



WINDSOR—FROM THE PARK.

### Britain's Flag.

BY JAS. H. BORLAND.

Nail to the mast our ancient flag!  
Long may it float on high,  
And thrill with pride each British heart,  
And kindle every eye.  
Beneath that flag have Britons sailed,  
And searched out every sea,  
Beneath its folds have heroes died,  
For British liberty.

The battle shout beneath it rang,  
And burst the cannon's roar,  
When Britain's thunders shook the deep,  
In stirring days of yore.  
O'er decks that flag have British blood was shed,  
Where bowed the conquered knee,  
Thy flag has waved, and proudly proved  
Thee Mistress of the Sea.

No more shall dread oppression reign,  
Or violence flourish free,  
While Britain's ships are on the flood,  
Her flag upon the sea;  
Her arm has still its ancient power,  
To strike the needed blow,  
She can still make her prowess felt,  
Far as the billows flow.

While there remains a wrong to right,  
Our flag, be thou unfurled,  
Till righteousness proclaims abroad  
The freedom of a world.  
O better that our honoured flag  
Lay trampled in the dust,  
Than British hearts or British arms  
Prove traitor to their trust.

O flag that braved a thousand years  
Thy battle and the breeze,  
A thousand more in peace uphold,  
The Empire of the Seas,  
That freer trade and juster laws  
May earth and ocean span,  
And universal peace attest  
The brotherhood of man.

### OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

BY REV. DR. CARMAN.

Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

Queen Victoria was raised up of God  
for a great life-work, and a great life-  
work has she accomplished. The in-



WINDSOR CASTLE—FROM RTON.

nocence, purity, and filial affection of her childhood and girlhood are a quiet, impressive pattern for every young lady under her jewelled sceptre's sway. That she had a mind of her own from the beginning is proved by her preference for Lord Melbourne, her first Prime Minister, and the inability of Wellington and Peel to form a ministry because of her unwillingness to change the ladies of her household. Her marriage with the Prince Consort involved constitutional questions of much delicacy, and implied relationships of so tender susceptibility, that nothing less than her noble husband's wisdom and prudence, and her own fidelity to the people and to genuine British interests, could have borne them through the perplexities of the situation. Above all, and more than all, her life and example as wife and mother won and kept the loyalty and love of all British peoples in the world.

It is asked, Why is the British throne so stable? It is because the British crown is so faithfully and grandly worn. From her girlhood she has reigned for the girls of the kingdom; a mother with sons, she has ruled for the boys. One of the united head of a family, she has seen her people, in the goodness of God, set in families; the mistress in a home, she has realized that the pure home is the strength of the State; a leader in society, she has felt that society must be incorrupt and incorruptible, and has done her best to make and keep it so. Her standards have been high, and they have been well enforced.

The Queen is a lover of parliamentary constitutional government, and for long years has been well equipped in all knowledge and experience concerning it. There can be no doubt she is now as well-informed in political matters as her Ministers of State, and in all international concerns she is fully abreast of the times, and manifests the keenest interest. Her influence has more than once preserved the peace of Europe, and perpetually fosters the spirit of amity among the nations. From her many years of felicitous government, and the many branches of her family, she has become a sort of Queen-mother among the royal houses of the Continent, and kinship is often a power in the palace as well as in the cot.

Her reign has well shown how much the character of the sovereign has to do with imperial expansion and national power. Britons all around the world are proud to say "Our Queen." Cicero said character, moral worth, has much to do in making the orator, it certainly has much to do in making the successful ruler. Despite all speculation, intelligent human-intelligent humanly respects moral worth. Despite all countercurrents and

the hearts of men from the ends of the earth are drawn to the obedient daughter, the faithful wife, the noble mother, and we have all these in our most gracious Queen Victoria.

Aye, more, far more. The very sorrows that have pierced her heart in the way of their bearing, with strong tides of sympathy and love have made her one with her people in all quarters of the globe. Her widowhood in the death of Albert the Good, and her stricken motherhood in the death of children and grandchildren beloved, have united royal palace, stately mansion, and humble home in purest affection in every land under the folds of Britain's flag.

It is easy in some circumstances to be loyal. In our circumstances it would argue a base and ungrateful nature to be disloyal, to be regardless of affection and duty to crown and throne. The silent forces proceeding from the life and character of Queen Victoria make mightily for imperial unity. A tyrant enthroned would drive us asunder. It has occurred in the past, and would be repeated. But a careful, discreet, intelligent, loving, earnest, constitutional sovereign, forever studying the welfare of the millions under her sway, ever devoting her best thoughts and warmest love for their good, ever uniting in herself the strong bands of daughter, wife and mother, and these of the highest type known to the race, ever herself a glorious example of respect for authority and law, a pattern of a pure morality and a generous religion, must attract to a common centre, to the heart of the motherland, the colonies of kindred sentiment and liberty, kindred race, institution and law. While sinister forces from without may in a way compel us to seek the strength, wealth and peace of a united empire, happily energies from within lend effectually to the same glorious consummation.

### THE QUEEN'S TRAVELLING HABITS.

When travelling abroad, her Majesty usually adopts the "incognita" of the Countess of Kent, but last time she changed this "travelling name" to that of Countess of Balmoral. The Royal yacht, escorted by a flotilla, generally sails from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, where the strictest attention is paid to her.

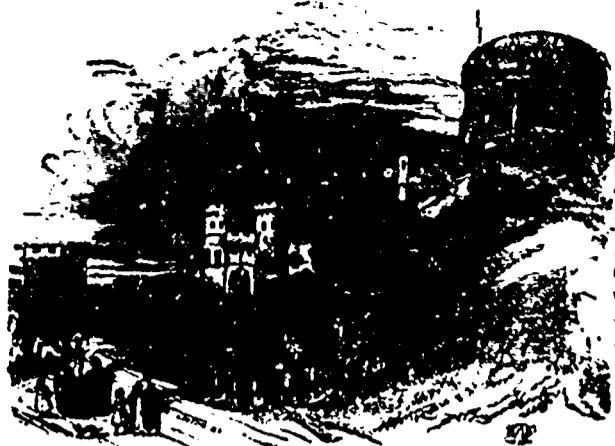
The suite abroad consists very much of the same ladies and gentlemen as when the Queen travels at home. As at home, despatches and telegrams follow her Majesty, or await her at the halting-places. Many questions are discussed and many papers perused and signed while the Queen travels. Our gracious Sovereign is a hard worker, and comparatively few persons outside of the Royal circle know what an immense deal of business the Queen gets through, and the close attention and clear mind which she brings to bear on all questions. So, as the Queen travels she works—her kingdom and its interests are never absent from her, although she may be away or in comparative seclusion.

### ATTACHED TO THE BAKERY.

A plausible tale of a man who bought a loaf of bread and took away more property than he paid for, is told by the Pawtucket correspondent of the Providence Telegram. The man was in a hurry to catch a car.

His impatience made the clerk nervous. She forgot to snap the string which bound the paper about the loaf, and away sped the man with the loaf, while the string reeled off behind him.

He caught the car all right, and although the conductor and some of the passengers noticed, as he sat down close to the door, that the twine paid itself out as the car rolled along, the man did not discover the tangle until he alighted. In the meantime the conductor was having a good time; as passengers stepped on the platform he



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

cautioned them not to walk on that string, and they did not.

It might have looked mysterious to the people who saw the string moving along the street, for the unravelling continued until the bakery twine bobbin had been nearly emptied by the connected loaf a mile away. The man with the bread felt a tug at his loaf as he stepped down from the car. Then he followed up the cord, winding as he went.

He was one of those strictly honest men who want nothing that does not belong to them; and the best part of the story is that he followed the string back, winding as he walked, and in due time entered the bakery and restored the ball of twine.

### "She Noddit to Me."

BY A. DEWAR WILLOCK.

An old woman standing at her cottage door sees the royal train passing, and has the good fortune to obtain a bow and a smile from her Majesty, hence the title, "She Noddit to Me."

I'm but an auld body,  
Living up in Deeside,  
In a twa-roomed bit hoosie,  
Wi' a toofa' beside;  
Wi' ma coo an' ma grumphy,  
I'm as happy's a bee,  
But I'm far prooder noo,  
Since she noddit to me!

I'm nae sae far past wi't—  
I'm gie trig an' hale,  
Can plant twa-three tawties,  
An' look aifter my kale;  
An' when oor Queen passes,  
I rin oot to see,  
Gin by luck she might notice  
And nod oot to me!

But I've aye been unlucky,  
And the blinds were aye doon,  
Till last week the time  
O' her veesit cam' roon,  
I waved my bit apron,  
As brisk's I could dee,  
An' the Queen lauched fu' kindly,  
An' noddit to me!

My son sleeps in Egypt—  
It's nae eese to fret—  
An' yet when I think o't,  
I'm sair like to greet.  
She may feel for my sorrow—  
She's a mither, ye see,—  
An' maybe she kent o't  
When she noddit to me!



LOCK AT WINDSOR.