

many of our valued and experienced friends,) his loss is irreparable, for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled." These are gracious words, my fellow-subjects, but they have been accompanied hundreds of times by equally gracious deeds, proving that out of the abundance of a truly loving and grateful heart, the Queen's mouth has spoken. In Balmoral and at Osborne she has frequently visited the sick and the dying. A clergyman at Osborne had occasion to visit an aged invalid. Upon his arrival at the house, as he entered the door where the sufferer was, he found a lady in deep mourning sitting by the bedside, and reading the Word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady remarked, "Pray remain. I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford." The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book, with texts of Scripture adapted to the sick, which had been read to the sufferer. That lady was the Queen of England. This incident reminds us that any sketch of the Queen's life would be imperfect which did not contain an illusion to the partner of her joys and sorrows, Albert the Good, and to his early death which has cast a gloom upon all the later years of the royal widow.

Loyalty to the memory of the departed is a virtue so rare and pathetic that it deserves a passing culogium. The whole nation mourned when the Queen was so sorely stricken, and the cry of all hearts found expression in the touching words of the Poet-laureate:

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has passed, and leaves
The crown a lonely spendour.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

It can be truly said that the Queen's honor has shone forth untarnished, even amid the fierce light that beats upon the throne, and this is another reason why we should hold her in affectionate regard. There are sufficient indications in the frequent scandals which are allowed to reach the Press of what we might expect under a monarch of less exalted morality. Our "fountain of honor" is, we thank God, immaculate and untainted, and therefore we pray "God save the Queen." A life so entirely unselfish and devoted is a noble pattern to us all, and when we see so many Christian virtues adorning the character of the greatest

Lady in the land, we can only express once more our humble gratitude to Him, who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for giving us Victoria, and sparing her so long to reign on the throne of her fathers, and yet more surely in the hearts of us her people. And as we look reluctantly into an unseen but certain future, our prayers ascend once more that "God will grant the Queen a long life; that her years may endure throughout all generations. She shall dwell before God for ever; O prepare thy loving mercy and faithfulness that they may preserve her."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

BY THE REV. W. SAUMAREZ SMITH, B.D., HON. CANON OF CHESTER.

Fifty years our Queen hath reigned,
Calling forth a love unfeign'd;
Nobly hath she honor worn,
Duty done, and sorrow borne;
Lift your hearts, then; raise a song,
Grateful, jubilant and strong;
Praise the source of all good things,
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!

Fifty years have pass'd since she,
Blending might with modesty,
Took the royal seat and name
'Mid her people's loud acclaim;
Years have pass'd, and she has stood
Faithful to her people's good;
Praise the source of all good things,
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!

Fifty years of royal state,
She has kept inviolate
All the promises of her youth,
Firmness, purity, and truth;
So, in God's grace, we have seen
Good the woman, great the Queen! *
Praise the source of all good things,
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!

Fifty years of wondrous change
Widen all her Empire's range,
Stretch the bounds of human ken,
Quicken intercourse of men,
While beneath her fostering rule
Flourish Realm, and Church, and School;
Praise the source of all good things,
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!

Fifty years have come, and fled;
Holy memories of the dead,
Mingling with our festive glee,
Solemnize her Jubilee,
Point to hopes beyond the earth,
Point to life of better worth;
Praise the source of all good things,
Praise the Lord, the King of Kings!