

Saxe-Coburg Gotha and the Princess Victoria had met in their youth, and had been fellow-students, in fact, at Kensington Palace. In 1838, the young Prince and his father paid a visit to England, on the occasion of the coronation of the Princess Victoria as Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. The Duke and the Prince, it was remarked, remained at Windsor and in London longer than the guests of higher rank. On leaving England, the Prince went on a tour through Bavaria and Italy, and on his return to Erenburg found on the wall of his room, to his astonishment and delight, a picture of Queen Victoria, (painted by Chalon and engraved by Cousins,) sent specially as a present to him from Her Majesty.

WISDOM AND SAGACITY OF THE PRINCE IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

The deceased Prince was young in years when he became the chosen husband of the Queen of these realms; but the happy discrimination of the Sovereign, and the amiable character and qualities of her Majesty's late lamented consort, are proved by 21 years of a union of perfect and unalloyed felicity, rare in private life, rarest of all on a throne. The position of Prince Consort is a most difficult and delicate one in a public sense; delicate in reference to the Sovereign herself in her public capacity, and difficult and delicate in regard to her ministers, her subjects, and occasionally with regard to foreign powers. Yet so admirably, so wisely, did the late Prince Albert demean himself in reference to his consort in her public capacity, to her ministers, to her people, and to her allies and brother sovereigns, that there has never, for one-and-twenty years and more, been a dissentient voice at home or abroad as to his late Royal Highness's merits, or as to his tact, temper, thoughtfulness, sagacity, and absence from all prejudices. It is said by Bacon, in his observations on Queen Elizabeth, that female reigns are usually eclipsed by marriage, and all the credit thus transferred to the stronger vessel; but it is the peculiar praise of the late Prince, that though he participated in the anxious cares of her Majesty, he never sought to share the credit of any measures of her reign or government. With admirable good sense he held himself aloof from all party, and only appeared in a public capacity to encourage those measures connected with the arts, or with benevolence and utility, on which all men were agreed.—*London Morning Post*.

FINANCIAL PRUDENCE OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT.

No retrospect of the Prince Consort's life and character would be complete without some notice of a point of cardinal importance in all estimates of Royalty. Till the present reign, the principal vice of British Sovereigns and Princes, as, indeed, of most Princes, has been thriftless management and reckless expenditure. Even the "good George III.," as he is commonly regarded, had frequently to appeal to the liberality of the nation, and considered that every addition to his numerous family constituted a fresh claim. George IV., without his excuse, went beyond all bounds. The series of extravagances ends in the provision stipulated for the widow of William IV., who, in spite of it, left her household dependent on the kindness of others. Prince Albert had the full benefit of the national repentance on this point. The wisdom which Parliament had learnt by experience was shown to him in good time, and prudent care was taken that neither for good nor for evil should he have much encouragement to excess. It was hinted, indeed, that, should he prove trustworthy, the generous public would increase his allowance. Such was the premium offered to a moderation and virtue, which, even with this inducement, were thought almost impossible in a Prince. At the same time, all the constitutional learning of the country was directed to discover what a Prince Consort was not, and when, for this purpose, the legal relations of husband and wife had been carefully transposed, the problem was satisfactorily solved. The practical reply, for there was none other, to this unseasonable outbreak of jealousy and prejudice was the noblest ever given. During a period of unparalleled private and public expenditure, when speculation had taken new wing, when luxury has run a race with pride, and the national Exchequer has been stormed and carried a dozen times for unheard-of requirements, the Royal family has set a unique example of cheerful and dignified economy. Instead of coming before Parliament with a schedule of debts, asking allowances for the education of children or expecting the nation to pay for the whim of a new Palace, the Queen and Prince Albert have done all this themselves, and more. When there came the cry of famine and pestilence, and then war, they freely paid their share of the public contributions. They have discharged the debts and obligations of several Royal personages both here and abroad. They have acquired two domains, and built two palaces, which may almost be said to be necessary under the altered circumstances of the country. They have seen more of these isles and their inhabitants than any former Princes since Kings wandered with a price on their heads. They have shown themselves everywhere. They have not been wanting to the encouragement of art, and if outbid by an age of millionaires, they have accumulated no vast gallery of their own,

they have placed London at the head of national collections and international exhibitions. Nor have they neglected the future wants of their family. Thus have they passed for rich on an income which would have been penury by the Georgian standard. Domestic happiness and the sense of duty have been their cheap luxuries. Compared with the reckless waste and the heartless misery of a former reign, it may, indeed, be said of this, "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

THE CHARACTER OF PRINCE ALBERT A STUDY FOR YOUNG MEN.

Yesterday, when that household name was omitted from the prayers of an assembled nation, it was hard to believe that he was indeed gone. Only a fortnight ago few knew even that the Prince was out of his usual health, and none guessed that he was in danger. At the Christmas season, when families reunite, when the circle enlarges, when old memories are revived and new hopes bloom afresh, and when, too, many a solemn muster-roll tells what the year has given or taken away, a name known to all has set quick as a winter's sun. Except one name only, none could be more missed. Prince Albert of the Queen's youth and our own—all who are not deep in the vale of years may say—is no more. It is not a midday glory that is gone; it is that which we love better—it is the soft light that sometimes clothes earth and sky, that seems neither from sun nor moon, but a light of its own, neither day nor night, but a chance visit, and brief lingering and softeped radiance of that light which shall be for evermore. Let us be assured we shall long remember this sad Christmas, when the cypress mixed with the holly and the yew told its double tale. All the youth of England are now thronging homewards, or already telling of their school labours, and school friends, and school games, and opening their eyes to the great world beyond either school or home. At such a time the solemn omission in the Liturgy, and to day the tolling bell and unusual service, tell them that one but lately a youth and a student like themselves, and then all but the highest in this land, has finished his noble and blameless career. His work is done. He is out of trial. He is rendering that account which, both above and below, a Mighty Power exacts of all reasonable beings. How is it with him? There are few of us who might not well wish to lie where he lies, and stand as he stands. Let the youth of England know the reason why. It is, that the departed Prince, in all his simplicity and straightforwardness, lived a life of duty, and held the work to be done. He loved those he was bound to love; he learnt his lesson and did his task; he was true to person, time, and race, and found a heavenly ordinance in earthly rules. His was often a day of little things, but it was the way to his Queen's love, to a people's affections, and to approving time. Who shall distinguish between small things and great when such are the common stake and issue?—*London Times*.

Sermons on the National Loss.

From the numerous appropriate and eloquent sermons which have been preached upon the occasion of the death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, we select extracts from two which have been published,—one preached in England and one in Canada:—one by a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, and one by a Church of England Bishop. The striking summary of the Prince's character, and the valuable lessons of instruction to be derived from it, in the one; and the warm and heartfelt expressions of Canadian sympathy and loyalty in the other,—invest both with peculiar interest. Without the addition of this place of such expressions from the Pulpit, our sketch of this national calamity would not be complete, nor would it so fully exhibit the depth and extent of that grief into which the whole Empire has been so suddenly plunged.*

"He being dead, speaketh!"

A SERMON BY THE REV. DR. CUMMING, OF LONDON.

The services in the National Scotch Church, Crown-court, London, in connexion with the death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, were peculiarly solemn and impressive. Dr. Cumming officiated, and in the morning for his text Hebrews xi. 4,—*"He being dead yet speaketh."* From which he preached an eloquent discourse. With immediate reference to the departed Prince he said:—*"In this place—the pulpit—more sacred than a throne, where the responsibility is greater than a palace, I would neither affect to*

* It is probably not too much to say, that from every pulpit in the empire,—Protestant and Roman Catholic,—far as the sad news has travelled, the death of the Prince has called forth many touching references to his untimely end, and tributes of affectionate love for the bereaved Queen, as well as solemn admonitions appropriate to the occasion.