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LIFE STORY OF THE QUEEN.

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Queen Victoria! The name sums up the great events of the greatest of all the centuries. She was the mother of sovereigns and the sovereign of sovereigns, reigning in the hearts of her world-wide subjects. She represented more than all the Cæsars ever dreamed. The historian will have a glorious yet bewildering task when he comes to chronicle the Victorian era.

HER ACCESSION.

In the early morning of June 20th, 1837, the eighteen-year-old Princess Victoria, only child of the Duke of Kent, who was the fourth son of George III., was awakened from sleep in Kensington Palace to receive the head of the Law Courts and the head of the Church, who came to tell her that she was Queen of England. She hastily appeared in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her bright hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers. Tears were in her eyes, but she seemed perfectly collected and dignified. At 11 of the same morning the Council of State received the girl Queen. Disraeli, the favourite of all the Queen's prime ministers, thus describes the scene: "There are assembled the prelates, and captains, and chief men of the realm. A hum of half-suppressed conversation fills that brilliant assemblage: the sea of plumes, and glittering stars, and gorgeous dress. Hush, the portals open. She comes. The silence is as deep as noontide forest. Attended for a moment by her royal mother and the ladies of her court, who bow and then retire, Victoria ascends her throne, a girl, alone for the



QUEEN VICTORIA AT HER CORONATION.

first time amid an assemblage of men." She was very plainly attired in mourning and went through the ceremony calmly, modestly and with complete self-possession, every inch a girl and a Queen.

HER MARRIAGE.

Her marriage with her German cousin, "Albert the Good," was just a sweet, simple love affair and remained so throughout their twenty-one-years of wedded life. In her Highland Journal, under date of Oct. 13th, 1856, she writes: "Every year

my heart becomes more fixed in this dear paradise (Balmoral), and so much more so now that all has become my dearest Albert's own creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne: and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year." They brought their large family up in prayer at their own knees, for Victoria and Albert were sincere and simple Christians.

HER HIGHLAND HOME.

The Queen's love for her Highland home has become proverbial, and there, in going in and out among the simple folks in Nature's domain, her domestic qualities shone as woman, mother and Christian. There is a touch of Arcady in her journal of the fifties, in which she describes her visits to "old Kitty Kear's small cabin;" and "on to Jean Gordon's cottage;" and still on "to peep into Blair the fiddler's." And these charming visits were always accompanied with a "warm petticoat" for "old Kitty Kear," or a delicacy for the "unwell boy" in the old widow's cottage. Many a merry time had the little princes and princesses in their prattling to the women in "mitches" and "short gowns" and whose cottages were so convenient for hide-and-seek.

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

England and America would have been embroiled over the Trent affair but for the gracious tact of the Queen and Prince Albert. The cabinet had prepared a spirited despatch to Washington and sent a draft of it to Windsor. The Prince at once saw its danger and suggested changes