he had ridden miles through a thick snow storm to be there.

Instead of the surprise to be asked, "Are they still here! Is all well?" And imagine the surprise of Dorinda when the doctor brought to the side of her couch looked at her out of Oliver Ramsone's eyes, spoke to her with Oliver Ramsone's voice.

Fancy too, the consternation of Perkins to be told that roads were impassable, mails stopped, no other doctor to be had.

"Master I'll never see you, sir, I know he won't. He's that obstinate he'd die first. If he knew this was your house, sir, he'd have himself carried out if he died in the road."

He was willing to see the old country doctor whose hat was tied on with a handkerchief over his scratched wig, and who looked at his tongue through clumsy brown spectacles, though he groaned in spirit when told in a day or two that Dorinda was no longer able to sit by his pillow, needed the best attention and advice, and that the fellow in the wig and spectacles was the only doctor within reach, always except Dr. Ramsone, who lived near.

There was a treacly quaver in the old doctor's voice when he spoke of his fears for Sir Clement's daughter. Her system had received a severe shock, he said, and he had fears lest she might not rally. He wished from his heart there was some physician at hand to consult.

The red hot pinces of the gout are nothing to the pinces of remorse. In his impetuosity he had brought all this agony on himself, this danger to his darling. He had timmed the only man there at hand with ability to save her; and for what? For a graceless nephew, who had not even had the decency to offer his hand in her concern, or to inquire whether they were dead or alive.

He did Sylvester injustice. He was back at Repton, and the Manor House was snowed up.

A day went by. The old surgeon's spectacles were dim when he spoke of Miss Ducie with a mournful shake of his bewigged head.

"Then send for Dr. Ramsone," burst from the father's lips in fear and anguish.

"Dr. Ramsone can do no more for her than I have done," was the mournful reply. "The gentleman denounced his doctor a "conquered quacker," spectacles and wig were slowly removed, and Oliver Ramsone himself made confession. We Middlesexers, as a state he would be glad of another opinion, if obtainable for love or money. "At the same time, Sir Clement, he assured nothing will be wanting either Mrs. Dulrymple or myself can do for her. I would give my life to save Miss Ducie's."

Sir Clement was confounded. Was this trickery or truth? He insisted on being carried into his daughter's chamber.

There was no trickery. Dorinda was indeed in a perilous state, and Mrs. Dulrymple herself was doing duty as her nurse. Thanks to a thaw, in three more days a messenger on horseback reached London, and in less than two hours an eminent physician was on the road.

By that time, however, the crisis was past, the grateful blue eyes had hope in them, and the tireless watchful gunners for simply saying the patient had been skillfully treated, and was in a fair way to recover with care.

Still the bill; and then Sir Clement, in his gratitude, would have loaded Mrs. Dulrymple and Dr. Ramsone with favours.

"But nothing worse to accept. My mother and myself are amply repaid in Miss Ducie's restoration," said Oliver, "Dulrymple—Ransome! I don't understand—my mother has been married twice. Sir Clement, my father, was Colonel Ransome, of the—Hussars.

"You may say so! He took charge of Lady Ducie on her tedious passage from India, before Dorinda was born. The kindest of kind friends!

"The record of love or marriage did Dorinda hear either from Oliver Ramsone or her father under that roof.

But Dr. Ramsone and Mrs. Dulrymple were invited to spend a month at Dudcote West in the spring, and whether Sir Clement spoke first to the young man, or he to the young lady, it is certain that when the news of Sylvia Repton reached them, they were far gone in preparations for a bridal. And years afterwards Dorinda Ramsone said she never regretted that cold ride in the New Year's snow, since it led her to the safe shelter of a true heart, and enabled her father to distinguish between the crooked policy which was all for self, and the nobler nature which overmastered self in consideration for others.

THE QUEEN'S DOMESTIC LIFE.

By ARDERN HOLT.

The Queen's Domestic Life.

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I.

The splendid Vent of the empire, to establish her life on the principle of domestic love, and the insight which Her Majesty has permitted her loyal subjects of her daily existence, has shone very clearly on a recent visit to a country home, which is really "world wide enough." I quote her own words: "We must all have trials and visitations, but if one's home is happy, the rest is comparatively nothing." And again and again she testifies to the happiness of that home which has always been a pattern of what a home should be—a pure moral atmosphere, distinguished by refined and simple tastes, and warm family affections. Here all the graces were cultivated; all the charities fostered, it was "a true ocean to the mind of con

and the natural head of the family, her private secretary, and the only recipient of her confidence in matters relating to state affairs. He spared none in acquiring accurate knowledge on all topics, and his systematic labours gave him a great power of mastering details. The perfect union of mind, interests, and tastes of the husband and wife shows itself in a hundred little touches. The Prince was an early riser, and even in winter was up by seven in his study, reading, writing, and preparing documents for the Queen, who by-and-by would join him at her writing table beside his own. By half-past nine breakfast and the family manners with the order of the day. The chapel would be over, and in the earlier days of their marriage the husband and wife would stroll in the grounds together, but as the duties of their time increased this disappeared, or came later in the day. The Prince never went out without an equerry, and the visits he paid in London were not to individuals, but to studies of charitable institutions. But wherever he went he returned always to the Queen to tell her about it, a loving smile on his handsome face. As time went on, and their children were born, he proved himself a most tender and precious nurse, always at hand to do anything for the Queen's comfort, sitting in her darkened room and writing for her, and no matter how much he himself ever lifted her from her bed to the sofa.

The husband and wife delighted in the companionship of each other. Besides a community of interests, they had common friends. Baron Stockmar, one of the Queen's oldest and most valued friends, who had known the Prince and herself from childhood, and as Lord Horsenden—a man not too favourable to the Queen—said, the only thoroughly disinterested person he had ever known, describes Her Majesty as quick and acute in her perceptions, straightforward, of a singular purity of heart, without a trace of vanity or pretension. Others who knew her when she ascended the throne testify to her intelligence, the sweetness of her judgments, then nature beyond critic.

She never forgets a name or a countenance, and this royal facility has been a continual source of pleasure to those among her subjects, who have been honoured with interviews, in which she invariably shows a minute knowledge of events interesting to them. All this was fostered by her husband. In fact, it appears that the sovereign should be the best-informed person in her dominion as to the progress of political events, and those who now transact business with the Queen without that knowledge, not only of political and social questions, but of the necessary etiquette and forms of procedure.

The Prince Consort was a clever artist, a good musician, and a mean composer. Many a happy leisure hour they spent together, etching, sketching, and playing, he composing many achantoon, which she helped him to put on paper. The Prince specially delighted in the organ; to it he spoke out his whole heart, without fear or reserve. He was his most appreciative listener. In the "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," "The Early Days of the Prince," and subsequent volumes of "The Life of the Prince Consort," the Queen has been brought very near to the hearts of her people, who have thereby learned how to regard him, and how to love him, without any concern as to how large her heart for family affection, how good a daughter, how devoted a wife she has proved herself.

The Queen's domestic life is probably best that "one touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin."

No parents could have been more self-sacrificing or have shown more wisdom in the education of their offspring. The prevailing idea was that the children were to be brought up as simply and as domestically as possible.
They were to be as much with their parents as their lessons and public duties permitted, and they were to learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things. The head was to be well provided for, but the heart was to be the primary consideration. Religious training, according to the Queen’s opinion, was best learnt at the mother’s knee, and she grieved sadly that her many occupations prevented her being present when the Princess Royal as a child said her prayers, though she found time occasionally to hear her lessons.

There could hardly have been a happier family circle than the highest in the land when the Sovereign’s children were growing up around her. You gather somewhat of the mother’s affectionate solicitude, when you read how, in 1845, on the morning of their parents’ visit to Germany, the young princes and princesses were with them at breakfast, and with what a heavy heart the adieux were made, and how lonely and deserted Buckingham Palace seemed that night when the Queen writes, “I miss the poor children so much.” It made the delight of the return the greater when the four little ones welcomed them, looking “like roses, so well and so fat!”

As they grew in years the young people showed themselves worthy of the love and care lavished on them. On birthdays, and other pleasurable anniversaries, many are the surprises planned to delight the Prince and Queen. Sometimes it is the acquiring of some fresh knowledge, sometimes it is a gift secretly prepared. On one occasion they arrange a masque of the seasons. Princess Alice represents Spring; Princess Royal, Summer; Prince Alfred (Alice), Autumn; the Prince of Wales (Bertie), Winter; the Princess Helen Lenchen, as she is called by them all (for pet names are common in the royal circle), pronouncing a blessing on the Prince Consort and the Queen by way of conclusion. The Princess Royal, during babyhood rejoiced in the name of Pussy, and the Queen herself draws a charming family picture when she tells us how a few days after her eldest son was born, her father brings in the little Princess “in such a smart white merino dress trimmed with blue which mamma had given her, and a pretty cap, and placed her on my bed, seating himself next to her; and she was very dear and good; and as my precious invaluable Albert sat there and our little love between us, I felt quite moved with happiness and gratitude to God.” The years as they rolled on brought changes. The Queen deplored that the state of her health prevented her being with her eldest daughter on the occasion of their first public appearance in the City in 1851, and three years before she lives her own life over again in her eldest daughter, and can hardly believe that it can be her own child that is travelling with them to Dundee. “It puts me so in mind of myself when I was the little Princess.” But in 1855 her thoughts are full of the coming marriage of this same Princess, little no longer; and a few years later another love story has to be told. Prince Louis of Hesse was the heart of the Princess Alice, and the two are as happy and as lover-like as any middle class couple. He is near to the Queen’s heart. Also, writing of the engagement, she says, “Louis has a warm and noble heart. We embraced our dear Alice and praised her much to him; he pressed and kissed my hand, and I embraced him. After talking a little we parted, a most touching and to me most sacred time.”

Young as the Prince Consort died, he was a happy grandfather, another and deep source of happiness. In her diary the Queen writes, “Soon after we sat down to breakfast came a telegram from Fritz; Vicky had got a daughter at 8.10, both well. What joy! children jumping about, everyone delighted. So thankful, so relieved.” A very merry as well as very intellectual and virtuous family circle the Queen enjoyed throughout her married life.

The Prince Consort was particularly notable for cheerfulness, which neither hard work nor close application to affairs of state at all diminished. During dinner, breakfast, and luncheon, he had always a store of amusing stories to tell, and, blessed with a good memory, he had also the knack of seeing the comical side of everything. The Queen now, and during her husband’s lifetime, has ever
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

been a diligent reader of the leading newspapers, which find a place daily in the breakfast-room. The Prince examined them attentively during his breakfast, reading any particular items of news aloud.

All the work regarding public affairs, which the Prince did for her, the Queen now does for herself, and these are hours of ease. She is set aside daily for writing, for Her Majesty has an unusually large correspondence with friends and relatives, and gives up one day in the week entirely to this letter-writing. Those who have perused her printed letters to her sister, the Princess Hohenlohe, and other relatives, will recognise that she has a special facility for expressing herself clearly, putting her very soul into the loving words of sympathy and interest prompted by a warm heart, fond of tender thought for others. Her Majesty's letters do not go to the ordinary post; they are placed in special letter-bags and dispatched from Whitehall by Queen's messengers; letters to and from foreign potentates reaching her through the several embassies. When the bags arrive at the palace where the Queen is, they are sorted, and family letters left unopened. The rest are prepared for her personal, and when ready she spends many hours, with the help of her private secretary and minister in attendance, transmitting the necessary business, which involves so much knowledge, care, and concentration, the power of mental concentration being one of Her Majesty's strong points. The demands made by matters of state on her time are very heavy, and it is calculated that as many as fifty telegrams reach her daily, and that far away in Scotland it is the duty of the Vice-Chamberlain to telegraph nightly all the legislation.

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY.
By ANNE DIAZ.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Wednesday.

Many changes took place amongst our friends which were the result of the explosion. Leah slowly recovered from her illness, but her infant died. Meredith also recovered from the shock and injuries he had sustained. During the early weeks it was arranged that Leah and her two children should live with her father and mother, and that Meredith should occupy the house provided for the manager of the mines. This was much insisted on by Mr. Richards, who had conceived a high opinion of Meredith's fidelity, zeal, and shrewdness. Indeed, he considered that the submission of the men who had resolved to strike was due as much to the young man's reasoning, as to horror at the explosion.

Evan and Peggy had been so much distressed by the grief of Little Davy at his father's funeral that they had actually taken the lad home with them to Derwen Fach. May was much delighted at this, though they scarcely knew what to do with him, and found it difficult to make him a temporary stronghold amongst the cheese pots in the loft. But in the course of time Meredith came to the rescue. He asked and received permission from Mr. Richards to take the poor boy into his office as a sort of clerk, volunteering to teach him what was necessary; and thus Davy found a protector and Meredith a devoted friend.

As Mr. Richards was compelled to be a good deal absent from home, much responsibility fell upon Meredith. The name of the little Davy, had not the Head of the Brook, and it was some distance from Derwen Fach, being near a more important mineral district. Laban still continued overman, or gauffer, and a lot of long, dark hair. Not like yours, child. They said that was how those painting people wore their hair. Pity he should ever have seen our May, for we never heard a word about her till the letter came from Mr. Everett. She was pretty! who, you can't light a candle to her.

"Oh, no, grandmother," sighed May. "I suppose she had never such funny hair as mine."

"Smooth as a golden pippin, child," replied Peggy.

The day after the wedding, May went to Derwen for her lesson. When she was leaving the church she was met by the young lady, to her joy and surprise, Mr. Everett.

"Oh, dear, sir! I am so glad!" she exclaimed, as he took both her small hands in his. "I hope you are much you are grown!" he said, looking at her kindly. "I have been listening to your lesson, and wonder still more at your growth in music. I have my holiday late this year, and have run down to see you—your kind friends. I will walk with you to Derwen Farm!"

They set out side by side, no longer hand in hand.

"I suppose I am too old," sighed May to herself, "I wish I could be always young." She was not yet sixteen!

"Have you found Mrs. Pope, sir?" was her first question.

"No, May; I have quite lost sight of her to-day, and I have myself removed from that part of London. I have been so fortunate as to have a living presented to me at Norwood, and—How are Mr. Richards and his family?"

"They are very well, sir; and so are great grandfather and grandmother, considering their age. We have all recovered from the explosion that I wrote to you about, and cousin Rachel was married yesterday."

"But for you, May, I should never have known all these good people, seen this lovely country, or heard from—your kind friend, Miss Edith. Is she at home?"

May looked up at Mr. Everett as she replied in the affirmative. There was a vibration in his voice that touched a chord in her heart.

"It is long since you were here last, sir, and I think Miss Edith has been sorry, and so have I."

"What reason have you for supposing your friend was sorry, May?"

"Because she looked so sad when she said goodbye to you, sir."

They walked on a little way in silence. At last he resumed—

"Perhaps I may be grateful to you all for bringing me to these parts.
"My father and mother will be lost without her," put in Laban. "I think it would be their death if we returned without her."

Their death! The thoughtless words electrified May, and brought back the wild look into her father’s eyes. He suddenly seized her hand and, looking at her entreatingly, cried out in despair.

"Madeline, my child! my only hope! you will not leave me? Minister, my friend! say she shall not go from us."

"It shall all be arranged. We will manage it," replied Minister, with a warning glance at Laban.

May was terrified. Either she must never see her beloved grandparents again, she thought; or must forsake the strange, lonely, sorrowing father she had just found. Mr. Everton saw her perplexity and whispered to her.

"The Lord will make your path straight, dear child."

"Yes, dear sir, I know," she returned, with one of the wide old friends used to notice; and the perplexity departed from her fair face, leaving a loving security in its stead.

Meredith, too, as if to strengthen her, rose and stood behind her and her father.

"I know exactly what to do, dear papa," she said. "I will write to great-grandfather, and he will tell me what is right. He always knows exactly."

"Then write to me," replied Mr. Everton. "He will never part with you. And he has the first right in you, for he has not saved you," said her father, excitedly.

"Perhaps I can be half with you and half with the other, suggested May; the irrepressible tears starting to her eyes."

"I have quite a large house, all to myself," here broke in Meredith. "Perhaps, by-and-bye, you could come and visit me, sir, and so cousin May would be amongst all of us. It is situated in the loveliest valley in the whole world."

"Delightful!" exclaimed the artist. "I will come, too; and Goldworthy and I will have a sketching tour, and paint such pictures as shall make all our fortune. Upon the strength of which you cannot do better than share a poor artist’s humble fare. Now, Goldworthy, make yourself presentable, and do me the favour of taking off that artistic robe, and donning your proper coat, for have we not a young lady to tea tonight?"

"Do you wish it, my child?" asked Goldworthy, with anxious eagerness.

"Go, my child," replied May, catching the tone of her father’s friend; "if you do not dislike it yourself."

He rose slowly and left the room.

"A good beginning," cried Minister, clapping his hands. "He has not laid aside that drawing-board for months. Now, sweet May, take off the obstreperous bonnet, which will not keep on, and preside at our five o’clock—no, six o’clock tea."

Looking at the door through which the gaunt man and flowered robe had just passed, and was thinking how she could best minister to a mind diseased and, at the same time, do her duty to those she loved best. She started at the words addressed to her.

"Oh, sir! I cannot, indeed I cannot," she exclaimed.

"Indeed you can, May. You always pour out tea at home," said Meredith.

"Come, and surprise your father. He will think himself in civilised life again. I avoid company, and flies from a stranger as from a fiery serpent. Nay, Mr. Morison, you must stay. You are not accustomed! I take it in honour that you should sup with me."

The artist turned from one to another, pleadingly. Laban excused himself, because his father had sat at a gentleman’s table. Mr. Everton was afraid his wife would expect him, but Mr. Minister overruled them all. He led the way across a passage to a small dining-room, where tea was laid. He placed a chair for May at the head of the table with the words—

"You must sit here; I will help you. Your father will think himself at home. He shall sit on one side of you, I on the other. This will probably be yet a home for the present. You may save him yet. All he wants is something to live for. His disease is nervous despondency."

Bewildered May had never before heard of such a malady. It sounded awful! But she obeyed, and took the feminine post at the tea-table, not knowing what she did or what she ought to do. The others also seated themselves, leaving the place of the young man’s right hand vacant.

The host signed to a female servant, who appeared, to leave the room, and the little party sat expectant, all gazing on the door. It opened at last. Poor May’s heart beat almost as painfully as when she had first met her father, as he appeared in frock coat and neat waistcoat and tie. He sat down by her side quite naturally.

"I am afraid I have been keeping you," he said, glancing round; then to May, with a sad smile, "Am I spruce enough for my little girl?"

Mr. Everton said grace, and May, trembling very much, began to pour out the tawdry direction of Mr. Minister. The table was supplied with simple viands, and adorned with beautiful flowers. The room was pretty and artistic, and she felt truly as if she were in a strange dream. Still, her own father was near, and three of her dearest friends close by. That father watched her movements with eyes kindled into natural brightness, and sat enchanting, while the others talked. All strove to be at ease, and with effort that May restrained her tears. Perhaps Meredith understood her best, but he felt, with a sort of regret, that he must again yield his place in her affections to another, and make the various and ask her of old. He heard her father’s oft-repeated "My darling, we will never, never part again," with a pang, and wondered sadly why so great a happiness as the reunion of father and child should, as this followed, make her loving hearts far away. But "I will write to great-grandfather," was all May could find to say.

(To be continued.)
The GIRLS OWN PAPER.

Fredon. Very strict economy and great regularity marked the daily routine of life, and it was not till she was twelve years old that the Baroness Lehzen, her governess, was permitted to dress her in her own style, or to have any thing which was the warm affection subsisting in the family circle, an affection which grew as years went on. Up to the day of her death there was but little gaiety, not even a Christmas party, in her life. Miss Elizabeth was the most interesting account of her mother's death, which she herself relates when, on the 21st February, 1801, she and the Prince were summoned to Frogmore, to find the Duchess, in her darkened bedroom, lying on a sofa supported by cushions, breathing heavily, not able to recognize her, and remaining in this unconscious state till the breathing ceased for ever. The Princess Holkholmedia had not even the consolation of being with her parent at the last, and her closest relations knew only through the simple, tender, sisterly affection subsisting between the two. "You say that looking through her things, touching what belonged to her, looking through her letters, I was feeding upon her, you were doing something very wrong;" I and Hermann felt that, after dear Ernest's (her husband's) death, I could hardly bring myself to feel that she was dead now, how particular he was that nobody should get at his things, and then—" Oh! it is too dreadful!"

The fact that the Princess Louise received, after her death, the birthright, the property, and the memory of her grandmother, is without material though it is the last link in the chain of her domestic life.

At Windsor Castle the Queen has always passed some months of each year, and many know who the beauty of its surroundings, and of the building itself, will agree with Louis Philibert that "il ny a rien de plus beau que Windsor." It is at once among the finest royal residences in the world, the best suited to royal pageants, and the most perfectly secluded of homes. It has played an important part in the Queen's life. Here, in October, 1839, after a happy week of evening suppers and afternoon drives, the Queen and Prince; here she spent her short honeymoon; and here she experienced the first agony of widowhood. Her children, the Prince of Wales, Victoria, and Prince Albert, were married at Windsor, where lie the ashes of those most dear to her.

The Prince Consort inherited from his father a talent for landscape gardening, and after he had devoted some attention to the gardens at Buckingham Palace, he much improved the pleasure grounds at Windsor, establishing his father's ideas and giving them attention to agricultural improvements. Amid the wealth of rooms filled with treasures of all kinds—china, pictures, busts, and statuary—the Queen now chiefly passes her time are situated by what is known as the Queen's Entrance, whence she issues many times in the day, to the colonnades, or drives in a pony-carrriage with her constant companion, the Princess Beatrice, and some of her ladies. The sitting-room, a large Gothic window, opens out of the Grand Corridor, and looks upon the Long Walk. Her own dining-room is octagonal, with a floor covered with a tapestry, picnics, severe and sombre, and above the chair usually occupied by Her Majesty hangs her portrait by Baron von Angeli, depicting her in all the seventy of her widow's weeds. In these saddest days of her life, when the labours of the day exacted by State necessity are over, many hours are devoted to sitting, spinning, drawing, and music. The Queen is a great reader, and during his life the Prince and she read much together; so now the Princess Beatrice and her ladies read aloud what is of most interest to her.

Osborne and Balmoral are the royal homes which the Queen and her husband made for themselves—delightful retreats from the oppressive splendour and formality of Court.

Sir Robert Peel first brought Osborne to their notice, and the first portion of 900 acres was bought from Mr. Hatchard in 1836. The Prince showed great ability in the laying out and planting of the gardens, and in 1846, when the fine Isle of Wight air was doing them all good, he describes himself as "partly forester, partly builder, partly farmer, partly gardener;" and the Queen herself tells how "Albert is so happy here—out all day planting and directing, and it is so good for him." A delightful domestic country life has always been led here. "When we are in the Isle of Wight we are not surrounded by so many people, it is a quieter, a simpler, and a simpler," she presently adds. They left it ever with regret, the children as much as their parents, their enjoyment of summer sunshine was profound, and they used to feel how butterflies or worked in their little gardens. The Swiss Cottage was entirely given up to them for pastime and instruction, and it is here that the Queen's principal garden experiments have taken place. By her knowledge of the mysteries of cooking, their arms bare, and large tubbed aprons covering their dresses. In addition Osborne affords all the various amusements for the royal family, boating, yachting, all of which now and in the past the Royal family have particularly appreciated. At Balmoral the Queen has been able to throw off the trappings of Court life, and to enjoy for some months of the year the kindness of the Royally family to particularly appreciated.

Early rising, a morning given up to business letters and affair of State, daily drives and walks, an eight o'clock dinner, and an evening amid her most dear, is the daily routine of her present life. "In love consists the inward tie, in love is the fundamental principle of happiness," wrote the Prince to the Queen, "and in love is the tie that binds us to the Royal. It is the best illustration of the Queen's domestic life.

ARDERN HOLT.

MURDER WILL OUT.

The AVENGING CROWS.—A traveller fell among thieves, who resolved to murder him. While they were committing this horrid crime, the unfortunate man, looking up, saw a flock of crows hovering in the air. "Avenge my death," he cried, "ye birds of luckless ill-omen, and this my death shall turn to the punishment and the impress of his dear hand have been stamped everywhere." 

Sir James Clarke had urged the purchase of the estate from Sir R. Gordon, and the fee simple was obtained from the Earl of Fife. Some sovereigns had been so able to control all the men to achieve the purpose of a simple, secluded, mountain life, amid beautiful scenery and the purest air. The Prince Consort enjoyed the shooting and hunting, and fish from the lakes gave him himself to splendid enjoyment; he introduced a completely new system of agriculture, and his first thought was the good of the surrounding peasantry. School houses have been built on the estate, and an excellent library formed, the latter with the money which Her Majesty's "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" realised. This book brings the life which Her Majesty and her family lead in their highland home vividly before us. In her letters to her children (p. 119) we see her making purchases for the poor, bestowing gifts upon them, and visiting them by "ain firesides" like any old time Highland laird. So the household of her grace and strength and enlarged the charities more and more. In Scotland the Queen is adored by her dependants; every name is familiar to her, and she joys in their joys and sorrows with them. The independence, simple-mindedness, and kindheartedness of the Highland race are specially appreciated by her, and she is learned in the customs and traditions of the country.

The accounts given by Her Majesty of the several expeditions made in 1864 to Glen Feshie, Invermoriston, Loch Affric, and Loch Tummel, &c., are so simply and naturally told that her readers follow in her footsteps, enjoying the lovely scenery, and realising to the full how charming it must have been after the turmoil of city life, to be dining in a quiet country inn, or picnicking in the open air like ordinary mortals, amid mountain solitudes, face to face with nature, and making occasional serviceable remarks.

When in December, 1861, the Queen experienced the great and irreparable loss of her dearly-loved husband, the 22nd September, her children were all still left to her. Since then the Princess Alice has passed away on the anniversary of her father's death, most deservedly lamented. But what these trials and changes the Queen's daily life has been a noble example to her people of what home life should be, and the more we learn about it the more our sympathies. She spends only a few days annually in London, and from time to time pays short visits abroad; the rest of the year is divided between Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral. Early rising, morning given up to business letters and affairs of State, daily drives and walks, an eight o'clock dinner, and an evening amid her most dear, is the daily routine of her present life. "In love consists the inward tie, in love is the fundamental principle of happiness," wrote the Prince to the Queen, "and in love is the tie that binds us to the Royal. It is the best illustration of the Queen's domestic life.

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