

RESIGNATION.

To a quaint old-fashioned homestead,
With its ivied towers,
Came a lady in the spring-time,
Came when April's sudden showers,
Glancing through the fitful sunshine,
Ran down rainbows into flowers;
And she said, 'I would not murmur;
God's will must be done;
So I have brought my two twin daughters,
And come here to feel the sun!'

Living in that quiet hamlet
Through three chequer'd years,
She was known in every cottage;
And the poor tell, in their tears,
How her presence made them happy,
And her words dispelled their fears,
When she said, 'Oh, do not murmur!
God's will must be done;
Take my alms and ask his blessing,
And go out and feel the sun!'

Once a widow met her walking
Near the churchyard stile,
With a brow as free from sadness
As her soul was free from guile;
And she whisper'd, as she joined her,
'Lady, teach me how to smile,'
And she answer'd, 'Honest neighbour,
God's will must be done;
And whene'er thy heart is drooping,
Then come out and feel the sun!'

'For I tell thee I have troubles;
More than once,' she saith,
'Have I seen the face of Anguish,
Heard its quick and catching breath;
Yea, three pictures in my parlour
Are now sanctified by death;
Yet, she said, 'I do not murmur;
God's will must be done;
But I take my two twin daughters,
And go out and feel the sun!'

In the rain two graves are greening,
Greening day by day,
And young children when they near them
Playing, cease to play,
Lose their smiles and merry glances,
And in silence steal away,
Yet she says, 'I will not murmur;
God's will must be done;
But I love the streaming starlight
Better than this altered sun!'

Never weeps she, now they've left her,
Weeps not in her grief;
But she talks of shining angels
With a wild, uncheck'd belief:
When all earthly hopes have fail'd us,
Hopes of Heaven still give relief.
And she says, 'I will not murmur;
God's will has been done;
And though I am left in darkness,
They are somewhere in the sun!'

JAMES PRITCHETT BIGG.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA—HER BIRTH, ACCESSION, AND CORONATION.

On May 24th, 1819, in the quaint, old-fashioned Palace of Kensington, was born her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria; and soon after, in the great saloon of the palace, the baby princess was baptised with great ceremony by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Her early years were spent chiefly at Kensington. Charles Knight, in his *Passages in a Working Life*, mentions having seen her there when she was nine years old. Speaking of his walk in the early morning, when the sun was hardly high enough to dry the dew on the grass and the fashionable world was not yet astir, he says that he saw "the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter breakfasting in the open air, the mother looking on with eyes of love, while the fair, soft, English face of her little daughter was bright with smiles." As soon as the Princess was fifteen it was thought right that she should be told of the high destiny that awaited her; and her governess, Baroness Lehzen, tells us how she received the information. "She placed her little hand in mine, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you wanted me so much to learn Latin; you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and of all elegant expressions, and so I learned it

as you wished. But I understand better now.' On the 20th of June, 1837, King William IV. died at Windsor Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries were in attendance; and immediately on the death of the King they set off for Kensington to bring the eventful news to the Princess. The sun had not long poured its level rays on the gardens, and the birds were just beginning their morning song when the Archbishop and his companions arrived at the gate of the palace. They knocked and rang for a long time without making any one hear; and when at last they succeeded in arousing the porter, he showed them into one of the lower rooms with scant courtesy, and left them to wait there. After a time they rang the bell, and desired that the attendant might inform the Princess that the Archbishop requested an audience on business of great importance. It was not long before the Princess obeyed the summons. She arose in haste, and came into the room in a loose night-dress, with a shawl thrown hastily round her. Her hair fell upon her shoulders, and her feet were in slippers; but she was perfectly collected and dignified. The Archbishop at once informed her of the death of the King, and formally announced that she was Queen of England. How touching were the words of the young Princess in reply: "I ask your prayers on my behalf." They then knelt down together, and the beginning of the new reign was hopefully inaugurated by asking the blessing of God. There was not much rest for the Princess that day. By 9 o'clock Lord Melbourne, the Prime Minister, arrived; and a Privy Council was summoned for 11. With what surprise must those veterans of the State have looked on, while a young girl of eighteen presided at a Council of the foremost men of England, with perfect dignity, yet perfect simplicity! The following day the Proclamation took place. The Queen was at an open window in St. James's Palace, her mother watching tenderly over her. The Garter King-at-arms read the Proclamation: the band struck up the National Anthem, and the people burst into loud acclamations, to express their joy at the Accession of this bright young Queen to the Throne of England. At that moment the feelings natural to a young girl in such a trying position overcame her, and she threw herself into her mother's arms and wept. About three weeks after the Proclamation the Queen bid adieu to the house of her childhood at Kensington and moved to Buckingham Palace; and on the 17th of July she made her first appearance in the House of Lords, and read the Royal Speech proroguing Parliament. "Her voice was exquisite," writes Fanny Kemble, one of the spectators; "nor have I ever heard any spoken words more musical in their gentle distinctness than the 'My Lords and gentlemen,' which broke the silence of the illustrious assembly."

It was just a year after her Majesty's Accession, when the ceremony of the Coronation took place. The excitement of the populace on this occasion was incredible. For some five months before the time nothing else was talked of; and when the eventful day arrived the whole city was astir before five in the morning. Temporary galleries were erected in the nave of Westminster Abbey to accommodate a thousand spectators; and in the choir, on a platform covered with cloth of gold, stood the Chair of Homage; while beyond it stood the Chair of St. Edward, in which English monarchs have been crowned for many hundred years, and underneath which was the celebrated stone used in former ages for the Coronation of the Kings of Scotland. The scene was altogether one of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Harriet Martineau, who was present, says: "The whole place was brilliant with flashing diamonds, as the procession moved slowly up the nave. But the one centre of attraction was the young Queen, the Royal maiden of nineteen—with a fair, pleasant face, a slight figure, rather small in stature, but showing a queenly carriage." An anthem was sung as the Queen entered the choir; and the Westminster boys chanted in Latin, "Long live Queen Victoria!" The Archbishop then presented her to the people as "the undoubted Queen of the Realm;" and this was responded to by loud shouts of "God save Queen Victoria!" The Archbishop then offered a prayer;

the Royal crown and sceptre were laid on the Altar, and Divine Service was proceeded with. After a sermon by the Bishop of London, the Queen took the usual oath, in which she promised to maintain the law and the established religion of the country. She then advanced to the Altar, and, with her right hand on the Gospels, said: "The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep, so help me, God." After this the Queen sat in King Edward's Chair, and four Knights of the Garter held over her a canopy of cloth of gold, while the Archbishop anointed her with oil and pronounced a blessing on her. The sword of State and other insignia of Royalty were then given into her hands; and the crown was taken from the Holy Table and reverently placed on her head by the Archbishop. Then from the whole assembled multitude outside rose up a deafening shout of "God save the Queen;" and at the same time the bands struck up, and the cannon thundered from St. James's Park. When the Benediction had been given, and the *Te Deum* sung, the Queen moved from St. Edward's Chair to the Chair of Homage. The Archbishop first knelt and did homage; then all the peers, each in turn, touched her crown and kissed her hand. A celebration of the Holy Communion followed. And after a few more ceremonies the Queen left the Abbey about four o'clock.

One would have thought that all she had gone through would have been enough to turn the head of a young girl of her age. But no. A charming little anecdote is narrated by the artist, Leslie, who had been selected to paint the scene. And it shows how natural the Queen was, and how simple amid all this grandeur and pomp.

"As the Queen drove up to the Palace—with the crown on her head and the sceptre in her hand—she heard her favorite dog barking in the hall, and exclaimed 'There's Dash!' and was off in a hurry to doff her crown and robes, and to give Dash his bath."

(To be Continued).

JUBILEE VERSES.

The following verses, to be used as third and fourth, have been written for the National Anthem by Dean Plumptre, the translator of *Dante*:—

Seed sown through fifty years,
Sown on in smiles or tears.
Grant her to reap:
Her heritage of fame,
Her pure and stainless name,
Her people free from shame,
Guard thou and keep.
O'er lands and waters wide,
Through changing time and tide,
Hear when we call:
Where'er your English tongue
To wind and wave hath rung,
Still be our anthem sung;
God save us all.

GENESIS AND SCIENCE.

Prof. Huxley's "authorities" as against the Creation narrative of Genesis, are dropping away from him. In the controversy between Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley, the professor complained of Mr. Gladstone's disregard of scientific authorities, and in this connection mentioned Professor Dana. In the new number of *The Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Gladstone publishes a letter from the American professor to a friend, in which he says: "I agree in all essential points with Mr. Gladstone, and believe that the first chapters of Genesis and science are in accord."

THE OFFERTORY.—In order to impress upon the minds of christian congregations the truth that what we give in church is an offering to God, intended to aid in the promotion of His work on earth, it is the custom of many churches to stand while the presentation is made, and to sing "All things come of Thee, O Lord: and of Thine own have we given Thee," or the first verse of Hymn 366, A. & M.—

We will give Thee but Thine own,
Whatever the gifts may be;
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

Children.

LITTLE AGNES.

Little faces
window, and
nigh worn ou
the time.

"Isn't it
dear?" cried fi
"Oh, nurse
only ten minu
At last wh
stones in the
a clapping of l
as the chaise,
up through th
"Aunt Ma
come! she's
shouted; an
the stout iro
window pane
Aunt Mar
leaving the cl
had received
their elders
nursery were
that threaten
and obliged l
of a part of
with young s
ner."

"Nurse,"
at the very n
coming to a
and Miss Er
drawing-room
"There!
chosen ones
send for us.
cultry they w
listen as if
final directio
speak softly
"Why, M
turning rou
who was pe
seat, lookin
door as it
Emily."
not like Ag
But it wa
heartily too
"Well, v
your Aunt
at once, an
go first.
time is clo
send for yo
dressed Do
And she he
was not in
any means
"Look,
Aunt Mary
this poor v
and I'll fin
a sash; a
bonnet, to
Agnes w
state of mi
her though
in profoun
manner o
time and s
in Dolly's
Prudent
baby in h
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first nurs
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