a sabbatic year; and, after seven times seven Sabbaths of years, the soul stirring trumpet of jubilee was heard throughout the land, and there was rest for the soil, no tillage or harvest; there was the reversion of landed property, every man returning to his own property, and his own home; there was the liberation of the slave, when the chains fell off and the captive was free. What a type of the glorious day in which we live, when the soul-stirring trumpet of the Gospel proclaims deliverance from the guilt and power and bondage of sin.

"The year of jubilee has come,  
Return, ye wandering sinners home."

Our national Jubilee commemorates the fifty years' reign of our revered and gracious Queen over this realm. It has rarely fallen to the lot of earthly sovereigns to sway the sceptre for half a century. Since the Norman conquest, I believe, only three royal jubilees have taken place prior to this one. The first, occurred in 1265, with Henry III.; the second, with Edward III., who died during the year, and so the rejoicings were turned into mourning; and the third, with George III., in the year 1810. I do not suppose, Mr. President, that you are old enough to remember that jubilee; but it could hardly be called a jubilee of the nation, because war was in progress, the national taxes were greatly in arrears, and provisions were at almost famine prices. But, Old England welcomed the Jubilee of the old King; the bells rang out their merry peals, and the rejoicings spread over the land. But no such imposing celebration was ever witnessed by the world, as these jubilee thanksgivings and rejoicings held in every part of Her Majesty's dominions, over the long, and glorious, and happy reign of England's best and noblest Queen. (Applause). What cause have we for gratitude to God in this beneficent reign of

" Fifty years of ever-broadening commerce,  
Fifty years of ever-brightening science,  
Fifty years of ever-widening truth"—

and ever-extending empire which adorns with golden splendor the memory of the Victorian age. Look at the enormous growth of the Empire in population, wealth, area, and prosperity, since that June morning in 1837, when the old King William lay cold and dead in the turreted castle of Windsor, and state messengers were knocking at the gate of the palace of Kensington, to awaken a gentle girl of eighteen from her slumbers, and announce to her that henceforth she was to be Queen of England. The population of the Empire has more than doubled in these fifty years, and the area of the Empire has expanded more than four-fold. Queen Victoria reigns to-night over nearly one-third of the whole human race, and sways her sceptre over nine millions of square miles—