

Home Secretary had come to see the Princess.

'But she is asleep, and it is only five o'clock in the morning,' said the surprised servant.

'No matter what the time is. I must see the Princess at once,' said the Archbishop; and so the servant went to summon her.

The lady did not keep him waiting as long as her servants had done. In her white nightdress, with a shawl drawn round her shoulders, and her long, fair hair falling down her back, she hastened to the parlor where the Archbishop was waiting, and there received the news that she was now Queen of England. For a minute she stood silent and awe-struck after he had done speaking, and then said, 'I ask your prayers on my behalf.' It was a reign fitly begun—in simple dependence upon God—and amply has he blessed her who thus cast herself upon his care.

The time for the public proclamation of

'At ten o'clock,' says the 'Annual Register,' 'the guns in the park fired a salute, and immediately afterwards the Queen made her appearance at the window of the tapestried ante-room adjoining the ante-chamber, and was received with deafening cheers.

'On Her Majesty showing herself at the Presence Chamber window, Garter-Principal-King-at-Arms, having taken his station in the courtyard under the window, accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk as Earl-Marshal of England, read the proclamation containing the formal and official announcement of the demise of King William IV., and of the consequent accession of Queen Alexandrina Victoria to the throne of these realms. . . "to whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess Alexandrina Victoria with long and happy years to reign. God save the Queen." At the termination of this proclamation the band struck up the

The Mother's Prayer.

(Ram's Horn.)

A venerable man of God recently gave a history of his conversion and early life, thus: 'My mother died when I was a small boy, and her last words to me, with her cold, pulseless hand upon my head, were these: "My boy, when you are in trouble tell Jesus about it." At twelve years of age my sins troubled me so I could not sleep. First I thought of calling my father, but my mother's last words came to me as a new revelation, and on my knees I said, "My mother's Jesus, help me now." My burden was gone instantly, and in its place the peace and joy of heaven filled my heart.

'My father was poor, but longing for an education some years after, I told him that I must go to school and prepare to be a minister. I worked my way through a five years' college course, and then in my pride of intellect began to doubt the word of God, and to use my critical scalpel to dissect it. I had almost forgotten that I was once purged from my old sins, when I went to the village prayer-meeting (where I took my college course) to criticize. Then an old carpenter of seventy-five years, who had often encouraged me in my work as he met me on my way to college lectures, rose up to speak, and said: "For fifty years I have stood on the rock of ages; many times have I trembled with doubt, but that rock has never shown the slightest tremor or trembling in all that time, and my faith in Jesus has grown with my fifty years' experience, until for me to doubt him would be disloyalty, and so to-day the sin of unbelief is no part of my life."

'From that moment my doubts went to the wind, and I learned soon after from my father, that before I was born, my mother had promised the same Jesus that if a man child were given to her, she would devote him to the ministry.'

That man is now a successful minister in one of the largest churches in Chicago, where 'the testimony of Jesus is the spirit' of such preaching as makes unbelief in his hearers impossible, if, like Thomas, their doubts are the trembling of honest seekers after truth. He is 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed,' because 'rightly dividing the word of life,' every one gets his portion in due season.

Yet There is Room,

Yet there is room for thy small feet

Upon the narrow road;
Yet there is room on Zion's street,
So golden and so broad.

Yet there is room, heaven is not full.
The gate stands open free:
Jesus is kind and merciful,
Yet there is room for thee.

Thousands of happy guests are there,
In garments white and pure,
Ten thousand thousand onward fare,
The blind, the maimed, the poor.

Yet there is room; and none depart
Unwelcomed, unforgiven;
While there is room in Jesus' heart
There will be room in heaven.
—'Everybody's Paper.'

The Sum of it All.

The boy that by 'addition' grows,
And suffers no 'subtraction,'
Who 'multiplies' the thing he knows,
And carries every 'fraction';
Who well 'divides' his precious time,
The due 'proportion' giving
To sure success aloft will climb,
'Interest compound' receiving
—'Morning Star.'



THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA BREAKFASTING IN THE OPEN AIR.

the Queen was fixed for June 21, at ten o'clock. When Lord Albemarle, for whom she had sent, went to her and told her he was come to take her orders, she said, 'I have no orders to give, you must know this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St. James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion.'

When the Queen arrived, accompanied by her mother and her ladies, and attended by an escort, on the June morning of her proclamation, she was received by the other members of the royal family, the Household, and the Cabinet Ministers. Already every avenue to the palace and every balcony and window within sight were crowded to excess. In the quadrangle opposite the window where Her Majesty was to appear a mass of loyal ladies and gentlemen were tightly wedged. The parapets above were filled with people, conspicuous among them the big figure of Daniel O'Connell, the agitator, waving his hat and cheering with Irish enthusiasm.

National Anthem, and a signal was given for the park and tower guns to fire in order to announce the fact of the proclamation being made. During the reading of the proclamation Her Majesty stood at the Presence Chamber window, and immediately upon its conclusion the air was rent with the loudest acclamations by those within the area, which were responded to by the thousands without.'

In the meantime the great news of Queen Victoria's accession had travelled to the princely student at Bonn, who responded to it in a manly, modest letter, in which he made no claim to share the greatness, while he referred to its noble, solemn side. Prince Albert wrote on the 26th of June: 'Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe; in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects.'