

times trials, indeed. Botany, however, was a delight, for she loved flowers almost as much as she loved her teacher, her uncle Leopold. Every day, too, besides the lessons, a chapter of the Bible was read to her, and on Sundays she could never go to sleep in church, but must listen very carefully to the sermon, and remember the text and the chief points to tell her governess. So this quiet, happy, healthy childhood went on, and she knew little of the Court life till she had her first taste of it in the shape of a children's ball given by the King, in honour of the child-queen of Portugal, Donna Maria. Donna Maria was a handsome child, grandly dressed, but not nearly as graceful and attractive as the little English Princess. Not long after this, Victoria went to her first drawing-room, where she stood by Queen Adelaide and watched the people eagerly, little knowing with how much greater interest they were gazing at her. But the Princess' wise mother did not think it was good for her little daughter to have too much gaiety, for fear of turning her head. So instead, she took her own delightful excursions, sometimes in the Royal yacht to the Isle of Wight, or sometimes through quaint old English villages. And all the time Victoria was becoming wiser and older. She studied many things which most girls at that time were not expected to learn, such as History, Latin, and the British Constitution, but modern languages and painting were not overlooked, and the little Princess sang very sweetly. Dancing and riding were her delights, and she was very skilful with her bow.

In spite of Victoria's sweet disposition and pleasing manners, she had a will of her own. One day, when she was tired of practising, her music-teacher said to her—"There's no royal road in art; only by much practice can you become mistress of the piano." Quick as thought the girl locked the instrument, put the key in her pocket, and exclaimed—"Now you see there is a royal way of becoming 'mistress of the piano.'"

Up to this time Victoria did not know the great future which was waiting for her. She must have felt that she was in some way different from other children, for in their play they always waited for her to suggest the games, and never objected to anything she proposed. She must have noticed, too, how people stared at her, but perhaps she thought all this was because she was a "Royal Highness," or that it was meant for her companions rather than for herself. At last the time came, when she was about twelve, that her friends thought it wise to tell her the truth. So her teacher put a genealogical table into a history she was reading, and when the Princess found it she exclaimed—"Why, I never saw that before."

"It was not thought necessary you should see it," replied the governess.

The Princess looked at the paper, and then said, thoughtfully—"I am nearer the throne than I supposed." After a minute she added—"It is a great responsibility. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn, even Latin. I will be good." This great news did not make Victoria at all proud and boastful, but only a little more thoughtful.

Even when the Princess was seventeen years old she was still under her mother's dictation. At a great ball given in her honour by the Mayor of Burghley, she was allowed to stay only to open the ball with Lord Exeter, and after that one dance, sent to bed, to rest for the next day.

In 1836 Victoria first met her cousin Albert, who spent three weeks at Kensington with her mother and herself. There the young people rode, walked, and chatted together, and then, perhaps, began the love that was to make both their lives so bright.

On May 24th, 1837, the Princess Victoria came of age,

and the day was celebrated as a holiday all over England, with serenades, speeches, and a great State ball in honour of England's future Queen, now nearer the throne than any one thought. Early on the morning of June 2nd there was a great clamour at the gates of Kensington Palace, and after much delay the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain were admitted, and demanded to speak to the Princess "on very important business." They were told that "the Princess was in such a sweet sleep she could not be disturbed." Then the Archbishop exclaimed—"We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way." This time there was no remonstrance, and a moment later Victoria, in night-gown and shawl, her brown hair tumbling over her shoulders, appeared in the doorway, to hear herself for the first time called the Queen of England. How modest and dignified she was in this very trying situation! Her first words as Queen were—"I beg your Grace to pray for me;" and her first act was to write a letter of sympathy to her aunt, Queen Adelaide, which you have all probably heard.

With this early morning summons her childhood ended, and her womanhood began—that womanhood which has shown to the English people the meaning of good government, and to the world what true Queenliness is.

This unworthy testimony, by a faithful admirer, is laid at the feet of Her Majesty by one who has the honour of celebrating her own birthday on the now august and historic 24th of May.



#### OUR OWN WRITERS.

LONDON, ONT., May 15, 1891.

DEAR POST BAG,—I think you are quite right in your remarks concerning native writers. I have noticed that when a writer, or in fact any one, wishes to perfect himself above the usual mark, it is not the Canadian public who give him support and help, but the other side of the line. I know three personal friends who are totally lost to Canada in this way.

The YOUNG CANADIAN is therefore a step in the direction of checking this continual loss, by supplying a home market, and a good one too, for our own writers and artists.

Wishing you all success.

J. T. D.

MY DEAR SIR,—I think I may in all fairness appeal to our three months' career to prove that our CANADIAN writers and artists have been but waiting for an outlet in their own country. The surprise expressed in reply to our cheques have a sad side as well as a pleasing one to us.

POST BAG.

#### A NICE LETTER.

NANAIMO, B. C.

DEAR POST BAG,—You are so kind to children, and don't seem to get tired answering all the letters they write you, so I thought I would tell you about myself. I love flowers very much; I always help my mother attend to her plants. We have some pretty geraniums in a bay window, and I have a vegetable garden which I made myself. I can't find as many wild-flowers up here as my