

Among the portraits in one of the rooms are three specially lovely faces which recall the court beauties of the Queen's early reign. These are the likenesses of the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Jocelyn, and Lady Canning.

One window-pane contains a representation of the comely German face of Jenny Lind.

There are two companion pictures which prove the deep impression that one book of the day made on its palace readers. These pictures are from "Adam Bede," and represent "Dinah Morris" preaching on the village green, and "Hetty" making up pats of butter in the dairy before the admiring eyes of the young squire.

Leaving the house and walking along one of the roads over the turf, closely shaven like a lawn, dappled with lights and shadows after the fashion of the sea below—which is here a deep purple and there a faint blue, on a cloudy, breezy, June day—the Swiss Cottage is reached. There it stands, brown and picturesque, with its deep overhanging eaves, and German inscription carved below the sloping roof, duly held on by big stones. In front of it lie, all in a row, the nine gardens of the nine children of the Queen. Here was their happiest playground, where they were mimic gardeners, mimic soldiers building the adjoining fort, mimic naturalists and virtuosos arranging the treasures of the museum within the cottage, mimic cooks and housekeepers.

Her Majesty is still among us, and her people love to think that many a summer's sun and winter's snow will yet pass over her honoured head, and ripen to still greater strength and sweetness the brave gentle spirit which has done its part in ruling a great nation wisely and well. It is not meet to pronounce a eulogy on the living. We would only say that if it is held to be the best assertion of the merits of good Queen Bess that the flower of her subjects—great statesmen and poets—paid her loyal homage, what must be thought of her who has been dearly loved and deeply honoured in every relation, near and distant, both as woman and queen? For not mighty nobles, sagacious ministers, and eloquent poets alone, but mother and kindred, husband, children, and grandchildren, faithful servants, grateful poor, the humblest of her subjects, and the remotest of her allies, have risen up and called her blessed. Is it not permitted to a nation to be openly thankful for one of the greatest blessings which can befall a people—that it claims a sovereign whose name, like Queen Victoria's, is another word for domestic virtue and public worth, tender fidelity, noble diligence, and "patient continuance in well-doing?"

THE END.