

their Queen for the first time. In front of the carriage and saluting Her Majesty is the youthful Corporal, Beverly R. Armstrong, of St. John, New Brunswick, who had his right leg shot off at the battle of Oliphantsfontein, and who paraded with his company on crutches. The Queen, with that rare tact and consideration for her subjects which always brought forth their love and adoration, called him up to be presented to her, and gently drew from him a few words about his life, and the occasion of his wound, which she hoped would soon be healed. Her thoughtfulness for the wounded soldier, just out of the hospital, was shown in ordering a chair for him to sit upon; but the regard of his sovereign made him unmindful of pain or fatigue.

It is such incidents as this that endear us to the Empire and causes every Briton to revere the memory of that Great and Good Queen, the dearest wish of whose heart was the happiness of her subjects.

May the bond that joins us to the Empire hold fast, and may the prayer of that great poet of years ago find an echo in the hearts of all—in our rulers, and in those ruled:

“Thou who of Thy free grace didst build up this
Britannick Empire to a glorious and enviable height,
with all her daughter-lands about her, stay us in
this felicitie.”