

### VICTORIA, THE GIRL QUEEN.

Here is one of the many pretty stories that have been told in these happy Jubilee days, of our good Queen when she was young.

When she was first declared Queen, a young girl of eighteen years, and the gathered crowds cheered loud and long, she rethought of the great work and responsibility to which she had been called, and her eyes were wet with tears.

Then when she retired with her mother to her apartments, she said:

"I can scarcely believe, mamma, that I am really Queen of England; can it indeed be so?"

"You are really queen, my child," replied the Duchess of Kent, "listen how your subjects still cheer your name in the streets and cry to God to bless you."

"In time," said Her Majesty, "I shall perhaps become accustomed to this too great and splendid state. But since I am Sovereign, let me, as your queen, have to-day my first wish—let me be quite alone, dear mother, for a long time," and that day Victoria passed the first hours of her reign on her knees, praying to heaven for herself and her people, with supplications innocent and noble, which surely have been heard.

It was not wonderful, indeed, that a reign so commenced has been followed by happy and famous years.

### CARING FOR THE BIBLE.

"Take care, George. Don't throw down those books."

George, however, continued his restless movements, as the result of which a pile of books presently fell to the floor.

"I do dislike to see books carelessly used," said his mother, in some vexation.

"And there's the Bible among them," said George's sister.

"Well, Lill," said George, lightly, "it doesn't hurt the Bible any more than the rest of them."

"Perhaps not," she said. "Perhaps you are the one who is hurt."

"Don't make a fuss about nothing," he said, with a show of indifference. "Say mother, Bibles are just paper and printing and binding, exactly like other books. Isn't it all superstition to say they ought to be more carefully handled?"

"I think not," she said. "The paper and printing and binding contain the Word of God, and all who truly love and honor Him must, I think, hold His visible Word in honor."

George had by this time picked up the books. As he piled them on the table, his mother, while still talking, had taken the Bible from some other books and laid it on the top.

"What's that for, mother?" he asked her. "I've seen you do that before."

"Have you?" she said, with a smile.

"Well, I believe I often do it without thinking. When I was a little girl I had a dear old aunt whose love for the Lord's Word was most sweet and beautiful. It extended to its outward form, for she never could bear to see it irreverently handled, and always disliked to have anything placed over it. She was fond of telling the little story of Edward the Sixth of England and the great Bible in the palace library.

"Tell me, mamma."

"Some young friends were in the room with him. A book was wanted from a high shelf, and one of them placed the large Bible to be stepped on. But the prince objected, and brought another book."

"Good for him," said George, much pleased. "But," he added, thoughtfully, "there were so few Bibles in those days that they thought more of them."

"Perhaps so," said his mother. "I lately came across the curious old story of the woman who baked her Bible in order to hide it."

"Baked her Bible! Go on, please, mother—"

"It was in the time when the Lord's faithful ones were cruelly persecuted, sometimes even unto death, if a copy of His Word was found in thir possession. This woman had in her bare little cottage no place where anything could be securely hidden, and the searchers were close upon her. What could she do? She had been cooking a batch of bread, and the unbaked loaves were standing near the oven. She snatched up the precious volume and wrapped it about with dough, and when the soldiers burst in she was quietly putting her loaves in the oven."

"And the Bible was baked with them!" cried George, clapping his hands.

"Yes, and came out with little injury."

"I wonder if she ever had to do it again?"

"It is not told whether she did or not. But it seems to me, my boy, that the fact of our being blessed with many copies of the precious Word, and with the privileges of studying it without fear or molestation, ought not to lessen our admiration for it."

"You're right, mother, as you always are."—*New York Observer.*