MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Large Congregations Attended the Services in the City Churches Saturday.

Preachers Pay Eloquent Tributes to the Late Queen— Sermons by Very Rev. Dean Partridge, Rev. Dr. Macrae, Rev. John DeSoyres, Rev. Ira Smith, Rev Geo Steel, Rev. David Long and Rabbi Rabbinowitz

business were closed, and in the churches the last solemn services were held in memory of her late majesty, who was on Saturday laid to rest, after over sixty years of strenuous life as the ruler of a great people. Shortly after ten o'clock the minute bell of Trin-ity tolled out its knell, mingled with the wailing strains of the Dead March as the bands played the 62nd regiment to Trinity and the Antillery to the memorial service at St. John's. The very stillness of the day told of the grief and solemnity of the occasion and the people betook themselves quietly to the different churches. It seemed as if something akin to a personal grief had touched the hearts of all. The city had joined with thousands of others in different climes, in sorrow for her who was more than a ruler, and to whom, by the blood of its sons, it had been bound of late in closer and more endearing ties. While in London the stately pageant, moved along, here in a simpler, but as reverent a fashion the people paid their last tribute of respect to a dead sovereign and the purity of her life voiced the feelings of the people. And while out-side the sun, touching the snow into istening jewels, spoke of respent hife and joy, within there were heard the words of a present death and a pre-

AT TRINITY CHURCH.

The 62nd Fusiliers assembled at the drill shed shortly after nine o'clock, and immediately proceeded to their respective armories, where great coats and bushles were issued to them. This occupied the greater part of an hour, and at ten o'clock the bugles sounded the order to fall in. The parade was a large one, especially for the winter season. There was a full attendance of the band, and the drums were muffied. When the battalion march of the drill shed, including officers, men and band, there were nearly two hundred men in line. Several of the men of the South African contingents Lieutenant Colonel were on parade. McLean was in command, Majors Sturdee, Edwards, Hantt and Mages were present, with the majority of the The battalion left the drill shed at the quick march, proceeding to Trinity church by way of Charlotte On arriving at the corner of Charlotte and Princess streets the drums began their muffled beat in slow time, the troops took up the slow march, while the band into the solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul, continuing it until the Germain street gates of the church were reached. The soldiers filed into the church through the main door, special places traving been reserved for them. When they arrived the church was crowded to the doors, and a few moments afterwards standing room was unavailable.

The members of the Sons of England and of St. George's Society were there in a body.

Shortly afterwards the clergy and choir entered the church through the screen door of the choir. Besides the Rev. J. A. Richardson and Rev. W. W. Craig, rector and curate of the church, there were present: Very Rev. Dean Partridge, Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, Rev. C. B. Kenrick, Rev. A. D. Dewdney, Rev. Allan Daniel and Rev. R. Mathers. The surpliced choirs of the city were united for the occasion. Rev. J. A. Richardson and Rev. Allan Daniel read the prayers, Rev. A. D. Dewdney the first lesson, and Rev. C. B. Kenrick the second.

The service, which consisted of an amended form of Morning Prayer, opened with the playing of the Dead March in Saul. Psalms, xxiii., xxvii. and xlix. were special to the occasion. The proper lessons were Job xiv. 1-12, and St. John v. 24-29. Stainer's anthem, What Are These? was sung. The hymn before the sermon was On the Rusurrection Morning. Very Rev. Dean Partridge was the preacher. The text was:

The breath of our nostrils, the anointed of the Lord is taken away . . . Of whom we said:—"Under his shadow we shall live among the heathen."—(Lamenta-

If these words, spoken of old of one of the meakest of monarchs, are the outpouring of a nation's grief, when the fact of his being the Lord's anointed and their deliverer, as they hoped, from their foes, must have formed the only reason for their mourning; with what fitness do they issue from the distressed hearts of a world weeping for its best and great-

Never in the history of the race until now has it been possible for the whole world to unite as it does this day in visible and spontaneous sorrow for one who has won its sincere affection. Never until now has there been one occupying lofty position by birth and destiny, who has so completely satisfied the world's ideal of a great sovereign. Never before has there been combined in one ruler, and that a woman, such a union of moral forces as to compel the admiration of all humanity, civilized, half civilized and uncivilized alike. And therefore today humanity is in tears.

Beside Victoria's open grave there stand across the ocean that unites us in speechless grief her own immediate family, lamenting the best of mothers and most faithful of friends, whose

A Sabbath like quietness characterized the city Saturday. All places of business were closed, and in the churches the last solemn services were held

pathy and respect. Nearby are grouped the nation's representatives, heroes in war by land and sea; statesmen of grand achievement; the great in art, and literature and science; judges, civil servants, diplomats, and a host of officials Slowly, as the service pr loved and revered body is laid by the side of the husband she loved dearly and mourned so long; while the sweet strains of solemn mingle with the words of calm faith: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." In that faith, and with those commandwords, we, her children, across ocean which unites, not severs, join in consigning her body to the

Edward! King now of mighty England, well mayst thou mourn the loss, of her who gave thee birth. No tongue can tell what she has been to thee; what lessons of tender truth were implanted in thy infant breast; what precepts of wise statecraft and of royal knowledge were communicated to thee as the years rolled by, and thou hast been gradually fitted for thy unique task. Let thy filial tears flow freely, for her place to thee can never be supplied.

And mourn, ye servants of a nation's will, who under her guidance and with her sympathy have traced the tortuous paths of diplomacy, ever recognising her master hand, which rested light yet firm on all. No such ruler has the world known, so strong and gentle, so tolerant only of the wars which made for peace. Mourn your imperial sovereign, who knew by intuition and study more than ye all.

But, gorgeous as that funeral pageant may be, and sorely as your hearts may bleed, that surround that grave, ye are as nought to the millions of bereaved children all over the globe who bewail their Queen and mother, and are with you in spirit today as ye gently lay her to rest. The sons and daughters of antipodal climes, the denizens of tropical lands, the untutored savages of the forest, the natives of island groups that stud the ers in their rock-hewn galleries, sick men in the hospitals, children set free from their tasks, as well as innumer able congregations everywhere are joining in a common chorus sorrow for the loss of a Queen, of the Queen, of her whose place no other can ever take, our gracious Queen, our noble Queen, the breath of our nostrils- our dear, dear Queen.

It is not ours today to review the achievements of the century. It is not ours to recount the mighty chang which have marked human thought and activity during Victoria's reign. She has not created them, nor is she responsible for them. She encouraged genius, and crowned it, in many new directions. But the astounding advancement in the world's knowledge and comfort, though it has come while she lived, and will be inseparably connected with her sixty-three years of reign, is not due to her. It is the work of the historian and of the paragraphist to set these things in array, not of the pulpit. It is for us, on this day of universal mourning to endeavor to trace the cause of such wide spread feelings, and to see what in Queen Victoria has made her people and almost all people—love her so There have been queens of greater in power, whose mind and hand have been more directly and acutely felt. But put the great queens of history eside our Queen, and how do they

There is Semiramus, the queen of 4,000 years ago, almost prehistorical; great, domineering, cruel—did people love her?

There is Cleopatra, sensual, selfish, pattern in nothing but her vices; Zenobla, renowned for her beauty and her battles. A host of other queens have been only eclipsed by the prowess of their husbands. Matilda, Philipra. Maud. live in history as good mothers, sagacious counsellors, or intrepid wives. Mary of England, Mary of Scotland, Mary II, Queen Anne-all these have exercised great, some an of the world. But really the only one to compare for real greatness is the virgin queen, Elizabeth. Yet, them side by side, in life and in death, and how do they compare?

Elizabeth, born of capricious lust,

yet inheriting the strength of an imperious will and an unbroken purpose; noble and wise, yet fickle and weak; courageous, yet overcome times by the tenderest feelings of human affection; stern, yet soft; unbending, yet vacillating; an insoluble problem of high minded ambitions, miserly closeness, clear-sighted statesmanship, provoking perversity and cessful versatility. Yet she continued to alienate her friends, to quarrel with all her associates; and she died at last, piteously crying for another hour of life, a disconsolate, forsaken, wretched, lonely and forlorn old



ed during her reign, and

doriously it had come through them

all, but personal love for her there

Let us look at our Queen's person-

ality. In a small, but vigorous frame,

which for 81 years sustained the bur-

dens of her busy life, there have been

enshrined a heart of gold, a will of

iron, the royal temper of steel, a state-

ly pride, an unbounded patriotism, and

to bind together and consolidate them

Her reign began with a prayer; It

was passed throughout in the spirit

her bearing was mingled always with

perfect grace and gentleness. Her

voice was always low, pleasant and

sceptre of the seas was the softest

to the touch. The eyes which grew

dim with labors of state for England

and with too frequent tears, were the

kir.dest that could be seen. The wo

man's heart, trained by the discipline

of personal suffering, was full of the

tenderest sympathy for rich and poor

alike. The widow of a martyred pres

ident of the United States, or Czar of

Russia, or president of France, or

King of Italy, mutely appealing to

God for comfort or the world for com-

assion, ordered forth from her well

of sympathy no more than the suff-

erings of her soldiers, the orphans of

the mine, or the famine stricken na-

tives of India. The first word of con-

solation, the first message of pitying

love, the first response of a quivering

neart to the dull stroke of human

nain ever came from the unselfish

and gracious fellow-feeling of the

it, thus won the affection of the whole

for them," was her message to the trenches and the hospitals. "My heart

bleeds for you," was her word to the

It was by things like these that

Queen Victoria bound to herself count-

less hearts in every ation-who re-

cognized in her no less the tender-

ruler. Her home has been a paradise,

her domestic life an inspiration. The

make her and her subjects equal and

to open the flood gates of her sympa-

thy upon the heart-pains of humanity

The old title of Queen has no connec-

tion with that of king. The "Civen"

was the mother. And well during her

63 years of dominion has she won the

Turn for one moment more to the

The blood in her veins, though

motely ever loyal, was that of the Genman princelings whom England

raised to greatness. Stolidity, stub-

bornness, dogged obstinacy, coupled

with a good deal of animalism, were

their characteristics. With the ex-

pig-headed of pure, they were none of them resolved and sweetness or light.

The life of Queen Victoria was lived

under the fierce glare of public opin-

driver snow. Had she suffered a lax

court, as George IV did, there had

Neither her court nor her service found

room for men or women who were aught but chivalrous and unstained

The Queen has no further need of his

services" has been the stern, calm sentence which has consigned many

brave men to oblivion. Taking he

full share in the government and bal-

ance of the nations, she shewed a fore

personal magnetism which has had

nore to do with the shaping of events

Every night during the session

parliament, the prime minister had to

send an abstract of the business of

the day to the Queen. Every state

paper was scrutinized with care, and

frequently had to be altered before

signature. And while strutly consti-

tutional in all ner acts, she yet was

able to exercise an influence that has

been wielded by few sovereigns of

tainly go down to posterity as a sag-

acious and far seeing potentate, loved

no less for her keen penetration and

firm resolve than for her deep ac-

quaintance with constitutional law

and history. While keenly alive to all

the pressing questions of the day, she

was actuated by a wise conservatism, that found its echo in the hearts of

the English people, and served to en

And while we mourn her with

tender personal affection and she was

to us as the breath of our nostrils, we

also are profoundly convinced that she was truly "The Anointed of the

Lord," and that she was providentially

brought to the kingdom for such a

The empire mourns today its moth-

er and Queen. And no portion of it more sincerely than Canada. Histor-

ic Trinity church has seen many gal-

is not the original one is but an incid-

dear her to it.

time as this

latter days. And her name will

sight, a grasp of public affairs, and

than is generally known.

ion, which she largely helped

create; and has been white as

been no monarchy in England

ception of George III., who, though

sovereign.

loss of her dearly loved husband

widow of the martyred Lin-

queenly woman who, without knowing

"Tell my dear soldiers how I feel

The hand that holds the

of prayer. The extreme majesty

all, a deep and unaffected piety.

In Trigity church gathered the first faithful ones who for Faith's sake and country's sake, and for the allegiance they bore to their king, made their homes on the rocks of St. John. In Trinity church was celebrated the occasions of the accession of three sovereigns. In Trinity church the notes of loyalty, of thanksgiving, of mourning, have again and again been sounded. St. George's and other societies have striven to keep alive the sacred fire of loval love to King. Queen and God. There are crossed those old colors, emblem of many a fight by sea and land. There only a few years since was placed that bust of the Royal Victoria who reigned and ruled over our hearts. With us today are met some, not all, of those who at the call of duty left their all and went forth to Africa and fought-and some never returned-in battle for country and Queen. Ah! dear men!

little for country? Perhaps we had better not too strictly enquire.

But never in all her eventful history has Trinity Church gathered within her walls so many, and with such mingled feelings as today. Sorrow, deep and inexpressible, for her who is no more Quen for us, and with that sympathy for those whose chairs are empty here and whose lives were laid down for her sake.

How much was it for Queen, and how

That monument, for which you are asked to give today will go up without delay or hindrance.

The breath of our nostrils, the ancinted of the Lord has been taken; of

ointed of the Lord has been taken; of whom we said, "Under her shadow we shall live among the nations." Her shadow has departed and the evening has come.

But in all the problems and difficul-

ties which confront the nation, we have the conviction that the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. We bid our new proclaimed king take up the sceptre so long and worthily worn by his august mother. His training has been complete, and his ability is great.

May the same Mighty God who holds the universe in the hollow of His hand, and who uses England for His purposes, be ever with him to prosper and to bless.

God rest the Queen!

God save the King!

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN. St Andrew's Presbyterian church was filled with members of the congregations of all the churches of that denomination to pay their respects to the memory of the lamented Victoria. An amalgamated choir rendered the music. Rev. L. G. Macneill presided, and Rev. Dr. Morison, Revs. T. F. Fotheringham, W. W. Rainnie, A. H. Foster, A. S. Morton, Dr. Macrae and D. J. Fraser sat upon the platform in their robes. The church was heavily draped in purple and black cloth, and a large picture of her late majesty was placed in front of the reading desk. The order of service was as follows:

Reading scriptures—Rev. L. G. Macneill.

Prayer—Rev. L. G. Macneill.

Singing—Psalm, "The Lord is My
Shepherd."

Reading scriptures—Rev. W. W.

Rainnie.

Prayer—Rev. T. F. Fotheringham.

Hymn—"Now the Laborer's Work is
Done."

Reading scriptures—Rev. D. J. Fraser. Hymn—"Lead Kindly Light." Sermon—Rev. Dr. Macrae. Anthem—Tennyson's "Crossing the

Rev. Dr. Macrae preached an eloquent sermon from the text: Heb. 4 and 9th—"There remainsth therefore a rest to the people of God."

AT ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

A very large congregation attended the old Stone church, where a most impressive memorial service was held. The Third Regiment of Canadian Artillery, under command of Lieut. Col. Jones, occupied seats in the gallery. Among the clergy present besides the rector were Rev. R. H. A. Haslam, Rev. W. O. Raymond, Rev. W. H. Sampson, who took part in the service. Morning service was used with special prayers, lessons and collects, special Psalms, Benedictus and Deus Misereatur. The choir sang Blest Are the Departed, from Sphor's Last Judgment, and a quartette sang Bridge's setting of Tennyson's Crossing the Bar. The choir was assisted Mrs. W. S. Carter, Mrs. Charles Taylor, Mrs. H. B. Schofield, A. C. Ritchie and others. The service was on an in memoriam booklet with a portrait of Her Majesty and pictures of the church.

of the church.

Rev. John deSoyres preached on the text St. Matt. xxv. 21: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The last scene was before us. Slowly the great procession had made its way from the happy home where royalty unbent in domestic simplicity, through the mighty avenue of embattled vessels, the true sign of Eng-

land's might—had traversed a mourning country, and had reached the place of burial.

It was fitting that under the shadow of the royal castle, founded by famous ancestors, William the Conqueror and Edward III, to which Henry VIII and Elizabeth had made additions our great sovereign's re-

queror and Edward III, to which reduced the pilgrimage. There, in the palace, just forty years before, Albert the Good had breathed his last.

No brighter, nobler union was known in our annals. In life they had been as one, and in death at last they were not to be divided. At this moment, in William of Wykeham's chapel, dedicated to our national saint, the funeral service is being read. The

William of Wykeham's chapel, dedicated to our national saint, the funeral service is being read. church authorities in England have deemed he unaltered and inexpressibly beautiful office for the burial of the dead the most fitting memorial service. Around the coffin in that noble building, hung with the banners of Knights of the Garter, are gathered the representatives of many lands. An emperor kneels as the mourning grandson of the great Queen. All party strife is forgotten; our statesmen forget their divisions. There is a hush—a solemn peace, as they listen to the glorious proclamation: am the Resurrection and the Life,'

'O grave, where is thy victory?" And every thought is turned towards that hallowed scene,-yes, our own, as we ourselves commemorate in 'our service. England's daughter nations thitner look,-proud Australia pauses in her rejoicings over confederated unity, and Canada saddens in the midst of her joyous welcome of her soldiers. And farthest India mourns the great Empress, and the jealousies of rival countries are silent and forgotten for the time, and even brave enemies salute the memory of the noble woman, the mighty Queen and Empress, of one who, while she lived, had their respect and now their sor-

and then to St. Paul's triumphal cry,

Who is it that lies there under the gorgeous trappings of royalty? For whom does the anthem peal amid the vaulted roof of St. George's chapel, and the hushed multitude utter their praise and thanks—"that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our sister out of the miseries of this sinful world?"

It is a sovereign among sovereigns; a wyman who elevated and ennobled her sex; a Christian who, amid the temptations of an exalted station, kept dignity and purity unsuilled, lived her life as in God's presence, doing all things as His servant; to whom, as to all like-minded, we believe at the general resurrection in the last day, the Eternal Judge shall pronounce the blessing, "Come, ye blessed children of My Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world."

We do not claim that in Victoria alone we find an enthrough woman who ruled gloriously—others have been pure amid temptations, heroic in danger, enduring in time of distress. Let the Austrian be justly proud of the great Maria Theresa, who held at bay the northern invader, and whom the Hungarians, whose law gave no place for Queens, saluted with the famous cry, 'Moriamur pro rege nostro." "Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa!" Let the Prussian boast of the heroic Queen Louisa, who sustainher countrymen's failing courage under Napoleon's domination. But

neither in duration nor in character can these be compared with Victoria. The cynical remark once made about the reign of queens, 'that under them men ruled, and women in the reign of kings,' found its refutation. The best men, indeed, did rule in the departments they best filled; the greatest statesmen sat in her cabinets, the ablest lawyers rose to legal dignities, the most renowned men of science received the meed of desert. But, as they only have been the first to admit, above them all, the object of allegiance and homage, one who could give counsel as she received it, the onstitutional head and the beloved sovereign and lady, there was Queen

Shall not another claim be made, that for her own sex and its true recognition and elevation, Queen Victors reign has been the most effective and beneficial force. for just rights, indignant against ignorant prejudice, yet calmiy superior to hysterical assertion of irrational claims, our Queen bore the even balance of an accurate intelligence and a ripened experience. When she came to the throne there were no career for women The education of women was a farce, the nursing by women a scandal. And she who set the perfect example of a domestic life, also the earnest champion of independent effort in other spheres. It was the Queen's voice that cheered Florence Nightingale at Scutari; it was the Queen's approval that encouraged Dorothea Beal and Emily Davies in the labors for the higher ed

But the Christian, apart from all the trappings of hereditary rank, must lastly have one tribute. Even if the fierce light of courts protects its great ones from some temptations yet countless others are there. How hard to preserve the gentleness, the humility, the sympathy of the Chris tian character, amid the surroundings of state and the etiquette of courts. And yet that was her triumph, or rather let us say, the triumph of Divine Grace. "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith. In conclusion the preacher referred to the judgment of history, which so often reversed the partial verdicts of contemporaries. They believed that

contemporaries. They believed that the truer perspective and unemotional impartiality of posterity will only realize still more fully the worth and glory of the great Queen. But there was another judgment seat, before which emperors and kings were but naked souls, sinners pardoned, or sincers in peril, and of that tribunal who could speak?

But God had told us Himself of its

But God had told us Himself of its judicial law, and Jesus had revealed to us the welcome which shall be to those who have been faithful to the stewardship entrusted to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

IN CENTENARY.

Centenary Methodist church w



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crowded when the solemn union memorial service out of respect to our dead queen was held. The edifice was appropriately draped, and the platform, pulpit and chancel rail were adorted with white flowers and mourning tokens. Rev. John Read, pastor of the church and president of the Evangelical Alliance, directed the service, which was conducted as follows:

Organ—Beethoven's Funeral March. Anthem—"What Are These Arrayed

n White."
Invocation—Rev. M. Trafton.
Hymn 784—"Abide With Me."
Scripture reading, 90th Psalm—Rev.

Scripture reading, 90th Psalm—Rev. R. R. Morson.
Chant No. 14.
Second lesson—15th chapter First

Corinthians.

Hymn 615—"Forever With the Lord."

Prayer—Rev. C. T. Phillips.

Solo—"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep"

—Gershom S. Mayes.

Address—Rev. Ira Smith.

Anthem—"No Shadows Yonder"— Miss Jennie Trueman, soloist. Hymn 160—"Rock of Ages." Prayer—Rev. R. W. Weddall.

Dead March in "Saul" — Organist Miss Alice Hea. Benediction—Rev. John Read.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."—Rev. 14: 13.

may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."—Rev. 14: 13. Every home is in mourning. Each loyal subject has suffered a personal loss. It is a mother's death. We all loved her, revered her, were proud of her. We are bereft. The light that for sixty-four years blazed on England"s lofty throne, has gone out, and we are left in gloom. Unsurpassed in all the qualities that became a monarch, she has left her exalted station without a blot upon it. Therein we rejoice and thank God. Our nation and our king we commend to His tender mercies, whose mighty hand has ruled in all our history, and for more than twenty centuries has led the island people on, step by step, toward a destiny, even yet but dimly outlined.

a destiny, even yet but dimly outlined. It is with no perfunctory spirit we meet today in this Christian temple to worship the king immortal, while through the world's metropolis, amid the hamentations of her people, is being borne to its last resting place all that is mortal of the best monarch earth was ever blessed with. We can do her no good, but she is doing us good, for her works do follow her.

good, for her works do follow her.

But we could not say this as being loyal to the queen's King, were it not that we could say too that she is among the happy dead that die in the Lord. It is fitting that in this meeting house, where the Name above every name is worshipped and His grace proclaimed, we should mingle frankincense with myrrh, sweetness of thanksgiving with bitterness of grief.

"I heard a voice from heaven say-

ing."

That heavenly voice thundered its gracious message for the comfort of the church of God, in all her conflicts, persecutions and serrows in all ages, that over her saintly dead she might not weep as those that have no hope; neither fear nor inconsolable anguish seizes when any who are in the Lord are cut out of the land of the living, for the sure word of prophecy says "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Let us attend to the words of this heavenly voice.

this heavenly voice.

Write, write it in the imperishable volume, where no impious hand can wipe it out. Write it that it may never lapse out of memory and be lost to sight. Write it that it may be authoritative and sufficient comfort both to the living and to the dead. Write it that no one may be credited who disturbs and distresses the hearts of those bereft of loved ones who are in the Lord.

We note in this message a bless ness is promised for some who die, not for all who die. The terms of the proclamation are explicit, unequivocal and emphatic, "blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." God forbid that any loyalty or affection for an earthly sovereign may lead us to falsify the terms promulgated by the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The blessedness of our loved and honored dead is conditional, not upon birth or queen liness, or riches or success, but wholly upon the grace of God in Jesus Christ, "Who die in the Lord," is the emphatic member of this sentence, without which the blessedness could never have been promised.

Heaven's royal sons depend upon no earthly patent or right, however got, for their claims upon the crown of life. They are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. In this respect the highborn is no whit ahead of him of lowly birth

In the press telegrams death has

been called the great grace reduces all to the ing-sinners; and raises dame dignity—kings and God. For there is no all have sinned and com glory of God, being just this grace through the re is in Christ Jesus.

Victoria, by the grace of Great Britain and Ir

a fiction just as you regard it, but Victoria, God, saved, made His a partaker of the Divi glory, is the abiding fa hope of this sad hour. our good lady was in establish beyond all ch pointment a good hope alds of our God proc Him is the new creation life and light, in Hi through His blood, the sins according to the grace, we are accepted we are completed in C fast in the Lord. In the treasures of wisdo ledge. This is the best say of our beloved mi the best wish we can fo for our noble lord, Kir No honor equals this. orders, names fades i ingness compared with from one hundred king infinitely greater thin humble disciple of the eth, "by the grace of "He that glo T am." glory in the Lord." ereign might have wo diadom that ever sat arch's brow and boaste titles of nobility, but have secured entrance dom of heaven. Here outdone, and their ser

God in mercy treats the In the second division and peroration Rev. In extended reference to blameless life, the purhand to Prince Albert good works shall folic example set by her suffe will have great in

IN NORTH
The united memorithe Main street E

was well attended. Represided, and there him on the platform clergymen of other de choir, drawn from al furnished music. Afte exercises

REV. GEO. See the challenge of the chal

was called on. He, it lessons from the life of that some claimed the alted and away from Queen Victoria's might sons for people in or stances, but the same might prompt lives of it is quite probable the as noble as that though not so disting Remember how devocognized God—She was

about eighteen when uncle, King Wiliam queen. When the office acquainted her with t quest was, "Then I as pray for me." A fev e was cro to be left entirely alon-between two and three ing to God for a ble and subjects. In her she said, "This awful imposed upon me so so early a period of should feel myself 1 by the burden were I the hope that Div which has called me give me strength for

About four years at Edward was born, at Leopold of Belgium, stand how fervent and those of everyone respect, both of by Though not caring mor religious service, tended service in the her castles at Wind Buckingham, and in ple service of the Proof both these churchelar communicant.

The queen's exalta

is worthy of imitatio

as queen, to her hi voted herself uncea tended well to the household. She rule home. In "Leaves of Our Life in the is given the picture tife. She was a mo and motherhood m the one she wore done much for the the greatest things dignity of the home sympathy for her I remark. While sh ruled her people by affection. The su dren in the hospit disasted touched h pathy bound all self. She did her sight of the whole been given humbl as necessary that these well as she ber's. Let us hon acting well our pe

REV. DA'
Rev. David Lon
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