

The good Queen is gone, and the worn out frame in which her untiring spirit dwelt, and which her people loved to look upon and ever greeted with loyal and loud acclaim, must now with all honour, and magnificent respect be committed to the dust from which it came. But grander far than all the gorgeous trappings of majestic woe, and all the pomp and pageantry with which it is fitting that she, who but yesterday sat on the most ancient throne of Europe, should be laid amid the historic glories of the past,—grander far than all of this are the tears that a nation sheds, for they well up from hearts that know and feel that to speak of *her* as of *blessed* memory is no formal, empty, unmeaning phrase, but true, utterly true, because she was indeed a mother in our Israel.

The good Queen is gone. She has died in a good old age, and another reigns in her stead. And we are looking forward, not without some fears and misgivings, yet with chastened hope, to the new century, with which the new reign begins. God grant that in it we may learn to practise the les-