

Canada.

We hold this dear, young land of ours
The fairest in the world to-day;
Though gem'd by no bright tropic flowers
Nor famed in old historic lay:
Our rich corn lands, our forests vast,
We match against the mouldering piles,—
Those time-marks of a hoary past,
Which stud old continents and isles.

To castle-wall and tried towers,
Our reverence and respect is paid,
Though oft they shielded Wrong in power,—
Oft lent their strength to Evil's aid:
Our castles are our free-born hearts,
Our towers are love of kin and home—
The fire which patriot-love imparts,
Are walls no foe can overcome.

The serf and baron made, indeed,
Their mark on many a field of blood,
The serf was but a slave, and greed
Was oft the baron's ruling mood.
But we are free, our hearts are strong
As ever beat in lordly hall;
As brave to smite tyrannic Wrong,
And patriot-love inspires us all.

Our fields stretch to the setting sun,
Our lands beyond the Arctic line—
All rich with treasures yet unwon,
In field and forest, main and mine.
Oh, Canada, my mother! great
The guerdon Time holds out to thee
If patriot hands control thy fate
And shape thy coming destiny.

Build up with patience, stone by stone,
Thy laws in righteousness and truth;
And mould with patriot love alone
The hearts of all thy manful youth.
United, we'll stand strong and free,
While other nations reel and fall;
One empire spread from sea to sea—
One empire's love to sway us all.

Away with each race-hate and name;
Implant not on our stainless strands
The malice and the strifes which shame
The peoples of the older lands.
Let our hearts beat with love alone
To our dear land so young and fair;
Make her broad shores fair Freedom's throne,
Her laws a people's loving care.

—James Wintroppe.

The Queen's Jubilee.

On June 20 our gracious Sovereign will complete the fiftieth year of her reign; then will begin, on a scale of unrivalled extent and splendour, the festivities of her Jubilee. In all parts of her dominions, "upon which the sun never sets," preparations are already being made for the celebration of this remarkable and happy event, and millions of her loyal people will pray with unwonted fervour, "God save the Queen."

Her Majesty will then have completed the sixty-eighth year of her life, having been born at Kensington Palace on May 24, 1819. She was left fatherless in less than a year, Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, dying on January 23, 1820. But her illustrious mother, alive to her great responsibility, had the young Princess brought up most carefully, while the nation safe-guarded her with many prayers, and looked forward to her future with bounding hope. When her uncle, King William IV., died at the age of seventy-two, and the Archbishop of Canterbury announced to Princess Victoria her accession to the throne, her first words to him were—"I ask your prayers in

my behalf," and they knelt together, while the Archbishop pleaded with God to give her "an understanding heart to judge so great a people."

It is a touching and solemn thought, amid the grandeur of the national retrospect, that the Queen has outlived all her early friends and faithful servants. All who officiated at her coronation have passed into the land of shadows; and of the distinguished statesmen then living, only one, Mr. Gladstone, remains. How deeply she was loved is proved by the utterance of O'Connell, when, in the early days of Her Majesty's reign, some one talked of deposing "the all but infant Queen" and putting the Duke of Cumberland in her place. "If necessary," said the Irish agitator, "I can get 500,000 brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honour, and the person of the beloved young lady by whom England's throne is now filled."

On February 10, 1840, Her Majesty was married to Prince Albert, of the Protestant line of the Princes of Saxony, and the people rejoiced with her in a union of true affection, which gave promise of a pure Court, and a life of domestic bliss. That early promise was fulfilled, and many years of unbroken felicity followed, closed at length, and shadowed ever since, by the death of the good Prince Consort on December 14, 1861. Since then the Queen has known much sorrow, having lost by death her devoted mother, and two of her best and most cultured children, the Princess Alice, and Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, yet while she has lived in comparative retirement, the Duke of Argyll truly affirms "she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as Sovereign of this country; on no occasion during her grief has she struck work, so to speak, in those public duties which belong to her exalted position; and I am sure that when the Queen reappears again on more public occasions, the people of this country will regard her only with increased affection, from the recollection they will have that during all the time of her care and sorrow, she has devoted herself, without one day's intermission, to those cares of government which belong to her position."

Happily, of late, our beloved Sovereign has been able to appear on some public occasions, to the great joy of her people, and to her own manifest advantage. The writer has seen Her Majesty several times on such occasions. Advancing years, as she goes down the century, have frosted her hair, and multiplied sorrows have furrowed her face; but she keeps the promise made in her maidenhood, "I WILL BE GOOD;" the whole-hearted benevolence of her nature shines through her features; she is a model of womanly simplicity in her dress and deportment; while the purity of her home, and her profound interest in the welfare of all classes of her subjects, often most affectingly shown towards

the humblest of them, will place Her Majesty in the foreground of England's histrionic canvas as a model monarch through all future time. From books, written by her own hand, which reveal much of her daily life, especially in the Highlands, it is most satisfactory to learn that our Queen is a true Christian, realizing in her own experience, and not caring to hide it, the Divine comfort which strong faith brings to a heart stricken by sorrow, and yearning for freedom from sin. "A loving and personal Saviour" is her trust, her boast, and her joy; as he was also the joy and rejoicing of her amiable and gifted Consort, in life and death.

The Queen has lived to see sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, rise up around her, and displaying for her a fondness of affection and a dutiful regard which only real goodness can inspire, and which, we trust, she may long be spared to enjoy. Amidst the coming celebrations of her Jubilee, while the vast increase of her responsibility and the marvellous events of her reign will be referred to in speech and song, all civilized peoples will join in our grateful enthusiasm as we thank the great King of kings for our manifold national mercies, and unite more cheerily than ever in the old anthem:

"God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen;
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen!"

The Queen's Childhood.

ONLY three of the monarchs who have preceded our gracious Majesty on the throne of England have reigned for so long a time, and it is natural that the attention of both old and young should just now be directed to the events of the past fifty years.

At the west end of Hyde Park, London, stands an old, red brick structure, known as Kensington Palace. It was formerly used as a royal residence, but in this respect has long since given place to Osborne, Windsor Castle, and Balmoral. Some think that Queen Elizabeth spent her earliest years at Kensington Palace, but this is by no means certain. George II. made it his chief residence, and in the early part of the present century, the Duke and Duchess of Kent dwelt there for some years. They had only one child, a girl, born there on the 24th of May, 1819. That little girl grew up to be the Queen of England. Her first years were spent mostly in Kensington or Claremont, with occasional visits to the seaside. Whilst only a few months old, she had a very narrow escape from being killed. Her parents had taken her to Sidmouth, on the coast of Devonshire, and whilst there, a boy, who was trying to shoot sparrows near the house, managed to send a charge of small shot through the nursery windows. Some of the shot passed quite

close to the head of the little Princess, who was in her nurse's arms at the time.

Before she was a year old, her father died, and we do not wonder that the bereaved mother sought consolation in her loneliness by devoting herself entirely to the careful training of the Princess. We, as a nation, owe an immense debt of gratitude to the noble-minded woman who did so much to mould the character, and to influence the whole life of England's future Queen. The child had another narrow escape when about three years old. She was driving with her mother through Kensington Gardens, when an accident occurred, and they were thrown out. If it had not been for the presence of mind of a soldier, who was passing by, the carriage would have fallen upon the child, but he caught hold of her dress, and snatched her away just in time.

It appears that the daily life which the Princess and her mother led at Kensington, was exceedingly plain and simple. A writer in one of the magazines tells us that he well remembers seeing the child when on one of her visits to the seaside. At that time she was only five years old. He saw her playing merrily on the Ramsgate sands, dressed in a coloured muslin frock, and wearing a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon round the crown. He stood a little while, watching the mother and child as they walked along the High Street, and noticed that the little Princess ran back for a moment to put some money into the lap of a poor Irish woman who was sitting on a door-step.

Great regularity was observed both with the lessons and the amusements of the Princess. She was taught always to finish what she was doing before commencing anything else. Nor had she by any means a lavish allowance of pocket money. An amusing story is told of her with regard to this. It is said that when about eight years old, she went on one occasion to a Bazaar at Tunbridge Wells, where she expended all her pocket money in purchasing some presents for various relations and friends. Suddenly she thought of another cousin, and was about to purchase a box, marked half-a-crown, when she remembered that all her money was gone! It was agreed, however, that the box should be put aside for a time, and when quarter-day arrived, the Princess came trotting along to the Bazaar upon her donkey, very early in the morning, and carried the box away with her.

And so the years passed quickly by, during all of which she was being diligently trained for the right discharge of those important duties so soon to devolve upon her. In the year 1837, King William IV. died, leaving the crown to his niece, the Princess of whom we have been speaking, and who, under the title of Queen Victoria, has for nearly fifty years occupied the throne of these realms.