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THE ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

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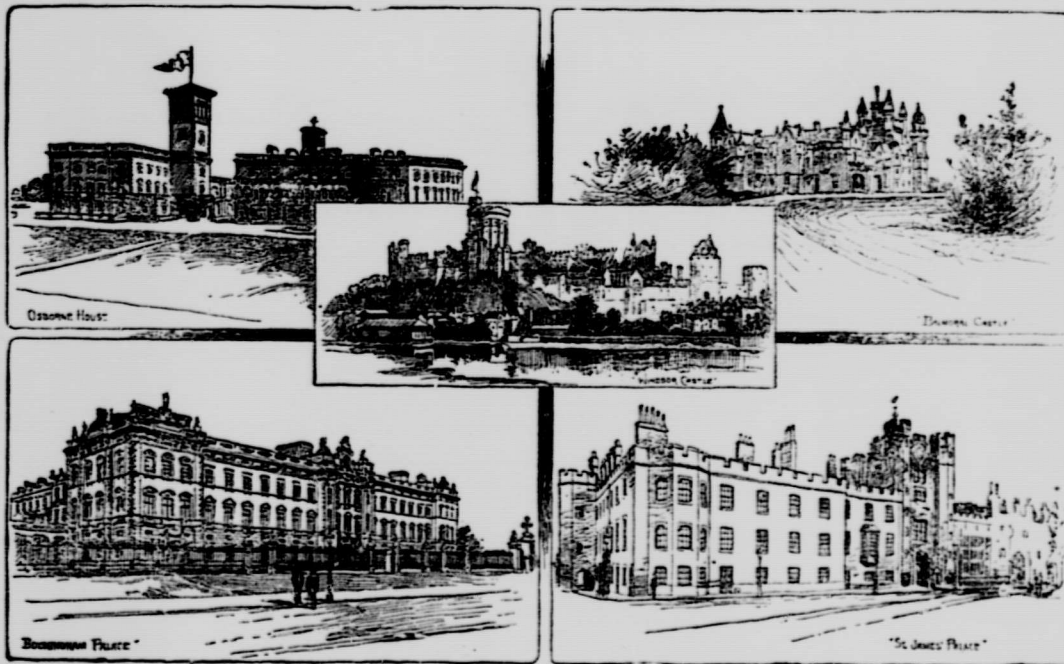
The Royal Palaces of England are so rich in historic associations that they present special claims on general interest. They are not stained with the blood of revolution, as in France, nor yet splendid prisons, as in Russia. Aside from this they are inseparably linked with the Sovereign's life. Though their corridors have streamed not only solemn statesmen,

tion of being the chief town residence of His Majesty. Costly evidences of Prince Albert's artistic taste here greet the visitor, in grounds so skilfully laid out that one's fancy is almost beguiled into the belief that the spot is "far from the madding crowd" of busy London.

Windsor Castle is, undoubtedly, England's proudest possession among her many palaces. It is twenty-three miles distant from London, stands on the bank of the Thames, not far from Eton Col-

King's northern retreat, in the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," "the chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance." Balmoral, with its grounds four miles by seven in extent, and deer forest of 30,000 acres, was bought by the Prince Consort and became his private property.

It lies forty-eight miles west of Aberdeen, on the banks of the Dee, and is built of red granite in baronial style, with pointed gables and clock tower.



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hoary soldiers, and reverend divines, but renowned men of all lands whose rank or achievements procured for them the privileges of personal audience with royalty.

St. James' Palace dates back to the times of Henry VIII. From the walls of its picture-gallery, rows of kings and queens look down on the visitor. St. James' was found too small for the King's drawing-rooms, so the only State ceremonials now held there are levees.

Buckingham Palace has had the dis-

lege, and is embowered amid venerable oaks. Its frowning embattlements point back to a time when strongly-fortified walls helped erring monarchs to look out upon an angry world with comparative composure.

That it is hard to so lay up treasures on earth where thieves cannot break through and steal, is borne out by the fact that an immense quantity of massive silver plate was mysteriously stolen from the castle in 1841.

Balmoral Castle is the title of the

In this quiet mountain retreat Queen Victoria lived as free and easy a life as any private lady—shopping in the Highland store, visiting the poor and sick, handing to them comforts and tokens of remembrance, and by words of tender consolation and lofty promise alluring them to brighter worlds. The "Leaves from my Journal in the Highlands" reveal a happy family life and afford glimpses of very lovable attributes. A copy of this "Journal" was sent by her to Charles Dickens with the inscription: