

Death and Life.

Her Majesty, the Queen, died January 22nd., 1901.

His Majesty, the King, to be Crowned June 26th., 1902.

“**H**IS Majesty the King.”

Brief words—but such
As first pronounced had startling force to send
A deeper thrill through England's heart than aught
That yet had met the eye or struck the ear.
All other tokens of our grievous loss—
Slow tolling bells, hushed Halls, or silent streets—
Had gathered round one central thought—recalled
One sole event— one name beloved alone.

But in these words—“His Majesty the King”
We heard the closing of the coffin-lid,
The sad “sic transit” of all earthly life.
Our thoughts, by sudden bound, were onward borne
To future years—another Sovereign reigns.
“Sic transit!”—even so, but all the more
Fix we our trust on that which passeth not,
The Providence Divine, o'er-ruling all.
O King of Kings! Be with our Ruler still;
Stern tasks and highest duties now are his.
Be Thou his Trust, his Counsellor, his Guide;
So he, with that sweet Consort at his side,
His people's love and reverence shall win,
And evermore from a vast Empire's heart
Shall rise the fervent prayer,

God Save The King!—*Church Times.*

Letters.

FROM A FRIEND TRAVELLING IN
THE WEST INDIES.

Windsor, Falmouth, Jamaica.

Dear Sister:

I have for some time owed you a long letter, and now that we have come to a few weeks' pause in our journeyings, I will pay my debt. One should, I suppose, begin at the beginning, so I will go back to our leaving California rather more than a year ago. First of all, we spent a good deal of time in Mexico, mostly in Cuernavaca, a small town which lies south of the City of Mexico. I think you would find it marked in any good atlas. It was in February that we went there; already it was hot,

and the heat increased all the time, until in June the early summer rains fell and cooled the air. I used to think of you in February and March when we were finding it too hot to go out except early in the morning and late in the afternoon, and were feeling the thinnest of frocks almost too heavy in our big, cool rooms, and I found it quite hard to realize that you, at Yale, were wearing all sorts of thick, warm clothes, and perhaps wrapping up the Indian babies in bunny skins, like so many Baby Buntings, and certainly taking very good care to keep the stoves alight.

You, too, would have been amused if you could have seen our Mexican neighbors. All the working men in Cuernavaca and in the villages round about wear white calico clothes, which are, of course, apt to become more or less brown during the week, but, as Mexican women are excellent and in-