

cess on that happy event was her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, who, a few years later, became her husband.

After the Queen's accession to the throne in 1837, her time was occupied with her state and social duties, but she would not allow them to interfere with her religious ones. One Saturday night in the first year of her reign, one of her Cabinet Ministers came at a late hour with documents of great importance, which he said must be inspected on the morrow. She reminded him that the morrow was Sunday; but to this he replied that the business of the State would not admit of delay. The Queen deferred the matter till the morrow, and in the meantime wrote to the clergyman who was to take the service of the morrow, asking him to take for his subject, 'The Duties and Obligations of the Sabbath.' When she saw the Court Minister after the service, she told him that the sermon had been delivered at her request, and in consequence nothing more was said about the State papers that day.

The coronation took place in Westminster Abbey on June 28, 1838. Of those who took part in that brilliant ceremony, how few are still alive! At the close of the prolonged service princes and nobles approached the throne to pay homage to their young sovereign.

During a visit of the young Prince Albert of Coburg-Gotha to England in 1837, and more especially at his second visit in 1839, a mutual affection grew up between his royal cousin and himself, and on February 10, 1840, Her Majesty was married to him.

Quiet happiness and contentment marked the even flow of Queen Victoria's married life. The good and wise husband made it his aim in life to be of the greatest possible use to his wife, and lightened all the cares of State by his helpful companionship. As years passed on, and one by one the children made their appearance in the Royal nursery, the English people rejoiced to see a Royal household conducted so differently from those of her immediate predecessors. On and around the English throne, domestic virtues were conspicuous, and the national loyalty, no longer a mere political principle, grew into a feeling of warm personal regard for Victoria and Albert.

The year 1831 was rendered memorable by the Great Exhibition—the first of its kind—when, mainly through the persistent labors of Prince Albert, 'all nations' flocked to London to vie in the peaceful rivalries of industry and art. During the same year, on returning from a visit to Scotland, the Queen visited Liverpool and Manchester. At the latter city she was delighted with the long rows of mill-workers 'dressed in their best, ranged along the streets with white rosettes in their button-holes.' But in Peel Park the crowning incident of the day took place. In this place were collected 82,000 Sunday-school children of all denominations. An address was presented to the Queen, and then the whole of that vast crowd sang in unison, 'God Save the Queen!'

In 1854 came the Crimean War. The Queen and her subjects were in deep sympathy whilst the British soldiers were suffering in the trenches before Sebastopol. Her Majesty wrote strongly to the General in command about the needless privations her soldiers were experiencing through a want of proper care and management. The Queen's anxieties were so great that her health suffered in consequence. Peace came in 1856. In the following year Princess Beatrice, the last of her children, was born. In 1858 her eldest daughter was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the

late Emperor of Germany, and father of the present Emperor.

In March, 1861, the beloved mother of our Queen, the Duchess of Kent, departed this life. Although that aged mother was seventy-five years of age, and had long been in failing health, the event was a sad blow to the Queen.

Early in December the same year (1861), the Prince was attacked by typhoid fever, under which he rapidly sank until, late in the evening of Saturday, December 14, 1861, he breathed his last. Previous to this his physician expressed the hope that he would be better in a few days, but the Prince replied, 'No, I shall not recover, but I am not taken by surprise.' It seemed for a time as if the Queen's grief would overwhelm her. Gradually there came an increase of strength and calm resignation. She declared to her family that though she felt crushed by the loss of one who had been her companion through life, she knew how much was expected of her, and she accordingly looked to heaven for assistance, in order that she might do her duty to the country.

In March, 1863, the Prince of Wales was married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The Queen warmly welcomed her to her heart, and she at once became a favorite alike of the Royal Family and the nation. Towards the close of 1872 the Queen and her people were united in a common anxiety by the illness of the Prince of Wales. For a long time he hovered between life and death, but on December 14—the anniversary of his father's death—the long-hoped-for improvement set in. A few weeks afterwards, the convalescent Prince, seated by his rejoicing mother's side in a State carriage, was driven to St. Paul's Cathedral, where 13,000 persons joined in a solemn service of thanksgiving to the Almighty for his recovery.

On New Year's Day, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi and other Indian cities, with great ceremony.

The Queen had another great sorrow on December 14, 1877, in the death of her beloved daughter, the Princess Alice of Hesse, from diphtheria, while nursing her own children, who were suffering from it.

From the time of the death of the Prince Consort the Queen has not often appeared in public. The most notable exception of this was on May 21, 1887, the former Jubilee of her reign.

On this occasion a splendid cavalcade, in which were the Queen's sons and daughters, with their husbands and wives and many of their children, proceeded from Buckingham Palace through crowded and decorated streets to Westminster Abbey, amidst the loyal cheers of the people, to offer thanks to God.

The Queen has for the last few years suffered much from rheumatism, and now finds a difficulty in walking; but apart from that, her health is good. The history of the expansion of the British Empire during the reign of Victoria would occupy many volumes, even if told with the most unadorned conciseness. The transition from stage coaches to flying express trains, from old-time sailing vessels to our present fast steamers; the rise of the postal, telegraphic, and telephonic systems, electric light, etc., are a few evidences of the remarkable change which the country has seen. The political, social, and moral expansion of England has been equally great and remarkable, and the Queen has helped to impart a dignity to the conduct of our affairs which all nations recognise. More heartily than ever do her subjects join in the prayer, 'God save the Queen!'

## Anecdotes of the Queen's Early Life.

We are indebted for the most of these stories to the 'Life of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen,' by Sarah Tytler.

The Duke of Kent, on showing his baby, the Princess Victoria, to his friends, was wont to say, 'Look at her well, for she will be Queen of England.'

The King wanted her to be named Georgiana. Her father wished her to be called Elizabeth, because it was a favorite name among English people; but her uncle, the Prince Regent, insisted that she should be called Alexandrina after the Emperor of Russia. Victoria, her mother's name, was added as an afterthought, but 'Little Drina' was her name through all her early years.

'Little Drina' was the first member of the royal family that was vaccinated; and soon after this had been done she was taken by her father and mother to Sidmouth on the coast of Devon. Here the baby had a very narrow escape of being shot in her own nursery. A young man went out to shoot small birds, and was so unskilful in the use of his gun, that the shot went through the cottage windows, and passed quite close to 'Little Drina's' head, who was in her nurse's arms at the time. Shortly after this, the Duke went out for a walk, and returned home very wet, but could not be persuaded to change his clothes before running up to the nursery to see that his little girl was safe. 'Little Drina' was eight months old at the time, and knew her father the moment she saw him. She kicked and crowed with delight, and the Duke stayed with her a few minutes; and, sad to say, that few minutes cost him his life. The damp clothes were changed too late. A violent cold was taken, inflammation of the lungs set in, and 'Little Drina' was fatherless and her mother a widow. The Duke of Kent was buried, according to the custom of the time, by torchlight, on the night of the 12th of February, at Windsor.

Very lonely must the poor Duchess of Kent have felt, for she was almost a stranger in England; but she and her husband had often talked over the future of their little girl, and she knew how he wished her to be brought up.

Victoria was to be educated carefully and religiously as a simple English lady. Her father had always taken great interest in every philanthropic movement for the benefit of the people, and at the time of his death was officially connected with sixty-two societies, having for their object some noble or religious work.

As soon as the child was old enough, the Duchess used to read a few verses to her every day, and taught her to say her prayers at her own knees. Indeed, 'Little Drina' was left but very seldom to the care of servants. There was no nursery breakfast in that household, but the child's bread and milk and fruit was served at eight o'clock in the morning beside her mother's; and in the summer-time breakfast was often placed out on the lawn facing the windows, where they could hear the songs of the birds, or talk about the flowers that were blooming all round.

When the Princess was older, and lessons and play alternated with each other, she was taught to attend to the thing in hand, and finish what she had begun, both in her studies and games. One day she was amusing herself making a little haycock, when some other occupation caught her volatile fancy, and she flung down her small rake to rush off to the fresh attraction. 'No, no, Princess; you must always complete what you have commenced,' said her governess, and the small haymaker had to conclude her.

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