fair face looked archly out of a white poke bonnet trimmed with rosebuds. From Gravesend the Royal party proceeded by train to the Bricklayers' Arms Station, where a halt was made for luncheon; and then, entering open carriages, they began that memorable progress through London to Paddington, en route for Windsor, when it seemed that every man, woman and child had come out to see the Prince's bride. She passed through the garlanded streets and tumultuous crowds feeling, as she afterwards said, like a

led up to the steps of a throne." Famous pens have described the historic scene. Seldom, indeed, has a wedding called forth so many glowing accounts, or been the subject of so much verse and song, as that of the King and Queen. From Tennyson, Dickens and Thackeray to the humblest versifiers and scribes, all combined to trumpet the magnificence of the occasion—the moving sight of the widowed Queen viewing the scene from the Royal pew overlooking the altar; the interesting figure of the almost boyish



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK, LONDON. HERE THE KING WAS BORN, AND HERE HE AND THE QUEEN WILL HEREAFTER RESIDE

figure in some fairy romance. It was nightfall ere she reached Windsor, and on alighting was clasped, almost fainting with fatigue-and excitement, in the arms of the Queen.

On the marriage morn—two days later—the bride looked pale in her white satin and orange-blossoms as she drove with her father to St. George's Chapel. She walked with timid grace very slowly up the nave—"a maiden," wrote Thackeray, "on the bridegroom's threshold, a Princess

bridegroom in the long blue velvet robe of the Garter; and the surpassing loveliness of the bride. After a brief honeymoon, spent at Osborne, the Prince and Princess of Wales returned to London, to take up the arduous social and philanthropic rôle which they were destined to discharge with so much tact and industry for the unprecedented period of thirty-eight years.

It was at a reception at St. James's Palace, on the evening of March 20th,