

Victoria :

through the lines of the mighty ships of war will ever forget it, while the minute-guns rolled like thunder along the eight miles of vessels. Overhead the sky was one great sheet of blue. "Queen's weather to the last," we whispered somehow, as we watched the splendour of the day. There were other vessels following—the *Victoria and Albert*, with the King on board, and the mighty *Hohenzollern*; but one never thought of the King, or, if one did, it was but as *her* son. Nor, we venture to think, would the King have wished it to be otherwise. There was only one thing that day, it seemed, and that was the fairy yacht, with the royal standard flying low upon the slender mast, and on the deck the snowy burden, half veiled with the ermine and crimson robe that she had worn in the hey-day of her youth, and in the sunlight of a June morn, when they crowned her Queen in the grey abbey, long, long ago. No—one only saw the *Alberta*, with its casket, around which her sailors watched. "Such a little casket to contain the heart of an empire!" as someone truly