

"Then it was thought advisable that she should know the possibilities which lay before her, and for that purpose the genealogical table was placed in her history. Baroness Lehzen, her governess, tells the story as follows.

"The Princess Victoria opened the book, and seeing the additional paper, said: 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments, the princess answered, 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility.' The princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good.'"

In later days the young Queen, who required that all state business should be minutely explained to her, and who, when one of her ministers spoke about managing so as to give her "less trouble," looked up from the papers he had placed before her and said, "Pray never let me hear those words again; never mention the word 'trouble.' Only tell me how the thing is to be done, and done rightly, and I will do it if I can."

When we consider what a contrast there was between this pure-minded, pure-hearted, unselfish girl and her immediate predecessors on the throne of England, we may to some extent understand the joy which on her accession thrilled the hearts of her people.

In May, 1837, the coming of age of the princess was celebrated most royally. Kensington could hardly recognize itself with flags flying everywhere, brilliant illuminations, bells ringing, and bands playing. Even then the aged King was lying ill of his last sickness. A month more, and on the 20th of June, 1837, the girl of eighteen was called upon to fill that position which she had realized years before meant

"much splendour, but more responsibility."

Often has the story been told, how with the last shadows of night, the old King's spirit passed away. The dawn was just tinting the horizon, and the birds in Kensington Gardens were welcoming a new day, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and four other gentlemen made their way to the palace to greet their young Queen. After a good deal of knocking and waiting they gained admission, only, after another delay, to be told by an attendant of the princess that she was in such a sweet sleep that she could not disturb her. As a last resort they said, "We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." To show that the delay had in no way been caused by her, in a few minutes she entered the room, "in a loose, white nightgown and shawl, her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." Her first words as Queen were to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "I beg your Grace to pray for me!" A grand old Anglo-Saxon proverb says, "A good begynnyng maketh a good endyng," and as we picture them kneeling there together in prayer, can we wonder that a reign begun by such recognition of the "King of kings," has been so fraught with blessings to the whole human race?

At eleven o'clock that same morning, the girl-queen held her first council. An eye-witness, Greville, describes the scene thus:

"When the doors were thrown open, the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and