



The Queen.

Flush'd with a thousand victories,  
O'er half the earth her red cross flies  
The day's free sunlight never dies  
On Britain's world-wide throne  
Beholds that the Persian never knew  
Waves where Rome's eagle never flew,  
Her free dominion o'er,  
From Himalaya's snowy piles,  
From green Australia's farthest isles,  
Where waves the wave round Eden's peak  
Where deep woods shield the vanquish'd Sikh—  
Where the wild Cape's gigantic form  
Looms through the haze of southern storm  
Where the old Spanish rock looks down  
O'er the blue strait with martial frown,  
Where o'er the western world looks forth  
Quebec, gray fortress of the north!  
Where old St. Lawrence sings and smiles,  
Round blue Ontario's thousand isles,  
Where the young queen of Inland seas,  
Toronto, woe the forest breeze—  
Where the everlasting spray-cloud floats  
High o'er Niagara's thunder not,  
Where 'tis spreads his waters fair  
Where white falls gleam on soft St. Clair  
Where the Great Spirit's island rest  
Far off on Huron's sunlit breast  
Where tempests wake superior sleep—  
Where Oregon looks o'er the deep—  
Floats the red cross on high!  
And the glad shout of free-born hosts  
Echo from earth's remotest coasts,  
"Britain and victory!"

Not a rich flush of martial light  
That bids thro' this isle's historic night,  
Not the wild breath of battle-horn  
Two centuries of conquest loom,  
Not the bright roll of champions brave,  
Earth transpires—lords of field and wave!  
Thine is a nobler fame!  
Where foot can press, where wave can roll,  
The slave—the captive—a withering soul,  
Blesses thy honor'd name,  
Beautiful on the mountains shine  
Their feet who bear the holy sign,  
Salvation's banner-cross unfurl'd,  
The rainbow of a darken'd world,  
Bribe's harbinger of Mercy—Peace—  
In movement a triumph—Earth's increase—  
Glad hearts and firesides free,  
Such glow bright trophies—Christian Isles,  
Fruits of long years of wars and toils,  
High o'er red Glaston's crimson piles,  
"God's Word and Liberty."

And Thou! upon whose awful breath,  
Hang thro' and empire—Judgment—death—  
Before whose throne earth's slaves and kings  
Alike shall stand, weak suppliant things,  
Father of Him, whose gentle eye  
Look'd kind on childhood's purity,  
Shield Thou our Queen with strength divine,  
Pour blessings on her princely line,  
Thine be the Word—Victory—Might!  
Not with red and sword fiery brand,  
For shatter'd hearts and wasted land  
No thine a nobler fight—  
To sway the heart of Christian man,  
Lift the red cross in freedom's van,  
Lift Thy pure altars point to heaven,  
The chain from slavery's neck be riven,  
Let their bright standards fly  
On farthest shore and wildest main,  
Glad heralds of the angelic strain,  
"TRAC' UPON EARTH—GOODWILL TO MEN,  
GLORY TO THEE—ON HIGH!"

—The Maple Leaf.

### HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

#### A Study of the Longest Reign in British History.

Condensed from W. T. Stead, in Review of Spectator for March, 1897.

Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the Queen

Never has prayer been more fully answered. No other British Sovereign has reigned so long. No other monarch in any land has reigned so long or so well; and year after year love and affection for Her Majesty the Queen has increased in the hearts of her people.

All English speaking people, owning the sovereignty of Great Britain, will this year vie with each other to express their gratitude and thankfulness for the abundant answer to this prayer in our National Anthem.

During the century English speaking people have placed their mark on the history of the world, and prominent among them has been that most womanly woman, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who has discharged "the common round, the daily task" with fidelity and capacity. Passing through ordeal after ordeal unvanquished, recoting great cri-

ses with undaunted heart, she has indelibly stamped upon the mind of the race the conception of highest duty nobly done. Coming to the throne when in her teens, upon her was focused "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," and during the sixty years she has stood the test, and is now in the hearts of English speaking people more loved, more honored and more revered than at any previous period of her history.

Few there are, in comparison with the millions under her rule, who have ever seen the Queen and fewer indeed who have ever heard her speak, yet their loyalty is unbounded, and in that loyalty her throne rests secure.

Think how immense is the area within her own empire upon which the Queen has never set her foot. The loyalty of her subjects in Canada, in South Africa and in Australia is unbounded, and flourishes out of sight of the throne. And what is true of these is true of most of the English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish counties, through many of which, at one time or another Her Majesty has made a royal tour or paid a royal visit. Outside of a radius twenty miles around her three royal residences the Queen is practically unknown. But these people who have never seen the Queen, pay the Queen's taxes, fight the Queen's battles, and uphold the Queen's throne. To them, the Queen, though invisible, is much more than a name. She is a reality in their lives, counting for much more than they think.

To many it may be interesting to trace some of the steps by which Mr. Stead progressed from Republicanism to Monarchy. Children nowadays, thanks to photography and illustrated journalism, are familiar with the features of the Queen. Not so in his young days. The first picture of the Queen that ever attracted his attention was the Queen's head on the old, red, unperforated penny postage-stamp. There was no idealizing of royalty in his home, and when he asked if the Queen looked like the picture on the stamp was told that "she was not so good looking." Then the Queen's image on the old copper penny attracted his attention, and he was somewhat puzzled over the difference between the two representations of Her Majesty.

Independents were by tradition opponents of the Monarchy, and as the son of an Independent minister, it is not strange that Republican principles were among the first of his political conceptions. Down to the seventies his political heroes were the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, the Kossoths, the Victor Hugos of the European revolution. His father could never free himself from his prejudice against the Tory aristocracy as the class that taxed the people's bread. As for the Queen his note was one of contemptuous toleration rather than of actual dislike. "A good woman, no doubt," he said, "but she has only to sign her name. Any good that could sign her name could do as well." Nevertheless, Mr. Stead informs us, his father was one of the best of men, the most law-abiding of citizens, and the kindest parent that boy could have.

Such being the sentiment in his home, it is not strange that his first feeling in connection with the person of Her Majesty should have been one of resentment as it was on the occasion of her visit to France and cordially meeting Louis Napoleon who was regarded by Republicans as the usurper who had strangled the Republic of France in the night after he had sworn to defend it to the death. In his resentment, however, lay the germ of ownership in the Queen which when fully developed makes every Englishman a prouder man to day when he reflects upon the glories of her reign.

Another, and a great step in his progress towards Monarchy, was furnished by the first great International Exhibition of 1851, which was launched and guided to a successful issue by the Prince Consort and Her Majesty the Queen.

The marriage of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia marked another step in his progress. That was a new thread of living interest between the head of the State and the humblest of its citizens, and the growing interest for the Royal family was shown in this Republican household by the expressed opinion that he did not seem good enough for her. Not alone by joyful events was he

drawn towards the Monarchy as represented by Her Majesty, but by sadder events also. The death of Prince Albert, and the mourning of the nation drew out his sympathy and forged a new link which blended sovereign and subject in the communion of a common grief.

Less than two years saw another advance. The mourning of the nation gave place to the pealing of joy bells, for the Prince of Wales was to wed the Princess Alexandra. The circumstances, even in his humble surroundings, were so wonderfully novel, so strange and so thrilling to him. What thoughts were aroused by the smell of powder, and the report of musketry? He says they represented the British army to him, and in it he heard the echoes of Hougoumot, and he saw Napoleon smitten and broken into irremediable ruin. Thus funeral cars and wedding coaches alike served to draw the nation and the family at its head more closely together.

Some time after this there came for exhibition in Newcastle-on-Tyne a well-known picture by Mr. Jones Barker, "The Secret of England's Greatness." In this picture were represented, as central figures, a gorgeously attired Indian Prince inquiring for the secret of England's greatness, and Her Majesty handing to him the Bible for answer. The sovereign doing homage to the Bible: How the news spread among those Puritans of the North to whom "I gave them a king in my wrath" appeared to come very near to a brand of Divine displeasure on Monarchy, and to whom it seemed that a long stride toward establishing the Kingdom of God and His righteousness would be made when Britain was restored to the primitive simplicity of republican institutions. To his republicanism at that time it was a sign of grace that she should recognize the book, and he tells us that the painting made a great impression on him and not on him only; and thus he began to think of the Sovereign as the Grand Certifier for the truth and excellence of that which is best worth holding by in Church and in State.

Soon after reaching his majority, Mr. Stead tells us, he had lost much of his reverence for the Crown. The death of the Prince Consort, the retreat of the Queen to her highland home meditating over her irreparable loss, and the widely circulated reports of the habits of the Prince of Wales effaced much of the good impression that had been formed during 1850 and 1861. But a reaction took place when the success of the German armies showed an example of efficiency and economy of a system in its essence monarchical, and impressed the nation to which he belonged by the magnificent spectacle of German loyalty and German discipline, as contrasted with the treachery and inefficiency of their opponents, who, though under the Empire, were essentially democratic. Then when the French Republic was formed, it became possible for that mad outbreak of the Commune to take place. The glamour of republicanism was gone, and the institution of kingship vindicated in full day as a supremely capable institution.

At about this time the value of a Sovereign was more fully impressed upon the people of Britain, when owing to the rivalry between the Lords and Commons, Mr. Gladstone was forced to appeal to the Queen to abolish purchase in the army, and thus England became aware that in the Sovereign they had an invincible reinforcement for the cause of the people.

Again, the carping of Radicals at Royal allowances, at the time during which Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M. P., launched his famous diatribe against the cost of the crown, showed Mr. Stead the depth of inane trifling to which republican enthusiasm had sunk.

When the Republicans were discussing the probable date of the downfall of Monarchy, it was openly said that nothing would be done while the Queen lived, but "that young man," referring to the Prince of Wales, "will never ascend the throne. It will never be permitted." But a subsequent illness of the Prince changed all this, and of the time when the issue of the disease seemed doubtful, Mr. Stead says "I verily believe that the suspense, prolonged for nearly a whole week, finally extinguished the last smoldering embers of republicanism in England."

Shortly after the recovery of the Prince, the election of 1874 returned Mr. Disraeli to power, and the Radicals of the North, who did not believe such a

thing possible, saw a hard blow given their Republicanism.

But the period of his administration passed, and Mr. Gladstone was more favored by the people. Mr. Stead who was then in London, was able more clearly to see the actual working of the Executive government, and then learned to appreciate the advantage of having at the head of the State, a human being, trained for the part from infancy, who is not changed by adverse elections, and with whom, on the grave affairs of the State, ministers must take counsel before they act; and this conclusion was subsequently strengthened by a visit to the Great Republic of earlier ideals. He now sees the Queen as the centre of loyalty, even to the confines of her vast domains. On her and not on the House of Commons, is the interest of her subjects centered. The colonies have each their own government, and each is interested in its own politicians, and the removal of a ministry in England would have only a passing interest, but the loss of the Queen would be keenly felt in Canada, Australia, in New Zealand, in Cape Colony and elsewhere. High above all political people there rises before the eyes of every English speaking man, the majestic fabric of the hereditary monarchy.

By her earnest sympathy in times of trouble, the Queen, who has seen the tomb opened to receive almost all her contemporaries, and not a few of her own children and children's children, has shown herself to be the heart of her people; and by her knowledge of State craft she has on several occasions, averted trouble to the nation at large, even by refusing her assent to the council of her ministers. With such a head to the nation, the people of Britain go about their daily labor in the comfortable assurance that in addition to all the visible and tangible apparatus on which they can count for the purpose of preserving the peace of the realm and the defense of its rights and interests, they can also confidently rely upon the unceasing vigilance and incomparable experience of an invisible helper, who, though her action is unseen, hovers like a guardian angel over the peace of the nations that call her Queen.

Two occasions on which Mr. Stead saw the Queen, may be cited to show his change of feeling towards Her Majesty. The first was in a holiday taken after the general election of 1874 when Mr. Disraeli was returned to power. He saw her at Windsor Railway Station. The small crowd, the red carpet, the liveried servants, the little figure in black—the Queen walking slowly across the platform to the carriage into which she disappeared was what he saw. That was all. That was the Queen.

The last occasion on which he saw Her Majesty was in Westminster Abbey when there were gathered an immense concourse of representatives from all parts of her realm to render thanks to Almighty God for the marvellous loving kindness and manifold mercies He had graciously vouchsafed to her realm during the reign of fifty years. Every nook of the vast edifice was crowded. The Queen entered. The whole assemblage rose to their feet as she slowly passed down the nave to take her place before the altar where she offered thanks. It was the Great Mother of her people in the midst of her children. And as the Queen—the Highest on Earth—knelt before the Lord God of Heaven, all thought of her majesty and her might, and of her Empire over land and sea, disappeared, and they saw only the plain little loving hearted woman, who as maid, wife and widow had for fifty years shared all the joys, the sorrow, the hopes and fears, the trying vicissitudes, the glowing aspirations which make up the sum of the private and public life of her people, and as she joined in the jubant anthem of praise to Him who alone is the giver of all good gifts, it was as if he saw a new and more glorious rendering of the old painting he had seen in his youth. For that which was then declared to be the secret of England's greatness was now in the fullness of the years proclaimed to be also the secret, the open secret, of the greatness and glory of the reign.

The British empire has up ward of 316,000,000 of inhabitants, of whom only 38,000,000 live in the United Kingdom. Its revenues amount to \$1,160,000,000 of which \$555,000,000 are raised at home.