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### OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

While we are about to commemorate the Sixtieth year of our Most Gracious Sovereign's reign, it may be both interesting and appropriate to make a short sketch backwards, when perhaps a no less august event transpired at the old Court, Kensington Palace.

The 24th of May, 1819, will ever be a memorable day in the minds of all the loyal subjects of our Queen, for all know it was on that day Princess Victoria was born in her palace-home at Kensington. Here too, in the grand saloon, the sacred Rite of Baptism was administered and witnessed by a brilliant assembly of royalty.

Of the infant days of the Princess we do not hear much, but from charming drawings we can decide she was an extremely pretty baby, and on one occasion her proud father is said to have lifted her up remarking, "Look at her well, for she will yet be Queen of England!"

The Princess was an apt scholar, and most attentive to her studies. She applied herself to all the tasks allotted by her tutors, and in her early childhood was beloved by all around her.

In her holidays she chose to visit those of humbler life, and here was formed the groundwork of our tender-hearted Queen Victoria, whose kindly sympathies have been felt amongst cottagers and peasants throughout the length and breadth of her dominions.

The year 1836 was a more than usually eventful one to the Princess, the Duke of Coburg having arranged to pay a visit to the Duchess of Keat at Kensington Palace, and in a few years he became the husband as we all know of our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria.

Another memorable day arrived—the Coronation of the youthful Queen. All London seemed then, as now, in a state of Jubilee—triumphal arches, grand music, and universal rejoicings floated on the air—words are powerless to tell the amount of enthusiasm the newly crowned sovereign evoked.

Many interesting accounts have been given of the life of Queen Victoria in her royal home at Windsor, and it was hallowed by the fact that the Prince Consort was summoned to Her Majesty, who offered him her hand in marriage.

We dare not peer into the holy, unalloyed happiness spent here after her union with Prince Albert. The deepest joy and heaviest sorrows are not to be gazed upon or touched by pen or lip.

Sunshine is never without shade, and so, in the home of the Queen or peasant, sorrow sheds its sombre hues around. In March, 1844, the Queen had to accept her first parting from her husband on his tour, and she solaced herself in a most womanly way with her young children the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal.

A beautiful sentence was written in her