

return from Canada. Happily we had a friend at Windsor—a Mrs. B. whom I had known and played games with when she was fourteen and I was eighteen; she was now living in a large handsomely furnished house in Windsor and could give us the very help we needed, and she most kindly invited us to spend that Friday night at her house. The Queen was expected at five minutes to nine, and so we had an early breakfast and then Mrs. B. drove us in her brougham to the castle. There was not very much crowd in the streets, as Her Majesty's arrival is too ordinary an occasion in Windsor to cause much excitement, but the route by which the Royal carriages would pass was lined with policemen. Mrs. B. spoke to the Police Inspector and we readily gained entrance within the castle grounds away from the crowd. We had got Soney in his blue uniform with red sash and little Zosie dressed up in his Indian costume. We drove round by a back way and then the brougham stopped and we all got out and walked—or rather ran—for we thought we heard the carriages coming—till we were quite near to the inside entrance gates leading to the grand entrance where Her Majesty would alight. No one else was there and we drew as close up as the policeman at the gate would permit us. We were out just in time. Scarcely had we come to a standstill when the clatter of hoofs was heard, and an open carriage, drawn by four white horses with postilions and followed by two outriders, drove briskly by. The Queen was sitting on the far side of the carriage and the Princess Beatrice beside her. The Princess noticed us first and drew the Queen's attention, and Her Majesty, looking for one moment in apparent surprise at the grotesque little creature in the fox skin cap, seemed to take in the situation, smiled graciously and bowed, and we, meanwhile, waved our hats and handkerchiefs as the carriage swept past, and in a moment was lost to view within the entrance gates. Then came two more carriages, closed over, containing the Duke of Connaught's children and the Prince of Battenberg's children—they seemed to be just little toddlers and were too sleepy or tired with their journey to notice us. Then we went back to the brougham and Zosie got inside and changed his dress, and Mrs. B. got an order for us to see the beautiful Wolsey Chapel, beneath which most of the deceased members of our Royal family—including Prince Leopold—are buried. It was indeed a most beautiful little edifice; in the centre were recumbent marble effigies of the Prince Consort and Prince Leopold—their tombs surrounded by a goodly array of hot-house plants in pots. The floor was all polished marble glistening like glass except where protected by matting. Round all the walls were pictures illustrating various scenes in our Lord's life—scenes illustrating His tenderness and His love; stone pictures, the

lines being finely, but deeply, cut and the spaces filled with colouring matter. On either side of the entrance door was a pure white marble figure, one holding a skull illustrating "Death," the other bearing a wreath and looking upwards, illustrating "Life." The ceiling was finished with very beautiful designs in mosaic, and exquisite stained glass windows shed their sombre light over the apartment. In a passage outside was the entrance to the Royal vaults, a great flat oblong stone firmly cemented down.

After a walk on the terrace, from which was a view of Eton College and chapel across the river, and a stroll through the cloisters, we entered St. George's Chapel, Mr. Savage, the Dean's verger, letting us in; and through this gentleman's kindness we were permitted to see the old English Bible which used to be chained to the desk—a part of the chain still attached to it—and also to go into the Queen's private pew which she occupied when attending the service. It had access to the castle by a private door, and consisted of two small rooms, each with a number of upholstered chairs and foot-stools, a blue carpet with large yellow rings on each of which were the words, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and a fireplace; the front of each little room was open to the chapel, being situated just above and on the north side of the chancel. One room is occupied by the Queen and members of the Royal family, the other by her ladies-in-waiting. We saw the Queen's old prayer-book, with a common brown cover, which she used to use when a girl. She likes to keep it, and sometimes uses it still. It was in one of the boxes just by Her Majesty's seat.

There was to be service at half-past ten. Mrs. B. had to go away, but we remained as our train would not leave until twelve o'clock. There were only a few people present, and we sat in three of the stalls on the north side of the chancel nearly under the Queen's pew, Zosie in the first stall, then Soney, then I; we used the great service books with which each stall is supplied; the singing by the choir was very beautiful; there were two special prayers for the Queen—which are not used in ordinary churches—they were printed on paper slips and gummed into the prayer-book. When we came out of the chapel some soldiers were drilling in the court; we watched them a little while, then bought a few photos at a fancy store and then went back to London.

Next day, Sunday, I preached twice at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and on Monday morning, after bidding adieu to my friends and relatives, we started for the North. Our route lay through the city of York, and, as there was an hour to spare, we walked to and viewed the Minster, paying a half-penny toll each for the privilege of crossing the bridge both going and returning. We reached Newcastle at five