

So, alien princes, native peers, and high-born ladies bright,
 Along whose brows the Queen's, new-crowned,
 flashed coronets to light.
 And so, the people at the gates, with priestly hands on high,
 Which bring the first anointing to all legal majesty.
 And so the dead—who lie in rows beneath the minster floor,
 There, verily an awful state maintaining evermore;
 The statesman whose clean palm will kiss no bribe whate'er it be.
 The courtier who, for no fair queen, will rise up to his knee.
 The court-dame who, for no court-tire, will leave her shroud behind.
 The laureate who no courtlier rhyme than "dust to dust" can find.
 The kings and queens who having made that vow and worn that crown,
 Descended unto lower thrones and darker, deep adown!
Dieu et mon droit—what is't to them?—what meaning can it have?
 The King of kings, the right of death—God's judgment and the grave.
 And when betwixt the quick and dead, the young fair Queen had vowed,
 The living shouted "May she live! Victoria, live!" aloud.
 And as the loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed between,
 "The blessings happy monarchs have, be thine, O crowned queen!"

But now before her people's face she bendeth hers anew,
 And calls them, while she vows, to be her witness thereunto.
 She vowed to rule, and, in that oath, her childhood put away.
 She doth maintain her womanhood, in vowing love to-day.
 O, lovely lady!—let her vow!—such lips become such vows,
 And fairer goeth bridal wreath than crown with vernal brows.
 O, lovely lady!—let her vow! yea, let her vow to love!
 And though she be no less a Queen—with purples hung above,
 The pageant of a court behind, the royal kin around,
 And woven gold to catch her looks turned maidenly to ground,
 Yet may the bride veil hide from her a little of that state,
 While loving hopes, for retinues, about her sweetness wait.
 She vows to love who vowed to rule—(the chosen at her side)
 Let none say, God preserve the Queen!—but rather bless the bride!
 None blow the trump, none bend the knee, none violate the dream
 Wherein no monarch but a wife, she to herself may seem.
 Or if ye say, Preserve the Queen!—oh, breathe it inward low—
 She is a woman, and beloved!—and 'tis enough but so.
 Count it enough, thou noble prince, who tak'st her by the hand,
 And claimest for thy lady-love, our lady of the land!
 And since, Prince Albert, men have called thy spirit high and rare,
 And true to truth, and brave for truth, as some at Augsburg were,—
 We charge thee by thy lofty thoughts, and by thy poet-mind
 Which not by glory and degree takes measure of mankind,
 Esteem that wedded hand less dear for sceptre than for ring,
 And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing.

And now upon our Queen's last vow, what blessings shall we pray?
 None, straightened to a shallow crown, will suit our lips to-day.
 Behold, they must be free as love—they must be broad as free,
 Even to the borders of heaven's light and earth's humanity.
 Long live she!—send up loyal shouts—and true hearts pray between,—
 "The blessings happy peasants have, be thine, O crowned Queen!"

In the upper picture we have a portrait of her Majesty after her great life-sorrow had darkened all her days. To this bereavement Tennyson refers in the following touching lines:—

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
 Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,

Remembering all the beauty of that star
 Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
 One light together, but has past and left
 The crown a lonely splendour."

"May all love,
 His love, unseen, but felt, o'ershadow thee,
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
 The love of all thy people comfort thee
 Till God's love set thee at his side again."

Mrs. Oliphant, the latest biographer of the Queen, pays the following tribute to her character:—

"Her Majesty has been to multitudes the most eminent type of feminine character in this vast world; she has been the wife *par excellence*, and emblem of the most entire devotion; her fame in this respect has penetrated more deeply than the fame of the poet or of general; she has helped to give lustre to those virtues on which the happiness of the universe depends, but which wit and fashion have often held lightly.

"Wherever the Queen has stood there has been the standard of goodness, the headquarters of honour and purity. It is this, above all the peculiar attractions of her position, which has given her the hold she has always retained upon the interest—we might almost say the affections—of the world.

"Queen Victoria is indeed the ideal of the constitutional monarch. No one before her has fulfilled the duties of this exalted and difficult post with the same devotion, with so much self-denial, and so little self-assertion. She has made the machine of State work easily when it was in her power to create a hundred embarrassments, and has suppressed her own prepossessions and dislikes in a manner which has been little less than heroic. She is the first of English sovereigns who has never been identified with any political party, nor even hesitated to accept the man whom the popular will or the exigencies of public affairs have brought to the front."

And not only in Great Britain, but in all English-speaking nay, in all civilized lands is the name of Britain's Queen honoured and revered. Of this we have an illustration in the following lines written by Mr. George B. Perry, of the *Boston Herald*, and read on the occasion of the annual celebration of the British Society of Boston:—

"The Queen! Our Queen! Long may she reign!"

Let heart and voice the toast repeat,
 Who lingers o'er the loyal strain
 But seems some old-time friend to greet?
 "Long live the Queen!" from their grey sires
 Our fathers heard the loyal toast,
 Which we, the children, now repeat—
 Our fathers' loyalty our boast.

As one who scales a sunlit height,
 Which holds the gloaming on its breast,
 And lingers in the reddening light
 Awhile for retrospect and rest;
 So, from the vantage ground of years,
 We may recall the scenes long past,
 And see how old-time loyal hopes
 To full fruition grew at last.

Our fathers in the Maiden Queen
 Saw promise of the nation's youth;
 The herald of a nobler age
 Which strives for righteousness and truth;
 O'er the wide earth peace reigned serene,
 The cruel scars of war had healed.
 And Science, Commerce, Art, and Law,
 Unhampered, saw a glorious field.

And whose the pen can fitly trace
 The record of these fifty years?
 The triumphs Liberty achieved,
 Beyond our fathers' hopes and fears.
 Mercy and Justice met with Law,
 And shaped its course towards the light;
 Our fathers saw the dawning, we
 Are nearing to the noontide bright.

Fair Science took the field, and made
 Steam captive of her potent will;
 She spanned the ocean's farthest bound
 With triumphs of her subtle skill.
 She linked each nation's pulsing life,
 And penned each throb of grief or mirth,
 And gave her sister Commerce power
 To gather tribute from all earth.

Who names our Queen the title gives
 To Art and Letters' brightest age,
 Transcending all in wealth of lore
 Of singer, savant, saint, or sage.
 Brightest of all, this age has seized
 The storied wealth of ages past,
 The wisdom of the centuries fled
 Is our rich heritage at last.

Yet he who marks the flying years
 Rich in its victories of Peace,
 Might fear the sturdier manhood gone,
 Were war's rude discipline to cease.
 Mid Crimean snows, on Indian plains,
 The sons their fathers' deeds repeat.
 And steel-clad ships bear tars as bold
 As hearts of oak of Nelson's fleet.

O sceptred Isle, set in the silver sea,
 An empire's throne, between whose jewelled feet
 The current of the teeming world divides,
 And the tumultuous seas in triumph meet!
 Mother of empires! whose brave children bear
 The regal marks that test their stately birth;
 Reaching out stalwart arms to either pole,
 To cultivate, subdue, or win the earth!

The centre to the empire's utmost bound
 Repeats our loyal benison to-day:
 "Long may she reign," our Britain's Mother Queen,
 Ruling o'er subject hearts with gentle sway.
 Who with white flowers of purity and peace,
 And stainless life, has garlanded the throne;
 Linking the grace and pomp of stately courts
 With loftier, purer virtues of the home.

"Long may she reign," and in the tide of years,
 When comes the time to change the earthly crown,
 When, at the summons of the King of Kings,
 The wearied hand shall lay the sceptre down,
 May God wipe from her eyes the mist of tears
 A husband, son, and daughter hides from sight,
 And lead her gently through the gate of life,
 To wear a fadeless crown in realms of light.

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

The following is the outline of a lecture delivered by the Hon. George Makepeace Towle, Boston, Mass., in the Chautauqua Amphitheatre, July 23rd, 1884:

The present Queen of England is the granddaughter of George III. Her mother was a German princess, the daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, and sister of the late King of the Belgians. Her father, Edward, Duke of Kent, was poor, and repaired to Germany, and Victoria was born in really humble circumstances.

When only eight months old her father died. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a woman of sense, of character and culture, and after her husband's death her life-work was the care and education of her daughter. As she grew up, the princess was taught to care for her health by temperate living and outdoor exercises. Horseback riding, rowing, and sailing were among her recreations. The family was compelled to practise economy, and yet the princess was taught lessons in practical charity. The Duchess of Northumberland became a member of the family, and took a lively interest in the education of the child. Victoria saw her fourteenth birthday without knowing anything of her relation to the reigning dynasty. Mr. Towle gives us a picture of the device resorted to by her teacher to convey this information in the most impressive manner. Extending back some generations she placed

the family record in a book the princess was studying. As she saw the record she scanned it closely and noted that there was but one name between her own and the crown. Her teacher was intensely delighted, as she saw an expression of surprise flit across her pupil's face. Turning her honest German eyes full upon the duchess she said, "I did not know that I was so near the throne." "It is so; it is so," she replied, "and I thought you should know it." A pause ensued, and the girl was lost in thought. Finally she said: "Well, I will be good." From this moment the current of her life somewhat changed. She was more thoughtful and more studious. She became accomplished in music, drawing, and the continental languages. Attention was given to some of the sciences, especially botany. To Viscount Melbourne belongs the credit of educating her in the principles of the British constitution, and this work was thoroughly done.

Thus time passed on; she had often heard of her cousin Prince Albert, prince of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, second son of the then reigning duke but had never seen him. Her uncle Leopold, king of the Belgians, an old match-maker, had an idea in his head, and Prince Albert was sent to London on some matter of business not requiring haste in his return. Of course it would be politic in him to call upon his cousin Victoria, and possibly spend some days in the family of her mother, his aunt. The project worked to perfection, the parties met, were pleased with each other, were much in each other's company, and parted as lovers. One night in June, 1837, a little after midnight, Victoria was awakened by loud, rapid thumps upon the door of her bed-chamber, and she was told that her presence was needed in the drawing-room with the latest delay. Throwing on a loose dress, and with her luxuriant hair flowing over her shoulders, she entered the room and found in waiting the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Melbourne, and other state officials. Being seated the bishop made the following address: "We make no apology for disturbing your ladyship at this early hour, as our business is urgent. We bring you sad news; it is but a few minutes since the King of England expired, and you are now our royal Queen, and we your loyal subjects." He then advanced a few steps, knelt before her and kissed her hand. Lord Melbourne did the same; an old duke, an uncle, worn out and decrepit by crime, advanced, hobbling along, to do the same homage, but the gracious young Queen met him and said: "Do not kneel, uncle; I am still your niece, Victoria." These ceremonies ended, the magnates retired, and so did the young Queen, though perhaps not to sleep. June 20th, 1837, was the day set for her coronation. The ceremonies were elaborate, old customs were sacredly observed, and the lord archbishop placed the crown of the British Empire upon her head with, not only his prayers and benedictions, but with the best wishes and highest hopes of the people.

Still the question was pondered by all thoughtful minds: "What kind of a queen has England now; we don't know her; will she be ambitious, arbitrary, and severe like Elizabeth, or will she be an easy, careless, good-soul like Queen Anne? As yet she is