

we all pray, and so pray we all—"So mote it be." From a thousand parish Churches in England, whose walls were hoary with history before Columbus was born, there peals forth the solemn sounds which bespeak a great loss. People of other lands and different tongues are moved as by a mighty impulse, and the great wave of human sympathy rolls across the Atlantic until it breaks in fragments of incense upon the American shore. Hereafter "Plymouth Rock" must give placē to a holier and more universal idea of brotherhood; for the "Mayflower," with all her glowing memories, was never freighted with anything half so holy, half so potential for good, as the simple, sisterly and unaffected message received by Mrs. Garfield on the first morning of her widowed loneliness:

"Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you. May God support and comfort you as he alone can."—THE QUEEN, *Balmoral Castle*.

This is not the Empress of the greatest nation upon earth. This is not the Royal Lady whose ancestry flourished even amid the conflicting interests of the heptarchy. No, this is "Queen Victoria," the true woman, whose simple married life put to shame the dissolute Courts of Europe. No, this is the faithful wife, whose constant love for her husband has been stronger even than death. In the deep depths of her own unspeakable sorrow, she reads what her sister must have endured all those long, weary days and nights of watching; the hard struggle it must have been to restrain the unbidden tears, as day by day she watched each change, and until finally the scene is closed in the majesty of death. She too, sat beside the death-bed of a husband, and she, alas, only knows too well, that all the pomp and pageantry of her crown cannot fill the void. But more