

hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in holy matrimony ye do now confess it." The appeal has an instantaneous effect on all present. A moment ago we seemed to be merely assisting at a fete. We smiled and whispered and gently elbowed our way through the glittering throng for a place, but now we feel that we are witnessing something far more serious. The reading of the priest, the Bishop of London, who officiated in grand choral style in the unavoidable absence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishops of Oxford, Winchester, and Worcester, lends its full force to the words of the service. It is an intellectual treat, the enunciation clear and crisp, the tones exquisitely modulated, the accent having that indescribable refinement and purity which, say what you will, one never hears out of the highest circles in England. Meanwhile "this man" and "this woman" constitute each a most deeply interesting study as they await the moment for their direct participation in the ceremony. The Princess's form is bowed, and she never once ventures to raise her eyes from the ground. The Marquis stands quite erect, with his head thrown back proudly and his eyes fixed steadily on those of the priest, and the ceremony goes on to the conclusion, the Prince of Wales giving away the bride. As is usual, many of the spectators were moved to tears. And now a magnificent strain of melody bursts forth from the united choirs of Windsor and the St. James's Chapel Royal. It is the 128th Psalm, "Blessed are all they that fear the Lord and walk in his ways;" and not a whisper is heard, not a dress rustles, until its glorious close. These singing boys are fed, clothed, educated, and taught their art at the Royal expenso. One could wish to be a monarch to have their services at command. They have earned their living for all their days by this one strain of jubilant song.

The priest has joined their hands, the decisive words are spoken. "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." The Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise of England are man and wife. The Queen kisses her daughter and son-in-law, and this is the signal for the rest of the Royal Family, who advance in turn and salute the bride. The Duke of Argyll stands grasping his son's hand. There is a flush on his face, but his heart is too full for words. He is a little man, but I declare that for a few seconds he seems to have swelled to the proportions of a big one. He is recalled to himself by a salute from the lips of the Queen.

The party move off to sign the register, amid the crash of a royal salute, the organ pealing forth Mendelssohn's superb wedding march, and on their return the procession is formed anew, and the bride and bridegroom pass out of the chapel to their carriage, amid the deeply respectful bows of the brilliant assemblage. The Queen gives her arm to the Duke, the Prince of Wales takes the Duchess. The good-natured Princess Teck, smiling sweetly as is her wont, is conspicuous among the throng that follow. The party quit the chapel for the castle, where

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is prepared, without once becoming visible to the people, yet by some strange instinct the motley crowd outside the gates has divined what is going forward, and their shouts rend the air. English loyalty would seem to be one of those hardy plants that flourish without cultivation. I can answer for it that its growth has been purely spontaneous

throughout this ceremony at least. But one toast was given at the banquet, that of "the bride and bridegroom." The Marquis made a brief reply, the burden of which was his gratitude for the condescending favour of the Queen.

The happy pair left the castle for Claremont about 3. The Queen threw the first slipper. One of these satin missiles rested by chance on the top of the carriage, and caused no little amusement to the lieges of the good old town.

"GENERAL WOLFE AND OLD QUEBEC."

A LESSON TO ANNEXATIONISTS.

An interesting lecture was delivered last evening, in the Music Hall, under the above title, by Dr. Daniel Wilson. There was a capital attendance of the members and friends of the Young Men's Christian Association, under whose auspices the lecture was delivered. The lecture was the last of a course of six which have been delivered during the winter season. The chair was taken by Mr. George Hague, Vice President of the Society. The chairman having briefly introduced the lecturer:

Dr. Wilson commenced his remarks, after one or two preliminary observations, by justifying the aptness of the selection of the topic of the lecture, and saying that the career of the youngest of England's Generals, who had in a brief span of life attained so pre eminent a position, could not be without its lessons for the inhabitants of the young Dominion. He then dwelt on the striking historical associations connected with the scene, foremost of which are those in which Wolfe triumphed. He then proceeded to give a rapid sketch of General Wolfe's career through the war of the Austrian succession, the Scottish rebellion of 1745, and the earlier period of the seven year's war. The crowning victory at Quebec, with the death of the victor in the hour of triumph, received the prominence which it merited. The lecturer also paid a just tribute to the vanquished leader. A letter written by him to a cousin in France, only three weeks before the fall of Quebec, showed, he said, a statesmanlike prevision very suggestive to us now. Anticipating the possible results, with the English already masters of the river, and the French fleet annihilated, Montcalm wrote:—"If Wolfe beats me here, France has lost America utterly." But, as he says, there lies a comfort for her in the future, the danger of which even Chatham failed to foresee. With all occasion for defence against the French of Canada swept away, in ten years America will be in revolt against England! So shrewdly reasoned Montcalm as he looked from his old vantage ground into the future of this continent; and though there is no longer the jealousy of rival European Powers to act as a counterpoise to American assumption, the foresight of the young Frenchman had still its lesson for ourselves. The generous emulation of Canada and the States could only prove healthful for both. (Cheers.) The habits of self-government learned from the same parent might help, in honorable rivalry, to correct failures of each in adapting to this new world free institutions inherited by both from England. But the dream of absorbing this whole continent into one unwieldy republic was only suited to young America in her present stage of boastful inexperience. (Loud cheers.) If it was ever realized, the whole history of the past points to it as only the transitional step to

greater disunion. (Hear, hear.) The bounds of the Dominion were, on the whole, well defined, and its historic individuality is determined by its own antecedents. It were well if, amid the insolence of a Monroe doctrine, and that talk of annexation which finds at times a shameless echo among ourselves, the statesmen of this continent would lay to heart Montcalm's wise forethought. (Cheers.) A grand experiment in the science of self-government had been entrusted to them, in which the Mother Country played no further part than that of a court of appeal to which we may resort at will in every difficulty, while she looked on with interest, watching the progress we achieve. (Hear, hear.) He cherished no feeling of antagonism to the United States, and could heartily sympathise with the pride of the American in his annual fourth of July celebration. But, annexation of Canada to the United States—what does it mean? It means, said Dr. Wilson, that all the proud memories of the Empire in which we share, and all that grand historic past which is Canada's own, shall be cast away as worthless, as things to be ashamed of. (Cheers.) It means that men, British born, whether on English or Canadian soil, shall be piped to the dance of a 4th of July festival, which has no other memories for them than those of Loyalist fathers, whose fidelity to the Empire we still cherish as a sacred bequest. (Great cheers.) England's stalwart but too wayward child must needs toss up his cap and bells every 4th of July to the end of time, what matters it to us, not yet ashamed of that proud mother of nations from whom we are sprung, and with memories of our own we proudly share with her. (Cheers.) France unquestionably had her revenge for the defeat at Quebec, in the revolution of 1783, and reaped revenue's fitting harvest in her own Reign of Terror, and all the revolutions by which she has shown her incapacity for self-government. For whether America forget or no, England has trained her children to deal even with revolution as free men, and not as revolted slaves. But for us the American Republic, with its Washington bureaucracy and the quadrennial throes of its Presidential election has not so solved the problem of free government that we must needs cast in our lot among the still disunited States, as though we were the sole avenue to a political millennium. (Hear, hear.) Our living present, as well as the sacred memories we inherit as a member of that great British confederacy which embraces still in one united empire India and Canada, New Zealand and Newfoundland, the Bahamas, Antilles, Australia and the Cape are too precious to be thus lightly cast away. But if the time is ever to come "far on in summers that we shall not see," when this young Dominion shall stretch its giant limbs across the continent, a free nation with duties and with interests all its own, it will be for its interest, as well as for its honour, that it can then look back only with loving memories on the common motherland of the Anglo-Saxon race; emulates her example aspires to her worth, and takes as models, to be set before its sons, the virtues and the patriotism of leaders such as Chatham and Wolfe, to counsel them in the senate, and marshal them in the field. (Great cheering.)

The Rev. D. J. Macdonnell moved, seconded by Mr. Kingston, a vote of thanks to the lecturer, who in acknowledging, referred to the fact that the object of the course of lectures was to aid in the erection of the new hall.

The proceedings terminated with the audience loyally singing the national anthem.