

either being reduced to doing nothing or to interfere with the liberty of the people. The Queen had solved the problem and shown what constitutional monarchs must be.

She had realized that her people were a free people and must be governed by those they themselves had chosen. Therefore, although she was ever ready in an emergency to fearlessly advise and to try to convince her ministers, not shrinking from stating the plain truth, she had, when she found she was unable to convince, yielded in the belief that it was better the people should be ruled by those they had elected, even if they proved wrong, because it would be more consistent with freedom, which she recognized as the source of all real progress. She left all statesmen a wonderful lesson of the value of a sovereign with such a position, and taught her ministers a lesson which it would be good, indeed, if all ministers of the Crown should follow, that the very foundation of a government of a free people was to be found in loving and caring for them.

The Archbishop dwelt upon the manner in which the Queen had won the hearts of the people by her sympathy, and the strange instinct by which she almost invariably knew what the great body of the people felt. It was her loving sympathy, care, and watchfulness that gave her that remarkable power. Even beyond this was her high standard of conscience, which, through the influence of her presence, penetrated the court, which thereby became such a blessing to the people as few courts ever had been. Her death was an incomparable loss, but her works stand and mark out for every ruler the conditions in which a ruler may really be a blessing to the ruled.

The reredos in Westminster Abbey and the King's stall were draped with purple. Dean Bradley took his text from Acts xiii:36: "For David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers," and from Matthew xxv:21: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The venerable octogenarian preacher, with his long, white hair beneath a skull cap, spoke reminiscently of the Queen's coronation in the Abbey, which he had witnessed. He pictured Her Majesty's life, emphasizing especially what she had done to raise the social and moral tone. He closed by pathetically exclaiming: