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In Memoriam.

His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

"Know ye not that there is a PRINCE and a great man fallen this day in Israel!"—2 SAMUEL iii. 38.

"Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas REGNUMQUE turres."—Horace.

THE heart-ties which bind the inhabitants of the British Empire to Britain's Throne never received so strong or so touching an illustration as in the demise of the PRINCE CONSORT. The event which fills the Royal household with grief, thrills the Empire with consternation, and clothes it in mourning. The griefs of the SOVEREIGN are the sorrows of Her people. She rules them not by the sword of arbitrary power, but by living in their sincere esteem and their best affections. This is no less due to the personal virtues and official acts of THE QUEEN, than to that system of government whose principles and power she personates—a system which gives to law its supremacy, to peasant and noble equal protection, to individual right its immunity, and to public opinion its majesty.

But the qualities and example of the PRINCE CONSORT have contributed not a little to the strong hold which the QUEEN has acquired on the esteem and attachment of her people, nay, of the people of all nations. The purity of his morals as a Christian; his attainments and philanthropy as a scholar and promoter of literature, science, art, and agriculture; his devotion, fidelity, and judgment as a husband and parent; his profound consecration to the dignity and varied interests of his adopted country, all place him among the first of our princely benefactors, and add to the moral magnificence and power of that Throne with which he was so closely identified.

In no part of the wide British Empire is the sorrow for the decease of the PRINCE and sympathy for the bereaved QUEEN and Royal Family, more heartfelt and universal than in the Province of Canada. In no country are the beneficence of British rule and the blessings of the British system of government more manifest, and more truly appreciated than in our own; and in no country are the afflictions of the Monarch more acutely the afflictions of the people than among the people of Canada.

Happy is it for a people when the throne itself is the habitation of righteousness, not only in the principles of its establishment, but in the example of its occupants, who, to the magnificence of external splendour, add the sublimity of a true piety, a spotless morality, a varied intelligence, a Christian philanthropy, and a national patriotism.

HER MAJESTY, at the moment of her bereavement and acutest grief, calling her Royal children around her, and appealing to them for help and co-operation in the responsibilities of the household and duties to the nation, is one of the most touching scenes recorded in history, and exhibits, beyond the power of language to express, the controlling principle and ruling passion of domestic piety and national devotion in the Royal heart.

Never have the morals of the British Throne and of the British Court, shone with a purer lustre, than during the reign of the present SOVEREIGN. Public men can give no stronger proof of real patriotism, or of true fidelity to duty, or confer a greater benefit upon their country, than by an example of morality and virtue, which is the only bond of domestic life—the only cement of public law and liberty—and the vital principle of national progress and civilization.

We subjoin English biographical notices of the lamented PRINCE, and the affecting accounts of his death and burial, chiefly from the London *Times*:

The Death of the Prince Consort.

After the great calamity which has befallen the Queen and the nation, it is not easy to write with calmness. So sudden and terrible a blow produces a commotion of feelings which almost forbids the ordinary language of respect and sorrow. It is not too much to say, that for the last twenty-four hours the public has been stupified by the calamity which has befallen the highly-gifted man who has been for so many years the Consort of the Sovereign. Nor will the intense feelings called forth by the event be confined to these islands. Wherever throughout the

world the character and influence of the Prince Consort are understood, there will be regret and pity, astonishment and speculation, to the full as much as among ourselves. But let us for a moment, at least, forget, even at this critical time, the world and its doings, and, thinking only of the bereaved wife and the fatherless children who are mourning round the bed of untimely death, let us pay our tribute of sympathy and condolence. The expression of national sorrow is not a vain ceremony in the case of such a man as has just departed. Nor is it, on the other hand, a weak yielding to emotions which are useless, for a people is united and purified by a common regret. For Her Majesty the deepest sympathy will be felt on every side. The life of the Queen and her husband, for nearly twenty-two years, was so calm and happy and domestic, that we had been accustomed to look upon them as realizing that ideal of earthly happiness which, it is said, seldom falls to the lot of Princes. Until within a few months, no severe family loss had troubled the Queen. All her children had lived; she had seen her eldest daughter married to the heir of a great monarchy; another daughter was about to form an alliance prompted by mutual affection; the country, which on her accession was still shaken by political tempests, had become quiet and loyal to a degree which the most hopeful could not have expected; and the Queen had, moreover, the happiness of feeling that in every province of the empire her personal character and that of her Consort were credited with many of the blessings which her subjects enjoyed. The death of the Duchess of Kent, though a heavy blow, was not calculated long to affect the Royal happiness. The departure of the aged is an event to which the mind gradually reconciles itself, and, happily for mankind, new affections spring up to obliterate the trace of past griefs. But in the loss of her devoted husband a dreadful blow has indeed fallen upon our Sovereign. The world in general knew that in public affairs Her Majesty consulted her husband, but it hardly appreciated how constant were the services, how unwearied the attentions, which this position of the Prince Consort involved. For years he hardly ever stirred from the side of the Queen; and, knowing how much the direction of a large family, the management of a great Court, and the administration of public affairs must tax her strength, he gave her his help with an energy, an acuteness, a tenderness, and a solicitude of which there are few examples. He has been cut off just when his mind was most vigorous, his experience verging on completeness; when his children are at the age when a father's authority is more than ever necessary; and, by a singular fatality, at a moment when the country is threatened with a most terrible conflict.

PARTICULARS OF THE SAD EVENT.

It is no intrusive curiosity which the nation feels with respect to the last days of the Prince Consort, and it is with no desire to satisfy such a curiosity that we endeavour to give some account of that sad time; but the sorrows of Her Majesty have called forth such deep sympathy that it is but due to the public to acquaint them with events in which they take so lively an interest. We are the more willing to do so, since, with the announcement of the Prince's death, we can happily give the assurance of our bereaved Queen's health being good, and that she supports her great affliction with admirable fortitude. The Prince Consort was taken ill some twelve days since. Symptoms of fever, accompanied by general indisposition, made their appearance. For some days the complaint was not considered to be serious; but from the early part of last week the medical men in attendance, and the persons about the Court, began to feel anxious. It became evident that, even if the disorder did not take a dangerous turn, a debilitating sickness would at least confine the Prince for some time to the palace. It need not be said that no statement was made which could unnecessarily alarm Her Majesty or the public. It was not till Wednesday, when the fever had gained head and the patient was much weakened, that the first bulletin was issued, and even then it was said that the symptoms were not unfavourable. In short, it was considered to be an ordinary though severe case of gastric fever, from which a person of the Prince's age and strength, aided by the skill of the first physicians in the country, might be reasonably expected to recover. It is said that as early as Wednesday morning the Prince expressed his belief that he should not recover. On Thursday no material change took place in his condition, and on Friday morning the Queen took a drive, having at that time no suspicion of immediate danger. When, however, Her Majesty returned to the Castle the extremities of the patient were already cold, so sudden had been the fresh access of the disorder. The alarming bulletin of Friday was then published. From that time the state of the Prince was one of the greatest danger. On Friday evening it was thought probable that he would not survive the night, and the Prince of Wales, who had been telegraphed for to Cambridge, arrived at the Castle by special train about 3 o'clock on Saturday morning. All night the Prince continued very ill, but in the forenoon of Saturday a change

for the better took place. Unhappily, it was only the rally which so often precedes dissolution, but it gave great hopes to the eminent physicians in attendance, and was communicated to the public as soon as possible. The ray of hope was fated soon to be quenched. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon a relapse took place, and the Prince, who from the time of his severe seizure on Friday had been sustained by stimulants, began gradually to sink. It was half-past 4 when the last bulletin was issued, announcing that the patient was in a critical state. From that time there was no hope. When the improvement took place on Saturday it was agreed by the medical men that if the patient could be carried over one more night his life would in all probability be saved. But the sudden failure of vital power which occurred in the afternoon frustrated these hopes. Congestion of the lungs, the result of complete exhaustion, set in, the Prince's breathing became continually shorter and feebler. Quietly and without suffering he continued slowly to sink, so slowly that the wrists were pulseless long before the last moment had arrived, when, at a few minutes before eleven, he ceased to breathe, and all was over. He was sensible, and knew the Queen to the last. An hour after and the solemn tones of the great bell of St. Paul's—never tolled except on the death of a member of the Royal family—told all the citizens how irreparable has been the loss of their beloved Queen, how great the loss to the country.

AFFECTIONATE SOLICITUDE OF THE QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN.

It must have cheered the last moments of the illustrious patient to see his wife and nearly all his children round his bed. The Princess Royal, who is at Berlin, was prevented by recent severe indisposition from travelling. Prince Alfred is serving on board his ship on the other side of the Atlantic; but the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice were by his side, together with several of the younger members of the family.—The Queen's attention to her royal consort has been most exemplary and unceasing. As his disorder approached its crisis, the Prince could not bear her to leave the room, and was impatient for her return. The Queen and the Princess Alice sat up with him the whole of Friday night. About 3 o'clock they were joined by the Prince of Wales, who remained with them during the rest of their mournful vigil. A gentleman who has seen the corpse, informs me that the features have more than the usual pallor of death. The face, always composed and statuesque in expression, is wonderfully calm, placid, and peaceful in death. It is as if the figure had been suddenly transmuted into the whitest alabaster. Of the devotion and strength of mind shown by the Princess Alice all through these trying scenes it is impossible to speak too highly. Her Royal Highness has, indeed, felt that it was her place to be a comfort and support to her mother in this affliction and to her dutiful care we may perhaps owe it that the Queen has borne her loss with exemplary resignation, and a composure which under so sudden and so terrible a bereavement could not have been anticipated.

TOUCHING AND NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE QUEEN.

This fact will, we are sure, give the greatest satisfaction to the country, and we may add that, after the death of the Prince, the Queen, when the first passionate burst of grief was over, called her children around her, and, with a calmness which gives proof of great natural energy, addressed them in solemn and affectionate terms, which may be considered as indicating the intentions of a sovereign who feels that the interests of a great nation depend on her firmness. Her Majesty declared to her family that, although she felt crushed by the loss of one who had been her companion through life, she knew how much was expected of her, and she accordingly called on her children to give her their assistance, in order that she might do her duty to them and to the country. That Her Majesty may have health and strength to fulfil these noble intentions, and that she may live many years in placid cheerfulness and peace of mind, alleviating the recollection of her loss by sharing the happiness of her children, will be the earnest prayer of all her subjects.

CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

The nation has just sustained the greatest loss that could possibly have fallen upon it. Prince Albert, who a week ago gave every promise that his valuable life would be lengthened to a period long enough to enable him to enjoy, even in this world, the fruit of a virtuous youth and a well-spent manhood, the affection of a devoted wife and of a family of which any father might well be proud,—this man, the very centre of our social system, the pillar of our State, is suddenly snatched from us, without even warning sufficient to prepare us for a blow so abrupt and so terrible. We shall need time fully to appreciate the magnitude of the loss we have sustained. Every day will make us more conscious of it. It is not merely a prominent figure that will be missed on all public occasions; not merely a death that will cast a permanent gloom over a reign hither-

to so joyous and so prosperous :—It is the loss of a public man whose services to this country, though rendered neither in the field of battle nor in the arena of crowded assemblies, have yet been of inestimable value to this nation,—a man to whom more than any one else we owe the happy state of our internal polity, and a degree of general contentment to which neither we nor any other nation we know of ever attained before.

THE MARRIED LIFE OF THE ROYAL PAIR.

Twenty-one years have just elapsed since Queen Victoria gave her hand in marriage to Prince Albert of Saxe-Gotha. It was an auspicious event, and reality has more than surpassed all prognostics, however favourable. The Royal marriage has been blessed with a numerous offspring. So far as it is permitted to the public to know the domestic lives of Sovereigns, the people of these islands could set up no better model of the performance of the duties of a wife and mother than their Queen; no more complete pattern of a devoted husband and father than her Consort. These are not mere words of course. We write in an age and a country in which the highest position would not have availed to screen the most elevated delinquent. They are simply the records of a truth perfectly understood and recognized by the English people.

THE PRINCE'S GOOD SENSE AND TRUE NOBLENESS OF CHARACTER.

It has been the misfortune of most Royal Personages that their education has been below the dignity of their position. Cut off by their rank from intimate association with young persons of the same age, they have often had occasion bitterly to lament that the same fortune which raised them above the nobility in station had sunk them in knowledge and acquirements. Thanks to the cultivated mind and sterling good sense of the Prince Consort, no such charge will be brought against the present generation of the Royal family of England. Possessing talents of the first order, cultivated and refined by diligent and successful study, the Prince has watched over the education of his children with an assiduity commensurate with the greatness of the trust, and destined, we doubt not, to bear fruit in the future stability of our reigning family and its firm hold on the affections of the people. Had Prince Albert done no more than this, had he limited his ambition to securing the happiness of his wife and children, this country, considering who his wife and children are, would have owed him a debt which the rank he occupied among us, and the material and social advantages attached to it, would have been quite inadequate to repay. But there is much more which the Prince has done for us. It was a singular piece of fortune that the Queen should find in a young man of twenty years of age one whom a sudden and unlooked-for elevation could not elate, nor all the temptations of a splendid Court and a luxurious Capital seduce; who kept the faith he had pledged with simple and unswerving fidelity, and in the heyday of youth ruled his passions and left no duty unperformed. But it is still more singular that in this untried youth the Queen should have found an adviser of the utmost sagacity, a statesman of the rarest ability and honesty of purpose. Perhaps all history cannot afford an instance of the performance of high and irresponsible but strictly limited duties, with a dignity and single-mindedness of intention comparable to that which has made illustrious the reign of Queen Victoria.

THE QUEEN A RARE EXAMPLE OF A TRULY CONSTITUTIONAL SOVEREIGN.

The Constitution of England has this inherent defect,—that the powers intrusted to each of the Estates of the realm are so great and ample that it is difficult for their possessors to resist the obvious temptation of employing them to obtain more. The long reign of George the Third was devoted to a struggle of this nature, and to the pursuit of this chimera the interests of the nation and of the Crown itself were repeatedly and ruthlessly sacrificed. It has been the peculiar merit of this reign that the Crown has uniformly shown itself superior to this vulgar ambition. It has comprehended that the powers of the Crown are held in trust for the people, and are the means, and not the end of government. For this enlightened policy, which has entitled the Queen to the glorious distinction of having been the most Constitutional Sovereign this country has ever seen, we are indebted to the wise counsels, sterling good sense, and thorough honesty of the Prince. Recognizing in him, not only a person united to her by the nearest and dearest of all earthly relations, but one on whom the happy fortune of this country had bestowed extraordinary talents, Her Majesty found in her husband a wise and true counsellor, and rose far superior to the petty jealousy which might have prevented a mind of less elevated cast from availing itself of such invaluable services. The result has been a period of progress and prosperity quite unequalled even in what may fairly be called the happy and glorious history of England. The rancour of contending parties has never assailed the Crown, because all have felt alike that they were treated with the most loyal impartiality.

Any one who would thoroughly appreciate the degree of merit which this impartiality implies should study the history of our Colonies under their Constitutional Government, and observe how impossible the ablest Governors have found it to maintain that impartiality between rival leaders which during the reign of the Queen has never been forgotten for a moment. If faction has almost died away among us, if the nation is united as it never was united before, it is because every shade of opinion has had full and fair play, and the powers of Government have not been perverted to oppress one side or unduly to elevate the other. In the Prince, notwithstanding his German education, we have had as true an Englishman as the most patriotic native of these islands. He has had the sagacity to see and feel that the interests of his family and his dynasty had claims upon him superior to any other, and at no period has our foreign policy been less subject to the imputation of subservience to foreign interests and relations than during the last twenty years.

THE PRINCE AS A GREAT INDUSTRIAL REFORMER.

We have hitherto spoken of the manner in which the Prince has acquitted himself of the duties which may be said to have been cast upon him in virtue of his position as husband to the Queen. We have yet to speak of another duty which he may be said to have assumed of his own accord. As a foreigner of cultivated taste and clear judgment he saw defects in us which our insular pride probably had prevented us from discerning in ourselves. He saw that our manufactures, with all their cheapness and durability, were strangely wanting in the graces of colour and form, and that the whole life of the nation, public and private, had something of a sordid and material tint. The Prince set himself to correct these evils with indefatigable diligence; he laboured to create the Great Exhibition of 1851, and has been the principal patron of those public establishments which are giving a new impulse to the Arts of Design, and are probably designed to regenerate the taste of the country, and bring our powers of decoration to a level with our astonishing fertility of creation. Even now there is rising under his auspices in a suburb of this metropolis a building destined to receive the products of the industry of all nations, and to give, we doubt not, a fresh impulse to the creation of whatever may serve for the use and enjoyment of mankind. But, while we are on every side reminded of the benefits which the Prince Consort has been the means of diffusing among us, their author is no more. In the prime of manhood, in the zenith of his great intellectual capacity, in the midst of a career of unbounded usefulness, the Consort of the Queen has been stricken by the hand of Death. Now and for long to come the heart of Her Majesty can find room but for a single thought; but when the first agony has spent itself, we trust that it may suggest some slight conclusion to reflect that she as implicitly commands the sympathy and sorrow as she has always commanded the loyalty and affection of the subjects who have had the happiness to live under her rule, and to be instructed by her example.

POLITICAL EFFECT OF THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE.

The death of the Prince Consort has come upon the nation with an unexpectedness which defeats every preparation of thought or of feeling. In a moment every loyal subject of this realm—and who is not loyal?—is driven to his memory for examples, and to his forethought for consequences, and can find none. It is the sudden extinction of a light, and an interval must elapse before we can penetrate the darkness. The inseparable friend and adviser, and, in the course of nature, the mainstay and staff of the crown, is suddenly wrenched away, and there is not a man in the country who would venture to boast that he had considered the contingency, and was prepared with anticipations. The Prince Consort himself was the only man, as it seems, who had within him the presentiment of what was to happen. For more than twenty years his name has been every day before the public, combining in a singularly uniform routine works of public utility with dutiful devotion to his wife and sovereign. Though precluded from public discussions and seldom brought face to face either with general society or the world in a still larger sense, he has yet been more prominently and unintermittingly before the British people than any other man in these isles. Instead of fretting, as others might have done, against the constitutional etiquettes which met him on every side, he found a compensation in that world of art and science, and won for himself there a noble realm, of which even death cannot deprive him. At this moment it is impossible to say how much awaits the decision of his fate and the exercise of his skill, to select or to arrange. Yet these were only trifles of the hour in comparison with the office of comforting and sustaining the heart of a woman to bear the mightiest empire in the world. We have only to look round at the host of men among us, and a glance will remind us how few, even of them, would endure the monotony, the restraint, the self-denial and subjection of will necessary for such a position. Prince Albert has

discharged it for twenty-one years without a fault. It is hard to say which most to admire—his goodness, his wisdom, or his fortune. In no respect has he been wanting to his difficult post, and we should have to ransack forgotten stories for a hint that he had exceeded its duties. All at once he is gone, and by what precedent shall we frame the terms of our loss? England once lost a boy king, of whose virtues we read much from his tutors and guardians; she has several times lost the heir to the throne while in the midst of progresses and pageants, gayeties and intrigues; she has lost royal cyphers and children of promise; she has lost statesmen in mid career, or baffled and heart-broken. The hand of the assassin has sometimes added wrong and horror to a national loss. Forty-four years ago, in a day of darkness, when discontent and disloyalty had taken root in the land, and there seemed but one solitary pathway of light to a purer atmosphere and to happier times, it was suddenly extinguished, and all the hopes of the nation were borne to the tomb. It is not easy to compare the fulfilment with the hope, things known and things unknown; but for the suddenness and blankness of the loss, and for the dismay struck into every thoughtful mind, there can be no nearer parallel than the death of the Princess Charlotte and her child, in 1817, and that of Prince Albert in this already fatal year.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

If anything could increase the respect which the bereaved family now command, it would be the devotion with which all its members have endeavoured to aid and comfort the Queen in her affliction. We believe the Prince of Wales has not fallen short of his sister, the Princess Alice, in this respect, and that he has already taken his place by his mother's side, as her stay and support in her distress. We have, indeed, as a people, every reason to hope that this good beginning may be followed by a career equally meritorious, and that, as the Queen has, within a few hours of his father's death, endeavoured to associate him with her in the arduous work of the British Monarchy, the Prince may feel all the solemnity of his position, and fit himself for the part to which he is destined. It must be obvious that for the Prince of Wales the period of nonage is past. Though legally a minor until November, 1862, his Royal Highness is nearly as old as his father was at his marriage, and more than two years older than his mother was when she ascended the Throne. If we add to this that he has been specially educated to wear the British Crown, to which he has been Heir Apparent from his birth, and that he has had opportunities of seeing the world which were denied to his parents, not to speak of their predecessors of the House of Hanover, the Prince ought now to shew the faculties which will make a good King. It is, no doubt, a sudden change which has come upon him. But a few days ago he was a youth at the University, without a thought of public life, and now he finds himself on the steps of the Throne as its first friend and counsellor. From being restrained even beyond what is usual at his age by the care of a prudent father, he finds himself to some extent the head of his family—at any rate, its oldest male representative, and in some sense the guide of his younger brothers and sisters. The destiny of one so young is, indeed, a great one, but it is at the same time weighted with the heaviest cares. To bear these cares the Prince must now make up his mind, if he wishes to gain the affection and esteem of the country. The national good will is not to be obtained without some sacrifices, and the Prince has before him, as in the fable, two paths—those of duty and pleasure. The next few months will decide whether he is to stand in popular estimation where his late father stood—whether in the King who is to rule over us we are to look for one who, like his parents, will take an interest in all that benefits his people, and will show ability and energy in the study of it, or one who will only receive the conventional respect which belongs to his rank and office. Exposed to many temptations, his Royal Highness must resolve to earn public applause by resisting all that will draw him from the side of a mother and a Queen who requires his help, and from the service of a nation which needs every counsellor it can find.

THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE HOUR OF HIS DESTINY.

Her Majesty herself, with her accustomed readiness and composure, appealed at once to her family to undertake the great charge thus suddenly thrown upon them. In that family there are two upon whom the eyes of all England will naturally be attracted at this juncture. The Prince of Wales is rapidly approaching the age when a man is held to be capable of every responsibility, and by the measure of years he should now be as competent to assist his mother as the Prince Consort when he assumed that duty. He has been so educated as to bring him into contact with a large variety of men, of minds, of peoples and of manners. By a happy forethought he has visited the very nation that now threatens to escape from worse difficulties by a war with its mother country. If the Prince of Wales

is ever to be a wise and good sovereign, he will now be a wise and good son; and if he will ever feel any call to devote himself to his country as his parents have done, he will feel it now. This is the time for that self-sacrifice on which the greatness of a crown, as well as the glory of a statesman, a soldier or a priest must be founded. This, indeed, is the occasion such as historians and dramatists have loved to describe in the lives of their favorite princes, when the Prince of Wales will have to make a solemn choice between a life of frivolity, perhaps of trouble and misery, and a reign of usefulness, to make his name blessed for ever. He must resolve, if he would do; and renounce if he would win. It is an awful thing to say "now or never;" but experience proves that they who reject the first solemn call are seldom more affected by any that come after. From all accounts the Princess Alice has shewn herself fully equal to the occasion, receiving her dying father's confidence and giving her mother timely comfort and aid. That the Queen should gather her family around her, and address them at such a time, for such a purpose, itself proves her confidence in them. That all, and above all the Prince of Wales, may be deserving of that confidence, is now the prayer of this great country. We know not how much the destinies, not only of the British empire, but of the whole human race, depend on the youthful prince of whom we have seen so much yet seem to know so little. Like the rest of us, he has position, and honour, and power to win. He may be a true king or a shadow of royalty; and by the laws of human nature and testimony of experience, the decision is to be made this very hour.

THE QUEEN AT THIS GREAT CRISIS OF HER LIFE.

But the Queen, if we are rightly informed, shows herself at this supreme crisis of her life worthy of her high station. As if her own experience and penetration led her to divine what no one at such an hour could obtrude upon her, the Queen has declared that the present is the time which will not admit of mournful inaction, and that it is her duty to attend without delay to public business. That Her Majesty should be capable of such an effort will gratify every one; but it need not be a matter of surprise. Even in ordinary life nothing is more common than to see women who during marriage have been accustomed to depend wholly on their husbands, and who have thought it impossible that they could ever face the rough struggles of the world, assuming in their widowhood a courage and independence of character seemingly foreign to their natures. The singular powers of mind possessed by the late Prince Consort induced the Queen to confide to him many duties, both public and domestic, because he could perform them more efficiently than herself, particularly during a period of her life when she was necessarily withdrawn at intervals from the world, and always much engrossed with family duties. But now Her Majesty has the strength and the knowledge to undertake public business herself. Though relieved much from the labors of Royalty during 22 years of married life, she has acquired an experience which will make her resumption of them not difficult. And to this it may be added, that the advance in years of her elder children will lessen the merely household cares which have hitherto pressed upon her, and leave more time for the study of public questions. Having, no doubt, these considerations in her mind, the Queen has, we are happy to say, already begun to dissipate the sad remembrance of her loss by attention to matters of public importance. With a feeling which we readily understood and appreciated, the Queen had more especially set herself to the task of mastering those subjects in which the late Prince Consort took an interest, believing it to be the best mode of shewing devotion to his memory. We may therefore hope that even those matters of national concern in which the Prince's judgment and good taste were particularly useful will not suffer so much as was feared by his loss. But in this hour of political suspense there are questions of still greater importance to be thought of, and it is indeed satisfactory to the country to know that we have on the throne a Sovereign whose nerves have been braced rather than paralyzed by the chill of adversity.

UNIVERSAL SORROW FOR THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND SYMPATHY FOR THE QUEEN.

If the Royal House of England required any new proofs of the nation's profound respect and affection, it would have found them in the manifestations of the last three days. Never in our remembrance has there been such universal sorrow at the death of an individual, and such deep and anxious sympathy with those left behind. The public have expressed not merely the conventional regret which attends the death of Princes, but the real pain which they felt at hearing that a man of activity and genius, with high purposes and with the opportunities and the energy for realizing them, had been suddenly cut off in the vigour of life and in the full career of usefulness. But it need hardly be said that anxiety for the Queen has had much to do with the general sorrow for the

Prince's death. It was well known that during their whole married life Her Majesty had been very much guided by the Prince, and that for the last few years, after his own judgment had ripened and his acquaintance with affairs had become more extended, he had been able to take from his Consort the heaviest cares of her position.

The London Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says, "I remember many mournings that deserve to be called national. I witnessed the sorrow of the capital when Sir Robert Peel was cut off by an untimely fate; the more composed regret with which London received the tidings of the death of the great Duke, in the fulness of his years and honours; but I never saw such all-pervading grief and sympathy as were yesterday apparent when the sorrowful news became known. But one sentiment was apparent throughout England—that of deep sympathy for the Queen and regret for the death of one so universally beloved."

THE NEWS IN FRANCE, AND THE FEELING OF THE FRENCH COURT.

In Paris the Prince's death caused a great sensation, and all the papers unite in expressions of sympathy. The *Moniteur*, after announcing the sad event, adds that "the Emperor, the Imperial family and the whole of France, will mingle their regret and grief with the royal family and the English nation. The Imperial Court has gone into mourning, all festivities at the Tuilleries having been countermanded. On receipt of the sad news at Paris, the standard which floats on the Tuilleries was immediately lowered half mast. The Empress wrote an autograph letter of sympathy to the Queen, and in the evening the Emperor despatched an aid-de-camp with an autograph letter of condolence.

M. EDMOND ABOUT ON ENGLAND'S MOURNING.

The popular French writer, M. Edmond About, is at present a contributor to the *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel*. A late No. of that journal has the following passage, which bears his signature:—"Have you marked that phrase in the official publication of the English Government after the death of Prince Albert? 'It is expected, that all persons will assume a decent mourning.' This is neither a decree nor an ordinance, nor a command sent down from on high; it is a simple appeal to public sympathy, and at the same time a reminder of a social obligation. There is in the formula a mingling of dignity, confidence, and familiarity. You feel, from the very first word, that the dynasty which speaks is in the most courteous, if not the most intimate relations with its subjects; that no one disputes its rights; that it has no declared enemies in the nation; that it may rely, on all occasions, upon that loyalty without meanness, which the English display with a sort of coquetry. You perceive a Queen who reigns and who does not govern; a people which manages its own affairs, and fears all the less to appear humble and submissive because it is sure to remain free; a country of tradition, of decency, and of decorum, governed by manners even more than by laws. We, of course, are proud of being French—that is all settled. But there must pass away many years before our political manners are elevated to the high tone of those of England. Nothing is more unequal, more capricious, less logical, than our relations with the men who govern us. The French people conduct themselves towards monarchy as towards a mistress. We embrace it, we beat it, we put it out of doors—we seek it out next day and cling around its knees. Yesterday we could find no name foul enough for it; to-day we flatter it, not without blushing at our present baseness and our past violence."

MOURNING OF THE PRUSSIAN COURT.

At Berlin the news was received with strong manifestations of popular sympathy and sorrow, while the King hastened to offer such consolation as he might to the Princess Royal, subsequently visited the English Envoy, and ordered the court to go into mourning immediately.

Particulars relating to the Funeral & Royal Family.

The preparations for the funeral of the Prince Consort at St. George's, Windsor, were commenced immediately after his death. The chapel was entirely draped in black cloth. The Queen intends erecting a mausoleum at Frogmore, near to that of the Duchess of Kent, but much more splendid.

According to custom, the body was interred in four coffins, the inner one or shell being of polished mahogany cased outside with lead, then an outer, plain, but very massive coffin of mahogany; over all comes the state coffin or case, of crimson velvet and with massive silver ornaments. On the leaden coffin there is also a massive silver plate, with the following inscription:—

"Depositum
Illustrissimi et Celsissimi Alberti,
Principis Consortis,
Ducis Saxoniae
De Saxe Coburg et Gotha Principis,
Nobilissimi Ordinis Pericelidii Equitis.
Augustissimae et Potentissimae Victoriae Reginae
Conjugis percarissimi,
Obiit die decimo quarto Decembris MDCCCLXI.,
Anno aetatis suae XLIII."*

The outer mahogany coffin simply bears a silver plate with the name of the Prince and the date of his birth and that of his death. On the State coffin there is the customary silver plate bearing an inscription similar to that on the leaden coffin. On the outer State coffin there is an exceedingly rich and very elaborate case. At the head of the coffin is fastened a massive silver crown in high relief. This is the crown the Prince was entitled to wear as Prince Consort and much resembles that of the imperial house of Austria. In the centre of the coffin there is another massive silver plate with the inscription. At the foot there is the insignia of the Garter, in silver. On the coffin, during and after interment, two heraldic crowns were laid—that of his Royal Highness as Prince Consort, and his crown as Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha.

In a letter, written by the command of the Queen, it is stated that the only consolation she hopes to find during the rest of her life, under her sad and hopeless bereavement, is to endeavour to carry out the wishes and intentions of her beloved husband.

The Queen, attired in the deepest mourning and widow's cap, left Windsor in the strictest privacy, and proceeded to the South-Western Railway Station. None were on the railway platform except Lord Alfred Paget—not even a royal servant was allowed to be in attendance. The Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice and Princess Helena accompanied Her Majesty. Immediately the Queen left Windsor, the Royal Standard was lowered, and the Union Jack hoisted half-mast high, as the Prince held the office of Constable or Governor of the Castle.

THE YOUNG PRINCE LEOPOLD.

The *Independance Belge* publishes the following:—"Cannes, Dec. 18.—The news of the death of Prince Albert reached the young Prince Leopold, his son, in the midst of circumstances so melancholy and sad that they could not fail to increase the horrors of the catastrophe. Taking advantage of a charming morning the young prince had gone out to sea to indulge in his favourite pastime of fishing. In returning to his villa he observed the countenance of his principal servant to be overcast and that there were tears in his eyes. The cause of this grief was not the death of Prince Albert, which was then unknown, but the death of his governor, General Bowater, who had just died in the chamber adjoining Prince Leopold's. At the news of this loss the poor boy wept bitterly. Almost at the same moment there appeared at the end of the hall a commissioner of the telegraph, bringing a telegraphic despatch. It was addressed to the general, who was then lying dead. The envelope was opened; it contained the fatal news,—"Prince Albert is dead!" His Royal Highness was at once taken into his room, and I assure you that it is impossible to give any idea of the desolation of this young child, thus smitten in his tenderest affections. 'My mother! I must go to my mother,' he cried in sobs. 'My mother will bring back him whom you say has been taken from me—I want my mother.' Some seconds afterwards they took him away altogether from the mournful and desolate-looking house, to the nearest hotel, the Hotel de Bellevue. Shortly after, an English officer arrived from England, charged, it is said, with the duty of taking the disconsolate orphan back to England."

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S LAST DAY.

A correspondent of the *Record* says:—"I saw in the *Times* that the Hon. Baptist Noel had said, in a recent speech, that he had heard that the clergyman whose ministry the Royal Family attended at Osborne was a good man, and that the more faithful his sermons the more was he thanked for them by the late Prince. I see, too, that the author of 'Heaven our Home,' writes that his book has been noticed by a wish from Windsor to know the author, and this only a short time ago; a very striking fact. And a letter from a nobleman who attended the Prince to the last, has the following

* (Within is) Deposited (the body)
Of the Most Exalted and Illustrious Albert,
Prince Consort,
Duke of Saxony,
Of Saxe-Coburg and Prince of Gotha,
Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter;
The most tenderly beloved Husband
Of the Most August and Most Powerful Victoria, Queen.
He died on the 14th day of December, 1861,
In the 43rd year of his age.

sentence in it :—'The Prince continually repeated on his death bed that exquisite hymn of Toplady's—

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.'

Surely, then, we need not mourn for the illustrious dead as those without hope; and living as he died, what an example he has left his family!" The *Advertiser* narrates an incident connected with the last sermon before the Court at Balmoral. The preacher was the Rev. Wm. Stewart, of Edinburgh. He discovered, to his great discomfort, just as he entered the pulpit, that he had left at home the manuscript of the sermon. It happily occurred to him, that he had recently written a sermon from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God," which he had closely committed to memory. He accordingly preached the sermon in question, with great fluency and power. Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort were so much struck with the discourse, that they sent a message to the Preacher, expressing the pleasure with which they had listened to it, and requesting to be favoured with a sight of the manuscript. The manuscript was of course at once forwarded to the Court, and immediately afterwards a second Message was sent to the Preacher by the Queen and the Prince, desiring that it should be published. It has been so, and is in extensive circulation in Scotland. What an awful appropriateness, so far as regards the late lamented Prince, was Mr. Stewart's text: "Prepare to meet thy God!"

Funeral of His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort.

PRINCE, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The grave, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours!—*Dr. Watts.*

THE EVENT ITSELF—SOLEMNITY OF WINDSOR.

Yesterday (Dec. 23), with little of the pomp and pageantry of a State ceremonial, but with every outward mark of respect, and with all the solemnity which befitted his high station and his public virtues, the mortal remains of the husband of our Queen were interred in the last resting-place of England's Sovereigns—the Chapel Royal of St. George's, Windsor. By the express desire of His Royal Highness, the funeral was of the plainest and most private character; but in the Chapel, to do honour to his obsequies, were assembled all the chiefest men of the State; and throughout England, by every sign of sorrow and mourning, the nation manifested its sense of the loss which it has sustained. Windsor itself wore an aspect of the most profound gloom. Every shop was closed and every blind drawn down. The streets were silent and almost deserted, and all who appeared abroad were dressed in the deepest mourning. The great bell of Windsor Castle clanged out its doleful sound at intervals from an early hour, and minute bells were tolled also at St. John's Church. At the parish-church of Clewer and at St. John's there were services in the morning and afternoon, and the day was observed throughout the royal borough in the strictest manner. The weather was in character with the occasion,—a chill, damp air, with a dull leaden sky above, increased the gloom which hung over all.

THE MOURNFUL PROCESSION TO ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, a guard of honour of the Grenadier Guards, of which regiment His Royal Highness was colonel, with the colours of the regiment shrouded in crape, marched in and took up its position before the principal entrance to the Chapel Royal. Another guard of honour from the same regiment was also on duty in the Quadrangle at the entrance to the State apartments. They were speedily followed by a squadron of the 2nd Life Guards dismounted, and by two companies of the Fusilier Guards, who were drawn up in single file along each side of the road by which the procession was to pass, from the Norman gateway to the Chapel door. The officers wore the deepest military mourning,—scarves, sword-knots, and rosettes of crape. In the Home Park was stationed a troop of Horse Artillery, which commenced firing minute-guns at the end of the Long Walk, advancing slowly until it reached the Castle gates just at the close of the ceremony. The Ministers, the officers of the Queen's Household, and other distinguished personages who had been invited to attend the ceremonial, began to arrive at the Chapel Royal soon after eleven o'clock. The Earl of Derby, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Russell, and the Duke of Buccleuch, were among the first to make their appearance, and as they alighted at the door of the Chapel they were conducted to the seats appointed for them in the choir.

In the great Quadrangle were drawn up the hearse and the mourning coaches, and, all the preparations having been completed within the Castle, the procession began to be formed shortly before

twelve o'clock. The Prince of Wales and the other Royal mourners assembled in the Oak Room, but did not form part of the procession. They were conveyed to the Chapel in private carriages before the coffin was placed in the hearse. In the first carriage were the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg. The Crown Prince of Prussia, the Duke of Brabant, and the Count of Flanders followed in the next; and in the others were the Duc de Nemours, Prince Louis of Hesse, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, with the gentlemen of their respective suites. Scarcely had they alighted at the door of Wolsey's Chapel, from which they were conducted through the Chapter Room to the door of the Chapel Royal, to be in readiness to meet the coffin, when the first minute gun fired in the distance, and the rattle of the troops reversing arms, announced that the procession had started; and exactly at twelve o'clock the first mourning coach moved from under the Norman gateway. First came nine mourning coaches, each drawn by four horses, conveying the physicians, equerries, and other members of the household of the late Prince. In the last were the Lord Steward (Earl St. Germans), the Lord Chamberlain (Viscount Sidney), and the Master of the Horse (the Marquis of Ailesbury). The mourning coaches were followed by one of the Queen's carriages, drawn by six black horses, and attended by servants in State liveries, in which was Earl Spencer, carrying the Prince Consort's crown, and Lord George Lennox, carrying the baton, sword, and hat of his late Royal Highness. Next, escorted by a troop of the 2nd Life Guards, came the hearse, drawn by six black horses. On the housings of the horses and on the sides of the hearse were emblazoned the scutcheons of Her Majesty and of the Prince, each surmounted by a crown, the Prince's arms being in black and Her Majesty's in white. The procession was closed by four mourning State carriages.

Slowly the *cortège* wound round the base of the Round Tower into the Lower Ward, and every head was reverently bared as the hearse passed by. There was no military music; the distant boom of the minute guns, and the mournful knell of the Castle Bell were the only sounds which broke the silence of the scene. Though the distance to be traversed was so short, it was not until 20 minutes past 12 o'clock that the hearse arrived at the door of the Chapel Royal, where the Prince of Wales and the other Royal mourners were assembled to meet the coffin.

EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL APPEARANCE OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

The cold, bleak, wintry aspect of the day at Windsor was mournful and cheerless enough, but even its empty streets and rows of muffled windows had an air almost of light and life compared with the appearance of St. George's Chapel. The aspect of this was alone enough to impress with gloomy awe at least, if not with grief, even unconcerned spectators, if any such could possibly have witnessed the mournful rite of yesterday. The silence of the grave itself was in and round the sacred building—a silence never broken, save by the deep, slow, muffled tolling of the funeral knell, which every minute seemed to sweep down with the wind and rush with stealthy noise upon the gloom within. There was a solemn air about the Chapel, swathed in its ghastly trappings of black and white; there was a hushed look about the attendants, all of whom shewed such evidences of grief as were painful even to the lookers-on at this most solemn ceremonial.

Beyond this sorrow, which was palpable, and which showed itself in the red eyes and weeping countenances of the more intimate members of the household who were admitted to the Chapel, there is nothing new to be recorded of this royal funeral, but the deep and sincere grief which marked each stage of its slow progress. The interior of the chapel itself differed little from the aspect of solemn gloom and stately mourning it always wears on these most mournful occasions. A raised platform had been constructed down the centre nave, leading from the south entrance to the choir, with balustrades dividing it from the north and south aisles. All this, of course, was carpeted and draped with black, so that the change, though slight in fact, being one in colour, completely altered the aspect of the fine old building. The basement seemed black everywhere—black over naves and aisles and side walls, and deeper and more dense than all seemed the black within the dimly-lighted choir, where the empty oaken stalls and vacant canopies of the Knights of the Garter gave a still more desolate aspect to the scene. The steps leading to the Communion-table, the communion-table itself, even the walls at the back, were hung with solemn black, and thus the groined arches and fine white fluted columns of the building had, by contrast, a bleak, ghastly look; while over all beneath, so absorbing was the dark hue, that it was difficult at times to distinguish the forms of the attendants as, clad in deep mourning, they crowded the floor, like shadows flitting noiselessly to and fro. So complete was this muffled obscurity of the basement that all the steps leading to the stalls would have been quite undistinguishable but that the outline of each stair was marked along its edge with a thin line of white, which, if possible, gave a

still more cadaverous and skeleton aspect to the whole interior. Only one thin narrow strip of white broke the darkness of the centre of the floor, stretching from the west end of the nave to the front of the Communion-table. This thin line ended at a broad square aperture in the floor, the external entrance to the royal tombhouse below; and the mouth of this gloomy chasm, with its cloth-lined walls, was marked with white bands. But in all this there was not much that differed from other royal funerals. The arrangements were precisely the same as those made for the funeral of the late Duchess of Kent.

The Communion rails were draped with black velvet, and the Communion-table itself was covered with massive plate, which showed out with almost startling brightness amid the black around. A square platform, which is worked from beneath by powerful machinery, completely fills the opening to the Royal Vault. On this the coffin and bier are placed, and at the appointed time they slowly sink out of sight. All the chief domestics of the Royal Household were attired in the deepest mourning, and many of the personal attendants of the late Prince were deeply affected when the funeral began. The seats in the choir were reserved for mourners who had been invited by Her Majesty. The Knights of the Garter took their own stalls under their banners, at the back of the choir; the other mourners sat in front, nearest to the grave. Only one or two among those present wore orders, and even those were almost entirely concealed under the broad black silk mourning scarves.

ENGLAND'S HISTORICAL PAST—GROWTH OF NATIONAL LOYALTY AND DEVOTION TO THE SOVEREIGN.

The sombre-looking painted glass window of the Ascension of our Lord, placed by George III. above the communion table, at the east end of the church, let in but little light, barely enough to distinguish forms amid the obscure, black gloom of the choir beneath. Even the rich banners of the Knights of the Garter, glowing with heraldic emblazonment of purple and azure, red and gold, seemed to be toned down by the general gloom, and to become in their stiff lifelessness a part of the mourning insignia. The late Prince Consort's banner, quartered with the arms of England and Gotha, is left still floating on the right of the pale silver embroidered standard of her Majesty, while in the oaken stall beneath a silver-gilt escocheon, placed beside those of many foreign Princes of the House of Brunswick, bears his ducal arms, and proclaims in quaint old Norman French his style, and titles, and date of installation. What strange vicissitudes of time and change these old stalls record and press upon the notice; what disjointed but significant chapters of history are told by each escocheon, when near that of our gracious Sovereign we see the banner of the Emperor Napoleon waving over the stall of Louis Philippe, occupied before him by Louis XIII. of Bourbon, before him again by the heads of the great house of Montmorenci, who were constables of France, and before all by the English Knights who were the first Governors of Calais! The event of Monday was one which history will record with mourning, but even at such a time it was difficult to repress the reflections these escocheons suggested. Whole families of dynasties, whose styles and titles are here emblazoned, have passed away like a tale that is told, yet with ourselves each century has only knit strongly and more strongly the bond of love and kindly feeling between the Sovereign and the people. Now each affliction that visits Her Majesty visits all throughout the land, and her royal husband, the comfort of her life, and guide of her throne, is laid to rest amid the grief of millions, who still in the sorrow of their hearts look to their Queen and yearn almost in tears to comfort her in this her greatest bereavement—in this the darkest hour of her widowhood and mourning.

THE SAD PROCESSION—ITS PROGRESS TOWARDS THE CHAPEL.

All who were invited to attend the ceremony were in their places shortly before 12 o'clock, and an interval of silence, almost of suspense, seemed to reign throughout the building. Not a word was spoken, not a movement made, and the stillness was painful, as it allowed the tolling of the funeral knells and the sullen reverberating echo of the minute guns to be loudly and distinctly audible throughout the chapel. Thus, as 12 o'clock drew near, the quicker half minute tolling from all the spires of Windsor, seemed to fill the very chapel with their mournful booms, and amid all the measured tread of the long procession approaching over the gravel came nearer every minute. With the first tokens of its approach, the head of the funeral procession was formed two deep, passing along down the south aisle and up the centre of the nave to near the choir. The south door was then opened, Lord George Lennox, bearing the Field Marshal's baton, sword, and hat of the deceased Prince, followed by Earl Spencer, carrying his crown, entered the aisle. In a minute afterwards the coffin was carried in by ten bearers and laid upon the bier. Here it was entirely hidden under the heavy black velvet pall, adorned

at the sides with large funeral escocheons, bearing the arms of Her Majesty and the late Prince on separate shields. Both shields were surrounded by the Garter and surmounted with their proper Crowns; first, those of the Queen were on a ground of silver tissue; those of the late Prince on deep black; so that the contrast between those rich armoial bearings was as startling and marked as that between the white border of the pall and its gloomy centre. When all was arranged, the Lord Chamberlain, accompanied by the Vice-Chamberlain, Lord Castlerosse (only four months ago the genial host of his late Royal Highness at Killarney,) proceeded up the Choir to Wolsey's chapel, where the Royal mourners had already assembled, and who at once slowly crossed the chapel and took their stations in the south aisle at the head of the corpse. The Prince of Wales, as chief mourner, stood in the centre; on his right was the little Prince Arthur; on his left, the deceased Prince's elder brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

TOUCHING GRIEF OF THE BEREAVED PRINCES.

Before the procession began to move forward, the chief mourners remained at the head of the coffin, motionless. The Prince of Wales bore up with great fortitude, and though he, like all the rest, at times gave way to irrepressible bursts of tears, he evidently tried to the utmost to restrain his feelings, though it could be seen sometimes from the working of his countenance that the effort was too violent for long endurance.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, brother to Prince Albert, who was devotedly attached to the deceased Prince, to whom he bears a strong resemblance, was deeply moved, and wept incessantly throughout the ceremony. The Crown Prince of Prussia, too, was equally affected. Poor little Prince Arthur's grief was enough to move the sternest. He, of course, made no attempts to check or hide his feelings. His eyes were red and swollen, and the tears were running down his cheeks as he entered the Chapel. As they stood at the head of their father's coffin, the Prince of Wales turned and spoke, apparently, a few soothing words, for after this Prince Arthur, for a minute or so, seemed to bear up better. It was not until the procession began to move forward, and the long melancholy wail of the dirge went echoing through the building, that all the little fellow's fortitude gave way, and, hiding his face in his handkerchief, he sobbed as if his very heart was breaking.

THE READING OF THE BURIAL SERVICE.

As the procession advanced the commencement of the Burial Service, "*I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord,*" was sung by the full choir to the music of Dr. Croft. At the conclusion of the first portion, the bier had crept slowly down to the western extremity of the church, where it was gently moved up the incline to the platform in the nave. At the nave was commenced the passage—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," still sung to Croft's melancholy dirge-like music, so touching, so inexpressibly mournful in its long, soft cadences. All the servants of the late Prince stood in the nave as the bier passed; they seemed deeply moved, and the grief of many was quite audible. With the concluding words of the passage, "*We brought nothing into this world,*" the bier was moved up very slowly, its gorgeous pall concealing its bearers, who slowly wheeled it forward with a stiff, creeping motion, into the choir. It was nearly twenty minutes before the cloth-covered platform over the entrance to the Royal vault was reached. Those walking at the feet of the corpse filed off to the right and left as the bier neared the Communion rails, and was slowly placed, amid solemn silence, on the spot whence it was to be lowered out of sight for ever. The pall-bearers took their stand near low crape-covered stools on either side of the coffin. Viscount Sydney, as Lord Chamberlain, stood at the foot of the bier, the Prince of Wales, with Prince Arthur and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, remained standing at the head of the coffin, and the other mourners in the order in which they had entered the choir. By the time these arrangements were completed the chant of the 39th Psalm, "*I said I will take heed to my ways that I offend not with my tongue,*" had concluded, and as the last faint tones of the music died away the platform on which the bier stood was level with the floor. The pall was then disposed around it equally on all sides, so as to cover all the opening leading to the depth below, and the Crown and Field-Marshal's insignia were placed at the head and feet.

The Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, then advanced to the Communion rails and in a faltering voice, at some times almost inaudible, read the lesson, "*Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.*" Once or twice during this solemn portion of the service, the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and Duke of Saxe-Coburg, were totally unable to restrain their tears, in which they were silently joined by nearly all present in the choir. At the end of the lesson the choir sang the German chorale, "*I shall not in the*

grave remain," by the special request of the widowed Queen. This hymn, like the chorale which followed it at a later portion of the service, were favorite chants with the late Prince Consort, by whom it is said their music was composed. It is impossible to imagine anything more exquisitely touching than the cadence to the lines,

"So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,"

which was chanted by the choir in whispered tones that seemed to moan through the building with a plaintive solemnity as deep in its sorrow as the notes of the "Dead March." A translation from the German gives the words of this mournful hymn as follows:—

"I shall not in the grave remain,
Since Thou death's bonds have sever'd;
By hope with Thee to rise again,
From fear of death deliver'd,
I'll come to Thee, where'er Thou art,
Live with Thee, from Thee never part;
Therefore to die is rapture.

"And so to Jesus Christ I'll go,
My longing arm extending;
So fall asleep in slumber deep,
Slumber that knows no ending,
Till Jesus Christ, God's only son,
Opens the gates of bliss—leads on
To heaven to life eternal!"

Again the Dean resumed the service in a strained and broken voice—for all in the chapel now made no attempt to conceal their emotion—with the sublime passage, "*Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery.*" Then was sung, with exquisite pathos, Martin Luther's hymn, "*Great God, what do I see and hear!*"

As the last strains of this solemn chant ended, the personal attendants of his late Royal Highness advanced and slowly removed the heavy pall, leaving the coffin in all its mourning gorgeousness uncovered. As this was done Earl Spencer placed on the head above the inscription plate the crown of the Prince Consort. At the same time Lord George Lennox laid the baton of the late Prince as Field-Marshal, crossed with the sword, and surmounted with the Field-Marshal's hat and plume on the foot of the coffin, above the insignia of the Garter. All these memorials were fastened to the heavy black velvet cushions on which they were laid. Thus left alone in the midst of the wide expanse of black, the melancholy gorgeousness of the crimson coffin stood out the one conspicuous centre in startling contrast, almost the only solitary object in all the Chapel which was not covered with black and draped in solemn mourning. As this last ceremonial was being performed, the choir again solemnly sang the following hymn to an air composed by the Prince himself. (Gotha):—

Happy soul, thy days are ended—
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love,

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
To His everlasting rest.

For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear the momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

When it ended the attendants retired from the grave, and there was a silent pause, during which, as the wind mourned hoarsely against the casements, the quick, sharp rattle of troops outside reversing arms was plainly audible. Then came the muffled toll of the bell, the boom of the minute guns, and the coffin slowly and at first almost imperceptibly began to sink into the grave.

BITTER GRIEF OF THE MOURNERS PRESENT.

There was more than mourning at this most solemn time. The Princes hid their faces and sobbed deeply. All, not only the Royal train, but in the chapel, allowed their tears to flow almost unchecked, and some, such as the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the personal attendants of his late Royal Highness, among the pall-bearers seemed not less deeply moved for a time than the Royal orphans themselves. Still, the coffin continued to sink. It is but a few short months ago since the late Prince stood at the head of the same sombre opening and wept as the remains of the Duchess of Kent were in the same manner lowered slowly to the Royal mausoleum. The ceremony then was gloomy and mournful enough, though, after all, it was but the burial of a member of the Royal family long retired from public life, full of years and honors, and one who had already passed the term allotted to mankind. But here, with the Prince Consort, the husband of our Queen, a young man in the pride of life and usefulness, of health and strength and manly beauty, the loss seemed more than could even then be realized; and it was difficult—it seemed almost impossible, to believe that the coffin then so slowly creeping down the wide black groove held all that was mortal of Prince Albert. It was a solemn period, and a most trying one for the mourners, whose half-stifled sighs were audible from all parts of the choir, as with the faintest and slowest motion the coffin still continued sinking. The silence within the chapel was intense; every movement among those present could be distinctly heard; the wind moaning round the building sounded with a hoarse rush which now and then was almost noise, and the muffled knells from all the spires of Windsor seemed booming above the Royal grave itself. Slowly fading from the sight the coffin

gradually became level with the floor, then sank deeper and deeper, casting almost a glow of colour from its deep crimson sides upon the cloth-lined walls of the grave, till it was lost to view for ever.

THE CONCLUDING INCIDENTS OF THE TOUCHING CEREMONY.

As the last trace of its gold and crimson crown disappeared the service was continued amid the deepest grief, with the passage, "*Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed.*" At the proper interval the earth was thrown upon the coffin, and fell upon its ornaments and plate with a sharp rattle that was heard throughout the building. Then was sung by the choir, "*I heard a voice from Heaven,*" to Croft's plaintive music; and after the reading of the prayer "*Almighty God with whom do live,*" was chanted an English translation of another of the late Prince's favourite chorales, as follows:—

"To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who break'st in love this mortal chain;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content,—for Thou art ever nigh."

The collect, "*O merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,*" concluded the service, and Sir Charles Young, advancing to the head of the grave, proclaimed the style and titles of the deceased Prince, saying:—

"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life to His Divine mercy the Most High, Most Mighty, and Most Illustrious Prince Albert, the Prince Consort, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and the most dear Consort of Her Most Excellent Majesty Victoria, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, whom God bless and preserve with long life, health, and honour."

This formal proclamation has hitherto always concluded with the words, "Whom God bless and preserve with long life, health and happiness." But on this occasion, for the first time during Her Majesty's reign, the prayer for happiness was left out, and only that for "life and honour" offered. The change is mournfully significant, though the words we have quoted were in fact not spoken; for with the first mention of the Queen's name Sir Charles Young's voice faltered, and the concluding sentence of the mournful prayer, if uttered, was quite inaudible. Then the organist began the solemn strains of the "*Dead March*" in Saul, as the mourners advanced to take a last look into the deep grave. The Prince of Wales advanced first, and stood for one brief moment, with hands clasped, and bursting into a flood of tears he hid his face, and, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain, slowly left the chapel. Of the two, Prince Arthur seemed the more composed at the end of the ceremony, as if his unrestrained grief had worn itself out. All the mourners and those invited to the ceremony advanced in turn to take a farewell glance at the coffin, and not one looked down into the deep black aperture unmoved—none quitted the chapel without traces of deep and heartfelt sorrow.

THE ROYAL VAULT AND THE WREATHS FROM OSBORNE.

When all was over, and the last of the long, lingering train of mourners had departed, the attendants descended the entrance to the grave with lights. It is difficult without strong lights to pierce the intense gloom which always envelopes this last resting-place of Royalty. It is a very plain, wide, lofty stone vault, with a groined roof springing from stone columns. On either side, supported by these columns, are four tiers of marble shelves; in the centre are three very massive and wide slabs of marble, raised some two feet from the ground. The side shelves are destined for the members of the Royal family—the centre marble bier for the coffins of monarchs only. As the light slowly penetrates this dismal chamber, two purple coffins, looking almost black in the gloom, can be distinctly seen at the furthest end, brightly reflecting back the rays of light as the beams fall upon their richly gilded ornaments, which shine as though affixed but yesterday. These are the coffins of George III. and Queen Charlotte. Above their heads, but shining out warmly with a bright crimson glow, are the coffins of three of their children, who died young. At their feet, but some distance apart, and quite alone, lies the gorgeous coffin of George IV. On the centre slab, and nearest to the gates, the coffins of William IV. and Queen Adelaide rest side by side, the Queen being on the left. The light distinctly shows these coffins, and the velvet is as soft and rich, and the silver plates and handles as bright, as on the day when they were first laid there, many years ago. Not even dust seems to have soiled their funeral grandeur; and except a few stray bits of gravel on and around the centre plates, where the earth was

thrown at that solemn passage which commits the body to the ground, and tells how we are all alike before the sight of God, there is nothing to show that all the remains had not been carefully watched and tendered since the day of their interment. There are no coffins on the right side of the vault, but on the left are those of the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent, and the Duke of Cambridge. Strangely enough the coffin nearest to the gate is that of the Princess Charlotte of Wales. It is a crimson coffin, close in view, and, like the rest, as bright as that which, alas! has been so lately laid there. Along this passage we have described, the bier of the late Prince was wheeled till the foot of the coffin was at the gates of the Royal vault. There it remains, though it was not left to the gloom of its dark and narrow home until some dear memorials of love and fond regret from the bereaved Queen and children, whom he had so untimely left, were sorrowfully deposited by the Prince of Wales upon the coffin. Previous to the closing of the coffin, a wreath of flowers made by the Princess Alice was placed on the corpse, and a miniature of her Majesty placed in his hands. On Monday, a Queen's messenger brought from Osborn to Windsor three little wreaths and a bouquet. The wreaths were simple chaplets of moss and violets, wreathed by the three elder princesses—the bouquet of violets, with a white camelia in the centre, was sent by the widowed Queen. Between the heraldic insignia these last tributes from his widow and orphan daughters were laid upon the coffin—mementoes of domestic love and worth above all heraldry that ever was emblazoned. With this last act of grateful care the aperture to the royal vault was closed, and thus was Prince Albert, who has lived in honour and died in fame, buried in the most profound and deserved grief that has ever been evinced by any nation within the memory of living man.

Albert, Prince Consort.

December 14th, 1861.

How should the Princes die!

With red spur deep in maddening charger's flank,
Leading the rush that cleaves the foeman's rank,
And shouting some time-famous battle-cry!

Enjoying a pleasure day,

Joy's painted goblet fully drained and out,
While waiting vassals coldly stand about,
And in new homage which they long to pay!

So have the Princes died.

Never and happier far the fate that falls
On him who 'mid yon aged castle walls,
Hears, as e goes, the splash of Thames' tide.

Gallant, his natured, brave,

O, had he lot been cast in warrior days,
No noble knight had won the minstrel's praise
Than him for whom the half-reared banners wave.

Or, graced with gentler powers,

The song, the pencil, and the lyre his own,
Deigned he to live fair pleasure's thrall alone,
None had more lightly sped the laughing hours.

Better and nobler far

His, whom we eaned but yesterday,
His, ours no more, his, round whose sacred clay
The death-mute pages of the heralds wait.

It was too soon to die.

Yet, might we count, years by triumphs won,
By wise, and bold, and christian duties done,
It were no brief eventless history.

This was his princely thought.

With all his varied wisdom to repay
Our trust and love, which that bridal-day
The Daughter of the Isles for duty brought.

For that he loved our Queen,

And, for her sake, the people her love,
Few and far distant names shall link above
His own, where England's cherished ones are seen.

Could there be closer tie

'Twixt us, who, sorrowing, own a nation's debt
And Her, our own dear Lady, who as yet
Must meet her sudden woe with tearless eye;

When with a kind relief

Those eyes rain tears, O might this thought employ!
Him whom she loved we loved. We shared her joy,
And will not be denied to share her grief.—*Punch.*

Sketch of Prince Albert's Life and Character.

Prince Albert was born at Erenburg on the 26th of August, 1819. He was educated under his father's supervision at the castle, his master being selected from the College of Coburg. His mother died when he was scarcely eleven years old, and he was then sent to England for a while to the residence of his aunt, the Duchess of Kent, who was residing in strict seclusion at Kensington Palace, educating her daughter, Princess Victoria. The young Prince became the fellow-student of the Princess, his future wife. He remained about fifteen months in England, Kensington and Claremont being alternately his home. After his father's marriage with a Princess of Wurtemberg, Prince Albert returned to Erenburg. On the 3rd May, 1837, his elder brother, the present Duke Ernest, and he, entered the University of Bonn as *Studiosus Juris*, and among those who entered at the same time were the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Prince William of Lowenstein-Wertheim, the Hereditary Prince of Lippe-Schaumburg, and others. The two young Princes of Saxe-Coburg lodged at the house of Dr. Bischof, a medical professor, a modest house near the University, occupying one side of a piece of ground near the cathedral. The Prince's private tutor was Geheimrath (Privy Councillor) Florshutz, who was subsequently Minister at Coburg. Prince Albert's character was that of an earnest and painstaking student. A contemporary student of his says that his dinners were ordered from Schmidt's Hotel in Bonn, but were of the most temperate kind; and that though he and his brother gave costly entertainments to their fellow-students, they themselves lived a very frugal and abstemious life. Prince Albert chiefly studied jurisprudence and history. Music and painting he also cultivated in his intervals of leisure. He had learned music when a boy, of the well-known Dr. Breidenstein, and was reputed to be a proficient in the divine art even before he entered the University. His skill in painting may be estimated by the fact that a picture of his, "The Savoyard Minstrel Boy," painted during his student life, is one of the most prized in the Queen's collection. During his residence at Bonn, Prince Albert cultivated the acquaintance of the greatest philosophers and scholars in the University. His greatest friends were Count Beust and Professor Welcker; but to his great honour he sought the society of the illustrious Schlegel, who thought highly of him, and his amiable and unassuming manners so endeared him to the doctor, that the Professor, who detested "princelings," was glad to receive the young Prince Albert. Prince Albert's chief diversions were athletic exercises and the sports of the field, in which he excelled. His attendant on his shooting excursions was one Peter Stamm, who, besides being a guide, was a well-to-do hotel keeper, in a town near Bonn. This worthy old man, long after the Prince had left "college," used to cry from joy when any English traveller spoke of his Royal Highness; he would talk of his exploits, his affability, his charity, by the hour, and he would show the visitor three portraits on the walls of his sitting-room—those of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the present Duke, and the Prince Albert, the latter being the most prized of all, for eye-witnesses have recorded that the old man shed tears when he pointed it out to them. Prince Albert left college after residing during three academical seasons (terms)—namely, in September, 1838. The people of Bonn were greatly grieved at his departure, for his charities to the poor had been unbounded; and it may be added that he and his elder brother, Duke Ernest, published a volume of poems, with music and illustrations, during their academical residence, for the benefit of the poor of Bonn. In 1840, as soon as the marriage of his Royal Highness with the Queen of Great Britain was made known, nothing could exceed the joy of the worthy Teutonic professors. On the 28th of January he was admitted (in his absence) to the degree of doctor of laws, and a most complimentary address was forwarded to him, signed by all the professors of law and history. Likewise, one of the professors, said to be the first scholar in Bonn, sent the bridegroom a most astonishing Latin "Epithalamium," in which Cytherea is made to reproach the young Queen of England for her resistance to the influence of love, then to smite her with the unerring arrow of Cupid, &c. We have seen that the Prince Albert of

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.

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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 gave 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.

praise, nor affect to censure, but I think it becomes us to let his voice, wherever we ourselves can speak, be so heard and to let his light so shine that others, seeing his good works, may glorify our Father who is in Heaven. From so lofty a position as that which he occupied, vast influence must necessarily descend. Our very first and deep regret must be for that illustrious personage thus bereaved of an adviser, a counsellor, a guide possessed of remarkable sagacity and tact and practical wisdom. For Her Majesty we prayed together last Sunday most fervently; for her we will pray still, not merely with the cold formalism of subjects, but with the loyalty of Britons, with the love of Christians, and with that deep and earnest sympathy which we all feel towards that illustrious lady who is as popular as she is good, and who has only to express the word and there is not a sword that would not leap from the scabbard to defend her, or a heart in England that would not brave and bear and risk and dare all peril, in order to shelter and honour her. But our regrets are very much mitigated by recollecting the admirable example which the illustrious Prince who is gone has bequeathed to us after him. During the 22 years he spent as the husband of the Queen, the blamelessness of his life, the warmth, and yet unostentatious warmth, of his attachment to the Queen, the delicacy with which he occupied the most delicate and difficult position—namely, that of the second personage in the empire, the good counsels as far as Queen could ask or he give, the deep, the reverent, and respectful affection which he bore to the Queen—an affection that faltered not in the worst and wearied not in the best of times—remind one of those beautiful lines of Mrs. Barrett Browning, addressed to Prince Albert on marrying the Queen :—

“ Hold that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring ;
And count her uncrowned womanhood to be the Royal thing.”

That Prince Albert did I am sure—if of anything on earth. And as husband of our Queen, being dead, he speaketh to every husband now present; and I am sure I neither flatter nor indulge in eulogy when I say, “ Go thou and, in thy sphere, do likewise.” Let us look at him, again, as the father of that interesting family, those boys, for such they still are, growing up to manhood, in the midst of whom, in perfect health, I saw him only a few months ago on the banks of the Dee. View him as the father of those sons, and of that son especially who has now come out of obscurity into greater prominence, and must one day sway the sceptre of these Imperial realms. From all I can gather, and I have conversed with those who are competent to testify and give evidence of facts—from all I can gather, these sons have been reared in wisdom, with consideration, with rare tact, with exquisite common sense; and in every respect he has, as the father of his family, set a precedent for the fathers of England. If I might allude especially to the education of the Prince of Wales, he was, you will remember, sent first to study at the University of Edinburgh, next to the University of Oxford, next to the University of Cambridge, that he might thus acquire a breadth of thought, a liberality of thinking, and might at the same time, by such a remarkable distribution of his studies, convey a kind yet delicate compliment to nations that under one Imperial sceptre are sometimes jealous of each other. He was also, you will recollect, sent to travel in the United States. That was a good lesson. He has learned there to appreciate more profoundly that limited monarchy which, I think, is the glory of our nation and our people, as contrasted with the fierce democracy of Republicanism.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO CANADA.

Then he visited very recently—and all this, I believe, was the inspiration of the Prince Consort—he visited very recently the Canadas. What a happy event was that! One of the Canadas was thought to be a little wavering; speaking the French language, their sympathies, it was supposed, were not wholly or perfectly English. The Prince of Wales visited the Canadas, and the enthusiastic loyalty by which he was greeted as the eldest son of our beloved Queen found eloquent expression in every newspaper, and especially in those reports and statements that were transmitted to *The Times* newspaper, and which we all read with so much interest. And the probability is that the Canadas—to which the gallant Guards have recently gone, for whom we pray that they may come back safe and unscathed—the probability is, if war should break out the Canadas would show themselves more attached to England in 1861 than they would have done before the Prince of Wales paid them that visit.

THE PRINCE AS A FATHER, A PHILANTHROPIST, AND A LANDLORD.

Why do I state these things? Because I am given to understand that these steps were taken on the particular suggestion of the Prince Consort as well as of the Queen. In the education of his sons I see a precedent set by the Prince Consort worthy of all praise. Then, it is in these two aspects, the husband and the father, that we see the happy home. The home of our Queen may be a palace, but it is still home, and I am given to understand, having conversed with

some who can speak with authority, that it is a model English home. No words of mine can express the moral, political, social, national weight of that fact. A pure English home is a little country, and our country is simply a great home, and what the homes of a people are the country of a people must necessarily become. Again, if we look at the character of his Royal Highness as interested in the well-being of the labouring classes we have a very remarkable precedent for imitation. It is a great mistake that the noblest and the highest lose influence or part with power when they descend to instruct, to benefit, and to be useful to the poor. Never do they so gain. Why are the aristocracy of this country so popular? Because they throw themselves to a great extent into all the interests and currents and influences that are making and moulding the country, and showing that they are Christians and Englishmen as well as peers. Prince Albert was an eminent illustration of this. I recollect perfectly well his speaking in Freemasons' hall at a meeting of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, and I was amazingly struck with the strong good sense, the warm and earnest sympathy, the gentleness of heart, and the practical wisdom he exhibited on that occasion. I am told that his farms in England are models, and his attention to his tenants beyond all praise. On the Dee side I have seen the cottages which he and our Most Gracious Queen constructed there, and as long as they reflect the suns that set behind dark Lochnagar, so long will those cottages testify to his good sense, his kindness as a landlord, his practical appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of his station. And what shows that the people appreciate all this, as one of my own elders told me yesterday, is that in conversing with the head of one of the largest drapery establishments in the world, perhaps, he said “ The poor people are coming in crowds to buy mourning; they will have good mourning; they will be satisfied with nothing but the best;” showing the great sacrifices they are prepared to make in order to testify their regard for the Prince who has gone. This is one of those traits which, if it could be known in a palace, would be received as most precious, because the unbought but costly sacrifice of the labouring poor.

THE PRINCE AS A PROMOTER OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Then, again, I need not say that as a patron of the Arts and Sciences, the character, conduct, and career of the Prince Consort has been most conspicuous. The arts beautify, they don't support; they are the capital of the column; they are not its foundation; but, wherever Christianity has flourished in its purity, there the arts,—painting, poetry, science, literature,—have all flourished also. The Great Exhibition of 1851, I am told, was his idea. The original idea was that the Crystal Palace was to be, as it were, a mart, to show what England had done; and it was his suggestion that it should not be sectarian but catholic, not national but universal. He, too, I am told, originated the Great Exhibition for 1862. But that has lost a mighty attraction. We shall not be able to look on its beauty and splendour without seeing the shadow of one who was expected to be present to take the chief part. The very appearance of that exquisite and beautiful structure will be suggestive of a loss to science, a loss to the arts, a loss to the country—a loss that we all earnestly and deeply deplore.

THE PRINCE CONSORT AS A CHRISTIAN.

Then lastly I would notice his character as a Christian. I have every reason to believe, from the information I have received, that he did love those everlasting, those distinctive precious truths which lie at the foundation of a beggar's hope, and out of the reach of which a prince cannot be saved. It is not very long ago that it was my duty to occupy the pulpit in Crathie Church, and in the royal pew were Her Most Gracious Majesty, Prince Albert, and the children of the Royal family. I never saw listeners more intensely attentive, and I know from letters in my possession that the truths uttered were deeply appreciated; and I cannot but believe God's promise,—my word shall not return unto me void.

Her Majesty has lost one link that bound her to an earthly crown, and she has gained one link more to unite her to a crown of glory that fadeth not away. You have often heard me say, I don't believe in chance or accident. I believe every event has a mission, and for every event, however startling or painful, depend upon it there was a needs-be, or it would not have been. His Royal Highness had crowded into a few years more practical usefulness to his country than many have crowded in many years. He had finished his work; and each of us, you may depend upon it, is immortal till God Almighty has nothing more for us to do. Many of you are old enough to recollect the Princess Charlotte and her dead babe gathered together in the same tomb. That was thought at the time a shock, a disaster that no language could express and no time exhaust. But would any now, would any subject of Queen Victoria wish at this day it had been otherwise? If the Princess Charlotte and her infant had lived England would have been England, but it

would not have been the England it now is. What we know not now we shall know hereafter. I have heard, and state it to you as true, that under the shadow of this great loss, in which a Palace is disenchanted of all its beauty and the Throne of all its lustre, the mind of our Queen is now what it ever has been,—strong, vigorous, perfectly possessed, and her broken heart as much interested in our country's good as when, with bounding heart, she stood by the altar and pledged her troth to Prince Albert. Dr. Cumming concluded with some practical remarks. In the evening he preached on the "Blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord."

"All flesh is as grass."

A SERMON BY THE LORD BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

From a sermon preached on Sunday, January 5th, in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, by the Lord Bishop of Montreal, we make the following extracts.

In that lone hour and desolate,
Who could endure a crown? But He,
Who singly bore the world's sad weight,
Is near to whisper, "Lean on Me:
"Thy days of toil, thy nights of care,
"Sad lonely dreams in crowded hall
"Darkest within, while pageants glare
"Around—the cross supports them all."—*Christian Year.*

"For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: But the word of the Lord endureth forever."—1 Peter i. 24, 25.

These words of the Apostle are almost an exact quotation from 40th chapter of Isaiah, where the prophet, at the command of the Lord, describes the promulgation of the Gospel and the voice of its fore-runner: "All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever." Such is the judgment—the description given in the Scriptures. In the Wisdom of Solomon we have the same declaration respecting the fleeting nature of all that appertaineth to man in this world: and how vain it is to place any confidence in them: "What hath pride profited us, (he asks) or what good hath riches with our vaunting brought us? All those things are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that hasted by (and having further compared them to the swift passage of a ship over the waters, a bird or an arrow through the air, the traces of which are lost as soon as made) even so in like manner (he continues) as soon as we were born began to draw to our end." And when that comes what have we to show.

BISHOP HORNE ON THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

That time passes onward is a truth we all acknowledge; and during the last few days, we have entered upon a fresh year of this world's account. * * * Bishop Horne (so well known from his beautiful Commentary on the book of Psalms) in a sermon preached by him nearly 100 years ago, 'On the death of the old year,' says, "That day draws on apace. For not only friends die, and years expire, and we ourselves shall do the same, but the world itself approaches to its end. It likewise must die. Once already it has suffered a watery death: it is to be destroyed a second time by fire. A celebrated author having in his writings followed it through all its changes from the creation to the consummation, describes the eruption of this fire and the progress it is to make, with the final and utter devastation to be effected by it, when all sublunary nature shall be overwhelmed and sunk into a molten deluge. In this situation of things he stands (in imagination) over the world, as if he had been the only survivor, and pronounces its funeral oration in a strain of sublimity scarce ever equalled by mere man:—

"Let us reflect upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. How, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing! All that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated, or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their imperial cities; their pillars, trophies, and their monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the conqueror's name. What, remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you discern in the mass of fire? Rome itself—eternal Rome—the empress of the ancient world,—what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous; she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit as a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour

came, and she was wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlasting oblivion. But not cities only, and the works of men's hands—the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere to be found. Here stood the Alps, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea: this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds; there was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia; and yonder, towards the north, stood the Ripean hills, clo'ed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads!—Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." * * *

THE WISE, THE GREAT, AND THE NOBLE DEAD.

Bishop Taylor in his excellent work on "Holy Dying," tells us that in the same most sumptuous palace, 'the Escorial,' where the Spanish Princes live in greatness and power, and decree war and peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and in the same place (Westminster Abbey) where our own sovereigns have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred; and they must walk over the buried dust of their forefathers to take their crown. There is a spot sown with Royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men."

But, at the present time, we surely have no need to be taught this lesson by memorials of departed greatness in the cemetery of the Escorial or beneath the venerable roof of Westminster Abbey. The whole empire of England is now mourning for the loss of one, who, so lately in possession of all the accidents of worldly greatness, and in the full exercise of all the high talent with which he was endowed, has thus afforded us a most striking commentary on these words of Scripture: "All flesh is as grass: and all the glory of man as the flower of grass: The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." The husband of our Queen, the late Prince Consort, just in the prime of life, full of active energy, nobly fulfilling all the various duties of his station, has suddenly been hurried out of this world: when we might have been naturally calculating upon a long course of usefulness before him, and imagined that his allotted task, the work of his life on earth, was only just culminating to its meridian. "So inscrutable are the judgments of God; and his ways past finding out." * * *

THE PRINCE AS A WISE AND PRUDENT COUNSELLOR.

I shall not now attempt any detailed description of the character of the departed Prince. The loss of so wise and prudent a statesman, so judicious an adviser of the Sovereign, one who, himself keeping aloof from all party political strife, had free access to the Royal ear at all times, and who was always at hand ready to assist with his manly wisdom and support with his vigorous aid, that imperial Crown, the reflected lustre of which rested on his own ennobled brow, this loss can scarcely yet be appreciated by the empire at large; because devoid of all low and vulgar ambition, he never obtruded his actions on the notice of the public; but it was contended, if only wise counsels prevailed, that his influence should unperceived affect the mainspring of power; conscious that he himself must ever be identified, in closest union, with England's glory and her greatness.*

THE SERENE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE ROYAL PAIR.

But there is another aspect in which to look upon this sad visitation; it strikes another chord, which draws forth at once a full response from the throbbing heart of every subject in the empire. Whatever might be the disturbing cares necessarily attendant upon royalty; whatever the weight with which the imperial diadem pressed upon the fair brow of our beloved Queen, it was ever the joy and pride of all her people of every creed, race, or degree, that whether she was wandering with freedom among the wild glens and mountains of Scotland, enjoying the quiet seclusion of Osborne, holding her high court amid the stately halls of her ancestral palace at Windsor, or mingling in the crowded and busy scenes of her capital, yet that always and everywhere, in the inner circle of her home, her cup overflowed with the fulness of domestic love and peace.

UNIVERSAL SORROW FOR THE NATIONAL LOSS.

Yes, much as we may hereafter, on public grounds, lament the loss we have sustained as a nation, yet the first spontaneous out-

* In a letter dated London, Dec. 23rd, Mr. Thurlow Weed, Editor of the Albany Evening Journal, writes as follows: "I am enabled to say on reliable authority, that the last use the Prince Consort made of his pen, was at the Queen's request, to soften the Despatch sent to Lord Lyons."—*Ed. J. of Ed.*

burst of grief has everywhere been called forth, by deep and true sympathy with the widowed Queen. In every public newspaper the same feeling is manifested;* and also in every private letter—of which I have received several from different parts of England, one from the wife of a clergyman in a little country village, who says, "Nothing can be more striking than the deep sorrow everywhere felt for the Queen, even here in this remote village; all the people into whose houses I happened to go yesterday were talking of nothing else."†

CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION OF THE QUEEN AND HER CHILDREN.

Most truly, our beloved Queen has had brought home to herself, in her own severe trial, the vanity of all created things; and as far as we can yet learn, she has submitted to the visitation in no weak or repining spirit. To one who spoke to her of resignation, we are informed that her Majesty replied through her tears, "I suppose I must not fret too much; many poor women have to go through the same trials." She felt then that she had no reason to expect that she should have any immunity assured to her: or that sovereigns were exempt from the sorrows and sufferings incident to human nature. For death can find an entrance as easily into the palace of the king, as into the cottage of the peasant. The sentence is passed upon all alike: "All flesh is as grass." Her noble husband, however, had been spared to her, till, by God's mercy, he had accomplished no trivial or unimportant work. He had not been merely the sharer in the pleasures or the pageants of the royal court; he had carefully employed his strong good sense and practical wisdom, in training up and forming the minds and characters of those children with which God had blessed their marriage, and from whose future conduct so much of good or evil must result to this great empire: and in this sacred labour of love the Queen was no ineffective assistant. And one noble-minded daughter, at least, was with her during all that trying time, who was old enough, and able and ready to be the ministering spirit to the dying father, and the stay and support of the weeping mother.‡ And it must have been a most deeply touching and instructive, but heroic act, when, in the first moments of her widowhood, the Sovereign of the British Empire, and the mother of the deceased Prince's children, strong in the conviction of past parental duties piously fulfilled, pressing back for the time the feelings of the wife and the woman into the depths of her bereaved heart, called, as we have been told she did, "her children around her at that trying and awful moment, and, invoking a blessing on their heads, prayed that they might obtain strength and wisdom to assist her in doing her duty to them and the country over which it hath pleased Providence to place her as supreme ruler. The burden of that solemn ejaculation and counsel must have fallen on the heart of the youthful Prince, whom we so lately were rejoicing to see amongst us, and on whom, in the course of nature, will devolve the government of the kingdom, when his Royal mother's reign shall have drawn to a close. He now stands in the place of a husband to this widowed parent." But not only he—will not the whole empire, with one heart, yearn to do its best to supply her mighty loss? And shall not we all, with more earnestness and sincerity than ever, commend her in our prayers to our Heavenly Father, "the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, that He will be pleased to rule her heart in His faith, fear, and love; and to be her defender and keeper, giving her the victory over all her enemies?"

* The London *Advertiser* says: "It is the deep prevailing love for the Queen, and the full appreciation of the magnitude of her loss, which have elicited such a universal manifestation. From one end of London to the other—in the most open squares and streets, and in the darkest and most difficultly-discovered back alleys and courts—a gloom and oppression, a melancholy which can scarcely be described, was painfully but distinctly evident. It was not the almost universal adoption of mourning apparel—it was not the closing of nearly all the shops—it was not the sort of "Sunday look" that the people who paced the streets wore,—there was something deeper than the outside show of grief, a something which all felt but few could depict; a something holy and pure, which will mark out the day of the Prince Consort's funeral with a white stone in the annals of England, as a day on which the English people—the lofty and the lowly—grieved in sacred sympathy with their Queen; a day in which the best feelings of a nation were evoked; a day in which that broad-chested, loud-laughing Briton bowed his head in sorrow, and evinced a true and humble sense of a national affliction. The grief which was manifested was a true grief. It was not a sulky silence—it was a heartfelt sorrow, which expressed itself in the sad and mournful countenances of nearly all one met. What wonder that—and indeed throughout the length and breadth of the land, in lordly mansions and in peasant's hut—one deep, one all-pervading feeling of grief should manifest itself!"—*Ed. J. of Ed.*

† Another friend writes: "We are all so unhappy at the Prince's death—for the poor Queen especially; it is most deplorable: it seems to excite the same feeling in every one, as was demonstrated on the death of the Princess Charlotte. The dean told us he was about to preach on Sunday, the 15th, at the Cathedral, on the uncertainty of life: not knowing what had occurred at Windsor the night before; when just as he was going up to the pulpit he had a paper put into his hand from the Mayor, telling him of it. At the conclusion of his sermon, he informed the congregation that the Prince was dead; and he said he never saw anything like the effect produced: some jumped up, others cried, and it had some striking effect on all."

‡ The London *Morning Post* tells us that "previous to the closing of the coffin containing the remains of the Prince Consort, a wreath of flowers made by the Princess Alice was placed on the corpse, and a miniature of the Queen placed in his hands."

DEVOTION OF BRITONS AND CANADIANS TO THEIR MONARCHIAL INSTITUTIONS.

Yes! never, I believe in the annals of her history, was there a time when the people of England were more satisfied with their political system; and never could it be said with more truth, that in the affection and love, and all the finest and deepest feelings of our nature, the Queen of England may rely with confidence on her people, as her husband. They have ever been ready to rejoice with her in her joys; they are now one with her in this her deep sorrow; and will ever be one with her, whatever burden or heat of the day she may be called to bear. And happy is it for any people when such is the case! Happy is it for us here in Canada, where the country has so thriven and prospered under her benignant rule; happy is it, in these days of perplexity, when we hear such rumours of war, and men's minds are so filled with many an anxious thought that on this question of loyalty to our Queen and love for her person, and sympathy with her in her sorrow, there is no uncertain sound. God grant that we may never become subjected to all the stern relatives of war. In itself, war must ever involve many consequences which cannot but be contrary to the principles of humanity and the spirit of the Gospel; and will embitter, for years to come, all future relations between ourselves and those with whom we ought to live in amity and close alliance. But the only war which now threatens to disturb us, will be on our part a war of defence, defence of our county, our altars and our homes. No war of aggression has ever for a moment been contemplated by those in authority over us. Unjust wars—wars prompted by ambition, or for the purpose of spoliation are amongst the greatest of iniquities: "but a just and defensive war is the last and greatest appeal to the God of truth." If this shall unhappily, from any circumstances, be ever forced upon us, I trust that there will be no craven or recreant hearts amongst us; but Canada will nobly respond to the call of our Queen in her hour of necessity—and commit the issue of the battle in all confidence to the Great Ruler of the World. But of this we may be certain, that if we desire peace, the best assurance that we shall be able to preserve it, is to be ever ready and prepared for the terrible alternative of war. But does not the very mention of such events, as a possible contingency, suggest another most opposite commentary on the words of the text? Who can presume to foretell what shall be the issues of the morrow; and what assurance have we of any fixity of tenure in anything we now enjoy, whether as a nation or as individuals? Even

"The smile of hope, the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure,"—

how soon may all be changed—as our beloved Queen has been so painfully and unexpectedly taught—"the Word of the Lord, that alone endureth for ever."

Religious Views of the late Prince.

There are other sources of consolation which cannot fail to sustain and to solace the Queen in this season of overwhelming affliction, more and better than even a nation's sympathy. She has the higher and holier consolation, in the presence of the appalling calamity with which it has pleased Providence to visit her, of knowing that for a considerable time before he was visited with that sickness which proved unto death, that the Prince Consort's mind had been occupied with the momentous interests of that eternal world into which he has been so suddenly ushered. It is a gratifying fact, also, that the Prince Consort—not once or twice merely, but often—repeated when on his dying bed one of the best and most beautiful hymns to be met with in the varied and extensive collection of sacred songs, which is one of the greatest characteristics of our evangelical theology. The hymn, written by Toplady, which was so dear to the dying Prince, is the well-known hymn which begins with the lines:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the perfect cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

We can further state from the best authority, that for some time past the late Prince Consort had expressed, with a special emphasis, his approval of evangelical preaching in its most experimental and searching forms.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

At what particular time, or under what particular circumstances, the religious views of the Prince had taken this more decided shape,

we are not in a position to say. But it is not improbable that the very decided religious change which the mind of the Princess Royal underwent very shortly before her marriage, may have largely contributed to it.

This change of mind on the part of the Princess Royal was the result of reading a small publication by the late Adolphe Monod, of Paris, which had been put into her hands by a lady, whom it would not be right to name; and the change so produced was so decided as to be observable by all around her. What her religious views were after the happy transformation had taken place may be inferred from the fact that during the last time she was at Balmoral, just before her marriage, she devoted several hours every day to visiting the sick and the dying among the poor of the neighbourhood, and in distributing the tracts of the Religious Tract Society—tracts, we need not say, which are of the most practical and evangelical that ever proceeded from uninspired pens. But whatever may have been the agencies by which the late Prince Consort was led to adopt those evangelical principles which seem to have been to him the source of so much delight in his later years, and which were so dear to him when he was hourly expecting the closing scene, it must, now that he has been summoned to another sphere, be the source of overflowing and unfeeling consolation to his widowed Queen that his mind had been deeply occupied with thoughts so solemn and so suitable, in the contemplation of the new and untried state of being on which he was on the eve of entering.—*Morning Advertiser*.

Additional Verses to the "National Anthem."

The following additions to the National Anthem, by the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., were sung on the evening after the Prince's death, at the weekly meeting of the working classes, held at Surrey Chapel, London. The immense assembly joined with evident and deep emotion in the chorus of each verse:

OUR Royal widow bless!
God guard the fatherless!
God save the Queen!
Shield them with loving care,
Their mighty grief we share,
Lord, hear the people's prayer,
God save the Queen!

In this our Nation's need,
With Thee we humbly plead!
God bless our Queen!
Her life woe sanctify,
Her loss untold supply,
Thyself be ever nigh
To save our Queen!

A correspondent of the *Cobourg Star* also contributes the following additional verses:

God of the fatherless,
Our youthful Princes bless,
Guide them with care;
Them from all ill defend,
On them each blessing send,
Be Thou their Father—Friend,
O! Hear our prayer!

Comfort the widow's heart,
Strength from on high impart,
Comfort our Queen!
Be Thou Her Strength by day,
By night her grief allay,
Cheer Thou Her lonely way,
God save our Queen!

Biographical Sketches.

No. 1.—THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES GRAHAM, M.P.

The late Sir James Robert George Graham was the eldest son of Sir James, the first baronet, by Lady Catherine Stewart, the eldest daughter of the seventh Earl of Galloway, and was born 12th June, 1792, consequently he was in his 69th year. He married, in July, 1819, Fanny Callender, youngest daughter of Sir James Campbell of Ardinglass, by which lady, who died in 1857, he leaves issue Frederick Uline (married to the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset), and several other sons; and among his daughters, two are married, one to the Hon. E. Duncombe, M.P., and the other to Colonel Baring.

The hon. baronet represented Hull in Parliament from 1818 to 1820. In April, 1824, he succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his father, and two years afterwards he was returned for Carlisle on whig principles. His abilities soon became apparent after he entered the House of Commons, and he was deemed a great acquisition to the whigs. In 1830 he was elected representative for the county, and was one of the most strenuous and zealous advocates for the Reform Bill, as he had previously been for the repeal of the Test Act, and for Catholic Emancipation. On the formation of Earl Grey's administration his talents were so much appreciated, especially in mastering details, that without official experience he was placed at the head of the Board of Admiralty as first lord, and had a seat in the cabinet. After the Reform Bill, in 1832, he was elected for the eastern division of the county of Cumberland, which he represented up to 1837. In May, 1834, dissensions in Earl Grey's cabinet arose on the Irish church question, which led to the retirement of Sir James Graham, together with Lord Stanley (now Earl of Derby), the late Duke of Richmond, and the late Earl of Ripon. On Sir Robert Peel coming into power, Sir James Graham was sought to join the administration, but he and the other members of the "Derby dilly" declined to join the ministry, and publicly stated at the hustings that he had no confidence in Sir Robert's administration, which he subsequently supported by his votes in parliament. At the general election in 1837 he had the mortification of being rejected by his former constituents, and remained out of the House of Commons until the following session when he was elected for Pembroke. In 1841 he was elected for Dorchester. That year, on the late Sir Robert Peel being called upon to form a ministry, Sir James Graham took office under that illustrious statesman as Secretary of State for the Home Department, an office he held until the dissolution of the government in June, 1846. During his tenure of office under Sir Robert Peel he was one of the ablest supporters of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and of the new commercial policy which that eminent statesman and his political friends inaugurated. From 1847 to 1852 he was representative for the borough of Ripon, when in the latter year he was elected for Carlisle, which city he has since sat for in the House of Commons. On the Earl of Aberdeen coming into power as First Lord of the Treasury, in December, 1852, Sir James was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty. He remained with the Earl's ministry till the

vote on Mr. Roebuck's motion, "That a select committee be appointed to inquire into the condition of our army before Sebastapol, and into those departments of the government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of the army." From that period he has not sought official employment, although he was offered office on the formation of the present ministry. The late baronet was a D.C.L. of Cambridge, elected in 1835, and was Lord Rector of Glasgow University in 1840. He is succeeded in the baronetcy and estates by his eldest son, Frederick, who was born 2nd April, 1820, and married, in October, 1852, to Lady Hermoine St. Maur, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset. The present baronet was attached to the embassy at Vienna in 1842, and subsequently entered the 1st Life Guards.—*Daily News*.

Papers on Practical Education.

SUAVITER IN MODO, FORTITER IN RE.*

Every one acquainted with the teaching and management of children, will readily acknowledge that the above motto contains an important maxim with respect to education and discipline. It is comparatively an easy matter for the teacher to win over children, so that they will be perfectly free from restraint when in his presence. This any teacher, whatever his attainments may be, may easily effect, by giving his pupils considerable license, and by unbending freely in his intercourse with them. This is a course which of late years it has been fashionable to recommend, admire, and praise. But it is one attended with danger, especially when carried to anything like excess. It is the boast of some schools that their discipline is of the mildest possible form; but by what means order and industry are produced and fostered in the pupils of such schools is a matter which is generally not very explicitly stated. . . . Young teachers may sometimes be met with who seem to think that there cannot be too much of the *suaviter*, and who, in carrying out their notions on this point, act childishly rather than child-like. And what is the consequence? Why, that such teachers lose that respect in which they ought always to be held by their pupils, and cease entirely to exercise over them, by their manners, any salutary disciplinary influence. We believe we shall not be accused of exaggeration, when we say that faults of this kind are sometimes to be met with in some of our less experienced teachers. We hint at them—we need hardly say—not in a carping or fault-finding spirit,—but with a desire to see them amended. When we reflect on the duties and the difficulties of the teacher's position, and the peculiar qualifications necessary to enable him to fulfil the one and to overcome the other, we may well exclaim with the apostle, "Who is sufficient for these things?" We are aware, too, that faults of the kind which we are now alluding to, are quite compatible with a sweet and amiable disposition, and, in fact, are often found associated with such a disposition. The individual guilty of them may have all the lily's beauty, but he wants the cedar's strength. What makes the

* This literally means:—Sweetly or pleasantly in manner; but vigorously, or firmly in action, deed, or execution.

efficient and useful teacher, however, is the union in the same person of the *sauviter in modo* and *fortiter in re*. It is true that this is a cardinal qualification in the teacher that he should love children; that he should be happy in the midst of them; and, especially if a teacher of the poorer classes, that he should not be repelled by their rudeness of manners, should not feel discouraged by their ignorance, harrassed by their blunders, nor teased and annoyed by their questions. He should have a heart which can sympathise with the ingenuous innocence which he will find light up the countenances of some, at least, of his pupils. He should also be capable of contemplating, in a Christian spirit, the troubles incident to them, the sufferings they endure, the temptations which surround them, the dangers which threaten them. It is right, we say, that the teacher should be cognisant with such facts as these, and should cultivate such a disposition as would enable him feelingly to appreciate them. Still, with all this, we hold that the teacher must be very careful to maintain his authority. Great friendliness of manner and serenity of temper in the teacher are like sweetmeats to the children—very agreeable; but a proper degree of firmness and vigour is the seasoning which preserves the fruit from spoiling, and renders it wholesome and nourishing. The experienced teacher knows, that though he may occasionally unbend, and say a pleasant or funny thing to the children, it will not do to allow them to do the same, and to take liberties with him; and he will carefully repress any approach to anything of the kind on their parts. Children quite understand when they are told, in a certain tone, "that it is not right; you must not do so."

By continual loud talking, scolding, and threatening, many parents, and perhaps some teachers too, lose their authority over the children. To those who think that discipline cannot be of too mild a form, we should suggest the consideration of the following sentences of Luther's:—"Our boys should be educated strictly and firmly, not triflingly and playfully, as some do. They should be taught to do with little—without luxuries or superfluities of any kind; to love work, to bear fatigue, to shrink from no necessary labour; all which they will most probably find useful in their everyday life. The virtues in which we ought to train them are, the fear of God, industry, love of country, moderation, courage, and modesty. With such weapons, they are equipped for whatever conflict they may have to encounter, for they will thus have 'a sound mind in a sound body.'"—*English Journal of Education.*

EDUCATIONAL CALENDAR, 1862.

1862.	SUNDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
JANUARY ..	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
FEBRUARY ..	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	
MARCH ..	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					
APRIL ..	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30			
MAY ..	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
JUNE ..	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					

1862.	SUNDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.
JULY	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
AUGUST	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	31						
SEPTEMBER	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30				
OCTOBER	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
NOVEMBER	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
DECEMBER	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			

Miscellaneous.

"WAITING FOR AN ANSWER."

A late number of *Punch* has peculiar interest. Its principal feature is a fine engraving of Britannia, looking over the sea, in a sad yet stern mood; her arms by her side all ready; her hand on a lanyard, ready to fire off a cannon, pointing at America. Underneath is a single line,— "Waiting for an answer." On the opposite page are the following powerful lines, which undoubtedly well reflect the feeling of the British nation:

Britannia waits an answer. Sad and stern,
Her weapons ready, but unsheathed they lie;
In her deep eye suppressed, the lightnings burn,
Still the war signal waits her word to fly.

Wrong has been done that flag whose stainless folds
Have carried freedom wheresoe'er they flew;
She knows sharp words fit slaves and shrewish scolds,
She but bids those who can, that wrong undo!

She has been patient; will be patient still.
Who more than she knows war, its curse and woe!
Harsh words, scant courtesy, loud mouthed ill-will
She meets, as rock meets ocean's fretful flow.

All wars she knows drags horrors in its train,
Whatever the foes, the cause for which they stand;
But worst of all the war that leaves the stain
Of brother's blood upon a brother's hand.

The war that brings two mighty powers in shock,
Powers 'tween whom fair commerce shared her crown
By kinship knit, and interest's golden lock—
One blood, one speech, one past of old renown.

All this she feels, and therefore sad of cheer,
She waits an answer from across the sea:
Yet hath her sadness no alloy of fear,
No thought to count the cost, what it may be.

Dishonour hath no equipoise in gold,
No equipoise in blood, in loss, in pain:
Till they whom force has ta'en from 'neath the fold
Of her proud flag, stand 'neath its fold again.

She was in arms; and in her cause is safe;
Not fearing war, yet hoping peace the end,
Nor heeding those her mood who'd check or chafe;
The right she seeks—the right God will defend!

Educational Intelligence.

— TRINITY COLLEGE CONVOCATION.—The annual convocation of the University of Trinity College was held in the hall appropriated for that purpose. There was a large attendance of the friends of the institution, including many ladies. The Hon Sir J. B. Robinson, Bart., Chancellor of the University, presided; on his right sat the Hon. and Rt. Revd. the Lord Bishop of Toronto, and the Ven. the Archdeacon of York; and on his left, the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Provost of the University. The following degrees were conferred: B. A.—Lewis Hamilton Evans, Richard Harrison, Thomas William Allen, Gustavus Alexander Anderson, John Gilbert Armstrong, Henry Brent, George Armstrong Bull, William Logan, Henry Edward Plees, Elam Rush Stimson, John Wilson, John Bell Worrell, James Henry Ball, Elmes Henderson, John Edward Kennedy, Charles Albert Mittleberger. M.A.—Richard Sanders, Donald Ion Forbes McLeod, William Fleming, Ephraim Patterson. M.D. *ad eundem*.—Beverly R. Morris, Trinity College, Dublin. M.A. *ad eundem*.—Edward Henry Dewar, Exeter College, Oxford. The following students were matriculated:—Robert Henderson, first foundation scholar; Frederick Bethune, Cameron scholar; Thomas Smith Kennedy, second foundation scholar; George Frederick Harman, third foundation scholar; John Hamilton Jessup, fourth foundation scholar; John Robinson Cartwright, Richard Cleary, Hugh Cowper, Samuel Bruce Harman, Kearney Leonard Jones, Daniel George MacMartin, Donald Sherwood, William Westney. Jonathan William Acres passed the

Matriculation examination in October, but was not present, having been matriculated on the 4th of that month.—The names of the following gentlemen were announced as prizemen in the June examination, 1861:—*Divinity Class*.—The Bishop's Prize: Bethune, Carruthers—*æq.* *Third Year*.—Prize in Classics: Evans, L., Harrison—*æq.* Prize in Geology and Practical Chemistry: Harrison. *Second Year*.—Prize in Classics: Jessup Prize in Geology: MacMartin. *First Year*.—Prize in Chemistry and Experimental Philosophy: Givins. The following prizes were also declared:—Dr. Bovell's medal for Essay on Natural Theology: Forneri. English Essay Prize: L. H. Evans. The Archdeacon of York's prize for English Verse: Trew. Dr. Fuller's Reading Prizes: Bethune, Carruthers. Mr. Forneri and Mr. Evans recited their essays, and Mr. Trew his poem, all being rewarded with loud rounds of applause. The proceedings of the Convocation were closed by the Bishop pronouncing the Benediction. The students then sang "God Save the Queen" with much spirit, after which three hearty cheers were given for the Queen, three for the Chancellor, three more for the Lord Bishop, and a final three for the ladies.—*Leader*.

— **QUEEN'S COLLEGE UNIVERSITY RIFLE CORPS.**—A meeting of the Students of the University of Queen's College was held on Saturday evening in the College buildings, and a good deal of enthusiasm was manifested in the volunteer movement. It was resolved to organize a Rifle Company, and 55 students at once enrolled themselves, and selected Mr. John May, captain, Mr. Robert Kincard, lieutenant, and M. C. Irwin, ensign, by acclamation. It is intended to fill up the company to 75, but as many of the students are absent spending the Christmas holidays at home, this will not be done till their return. At the close of the meeting three hearty cheers were given for the Queen.—*Kingston News*.

— **SCHOLARSHIP, QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON.**—A new scholarship has been placed in the hands of the senate of the University of Queen's College, Kingston, by the handsome donation, from John Watkins, Esq., of City of Kingston, of sixty dollars. The scholarship will be awarded this session.—

— **COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION OF COMMON SCHOOL PUPILS, IN WELLINGTON.**—The County Council having, with praiseworthy liberality, granted eighty dollars for the purchase of prize books for the Common Schools of each riding, a competitive examination of the pupils attending the schools of the North-Riding was held in Elora some months since; and the South-Riding examination took place in the Town-Hall here, on Thursday and Friday, December 5th and 6th, under the direction of the Local Board of Public Instruction. The examinations were conducted by the Rev. J. G. McGregor, Elora Grammar School; A. D. Fordyce, Esq., School Superintendent for the North-Riding; and J. Baikie, Esq., Head Master of the Central School, Galt. A majority of the members of the Board of Public Instruction were present at one or more of the sessions of examination. Many of the school teachers of the Riding were also present. About 232 common school pupils presented themselves for examination. The examination of the different classes was conducted with ability and impartiality by the examiners, the children evincing a healthy emulation, and the teachers no small interest in the success of the pupils of their respective schools. The County Warden, the Members of the Board of Public Instruction, and the Examiners, having assembled on the platform of the hall, the Rev. Mr. McGregor addressed the assembly at some length, contrasting the present condition of the town with that it held a few years since, in a material, a social, and an educational aspect; marking the rapid progress made, tendering sound advice to the teachers and pupils present, and expressing a hope that the County Council would continue, by such liberal grants, to advance the educational interests of the county. Messrs. Fordyce and Baikie also addressed the audience, giving appropriate and judicious advice to the successful and unsuccessful competitors, to the teachers, and to parents. W. Whitelaw, Esq., the County Warden, expressed the gratification he had experienced in witnessing the examination, and his hearty intention of supporting a resolution for a similar grant on a future occasion. The prizes were distributed by H. W. Petersen, Esq., and the awards of the examiners appeared to give general satisfaction.—*Guelph Herald*.

— **LAVAL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.**—We learn from the *Quebec Chronicle*, that within the last few months, the library of the Laval University has been enriched by the acquisition of a number of rare and interesting works—among others the Ecclesiastical Annals of Baronius, the Bollandists, the complete works of Muratorius, and many other treasures of literature,

amounting in all to some five hundred folio volumes. The works added to the library, since the commencement of the present year, have cost the University upwards of seven thousand dollars. We learn that they were selected by M. Tailhan, formerly professor of philosophy in the University.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

— **CANADIAN INSTITUTE.**—The annual meeting of the members of the Canadian Institute for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, was held on Saturday evening in the rooms of the Institute, Toronto Street. The attendance was not very large. Prof. Wilson, President of the Institute, occupied the chair. Mr. P. Freeland (Secretary) read the annual report of the Council for the past year, by which it appeared that since the previous report there had been an addition of twenty-seven new members to the Society, and from various causes a loss of twenty-five, showing a total increase of two during the year. This was a slight improvement upon the statistics of 1860, and the Council earnestly hoped that the efforts of those who took an interest in the Society's operations would be such as to enable a still more favourable report to be given at the close of the ensuing year. The total number of members on the 30th November, 1861, was 464. The report of the editing committee, which was incorporated with the report of the Council, reviewed the work of the *Canadian Journal*, published by the Society, the cost of which for the past year, including printing and engravings, amounted to \$1291. The Treasurer's statement showed \$11,745 60 to be the amount of receipts during the year, including the cash balance from last year; and \$9,853 60 the expenditure—leaving a balance of \$1,892. During the year 126 books had been added to the library, 102 of which were donations. In conclusion the Council remarked that the condition of the Institute was quite as satisfactory as the state of the Province would lead them to expect. It might not exhibit year by year any marked advance; but it was at least able to keep pace with the general march of science and to maintain the high character which it had always held among the learned societies of the continent. The report was unanimously adopted, and thanks were tendered to the President and Council of last year. The members then proceeded to elect officers for the current year, with the following result:—*President*—Hon. Justice Hagarty. *First Vice President*—Rev. Prof. Irving. *Second Vice President*—Mr. Thomas Keefer. *Third Vice President*—Mr. Sandford Fleming. *Treasurer*—Mr. D. Crawford. *Recording Secretary*—Mr. P. Freeland. *Corresponding Secretary*—Rev. Prof. Hatch. *Librarian*—Prof. Hind. *Curator*—Mr. J. F. Smith. *Council*—Prof. Wilson, Prof. Chapman, Prof. Hincks, Hon. G. W. Allan, Prof. Croft, Prof. Hind and Prof. Cherriman.—*Leader*.

— **MONUMENTS TO DISTINGUISHED ENGLISHMEN.**—A monument to the memory of the late Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London, will be erected in the north aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral. The design is by Mr. George Richmond, R.A. A monument to Sir Humphrey Davy is to be erected at Penzance. It consists of a granite column and pedestal, surmounted by a statue of the great chemist holding a safety lamp in his hand. A bronze statue to Sir John Franklin was inaugurated at Spilsby, his birthplace, on 28th ult. A statue to his memory is also to be erected at government expense in London.

— **THE SURVEY OF A PARALLEL** of north latitude running through Ireland, England, Belgium, Prussia and Russia is nearly completed; and the accurate length of a base line stretching from the west coast of Ireland to the Ural Mountains will very shortly be ascertained.

— **OBSERVATORY ON MOUNT ARARAT.**—The Emperor of Russia has devoted one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs to the erection of an observatory on Mount Ararat.

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