

getting so stout." The basket-carriages for His Royal Highness' children were very common-place affairs, at which many Canadian young folk would turn up their noses.

The favourite town residence of the Queen is Buckingham Palace—the rather dingy old red brick St. James' Palace being little used, notwithstanding its famous historic associations as the chief residence of the British sovereigns from Henry VIII. to George IV. Buckingham Palace is a magnificent structure, in every way worthy of its royal tenant. It forms a large quadrangle, of which the principal façade, towards St. James' Park, is 300 feet in length. Among the magnificent apartments of this palace are the throne-room, 66 feet long, with a splendid marble frieze; the grand saloon, 110 feet long, by 60 feet broad; and the Picture Gallery, 180 feet long.

But even to the Palace sorrow comes, and very, very touching is the following letter from the thrice-bereaved Queen: very beautiful is the Christian faith exhibited in the lines we have italicised.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN
ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Windsor Castle, April 14, 1884.

I have on several previous occasions given personal expression to my deep sense of the loving sympathy and loyalty of my subjects in all parts of my Empire. I wish, therefore, in my present grievous bereavement, to thank them most warmly for the very gratifying manner in which they have shown, not only their sympathy with me and my dear, so deeply-afflicted daughter-in-law, and my other children, but also their high appreciation of my beloved son's great qualities of head and heart, and of the loss he is to the country and to me.

The affectionate sympathy of my loyal people, which has never failed me in weal or woe, is very soothing to my heart.

Though much shaken and sorely afflicted by the many sorrows and trials which have fallen upon me during these past years, *I will not lose courage, and with the help of Him who has never forsaken me, will strive to labour on for the sake of my children and for the good of the country I love so well, as long as I can.*

My dear daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, who bears her terrible misfortune with the most admirable touching, and uncomplaining resignation to the will of God, is also deeply gratified by the universal sympathy and kind feeling evinced towards her.

I would wish, in conclusion, to express my gratitude to all other countries for their sympathy—above all to the neighbouring one where my beloved son breathed his last, and in the great respect and kindness shown on that mournful occasion.

VICTORIA R. and F.

"A MULE wid his ribs on the outside," is Pat's description of the Zulu

The Queen's Gift.

BY ROSIE HARTWICK THORPE.

WHERE English daisies blossom,
And English robins sing,
When all the land was fragrant
Beneath the feet of spring,

Two little sisters wandered
Together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway,
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.

'Twas not a childish sorrow
That filled their eyes with tears;
Their little hearts were burdened
With grief beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed
In valley and in glen,
The robins sang their sweetest,
Spring smiled—but not for them.

Beneath the trees of Whitehall,
Within their shadow brown,
From out the royal palace
The Queen came walking down.

She saw the children standing
Together, side by side,
And, gazing down with pity,
She asked them why they cried.

"Dear lady," said the eldest,
"My little sister Bess
And I have come together
A hundred miles, I guess.

"Sometimes the roads were dusty,
And sometimes they were green;
We're very tired and hungry—
We want to see the Queen.

"For mother's sick, dear lady,
She cries 'most all the day;
We hear her tolling Jesus,
When she thinks we're at play.

"She tells him all about it,
How when King James was King,
We were so rich and happy
And had 'most everything.

"We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames,
But father went to battle
Because he loved King James.

"And then things were so different—
I cannot tell you how.
We haven't any father,
Nor any nice things now.

"Last night, our mother told us
They'd take our home away,
And leave us without any,
Because she couldn't pay.

"So then we came together,
Right through the meadow green,
And prayed for God to help us,
And take us to the Queen;

"Because mamma once told us
That, many years ago,
The Queen was James's little girl,
And, lady, if 'twas so,

"I know she'll let us keep it,—
Our home beside the Thames,—
For we have come to ask her,
And father loved King James."

Her simple story finished,
She gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady
With tear-drops in her eyes.

And when the English robins
Had sought each downy nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies,
Dew-damp, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never
Had passed that way before,
Set down two little children
Beside the widow's door.

They brought the weeping mother
A package from the Queen.
Her royal seal was on it
And, folded in between,

A slip of paper saying:
"The daughter of King James
Gives to those little children
Their home beside the Thames."
—St. Nicholas.

Our Good Queen.

At the earliest dawn of June 20th, 1837, William IV. breathed his last, and the ministers of State hastened away from Windsor to Kensington, to announce the fact to the young girl who must now mount the throne of her ancestors.

The birds were singing under her windows, and she was in a sweet sleep, from which the attendants hesitated to awaken her, until informed that even the Queen's sleep must give way to this business. Presently Victoria stood before her visitors in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her long hair falling about her shoulders, and her feet in slippers.

The announcement of the vacant throne was made to her by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and four other gentlemen from Windsor.

She entreated the Archbishop to pray for her; and so began the untried, difficult path of sovereignty in dependence upon her Father in heaven.

The readiness with which she received and acted upon Lord Melbourne's instructions for every new duty, won the admiration of those most anxious as to the impression she would make on the British public. The young Queen quickly became popular. According to custom, she, as the new monarch, had to present herself at the window of St. James's Palace when her accession was proclaimed by the Garter-King-at-Arms.

The striking up of the band for the National Anthem, the firing of the guns, the acclamations that thundered in the Palace-court and rolled away to the last echo amid the surging crowds beyond, wholly overcame her, and turning to her mother she fell upon her neck and wept.

It was not till the 28th of June, 1838, that the coronation took place. O, what a long day it was! The firing of guns began with the dawn, and the streets of London were all alive soon afterwards. At ten o'clock a salute of twenty-one guns proclaimed that the Queen had just left Buckingham Palace. She was in her grand state-carriage, drawn by eight cream-coloured horses.

The gray old Abbey was rendered resplendent with the purple and crimson and gold cloth that was laid along the aisles, and over the galleries that had been erected.

There were tall Life Guards with their waving plumes, gorgeous ambassadors, be-diamonded princes, peers in robes of state, and peeresses whose jewels flashed when the sun shone on

them, till, as Harriet Martineau said, each peeress shone like a rainbow.

The young Queen walked up the nave escorted by two Bishops, and wearing a royal robe of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine and bordered with gold lace.

Eight ladies bore her train, and fifty ladies of her household followed her. She had a gold circlet on her head. After she had knelt in prayer, the Archbishop of Canterbury presented her as the Queen of this realm, and was answered by shouts of "God save Queen Victoria!" Then followed divine service, and the administration of the oath to the Queen, who vowed to maintain law, and the Established religion. The anointing next took place, and when the Archbishop placed the crown on the Queen's head, all the peers and peeresses put on their coronets.

"God save the Queen!" was sung and shouted, trumpets pealed, drums beat, cannons boomed, and old London was stirred to the depths of its heart. At the close of the long and impressive ceremony the Queen received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The old crown of the Georges was too large and heavy for her, so another was made of less than half the weight.

The precious stones of all sizes that adorned the little cap of blue velvet and the hoops of silver numbered 2,166 and were worth nearly £113,000. Above the diamond ball was a Maltese cross of brilliants, with a splendid sapphire in its centre. In front of the crown was another Maltese cross bearing the heart-shaped ruby once worn by Edward the Black Prince.

As a child of twelve, our gracious Queen, when made aware of the brilliant future before her, said thoughtfully: "I will be good," and then she saw why her education was stricter than that of other children.

The vow she made in her childhood she has tried to keep. She has been eminently good, God-honouring and God-fearing.

In the first year of her reign, when a nobleman urged her attention to some State papers on the Sabbath, she gently postponed them, and instructed her chaplain to preach on Sabbath observance in the morning service. She confessed to the nobleman afterwards that she had requested the clergyman to preach, and she hoped they would be benefited by the sermon.

A QUAKER had a quarrelsome neighbour, whose cow, being suffered to go at large, often broke into the Quaker's well-cultivated garden. One morning, having driven the cow from his premises to her owner's house, he said to him, "Friend T., I have driven thy cow home once more, and if I find her in my garden again—" "Suppose you do?" his neighbour angrily exclaimed, "What will you do?" "Why," said the Quaker, "I'll drive her home to thee again, friend T." The cow never again troubled the Quaker.