

chapter which records her death has yet more that sounds sadly familiar to our ears, for it tells how, eight years afterwards, the king, her husband, died, and "then was there great sorrow made in England, and the body of King Edward III., with great processions, weepings, and lamentations, was brought along the City of London to Westminster: and there he was buried beside the queen his wife."

Time and a thousand changes have taken nothing from the words of this chronicle: they speak of love, honour, and devotion freely given; in brief, of loyalty; and since loyalty is as imperishable as any other human feeling, such words will continue, while the world is peopled, to touch the heart and call forth the sympathy of many among those who read them. In some they may even "awake an echo" in a truer sense than that in which the phrase is commonly used; for it is only natural to suppose that feelings are made more permanent by immemorial habit, and that men who have inherited from a past so rich as ours may at times be surprised by the reverberation, as in some disused chamber of memory, of emotions to which they had not believed themselves liable; the upheaving of elemental fires unknown to individual experience but buried in the rocky foundations of the race. If any one should think this a fanciful suggestion, let him reflect how often we have lately heard people saying, "I had no idea I should feel this so much: I did not know I was so loyal," or let him question any of those to whom it fell on January 23 to read the prayers for King Edward VII. on the strange and overwhelming sense of splendour and familiarity with which they heard themselves speak that name for the first time in their lives. A few days afterwards, one of the most sympathetic of the German newspapers remarked in all kindliness that "the English nation are now passing through the same emotions as those felt by the German peoples on the death of the Emperor William." However well intended, the saying is far from true. The material fabric of an Empire may be built up in a generation, but association and tradition are living plants and of slow growth; slower still, we