

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands.")

CHAPTER II—(Continued).

The life of a true sovereign does not consist of a series of splendid pageants, nor is it an idle holiday. Her majesty at once applied herself to the mighty task before her. The Queen rose at eight o'clock, spent but a short time in dressing, and was occupied until breakfast, at a quarter to ten o'clock, in signing dispatches, and other business. At twelve she held consultations with her ministers, and carrying out her determination thoroughly to master all her manifold duties, her Majesty carefully read through every document presented to her before she would affix her signature.

The coronation was not to take place until June 28th in the following year. Preparations were begun in the spring, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. When the day drew near, the excitement in London was extreme. Foreigners from all parts of Europe were arriving to be present at the imposing ceremony. Along the line through which the procession was to pass, the din of the workman's hammer resounded by night and by day.

The nation's rejoicing was deep and true, for the youth and innocence, the kindness of nature, the dignity of character, and the sound English sense already shown by the young Sovereign, had made her the very Queen of their hearts.

Thundering of artillery greeted the dawn of the coronation day, and awoke thousands of expectant subjects, eager to show their loyalty, and to see their Queen.

The splendid procession left Buckingham Palace at ten o'clock in the morning, passing under the royal standard to the music of the National Anthem and a salute of guns.

Trumpeters and Life Guards led the way. Foreign ambassadors with magnificent escorts followed. Great foes, the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult; became noble friends that day, and the crowd, with generous feeling, cheered long and loudly the great Frenchman who had come to do honor to their Queen. The members of the royal family came next, the Duchess of Kent first among them, followed by the household brigade, the royal watermen, huntsmen, equerries, and others, a gallant show in their glittering uniforms and official dresses; and then came, in the state coach drawn by eight cream-colored horses, Victoria, the Pearl of England, the centre and star of all.

Meanwhile, Westminster Abbey was filled with an expectant crowd of lords and ladies, knights and judges, members of Parliament, naval and military officers, bishops and clergy, and many others, representatives of all classes.

The sombre tones of the venerable building brought out in fine relief the rich coloring of the dresses, and the sparkling jewels of the waiting throng.

At noon the royal procession, led by the Dean of Westminster, the archbishops, and the great officers of the state, the Duchess of Kent, and other members of the royal family, the princesses in purple velvet robes, and wearing gold circlets on their heads, entered the choir. High officials carried the Bible, the regalia, the swords of state, the sceptres, and other insignia of church and state, before the Queen who now appeared in her coronation robe of crimson velvet, bordered with gold lace and ermine, and on her head a simple circlet of gold.

The vast congregation sprang to their feet as Her Majesty entered, with a burst of irrepressible applause, quickly lost in the music of the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord."

The Queen knelt in prayer, and the ceremony began with "the Recognition," in which the Archbishop presented her Majesty to her people, saying, "Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria the undoubted Queen of this realm, wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" Whilst guided by the Archbishop, the young Queen turned gracefully to the north, south, east, and west, the responsive "God save Queen Victoria!" rang through the shadowy aisles, and was re-echoed back from the lofty roof.

The Litany and the Communion Service were followed by the Bishop of London's sermon from 2 Chronicles xxxiv. 31: "And

the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord to walk after the Lord, and to keep His commandments and His testimonies, and His statutes with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform all the words of the covenant which are written in this book."

The sermon ended, the Queen having answered "Yes" to the questions whether she would maintain the law, and the established religion, she placed her right hand on the gospels in the Bible, and said, kneeling, "The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep, so help me God." Then she kissed the book and signed the oath. The Queen knelt on, the choir sang "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," and the ceremony of "the anointing" followed, with the blessing, "Be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated Queen over this people, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

After some further ceremonies and prayer by the Archbishop—the Dean, removing the crown from the communion table, gave it

receive the holy communion, after which she resumed it, and, with the sceptres in her hands, returned to the throne, whilst the anthem, "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," brought the grand service to a conclusion.

Once more the royal procession passed down the nave, and, leaving the Abbey by the west door, returned to Buckingham Palace amidst the acclamations of the crowd. A bark of joy was the first sound that greeted Her Majesty, and, unmindful of her royal state, with girlish warmth she returned the caresses of her favorite little dog Dash.

At night London was illuminated; and from the roof of Buckingham Palace the Queen saw the great display of fireworks. For a week the festivities were kept up in London, and from Land's End to John o' Groat's house there were signs of festival; garlands of June flowers in village streets by day, and bonfires reddening the skies by night.

Another year of our Queen's reign went by, and she had passed her twentieth birthday. On her accession, her cousin, Prince

which gentleness of character, strength of mind, and depth of thought were remarkably blended.

The young Queen's heart was soon attracted towards the Prince; who, on his part, had never ceased to cherish her image in his memory.

"Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers."

Her Majesty's choice was the source of general rejoicing; but few could have then foreseen how priceless the blessing would be to our Queen, and to her nation, of the life and example of him whom our Poet-laureate has thus described:

"Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who clave to her."

The announcement of the Queen's approaching marriage with the chosen of her heart, filled her people with joyful sympathy. Prince Albert's reception, from his landing at Dover until his entrance within the door of Buckingham Palace, where the Queen and her mother were standing "ready to be the first to meet and greet him," was one of ever-increasing enthusiasm.

Two days later, on the 10th of February, the royal wedding was celebrated in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Again all London rejoiced, and the sight of the young Queen, her eyes wet with tears, though her face was full of happiness, endeared her afresh, and made the acclamations of loyal love that greeted her more tender and more deep.

"O lovely lady! let her vow! yea, let her vow to love;
And though she be no less a Queen with purples hung above,

Yet may the bride veil hide from her a little of that state,
While loving hopes for retinues about her sweetness wait.

And now upon our Queen's last vow what blessings shall we pray!
None straitened 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."

(To be Continued.)

A CHILDREN'S SUNDAY.

A number of pastors of Congregational churches in America have for several years set apart one Sunday annually for some public recognition of the children by the church. One of the earliest to inaugurate this service was Dr. R. S. Storrs, at the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn. The following description, taken from the New York Observer, explains the custom: Dr Storrs stood by the communion table, on which lay a piled-up heap of flowers, flanked by little white packages tied with dainty ribbons. Calling by name each baptized child of the church who had reached the age of seven years, the pastor presented each one with a kiss, a bouquet of flowers, and a well-bound Oxford Bible, containing all the usual "helps," in which were inscribed the dates of the child's birth and baptism, with the date of the presentation and the pastor's signature. One day a member of the congregation called on Dr. Storrs and explained that he was removing to a distant town; but that his little daughter would soon be seven years old, and he hesitated to take away her right to receive her Bible from the church. The pastor assured him that the Bible should be sent to her. When the day came round, to the surprise of the pastor the little one came forward with the others, having made, with her father, a journey of several hundred miles in order to be present. A custom which binds the family and the children so closely to the church should be extended to all the churches.—London Christian World.

READY TO GO.—The total number who have signed the statement, "We are willing and desirous, God willing, to be foreign missionaries," after the visits of Messrs Forman and Wilder to 162 American and Canadian colleges, is 2, 267.



THE CORONATION

to the Archbishop, who placed it reverently on the young Queen's head; and at the same moment, the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, the flashing diamonds making rainbow colors in the blaze of June sunshine, whilst amid the sounding of trumpets, the beating of drums, and the firing of guns heard in the distance, there arose from thousands of voices the shout of "God save the Queen!" and the sacred building rang again with loyal cheers, which in their turn gave way to the voice of the Archbishop pronouncing the benediction, and the chanting of the Te Deum.

"And when, betwixt the quick and dead, the young fair Queen had vowed,
The living shouted, "May she live! Victoria live!" aloud.
And as these loyal shouts went up, true spirits prayed between,
"The blessings happy monarchs have, be thine, O crowned Queen."

Her Majesty was then enthroned, and received the fealty of her distinguished subjects, stepping forward to hold out her hand to one aged peer who had stumbled in ascending the steps of the throne.

Then the Queen laid aside her crown to

Albert, had written: "Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you, and strengthen you with its strength, in the high but difficult task I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious; and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects."

The royal cousins had not met since the visit to Kensington Palace, until on the 10th of October, 1839, the Princes Ernest and Albert, of Saxe-Coburg, arrived on a second visit to England, and were received by the Queen herself on the grand staircase in Windsor Castle.

What changes had taken place since the young cousins had last met and parted, in all the pleasant freedom of the quiet life at Kensington!

Not more marked was the change in our gracious Queen than in her princely cousin. He had entered now on the dignity of man's estate, and the active and studious life he had been leading, of self-restraint and self-improvement, showed itself in his manly bearing and in his striking countenance; in