

Albert ought never to be separated, and the wisdom which marks our Queen's public career had no greater incentive than was found in the loving support of Albert the Good.

But that royal home had one mark which remains when thrones shall have fallen and the world's kingdoms end. It was a Christian home, and therein lies the true secret of Victoria's power. Queen, wife, mother, friend, all these relations filled by a Christian woman. This may well be a nation's pride. Bound by rigid State etiquette to an Established Church, yet have the sovereign's sympathies been ever catholic; despite Episcopal admonitions, her convictions have found expression in many ways that Christian fellowship has wider bounds than those of a church established by law. With Albert she has a catholic heart.

One of the first private acts of the young Queen was to pay out from her own purse her father's debts, £50,000. This is nothing but what ought to have been done, but many of the Hanoverian princes did not allow debt to trouble them much. The Queen would "owe no man anything."

It is said that returning to the palace from the gorgeous coronation ceremony, she heard a dog bark. "That's Dash," said the girlish lips, and putting aside orb and crown she ran to meet her favoured pet. The newly crowned sovereign was still a girl. The Queen never forgot her womanhood. In the nursery with her children, in the Highland cot beside suffering poverty, visiting her soldiers in their hospital, sending help to the fatherless, sympathy to the smitten, no woman's heart beat more lovingly than hers. There was the sterner side also, as when she resolutely refused to reinstate a brave officer in his command because of his attempt in a railway carriage upon a lone girl's chastity.

That Victoria has lived and reigned faultlessly, no one would maintain, but she has lived sixty-eight years, reigning fifty as, alas! few of earth's princes and sovereigns live and reign. History will be able without flattery to say:

Her court was pure; her life serene;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her, as mother, wife and Queen.

And the nation earnestly prays:

May you rule long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
She wrought her people lasting good.

THE GOSPEL AFLOAT.

BY REV. WILLIAM SCOTT.

CHAPTER VII.—IN AND ABOUT CONSTANTINOPLE AND SMYRNA.

Ten days' sojourn in "the City of the Sultan" can only furnish a very meagre conception of the lions and life of a town so vast, so varied and so picturesque. The narrow streets are themselves a panorama. They are crowded from sunrise to sundown with a struggling throng which one might well mistake for a masquerade, so fantastic and various are the costumes worn. The shops are called so by compliment. They are simply boxes. Beggars and cripples abound. It is a Bedlam. The hot air is filled with shrieks and cries of all descriptions, and is heavy with unwholesome smells.

The bazaars present somewhat of a relief to the weary, sun-dazzled traveller. Everybody should see the great bazaar of Stamboul. A literal hive of small shops, it is sheltered from the sun by being arched overhead. It is a labyrinth teeming with never-failing interest. The great mosque of St. Sophia must not be overlooked. It is massive, and majestic in proportion, but disappointing grandeur and tawdry accessories, magnificence and dirt, are everywhere found in alliance. The wonderful dome, grander than St. Peter's, at Rome, the pillars, to the number of 170, each one a single piece, and a monument of antiquity, the pavement, the marble balustrades and the magnificent perspective of the whole, are all marred by bad taste glaring upon you everywhere, and by the omnipresent dinginess and dirt.

A few words concerning Scutari will not seriously be considered an illegitimate digression. Like two guards at the entrance of the Bosphorus panorama stand Constantinople and Scutari—the latter on the Asiatic shore. The centre of interest in this Asiatic suburb is, of course, the Scutari cemetery and that terrible charnel-house—the barrack hospital—sad and suggestive monuments of the Crimean War. In the centre of the cemetery stands a simple obelisk, supported by four female figures, by Marochetti. This obelisk, which is a copy *in petto* of the Luxor Column, bears the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY
of the
OFFICERS AND MEN
of the British
Army and Navy,
who, in the war against Russia,
In 1854, 1855 and 1856,
Died for their Country,
This Monument
was raised by
QUEEN VICTORIA
And her people,
1857.