

where she remained for seven stormy years, then fled to England and flung herself and her infant son on the mercy of Elizabeth. But the English queen was hard-hearted, and imprisoned her for seventeen years.

During her imprisonment several plots were formed for her release and the dethronement of Elizabeth. An act was passed declaring that any person "by" or "for" whom a conspiracy was formed should be guilty of treason. A person by the name of Babington having formed a plot for Mary's liberation, she was formally arraigned and tried at her prison, and a verdict of "guilty" was returned by the jury. For some reason, either real or pretended, Elizabeth delayed signing the warrant; but at last she affixed her signature and it was sent to the Chancellor to receive the Great Seal. Next day, however, she relented, but alas! her good resolution was formed too late. The warrant had almost reached its destination, and in the gray light of a February morning, Fotheringhay Castle was the scene of the beheading of the beautiful Mary Stuart, aged forty-five years. The way in which Elizabeth treated this beautiful queen leaves the darkest stain on her memory.

England's naval glory dawned in this reign, and a brilliant dawn it was. Spain, France and Portugal were finding their way into unknown seas, and England was not behind them. Among those who distinguished themselves by their naval exploits, were Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins and Raleigh.

Perhaps the greatest event of this reign was the defeat of the "Invincible Armada." The Armada was a great fleet sent by the Spanish king to conquer England. His chief desire was to overthrow Protestantism, and besides, he was smarting under the loss of his treasure ship, and his vanity was wounded by Elizabeth's refusal to marry him.

One hundred and thirty ships set sail from Lisbon under the Duke Medina Sidonia, while the Duke of Parma, an experienced general, set out for the coast of Flanders with an army of 40,000 men. Never were experienced officers more bitterly disappointed, for the English, with one hundred and forty small ships and 70,000 ill-trained men, gained the victory. From the start the Spaniards were unfortunate. Of all the great fleet, only about fifty-three shattered hulks crept sadly back to Spain.

English literature flourished brightly in this reign. Spencer's "Faery Queen" was published and praised. Sir Philip Sydney wrote his celebrated prose romance called "Arcadia," and William Shakespeare lived nearly all of his brilliant life in this reign.

Queen Elizabeth died at the age of seventy-two years. Her chief favorite, the Earl of Essex, had been put to death some time before, and she never recovered from the blow.

Ten days before she died she was told that the enmity of the Count and the Countess of Nottingham, and not the faithlessness of Essex, as she had supposed, was the cause of him being beheaded, and for the next ten days she refused to eat or sleep. All around her saw she must die; but she was indignant at the thought. When the Cecil declared she "must" go to bed, the word roused her like a trumpet, "Must!" she said, "'must,' is that a word to use to a princess? Little man, little man, if thy father were alive he durst not have used that word." Then her anger having spent itself, she sank back into utter dejection, and she only rallied when the ministers gathered round to appoint her successor. At the mention of Lord Beauchamp, she exclaimed, hoarsely, "I'll have no rogue's son in my seat." When James of Scotland was mentioned, she merely nodded her head, and early next morning, March 24th, 1603, ended the strange lonely life of this great queen.

TID-BITS.

"Papa."

U-B-Sem-in-ar-y, rah-rah-rah!

"Where did you get that hat?"

Exodus 20: 15.

I'm a sweet little creature.

"Crack."

Who got left at the Excelsior?

"Aimez-vous le riz, Guillaume?"

What is the matter with the cake? Has it dropsy?

Blue ribbon worn by an Irish washerwoman.

Who came near losing her rubber boot down a stream?

Who invented the Davie's Safety Lamp?

(Music Room No. 8, Saturday morning, March 8th.)
Did I hear the whisper, not "snow-white"?

A lonely walk on a beautiful moonlight night—how very enjoyable! Oh! where! oh where! was McGinty?

Patti recommends gentlemen singers to wear "blue ribbon" round their Adam's apple.

The "small boy," the elder sister's chief source of annoyance, is again on deck (!) Not too slow Louis!