

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

BEFORE the July number of our paper will reach our readers, we suppose we may conclude,—“if wind and weather permit,” as the sailors say—that the Thirtieth Anniversary of Dr. Barnardo's Homes will have been held at the Royal Albert Hall, London. In the advertisement of this interesting event, we read the following announcement: “Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have graciously promised to be present.”

In keeping with this most auspicious occasion, we are, therefore, this month, offering to our readers a portrait of that most beloved and amiable royal lady, the Princess of Wales, together with some notes of her life, selected from Annie Swan's magazine, *The Woman at Home*, and written by “Lady Mary.”

A VISIT TO SANDRINGHAM.

During the month of August my footsteps strayed to the north-west coast of Norfolk; and one fine morning a bright dream occurred to me. I would go to Sandringham; and to Sandringham I went—a drive of fifteen miles from the house where I was staying. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the members of all their family were, of course, absent; but permission was given me from headquarters to run about and around, and generally enjoy myself. And what did I carry away with me? The memory of an afternoon very delightfully spent in the home of our favourite Prince and Princess; of a long pile of red buildings picked out with white; of rows of windows looking on to one of the loveliest gardens I ever set eyes upon; of smooth lawns and winding pathways leading on to more remote greeneries. Everywhere I noticed evidences that the Prince and Princess know “how to live” in the best sense of the word. How well-cared for are the cottages on their estate! How neatly and prettily dressed the school children, in whom they take so great an interest! The Prince as a landlord is said to “spoil” his tenants. Well, one likes him all the better for that. The Princess makes herself at home in every house in the neighbourhood. It is such a pleasant trait in her character that she will enjoy spending an hour here, an hour there, in some simple, unpretending house; that she likes to become the friend of men and women for what they are, and not for what they have. At Sandringham there is a model dairy,—a place to dream of on a hot sunny day at Marlborough House, let us say. The Princess has a quaint little tea-room, of her own in the dairy, and often invites her guests there. The stables, harness-rooms, and kennels are, in themselves, worth a visit, there is such a comfortable, unpretentious home-like air about them. Before taking leave of Sandringham I walked through a pretty avenue of fir. Every tree had been planted by a personal friend of either Prince or Princess, and bore the name of the planter; amongst others were names of members of the Danish Royal family, the Duchesses of Sutherland, Manchester and St. Albans.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR GUESTS.

The Prince of Wales, as everyone knows, who has stayed at Sandringham, is the kindest

and most considerate of hosts. Like the typical English country gentleman, he allows his guests to be happy in their own way, and he and the Princess leave those whom they invite to partake of their hospitality entirely according to their own inclination. The Princess usually stays in her own boudoir until luncheon.

At Marlborough House there is naturally more ceremony, socially speaking, than at Sandringham. A number of servants herald your arrival or departure, and there are usually two servants standing outside your room door, when you are staying in the house, and a man behind the chair of every guest at meal-time. Maria, Marchioness of Aylesbury, was one of the few ladies who had the *entree*, in a general way, to the Princess' own apartments. At Sandringham the Princess is altogether informal. Very charming she looks in her big white apron, feeding her pet dogs from a basket hanging upon her arm. An American guest, seeing that she threw them bits of bread, remarked, “My dogs would not eat bread.” “Ah!” laughed the Princess. “then *your* dogs are not well brought up.”

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AS A PHOTOGRAPHER.

The Princess of Wales and her two unmarried daughters are all very enthusiastic photographers, the cameras going with them in all directions. What the successful use of the kodak really requires is an eye for seeing that is not merely pretty to look upon; but that makes a good picture. This is just what the Princess possesses so that she gets results that are eminently artistic. When the Czar of Russia (then the Czarewitch) was at Sandringham, a short time ago, he was so highly delighted with the plan and its surroundings, that the Princess gave him an album of its views everyone of which had been photographed by herself.

LITTLE CORNERS.

I EXPECT all of our readers know both the words and the tune of the favourite hymn, “Jesus bids us shine.” We came across this little story the other day; it was sent by a lady to Alice Kelly and she has forwarded it to us. Perhaps it may suggest to some of you practical ways in which you may shine in your separate little corners.

Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed, and sang softly a little song—

“In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.”

“What do you rub at them knives forever for?” Mary said. Mary was the cook.

“Because they are in my corner,” Georgia said, brightly. “‘You in your small corner,’ you know, ‘and I in mine.’ I’ll do the best I can, that’s all I can do.”

“I wouldn’t waste my strength,” said Mary. “I know that no one will notice.”

“Jesus will,” said Georgia, and then she sang again, “You in your small corner, and I in mine.”

“This steak is in my corner, I suppose,” said Mary to herself. “If that child must do what she can, I s’pose I must. If He knows about knives, it’s likely He knows about steak,” and she broiled it beautifully.

“Mary, the steak was very nicely done today,” Miss Emma said.

“That’s all along of Georgia,” said Mary, with a pleased red face; and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. “Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not,” she said; “I’ll hurry them over;” but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

“How beautifully my dress is done,” Helen said, and Emma laughingly answered, “That is owing to Georgia;” then she told about the knives.

“No,” said Helen to her friend who urged, “I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer-meeting; my corner is there.”

“Your corner! what do you mean?” Then Helen told about the knives.

“Well,” the friend said, “if you will not go with me, perhaps I will go with you,” and they went to the prayer-meeting.

“You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening.” That was what their pastor said to them as they were going home. “I was afraid you wouldn’t be there.”

“It was owing to our Georgia,” said Helen; “she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives.” Then she told him the story.

“I believe I will go in here again,” said the minister, stopping before a poor little house “I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can.” In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, but he wouldn’t listen to him; but to-night he said, “I have come to tell you a little story.” Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her small corner, and her doing what she could, and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes, and said, “I’ll find my corner, too; I’ll try to shine for Him.” And the sick man was Georgia’s father. Jesus, looking down at her that day, said, “She hath done what she could,” and He gave the blessing.

“I believe I won’t go to walk,” said Helen, hesitating. “I’ll finish that dress of mother’s; I suppose I can if I think so.”

“Why, child, are you here sewing?” her mother said, “I thought you had gone to walk.”

“No mother; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it.”

“In your corner?” her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told about the knives. The door-bell rang and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. “I suppose I could give more,” she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars that she had laid aside for missions. “If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I’ll make it twenty-five.”

And Georgia’s guardian angel said to another angel, “Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our dear people in India to-day.”

“Twenty-five dollars?” said the other angel; “why, I thought she was poor.”

“Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in Heaven isn’t, you know. She did what she could and He did the rest.”

But Georgia knew nothing about all this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:—

“In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.”

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”