

It needs not, however, that we should repeat the praises so universal throughout her vast Empire and which have been echoed across the oceans from the continents to the islands of the sea. The best testimony to her virtues and her wisdom is not so much the voice of the civilized world joining in the same note of praise, but rather what she has helped to accomplish during her long and eventful reign. Of no one of even her rank and station can it be more truly said, *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice*. The progress and prosperity of hundreds of millions who called her Queen and of the many lands over which her sway extended is the best tribute to the beneficent influence of her life. So splendid an embodiment was she of the greatness of her age and so powerful her quiet influence for good, that no matter how long the world lasts Victoria will stand in the van of the rulers of men, and the Victorian age will be an abiding stimulus to all nations in their efforts to attain to the highest plane of living compassed by the social state.

Not the least important advancement during the reign that has just closed has been the growth of law and order and the increased security of life and property throughout the empire. Perhaps the greatest blessing and the one most essential to the welfare of any nation is the strong, sleepless and impartial administration of justice. Since the Chartist riots in 1839 there has been no serious popular outbreak, and there now exists amongst her people, to a degree unknown in almost any other nation, that sense of safety and security so necessary to human happiness, and so indicative of a high order of civilization. The criminal and dangerous classes have learned to realize that the arm of the law is stronger than they, and that it reaches to the ends of the earth. Perhaps the sight so often seen in the crowded thoroughfares of London may in a simple way illustrate this majesty of the law. A quiet man in simple uniform steps slowly forward and lifts his hand, and at once every vehicle, whether it be the Queen's carriage, the Prime Minister's brougham or the costermonger's cart, becomes motionless. A wave of the same hand and the roar of traffic begins again. The man is only a police constable, but behind him is the whole power of the empire.

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When death removes one in authority who has always held sovereignty over our love and veneration as well as over our political conduct, it is difficult to discuss the event from the practical standpoint of the lawyer; our minds are too much filled with the thought of our loss in that one so gracious, so good and so great