

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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## QUEEN VICTORIA.

[For these beautiful portraits we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs Eaton, Gibson, & Co., Education Publishers, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto. The portraits, as well as the relief map on our fifth page, are taken from their *School Supplement*—a handsome, well printed, and beautifully illustrated paper, issued monthly at \$1 per year or 10 cents per number. A special double holiday number for July and August, with numerous fine engravings, will be sent to any address for 10 cents. It will be found very attractive to both teachers and scholars.]

WE have great pleasure in presenting in this number of PLEASANT HOURS the accompanying fine portraits of her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, who sways the sceptre over wider realms than ever monarch did before. Not Semiramis or Zenobia kept equal state, nor Caesar or Alexander ruled over such vast domains. The morning drum-beat of her garrisons keeps pace with the rising sun around the world, and their sun-set gun accompanies the closing day. Forty colonies, many of them many times vaster than the mother land, pay her allegiance. Never was monarch so universally beloved, and never "in the fierce light that beats upon the throne, and blackens every spot" did any live so pure, so blameless, so noble a life. Not for her pomp, her power, her crown and sceptre is she so beloved; but for the gentle womanly virtues which as maiden Queen, as wife, as mother, and as sorrowing widow she has shown. Well might Tennyson dedicate his poems in the following beautiful lines:—

### TO THE QUEEN.

Revered, beloved! O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth  
Could give the warrior kings of old,  
Victoria, since your Royal grace  
To one of less desert allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that uttered nothing base;

And should your greatness, and the care  
That yokes with empire, yield you time  
To make demand of modern rhyme  
If aught of ancient worth be there;

Take, madam, this poor book of song;  
For tho' the faults were thick as dust  
In vacant chamber, I could trust  
Your kindness. May you rule us 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;



Her court was pure, her life serene,  
God gave her peace; her land reposed;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen;

And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

By shaping some august decree,  
Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
Broad based upon her people's will,  
And compassed by the inviolate sea.

In the lower picture we have the portrait of the maiden monarch as at the tender age of eighteen there rested on her youthful brow the crown of the mightiest empire on earth. We have all heard the story how, when the Archbishop of Canterbury came to announce her accession to the throne, her first act was one of prayer to God for grace and wisdom to bear the burdens thus laid upon her. This has been the secret of her beautiful life. Soon after the youthful Queen was crowned with royal state in Westminster Abbey, and soon after that the same venerable fane witnessed the pageant of her marriage to "Albert the Good."

These events are thus beautifully referred to in Mrs. Browning's fine poem entitled

### CROWNED AND WEDDED.

When last before her people's face her  
own fair face she bent,  
Within the meek projection of that shade  
she was content

To erase the child-smile from her lips,  
which seemed as if it might

Be still kept holy from the world  
to childhood still in sight—

To erase it with a solemn  
vow,—a princely vow—  
to rule;

A priestly vow—to  
rule by grace of  
God the pitiful;

A very godlike  
vow—to rule in  
right and right-  
eousness,

And with the  
law and for  
the land!—  
so God the  
vower bless!

The minster  
was alight that  
day, but not  
with fire, I  
ween,

And long-drawn  
glitterings swept  
adown that mighty  
aisled scene.

The priests stood  
stolid in their pomp,  
the sworded chiefs in  
theirs,

And so, the collared knights,  
and so, the civil ministers,

And so, the waiting lords and  
dames—and little pages best

At holding trains—and legates so,  
from countries east and west.