

THE CHURCH MONTHLY.

pare for a bazaar. This, after a good deal of work was held on Dec. 15th, and the net proceeds amounted to about \$80. You will hear of them again, and in the meantime we will wish them in the very best sense a prosperous life.

3rd—Before this was over preparations were made for our annual Sunday School entertainment. Many difficulties and disappointments came to us, but they were all surmounted, and on Jan. 1st, 1901, we had an entertainment in the Opera House that was enjoyed by those present. It reflected credit on those who took part, and their trainers, and was a financial success.

4th—In the meantime another important step had been taken in our Sunday School work, in the founding of a library. This was a need we had felt for a long time, but only now have we been able to satisfy it. We have started with over 300 books, and the eagerness with which the children look for their books on Sunday afternoon speaks volumes for their appreciation of it, and its erstwhile need. It is a good thing accomplished not too soon. It has renewed the interest of the scholars, and we hope also of their parents, and their teachers in the Sunday School; an interest which we hope will continue and in due time bring forth much good fruit.

But this brief summary would not be quite complete without some notice of a very pretty and interesting event, which happened at the church on Xmas afternoon. It was the marriage of Miss Minnie Galbraith and Mr. Dilly Bell. The bride was one of our popular young ladies, and our only regret is that it was necessary for us to lose, in order that he might gain. A great many of her friends were present at the wedding, and she takes with her to her new home in Minneapolis the best wishes of a host of Dunnville friends.

In Memoriam, Victoria R. I.

On Jan. 22nd our beloved Queen passed away, aged 81 years.

A special memorial service was held in St. Paul's Church, Dunnville, on Saturday, Feb. 2nd, at 11.30 a. m. The church had been fittingly draped in purple and black, and very sombre it all seemed, this solemn drapery of death. The gloom seemed to envelop us and penetrate our hearts as the Queen's death was forced home upon us. Some flowers upon the altar alone relieved the scene and seemed to speak of hope in the midst of despair, of joy in the midst of sorrow, of life in the midst of death—a life that knows no death, neither sorrow nor crying. Over the entrance had been placed the Union Jack, draped in black under which we had all to pass to render our last sad homage to England's Queen. About 55 of the L. O. I. formed part of the 325 or more who crowded the church for this service.

The organist played Beethoven's Funeral March, and then after a few opening sentences the congregation upon their knees sang hymn 548.

When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear!

Full of meaning for us seemed this beautiful church hymn, as it was sung on bended knee. Psalm 90 followed; the lesson I Cor. 15:20; Prayers (Collects for Easter Sunday, 4th Sunday after Trinity, and All Saints' Day); Hymn 515, and then an address by the Rev. Thos. Motherwell, Hymn 479, Prayers from the Burial Service, Hymn 446, and then the very impressive service closed with Chopin's Funeral March. Very sad yet full of hope seemed the beautiful burial service of our church.

In his address the rector spoke of the good Queen: her life, with its sorrows and its joys; her life's work for her people, sympathizing with them, seeking to improve their condition, to assure their welfare, and to maintain peace. He spoke of the many changes that have taken place in the course of her long and beneficent reign; of the marvellous growth of the empire of which we form a part, and better still of the growth of that feeling of sympathy, of unity, of brotherhood between the different parts of her vast empire—of the drawing together of the bonds of the empire, while the bounds are ever widening. He spoke of the vast strides of commerce, the wonderful discoveries of science, the wonderful growth of christian missions, the progress of art, the addition to the world's permanent literature, and the improvement of laws, morals and politics in her reign. She had solved the problem of how to reign, and how to reign constitutionally. She had proved herself a true mother in Israel, like Deborah of old. The world had known a number of glorious epochs; the age of Pericles, when Grecian art flourished; the age of Augustus, when the splendour of Roman Imperialism was at its height; the age of Elizabeth, resplendent with its galaxy of names great in literature, adventure and war; but these all paled before the multiplied glories of the age in which we live—the Victorian era. She wrought her people lasting good. Her influence was at all times great and was ever exerted on the side of peace, purity and righteousness. In her youth she put her trust in the great Ruler of all men, and prayed to Him for wisdom to rule her people. Riches and glory and power were added unto her, and long life, far more than the allotted time. Never Queen reigned over so vast an empire. Never was Queen of a vast Empire so loved. We loved her, we honored her, and she is gone. She is dead, and our hearts are bowed down in grief. She is dead, but England still lives, and in her strength will go forward still, and accomplish her mission in the world.

The Rev. Arthur Francis of the neighboring parish of Port Maitland and South Cayuga was present and took part in the service.