HER MAJESTY'S CHURCHES

THEY ARE CONNECTED WITH THE QUEEN'S RESIDENCES.

The Queen Is a Regular Attendant at Divine Worship—Whippingham Church at Osborne, Where Prince Henry of Battenburg Is Buried—Her Majesty Attends the Presbyterian Church at Balmoral.

From earliest childhood, the queen has been an assiduous attendant at divine worship. It is not improbable that while residing with her mother in the "old court suburb" after the death of the Duke of Kent, the first church she ever went to outside the palace, was the unsightly brick structure in the middle of High Street, now superseded by Sir Gilbert Scott's magnificent edifice of stone, whose towering steeple proclaims it far and wide as St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington.

Within the limits of this article, it is manifestly impossible to write fully upon the subject of the numerous churches that her Majesty may have attended at different periods of her life. For, as a child, in whatever part of the country she happened to be with her royal mother, she was regularly taken to the parish church, no doubt, joined in the loyal prayers for King George the Fourth and "all the royal family," little realizing, as her small-voiced "Amen" arose to heaven, that her own name would one day be substituted, throughout the British empire, for that of her uncle.

This paper is intended to deal only with those places of worship that are connected with the queen's residences, viz., the Chapel Royal, St. James'; the private chapels at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Osborne, and Balmoral; St. George's Chapel, Windsor; Whippingham Church; Crathie Church, and the Prince Consort's Mausoleum at Frogmore; though this latter—save for occasional services held there in the summer—is set apart for solemn anniversaries.

Neither at the Chapel Royal, nor at the private chapel at Buckingham Palace, has the queen been presnt at divine service since the death of Prince Albert. But in her early married years, and while the chapel at Buckingham Palace was being arranged, she used regularly to attend the Chapel Royal, where so many a sovereign before her had worshipped. The royal closet—in reality a small room—occupies one entire end of the chapel, and is approached from the apartments in the palace by a narrow stone corridor on the same level. Its occupants can be clearly seen only by the officiating clergy, and by the members of the household and others sitting in the galleries on the right hand side of the royal closet.

Perhaps the most touching, because the most national, associations of the place, are with George III., whose unceasing attendance at early prayers in all weathers wore out not only his wife and family but every one else, and some sympathy must have been felt for the unfortunate equerry compelled to be present even when half frozen with the cold. Everybody has heard how the old king used to beat time to the anthem with his music-roll, letting it drop upon the powdered heads of the pages below if he saw them talking or inattentive.

From St. James's is but a short walk to Buckingham Palace, and at the private chapel there we glance, before noticing the royal places of worship at Windsor, Osborne, and more distant Balmoral.

Formerly there stood in the Buckingham Palace garden two conservatories, built in Ionic style. One of these, the southernmost, was converted into a chapel, its roof was raised, all the necessary fittings added, and when the transformation was completed, it was consecrated in March, 1843, by Archbishop Howley. Its origin accounts for the very light and unecclesiastical appearance it presents. The aisles are formed by two rows of fluted columns with gilded capitals, and the queen's gallery is supported by some of the Ionic pillars from the screen at Carlton House. The general plan of this chapel, which is quite small, is very similar to that so often seen in old-fashioned places of worship. Thus, all along the middle of the nave are low pews facing the altar, flanked by others vis-a-vis; and one entire side is almost monopolized by the organ, which is slightly raised above the floor level. The altar is perfectly plain, but over it hangs a panel of magnificent tapestry representing the baptism of Christ. At one side of it is a finely carved marble pulpit, which had to be moved from its place—a somewhat difficult task—on the occasion of the last royal wedding. The ceiling is diapered with colored panels, and is lighted by a clerestory of glass. Both coloring and decorations are most brilliant, almost startlingly so, and it requires some time to realize that this is a place devoted to sacred, and not to secular purposes—lilac, crimson, and lavender hues everywhere predominating in the gayest fashion. It is said that nothing has been altered from the original scheme of decoration as approved by the late Prince Consort, all his ideas on the subject being scrupulously maintained. One end of the chapel is occupied by a wide gallery approached by a narrow passage. In front of the gallery, significantly facing the occupant of the pulpit, is the inevitable clock, but of very small proportions.

The queen and royal family used to sit in the middle division of this gallery, the ladies and gentlemen of the household and occasional visitors being on each side of the royal pew. The choir was supplied from the Chapels Royal, and the services, as a rule, were conducted by one or other of the domestic chaplains, the Sub-Dean of St. James's or one of the bishops. But these services, which her Majesty and her beloved consort attended so regularly, were discontinued in the fatal year 1862. An effort was made in 1863 to resume them, and to have, as at St. James's Palace, nine o'clock morning prayer with sermon, a twelve o'clock supplementary service commencing with the Litany, and five o'clock evening prayer. But the idea was abandoned, and has never been revived.

At Windsor, in days gone by, "when all the world was young," her Majesty's custom on Sundays was to drive—though sometimes she walked—from the Upper Ward to the Deanery, passing by way of the ancient cloister to the royal pew in St. George's Chapel, where, except in very severe weather, she always worshiped. Every one is familiar with the glorious choir in St. George's Chapel, and the ornate gallery jutting out high on the north wall over the altar, looking like one of the projecting latticed windows so common in Egypt. This gallery is fitted up for the accommodation of the sovereign, and is very beautiful, the chairs and curtains being of Garter blue, and the windows richly adorned with stained glass. Gazing at it from below, who does not recall the memorable day in March, 1863, when a solitary figure in deepest mourning stood there so bravely and nobly to witness her eldest son's marriage, while the greatest sorrow of her life was tearing at her heartstrings?

But for thirty-five long years the queen, when at Windsor Castle, has exclusively used the private chapel there, or the Prince Albert Mausoleum; never it is said, having been present at St. George's on a Sunday since 1862. At the east or farther end of St. George's Hall, the private chapel is easily accessible from the domestic portion of the castle, and only a little over one hundred yards from the queen's private apartments in the Victoria Tower. It has no windows, and is lighted entirely from above, so that in the absence of sunshine the effect is rather gloomy. Somewhat peculiar is the arrangement of the pews, owing to the octagonal shape of the building. Her Majesty's pew is in a kind of recessed gallery facing the altar, the officials and the ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting occupying a gallery of the same size on each side of her. Right and left of these, respectively, are two other galleries, one for visitors at the castle, and the other appropriated by the organ and choir. These five galleries, together with the recessed sanctuary, the reading-desk, and the pulpit complete the octagon. All the servants present sit below, and on a bench just underneath the royal pew, one of the chief officials has his particular "sitting," which for many years was the favorite seat of General Sir Thomas M. Biddulph, formerly keeper of her Majesty's privy purse. Sir Walter Parratt is the organist, and the choristers—four in number—are specially selected from St. George's Chapel. Hymns Ancient and Modern are used here, as also at Frogmore.

The queen often attends morning prayer at the Mausoleum, Frogmore, where the dean frequently preaches, or—as at the private chapel—one of the bishops who may be visiting the castle.

Overlooking the pleasant valley of the Medina, where "the salt sea-water passes by, and makes a silence in the hills" stands the parsonage of Whippingham Church, associated for so many years with the kindly presence of Canon Prothero, who, it will be remembered, died very suddenly in 1894, to the great regret of the queen, by whom he was highly esteemed.

A stranger to the place, on approaching the church would find it hard to discover any sign of the tower or village whose spiritual needs the sacred edifice is intended to supply, the dwellings of the scanty population being widely scattered. Yet for over seven centuries its bells have summoned generations of simple-minded country-folk from far and near to worship the God of their forefathers.

Originally built by the Norman monks of Lyra, in the year 1100, this church was solemnly dedicated to St. Mildred, a name familiar enough a few years ago to thousands of busy city-going people, who, as they passed through the Poultry to the Mansion House, looked up at Wren's church, with its square tower surmounted by a gilt ship in full sail. In the course of time, St. Mildred's, Whippingham was enlarged, and on several occasions restored, but in the year 1862, under the wise direction of the late prince consort, it was re-built as we now see it. Of early English architecture, it possesses a nave, transepts, and choir with side aisles. From the centre of the building, dividing the nave from the chancel, rises the tower, ornamented by four small pinnacles which produce a rather novel, but not altogether pleasing effect. There is a fine lych-gate, and the south aisle of the chancel has a private entrance for her Majesty and the royal family. In the upper portion of the tower is a beautifully painted dome, and a lantern-shaped story filled with stained glass. This exquisite colored glass is introduced everywhere practicable throughout the building.

The entire southern side of the chancel is reserved for her Majesty's use, and excellent arrangements have been made to ensure her a certain amount of seclusion and protection from the too obtrusive gaze of strangers, who come from afar on the mere chance of obtaining a peep at the queen at her devotions Her Majesty, however, now seldom attends Whippingham church, more often using the private chapel at Osborne.

In the north aisle rests the mortality of poor Prince Henry of Battenberg, whose sad home-bringing across the ocean must have recalled to many an aching heart Lord Tennyson's pathetic lines upon his friend Hallam:

Calm as the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

But Prince Henry's tomb is not the sole reminder of the gaps made by death in the queen's family circle during her long reign. To the right of the royal pew, and also at the back, are memorials to the prince consort, Princess Alice, the Duke of Albany, and to the Princes Sigismund and Waldemar, aged respectively two and eleven years, sons of the Emperor and Empress Frederick of Germany.

Those who were present in Whippingham Church, on February 5, last year, will never forget the unparalleled floral embellishments, that seemed, as it were, determined to blot out, if only for one brief hour, all ideas of frail and perishable humanity. Never before, perhaps had so many beautiful flowers been brought together in so limited a space most of them being white, but here and there were scarlet ones as befitted a soldier's grave. Above the altar, encircling the pillars, entwined around the candelabra, hiding the window-sills and banding the very walls, were buds and blossoms in profusion. Banks of green moss and foliage plants threw up into strong relief, glorious azaleas and delicate lilies-of-the-valley. In the body of the church the air was heavy enough with their scent, but up in the organ loft, where Sir Walter Parratt presided, and whence a wonderful coup d'oeil could be obtained, the atmosphere was positively overpowering.

Before quitting the subject of Whippingham, it is interesting to recall the fact that in this parish was born the famous Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, greatest of schoolmasters and one of the noblest of men.

Almost the earliest constitutional act of the queen, at her first Council, was to take and to sign the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland. But not content with a mere formal observance of this solemn declaration, her Majesty has consistently, when in Scotland, upheld by her presence and patronage the national establishments of that country. With a natural disinclination towards more than a very moderate form of ritual—a feeling no doubt fostered by the late prince consort's predilection for the Lutheran Church—the queen is there able practically to evince her appreciation of that simple and rational form of worship, familiarly known as Presbyterian. Though her Majesty usually worships in the private chapel at Balmoral, where one of her chaplains or other clergyman of the Church of Scotland officiates, she sometimes attends the church at Crathie, in which she takes great interest, and where the outward mode of worshipping is that still prevalent in most parish churches in Scotland, and resembles—with some minor differences—that at St. Columba's Church of Scotland in Pont Street. At Crathie the old attitude is still maintained: that is to say, the congregation sit during singing of hymn or psalm, and stand while prayer is being offered up—a practice very general in most of the Reformed Churches on the Continent.

Of late years the rheumatic affection from which her Majesty suffers has rendered it necessary for her to remain seated throughout the service.

When the new church at Crathie was built, it was suggested that certain changes in the order of service, so freely introduced in the Lowlands, should also come into force there, but the queen deemed it better to make no alteration, partly no doubt because she herself preferred the old usages, but chiefly because she thought such innovations would not be acceptable to the humble people about her, who had been so long accustomed to the old ways.

At the foot of Craig Gbuie—a barren slope not far from the castle—there had stood for eight-nine years an unpretentious building in which the parishioners of Crathie worshipped; and where, for nearly fifty years, the queen, and those near and dear to her, had joined with the lowliest of her subjects in partaking of the Lord's Supper on Communion Sundays. But a time came when more accommodation was required, and on September 11, 1893, the foundation-
ad her Majesty's churches
stone of the new Crathie church was laid by her Majesty on the site of the old one, and in her presence, the building was, on June 18, 1895, solemnly dedicated to God.

Nestling at the foot of a hill, upon a plateau some nine hundred feet above the sea-level on the north side of the river Dee, this church, built of a beautiful light gray granite, and of Gothic architecture of an early Scottish character, possesses considerable beauties, though of a somewhat substantial nature. Its general plan is that of a cross with a massive central tower. The south transept is set apart for the queen and her household, and her Majesty sits in the middle of the front row, in a richly upholstered oaken seat adorned with the royal arms. She is thus in full view of the congregation, who occupy the nave.

At one corner of the apse, wherein stands the plain table representing the ornate altar of an Anglican church, partly encircled by the seats set apart for the elders, is the splendid pulpit presented by the royal household. At the approach to the apse, is the granite font given by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

As many of my readers may not be familiar with the ritual of the Presbyterian Church, a description of the dedication service at Crathie, fairly representative of the usual services in which the queen joins when in the Highlands, may not inappropriately bring this article to a close.

First of all was sung the "Old Hundreth Psalm," accompanied by the fine organ. The Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees then offered up a dedicatory prayer, followed by reading of a lesson from the Old Testament; a hymn from the Scottish Hymnal, beautifully rendered; a lesson from the New Testament; another hymn; and a prayer of intercession concluding with the Lord's Prayer. Then came the sermon, which was succeeded by a prayer, and the singing of the well-known paraphrase, commencing:—

O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed.

A collection was then made by the elders, Dr. Profeit, the Queen's commissioner, receiving her Majesty's offering first. Finally, the impressive benediction was pronounced in patriarchal manner by the minister with uplifted hands, the congregation reverently standing.

On this occasion the preacher was the Right Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, who gave a most eloquent discourse concluding with these words:—

"To-day the lineal descendant and representative of our ancient Scottish monarchs, the most reverend of sovereigns, follows the example of bygone times, and is with us here as we dedicate this church to God. It is a story which will be told by generations yet unborn, how she who had loved our Highlands and their traditions, had added to the dignity of her high office the beauty of kindliest interest in every homestead scattered among these grand hills and glens; how she had shared in the joys and sorrows of those around her, and ministered to their well-being; how she, with those dearest to her, had year after year joined in the simple rites in which her people loved to worship God; and how with her own hands she had laid the foundation and had by her presence graced the dedication of this church. We thank God for it all."

Arthur H. Beavan.

NOT PROPERLY FURNISHED.

Mary Ann—So yez didn't take thot place yez wor lookin' at, did yez?

Bridget—Oi did not. They'd no rack in the basemint hall for me boike.

BICYCLE WARFARE.

Interesting Achievements by a Trained Squad in the Austrian Army.

Experiments are being made by many of the leading armies of Europe, and already results have been obtained which speak well for the utility of the bicycle for purposes of war.

The Japanese found it of good service in their various campaigns against the Chinese, bicyclists frequently proving of service when it was necessary to make delicate maneouvers or send messages from one point to another.

After experiments, however, it became apparent to military experts in Europe that the ordinary bicycle could not do all the work required of it. For example, it proved very unwieldy on heavy ground, and, as soldiers cannot confine themselves to paved streets and public promenades, ordinary bicycles are too often apt to prove encumbrances instead of conveniences. Speed is necessary in time of war, and soldiers cannot afford to lose time in dragging their wheels over mountains or through woods or across rivers. Evidently, then, the great desideratum was a wheel which could be easily transported from place to place, and yet which should be as firm and durable as the ordinary bicycle.

Such a bicycle, we are assured, has been invented by Lieutenant Czeipek, of the Austrian army. The merits of his invention are said to be manifold.

A wheel of this kind says one who has thoroughly tested it, can easily be

CARRIED FOR AN HOUR

on a man's shoulders over any country, and, when necessary, it can be put together and made ready for riding in thirty seconds. The wheel, including the knapsack, weighs only fourteen kilograms, and yet it is as strong in all its parts as the ordinary bicycle.

A corps of twenty-four bicyclists has been specially trained by Lieutenant Czeipek in the use of this wheel, and at the recent manoeuvres of the imperial Austrian army it showed that most effective work could be done by means of it. The illustrations show the main purposes for which this wheel can be used, and one need not be a military expert to see that this light, portable and withal very strong machine can be made most useful in time of actual warfare.

Lieutenant Czeipek's twenty-four pupils took part in some difficult manoeuvres, and also did some very effective fighting, during which time they were either mounted on their wheles or had them on their shoulders. Their entire performance was exceedingly novel and creditable, but what seemed most surprising to the onlookers and to the army chiefs was the ease and rapidity with which the men, though burdened with their wheels, got over heavy and otherwise difficult ground. So pleased were the military authorities with their performance that it is their intention to have other men trained in the same fashion, and the outlook is that the wheel will speedily become a prominent factor of the Austrian army.

THE PEOPLE OF LONDON.

Last Year's Population Estimated at 4,421,955 Souls.

Statistics of the population of London for last year place the population of that city at 4,421,955 souls. The population has, therefore, increased by 41,000 within a year, which is less than 1 per cent. The area of the city is only 121 square miles, which equals an average of 36,550 inhabitants per square mile. The density of population is greatest in Whitechapel, St. George's-in-the-East, Shoreditch, Southwark, St. Saviour's and Holborn districts. The most thinly populated districts are Lewisham, Woolwich, Wandsworth and Hampstead. In the former districts of the city there are five times as many people per acre as in the last named. In 1896 there were 79,738 weddings, 135,196 children were born and 83,511 people died. One of the principal causes of death, diphtheria, has made such ravages during the last year that it must be considered an epidemic.

WOMEN OF PARAGUAY.

The people of Paraguay are on the whole an amiable and innocent race. Kindness and hospitality are characteristics, and they are sufficiently honest for that fact to be worthy of note. They are almost entirely vegetarians, living on oranges pumpkins, cassava, etc. Can this be said to account for the mildness of the people? I leave the answer to the student of such things.

The women dress very simply, and are, many of them, of great beauty. They have well-shaped voluptuous limbs, their eyes are lustrous, and the complexion clear, being, however, of every shade, from the deepest mahogany to the fairest white and pink of the Anglo-Saxon.

A snow-white tunic is the only dress they wear; it comes down to about the knees, with very short sleeves and low neck, which shows rather more of the statuesque shoulders and breasts than would be considered proper in this country. The tunic is fastened about the waist with a simple band, and they are often prettily adorned with native-made laces. They wear no shoes, stays, or anything calculated to impede the graceful movements of the body. They walk about barefoot, and their dress is so slight that they step out with something of the grace that Mother Eve must have possessed. They have a soft, supple, sinuous, panther-like tread that is most pleasing to behold.

Marriage is considered an unnecessary formality between two young people who propose to start life as partners, and yet they are remarkably constant in their attachments. The Paraguayan girl is not unlike the savage heroines of Byron's creation—faithful unto death, soft as doves, but ready, if need be, to give up their lives for their mates.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

Stevenson's unfinished novel, "St. Ives," will be completed by Mr. Quiller Couch.

Vienna University has made King Oscar of Sweden an honorary doctor of philosophy.

Tissot's pictures illustrating the life of Christ, have been reproduced in black and white sets on Japan paper, selling for $1,000.

Machine guns have been supplied to the Queen's Life Guards, and gradually all the British cavalry regiments will be armed with them.

Sixty persons have been arrested in Moscow and will be deported to Siberia for trying to organize a general strike in the mills of the Moscow district.

Naples is in consternation because the blood of San Gennaro has failed to liquefy this year. The failure of the miracle is a portent of misfortune.

London's Lord Mayor is entitled to wear an Earl's robe whenever a crowned head visits the city. The gown for the commemoration cost $500.

A complete set of thirteen Jacobean silver apostle spoons, one of the only three complete sets in existence, was sold in London the other day for $3,250.

No Dunmow flitch will be awarded this year to married couples that abstain from quarreling, owing to the death of Sir Robert Marsh, who revived the old custom.

Polish Catholic priests, incited by the example of the Russian Orthodox priests living in their country, are starting a movement to obtain permission for priests to marry.

Carbide of calcium has been found to be a remedy against the phylloxera, according to a Swiss trade journal, and to be also an excellent fertilizer for plants of all kinds.

Germany had 25,400 miles of railroad open on March 31, an increase of 475 miles over last year. The earnings for the year were $17,700 per mile, an increase of $675 a mile.

Yemen's Arabian Jews have asked Negus Menelek for permission to settle in the towns of Abyssinia, on the ground that Menelek is one of the chosen people, being descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Mr. Apirina Turapa Ngata, a full-blooded Maori, who holds the degrees of bachelor of arts and of laws from Canterbury College, has been admitted to the bar at Auckland, being the first of his race to accomplish the feat.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans, who discovered the stern and rock-bound coast of Plymouth, and who is the only writer of imaginative literature produced by Liverpool, is to have a monument there, if the money can be raised.

A British first-class cruiser, the Argonaut, building at Govan, caught fire recently in the outer teak planking, and an hour's conflagration injured many of the plates and will delay the completion of the vessel for a long time.

Great Britain's second oldest ship in commission, the Grampus, built in 1784, has been sold to be broken up. It had been used for many years as a powder bulk at Portsmouth. Nelson's Victory is the only older ship in the service.

Maria Theresa's equestrian statue, recently unveiled by Emperor Francis Joseph at Fressburg, is said to be the first monument erected in Hungary to a sovereign of the Hapsburg line, which has ruled over the country for 371 years.

Brandy, whiskey, gin and rum made in Germany for consumption in the British colonies, is offered for 83 cents a dozen quart bottles, delivered on board at Hamburg. Liqueurs of the same manufacture are offered at $2.25 a dozen quarts.

An offer of 150,000 kroner from the Carlsberg fund has been made to the Danish Government to enable the scientific expedition that will explore the east coast of Greenland next summer to make a chart of the coast as far north as Angmagsalik.

England's new cruisers are not living up to their speed trials. The Fox, which is officially a nineteen knot boat, cannot do better now than 14 1-2 knots with natural draught. At her trial she made 20 knots with forced and 19 knots with natural draught.

One of the three bars torn down from the window of the Hotel du Palais in order to let through the people penned in at the Rue Jean Gonjon fire, has been bought by one of the ladies whose life was saved, the other two by an English collector of curiosities.

Saint Etienne, near Lyons, has apparently solved the problem of distributing electrical energy cheaply in private houses over a wide district. Two dollars a month is the charge for sufficient power to drive a loom, the service extending as far as thirty miles from the central station.

The Kalaa of the Beni Hamad, which in the eleventh century was a town of 80,000 inhabitants, the capital of the Barbary States, Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis, and had long completely disappeared, has been rediscovered by M. Blanchet, a French archaeologist. Among the buildings brought to light are a mosque sixty-five by fifty-five metres in area, covered with green enamel and containing pink marble columns, a palace, a public fountain, and a tower, which even in its present condition, is nearly fifty feet high. These buildings date from 1007 and are the oldest Moslem monuments in Algeria.