

## VALE VICTORIA, VIVAT REX.

BY MARY E. ALCOCK.

Sad was the day when over sea and land  
 All that was mortal of our Lady passed ;  
 The weeping skies in sad accord poured down,  
 And soft and sadly moaned the wintry blast.  
 The kings and princes came to bear their part  
 They followed in the solemn funeral train,  
 And all the nations loving tributes sent,  
 Who know her worth, and watched her splendid reign.

Aye, weep for her, ye peoples whom she ruled—  
 In the far north and south, and east and west ;  
 Beside her Consort now she rests in peace,  
 Our much-loved Queen, our noblest and our best.  
 And blessed shall thy memory ever be,  
 In cot, in palace, hut, and splendid hall ;  
 Though daughters many have done virtuously,  
 Victoria, thou far excellest all.

Albert the Good, Victoria the Great !  
 A noble pair—our grief is most sincere :  
 May royal Edward follow in your steps  
 For your sweet sake we hold him now most dear.  
 Lord of our Empire, son of her we mourn—  
 Rule thou as well that we may ever sing  
 “ With heart and voice,” as once we sang of her,  
 God save the Queen, but *now* God save the King !

Exeter, Ont.

## VICTORIA THE GOOD.

BY M. M.



THE Elizabethan age !  
 The Victorian era !  
 What varied associa-  
 tions come crowding on  
 us with each expression.

Yet, marvellous as was the reign of  
 England's "maiden queen," teeming  
 though it was with new life which  
 sought an outlet in all forms of dis-  
 covery and enterprise, and found  
 its richest outburst in the drama  
 of the "thousand-souled Shake-  
 speare," its achievements in no way  
 compare with the magnificent  
 stride which the English world has  
 made under the gracious lady uni-  
 versally beloved and honoured and  
 revered—Victoria the Good.

It was in the famous old home-

like brick palace of Kensington, so  
 filled with the memories of former  
 kings and queens, that the little  
 Princess Victoria first saw the light.  
 Tradition tells us that on that very  
 spot stood the royal nursery where  
 Elizabeth played her childish  
 pranks ; there that loyal wife, Mary,  
 cared for her blunt, taciturn, Dutch  
 William ; and there, too, sat Anne  
 with her fan in her mouth, waiting  
 in silent stupidity for dinner to be  
 announced.

In 1819, shortly before the birth  
 of their daughter, the Duke and  
 Duchess of Kent made this old  
 palace their home. At that time  
 there seemed but a remote prospect  
 of a child of theirs ascending the