

## QUEEN VICTORIA—A RETROSPECT.

In no part of the realm is the death of our beloved QUEEN VICTORIA more sincerely lamented than in Canada. But here, as elsewhere, our grief is mitigated by attendant circumstances. Her Majesty had attained a plenitude of years accorded to few, and a length of reign never before reached in the history of the Empire. She exchanged her earthly crown for the heavenly one while still in the possession of her mental faculties, realizing the presence at her couch of her children and grandchildren—imparted to them severally her last tender farewell and benediction. We could not have wished for her a happier release from the cares of state, nor a more peaceful entrance into the Rest that remaineth for the people of God.

There cannot be a very great number of persons now living who retain a distinct recollection of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne. Never had there been such enthusiasm manifested on the succession of a sovereign in Britain as in 1837. The formal proclamations were made amid unprecedented manifestations of loyalty and affection for the person of the young Queen, and with high hopes for the amelioration of abuses that had crept into church and state—hopes that have been realized beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. And comparatively few in number are they who have in the long interval had the privilege of seeing their Queen. Even in London, the sight of Royalty was accounted a rare occasion.

My personal recollections, though somewhat discerned of passing years, are still of the happiest kind. My first sight of the Queen was to me at the time my *summius bonum*. It was in 1844, on the first day of February, as she and Prince Consort went to open Parliament in their state carriage drawn by eight cream-colored horses, attended by a splendid retinue, and accompanied by a gorgeous procession of rank and fashion. What a handsome young couple they were. The Queen, slight in figure, had a lovely cast of countenance. The Prince Consort, seated by her side, was a very fine looking young man, whose name was destined to go down to latest posterity as "ALBERT THE GOOD." Throughout the royal progress that day, from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, the route was thronged by a vast concourse of people. There was little or no cheering, but frequent salvos of artillery and the blaze of trumpets announced the arrival and departure of the royal cortege from the Palace and the Houses of Parliament respectively.

When I next saw the Queen, she had been for over ten years a widow. It was in the old parish church of Crathie, on a certain Sunday of August, 1872. I had come with a big crowd from Ballater—all intent on seeing the Queen. How I got into the church fifteen minutes before any of my fellow-travellers I will not stop to tell; but I did, and was seated in front of the gallery immediately opposite Her Majesty's pew. I am free to confess that during an hour and a quarter, my eyes were furtively admiring the Queen, while I was presumably listening to a beautiful sermon preached by Rev. Donald MacLeod, one of Her Majesty's chaplains. I remember how heartily the Queen joined in the simple, what would

now-a-days be called the "bare" Presbyterian service. When she took her seat, after a composed glance around the Church the Queen showed her familiarity with the Scottish order of service by reaching forth for her psalm-book even before the minister had commenced the service. And I remarked how, when the Duke of Edinburgh joined the Royal family, a little later, Her Majesty handed a book—pointing to the psalm that was then being sung; for there were neither hymns of "human composure" sung that day, nor instrumental music employed: Oh, dear No! Principal Snodgrass should have been with me, but he elected to remain in Aberdeen, with Dr. Milligan, and so missed what was to me, and should have been to him, a life-long inspiration.

The last time I saw Her Majesty was in Edinburgh, during the Exhibition week, in 1886. What I said about the Queen at that time may be repeated now,—"Her Majesty in her 67th year, and the fiftieth of her illustrious and eventful reign, wears her years well. The cares of state have left no visible impression on her benignant countenance: She is the same unostentatious, uncommonly sensible, womanly woman she has ever been, with a warm heart beating responsively in loving sympathy with all classes of her subjects." Need I add that this has been her distinctive characteristic to the close of her remarkable reign.

Happy the nation that has so long flourished in the van of civilization and Christianity under the wisest and the best of sovereigns, and that has in her successor to the throne of Empire one so eminently qualified to maintain with undiminished lustre the traditions of his ancestry! LONG LIVE THE KING, Edward VII! J. C.

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The January number of this Review is valuable if only for the unsigned article "The Fortnightly—A Retrospect," in which the men and methods of this magazine since its inception in 1865 are brightly sketched. Britons and others who have no patience with "Irish whining" will find much in "Ireland and Irish Land Once More" by T. W. Russell, Mr. P., to convince them that there are real grievances in Ireland still. In the "The Dawn of the Reign" we are told what reforms are needed in Italy and are given an epitome of the first five months of the reign of the new king. In the two articles, "The concert in China" by Diplomats—grimly humorous, yet brimful of desirable information—and "China and Reconstruction" by Sir R. Hart,—written, of course, from within—much light is thrown on a very perplexing problem. Good Presbyterians will hardly know what to make of an article on the "Transvaal War" by His Excellency Ismail Kemal Bey, in which the writer makes out to his own satisfaction that "the unspeakable Turk" and the Britons are and must be boon companions if there is to be progress. A worthy article, most pithy because of its brevity, and lucid statement of pathetic facts is that in which Hon. nor Morten appeals for technical education for girls. The articles, "The Painters of Seville," "Maurice Hewlett," "Sir Arthur

Sullivan," "Lord Rosebery's Napoleon," will appeal to certain readers who in the perusal of them will not be disappointed. Prophets and politicians will not want to miss reading "A Foryothers Prophet"—(Sir John Byles), "Will England last the Century" and "Lord Rosebery and Liberal Imperialists."

## A RUDYARD KIPLING MISSIONARY WRITER.

In a recent issue of the DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN, writes a correspondent, I saw the following paragraph: "Doctor James Stalker, speaking in Glasgow Free Presbytery, decided a second Rudyard Kipling to do something to paint the missionary's life and environment in colors more vivid and less sombre than those to which the Christian public has too long been accustomed." It struck me that Canada has evolved such a writer in the person of the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg, whose stories of missionary life among the miners and ranchmen of the Canadian Northwest are just as interesting as anything Kipling has ever written. Mr. Gordon has a literary future before him, it seems to me, that will rival in its excellencies the fame already achieved by Crockett and Ian MacLaren.

The Rev. Dr. Warden asks us to state that there is a very urgent need for a number of suitable men, ordained or otherwise, for work in the North West, and British Columbia. Every mail of late has brought in urgent requests for men, and our work in many fields is suffering because of lack of supply. One letter just to hand, from the Convener of the Brandon Presbytery, is as follows: "Is there no possibility of securing an ordained missionary for Zion and Mayne? There is a good prospect there, but I greatly fear for it if I cannot get a good young man soon. Is there not even a good student available? Rev. . . . wants to be relieved from . . . This is also a very important point. Can you possibly get us a man for it? None but a good man will be acceptable. A good worker will have large opportunities." Another Convener writes "We are greatly in need of men for several fields, and our work is suffering very badly for lack of supply." Are there no volunteers ready to offer for service?

One of the articles in the January number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine will prove of special interest to Canadian readers. It is entitled "Fifteen Hundred Miles on Fresh Water" and describes a trip from Port Arthur to Quebec. "The House of Commons, Past and Present" makes good reading, starting as it does with the epigram that the House of Commons is the best club in the world. Several interesting questions are discussed in "Musings Without Method." These musings form each month what is perhaps the most attractive feature of this excellent magazine. This month the chief matter of discussion is "autobiography." Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York.