

over the shoulders nearly to the ground. Her robes are of some heavy mourning stuff, with hanging sleeves, which are turned back with white lawn weepers, and display the hands and arms a little above the wrist. She wears the round white lawn tippet which then formed part of the widow's costume, and about her throat a single row of large round pearls, from which depends a cross. Her hair is shown from beneath the veil: it has lost its jetty hue, so have her eyebrows; and though decided vestiges of beauty may still be traced in the majestic outline of her face, it is beauty of a different character from that which Lely and Kneller painted, and Waller, Dryden, and Granville sang. A milder, a more subdued expression marks the features of the fallen queen, the desolate widow, and bereaved mother, who had had so often cause to say with the Psalmist, "Thine indignation lieth hard upon me. Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms." But the chastening had been given in love, the afflictions had been sent in mercy; religion and the sweet uses of adversity had done their work; every natural alloy of pride, of vanity, and impatience had been purified from the character of this princess. There is something more lovely than youth, more pleasing than beauty, in the divine placidity of her countenance as she sits in her sable weeds by that urn, a mourner; yet not without hope, for the book of holy writ lies near, as well it might, for it was her daily study. It was the fountain of consolation whence Mary Beatrice of Modena drew the sweetness that enabled her to drink the bitter waters of this world's cares with meekness, and to repeat, under every fresh trial that was decreed her, "It is the Lord, he is the master, and his holy name be for ever blessed and praised."¹

The life of the unfortunate widow of James II. can scarcely conclude more appropriately, than with the following characteristic quotation from one of her letters, without date, but evidently written when the cause of her son was regarded, even by herself, as hopeless:—"Truth to tell, there remains to us at present neither hope nor human resource from which

¹ MS. lettres de la Reine d'Angleterre, veuve de Jacques II., in the hôtel de Soubise, Paris.