



PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands.")

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

Trouble abroad had preceded and followed this sorrow at home. The state of Egypt, in revolution under Arabi Pasha, called for interference from England, and troops were despatched, and ships sent, and Alexandria bombarded. The small army under Sir Garnet Wolseley fought so well that in a very short time the war was ended, and Arabi sent into exile. The troops marched through London on their return, receiving an enthusiastic welcome from the Queen and the people. Sir Garnet Wolseley was raised to the peerage, and after a time was made Commander-in-Chief. Meanwhile, a terrible danger was threatening in Central Africa. A false prophet, the Mahdi, whose movements at first had attracted but little attention, had gathered a formidable following, and was massacring all who opposed him. In this dire emergency one name, Charles Gordon—name embalmed in the heart of England—was heard on all sides; and to him eyes were turned as the only possible deliverer of the Soudan from the tyranny of this monster. General Gordon's career of unsullied splendor, and the awful tragedy which crowned his "Christ-like life with a Christ-like death," at the very moment when the long-delayed, long-looked-for army of relief was close at hand, has now passed into history. Such a life as his—noblest of heroes, humblest of Christians—sheds an additional lustre on the reign of our gracious Queen. The source of his greatness was an open secret,—his conception of life was drawn straight from the Bible, and in his life he showed the courage of his convictions. Amongst the royal possessions at Windsor, our Queen has care-

fully treasured General Gordon's Bible—the gift of his devoted sister—and deeply did Her Majesty join in the nation's mourning for the matchless Gordon, and for his gallant friends and comrades, Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power.

In the midst of this time of trouble, the generous sympathy of the Colonies for the Queen and the mother country, shown by the sending of a splendid contingent of troops to fight side by side, as brothers, with the English army, called forth the warmest feelings of grateful appreciation in England; and, in the words of the Governor of Australia, "practically established an Imperial Federation."

"Shall we not, through good and ill,
Cleave to one another still?
Britons, myriad voices call—
Sons, be welded each and all
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain heart and soul."

Little space now remains in this brief record of a reign so long and so full of events of deep interest that, were they all to be chronicled, they would fill many volumes. But one more occasion, which touches most nearly the inner life of our gracious Queen, must not be omitted. The Princess Beatrice, Her Majesty's youngest child, was still in her nursery when her royal father died, and her loving caresses and childish gaiety had often been the best cheer for her bereaved mother. When, one by one, her brothers and sisters had each in their turn been married—leaving a sadly diminished home party, although giving an ever-widening circle of interest and love, as grandchildren and great grandchildren were added to the royal family—the youngest child became the constant and devoted companion of her royal mother. When, therefore, it was announced to the country that Princess Beatrice was about to marry Prince Henry

of Battenberg, and that the marriage was not to deprive the Queen of her daughter's society, the news was received with unmixed satisfaction. In July, 1885, from their first country home, Osborne, and in the presence of a multitude of delighted spectators, in the parish church, who loved the Princess for her own sake as well as for the sake of the Queen, the marriage ceremony was performed of the last of the royal group so dear to the heart of the English nation.

"There is a word,
A linnet tilting in the grove,
Keen as a sword,
And pure as angels are above:
This little word good men
call love!
It bears a name,
Unsullied by the taint of
wealth;
Careless of fame,
And bright with all the hues
of health,
It shrinks from praise, to
bless by stealth.
I join it now
To thine, Victoria! thou hast
seen
With clear eyes how
To win it; blessed hast thou
been
With love, as mother, wife,
and Queen."*

* "Love that lasts for ever."
Jubilee Lyric by the Earl of
Rosslyn.

THE END.

TAKE IT BACK.

There is a story of a most eccentric minister, who, walking out one morning, saw a man going to work, and said to him, "What a lovely morning! How grateful we ought to be to God for all His mercies!" The man said he did not know much about it. "Why," said the minister, "I suppose you always pray to God for your wife and family—for your children—don't you?" "No," said he, "I do not know that I do." "What," said the minister, "do you never pray?" "No." "Then I will give you half a crown if you will promise me you never will, as long as ever you live." "Oh," said he, "I

shall be very glad of half a crown to get me a drop of beer."

He took the half-crown, and promised never to pray as long as he lived. He went to his work, and when he had been digging for a little while, he thought to himself, "That's a queer thing—I've taken money and promised never to pray as long as I live." He thought it over and it made him feel wretched. He went home to his wife and told her of it. "Well, John," said she, "you may depend upon it, it was the devil, you've sold yourself to the devil for half a crown." This so bowed the poor wretch down that he did not know what to do with himself. This was all his thought—that he had sold himself to the devil for money, and would soon be carried off to hell.

He commenced attending places of worship, conscious that it was no use, for he had sold himself to the devil; but he was really ill, bodily ill, through the fear and trembling which had come upon him. One night he recognized in the preacher the very man who had given him the half-crown, and probably the preacher had recognized him, for the text was, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The preacher remarked that he knew a man who sold his soul for half a crown. The poor man rushed forward and said, "Take it back! Take it back!" "You said you never would pray," said the minister, "if I gave you half a crown; do you want to pray?" "Oh, yes; I would give the world to be allowed to pray!" That man was a great fool to sell his soul for half a crown; but some of you are a great deal bigger fools, for you never had the half-crown, and yet you do not pray, and I daresay never will; but will go down to hell never having sought God."—*Spurgeon.*

FIVE STEPS.

A little sip of cider,
A little sip of beer;
A taste that's rather bitter
But what is there to fear?
A glass of foaming lager
A choice perfumed cigar;
It's funny what fanatics
Those temperance people are.
Say, boys, here's to our welfare—
May none here lack a dime
To buy a glass of liquor
At any other time.
Say, can't you trust a fellow?
Give us a drop of gin
To stop that dreadful gnawing
That's going on within.
Found dead—a common drunkard!
Alas, how came he there?
It was the beer and cider:
BEWARE! BEWARE! BEWARE!
—T. R. Thompson, in *Temperance Banner.*



PRINCESS BEATRICE.