

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldier cried,
The outer trench guarding,
When the heated guns of the campallied
Grew weary of the bombardment.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mould of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A Guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may—another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory.
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Ran on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valour wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THE QUEEN'S TENDERNES.

HERE is so much of forgetfulness of the rights of inferiors and servants, on the part of the "privileged classes" generally, that we are always pleased and refreshed to read the stories which are told of Victoria's good heart and kind considerateness. Grace Greenwood relates the following:

When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. The governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor, her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed a more sacred duty than to her sovereign.

The queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said in a tone of most gentle sympathy: "Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so, in any event, let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils." The governess went and had several weeks' sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. Then when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of the royal grandeur would have oppressed

her sorrowing heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious womanly sympathy of the queen—who came every day to her school room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the anniversary of her great loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all the great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life, that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies.

Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in their pleasant crimson parlour looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave way, and laying her hands on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, "O, mother, mother!"

One after another, the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly the governess was feeling; and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming, "O, poor girl, it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school room, where she found Miss—struggling to regain composure. "My poor child," she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad, sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," clasping on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a lock of her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death. What wonder that the orphan kissed with tears this gift, and the more than royal hand that bestowed it?

CHARMING GIRLS.

THE most charming woman in Queen Victoria's court a few years ago, was one whose features were homely, and whose eyes were crossed. The secret of her attraction lay in a certain perpetual bright freshness, in her dress, the turn of her mind, and her temper.

Jane Welsh Carlyle, when an old, sickly, ugly woman, could so charm men, that a stranger meeting her in a stage-coach followed her for miles, post-haste, to return a parasol which she had dropped. The charm lay in her bright vivacity of manner, and the keen sympathy which shone through her features.

Margaret Fuller also possessed this magnetic sympathy, in spite of her enormous egotism. Men and women, the poor and the rich, felt themselves drawn to open their hearts and pour out their troubles to her. Yet Margaret was an exceptionally homely woman.

The popular belief among young girls who read the *Companion*, is that it is only a pretty face which will bring to them the admiration and love which they naturally crave. No books, it is said, have a larger sale than those written that give rules for beauty, recipes to

destroy fat or freckles, and to improve the skin or the figure.

Now, no recipe will change the shape of a nose or the color of an eye. But any girl, by daily baths, and wholesome food, and by breathing pure air, can render her complexion clear and soft. Her hair nails and teeth can be daintily kept. Her clothes, however cheap, can be fresh and becoming in color. She can train her mind, even if of ordinary capacity, to be alert and earnest; and if she adds to these a sincere, kindly, sunny temper, she will win friends and love as surely as if all the fairies had brought her gifts at her birth.

But it is of no use for a woman whose person is soiled and untidy, and whose temper is selfish and irritable at home, to hope to cheat anybody by putting on fine clothes and a smile for company. The thick, muddy skin, and soured expression will betray her.

"John," said an artist the other day, to a Chinaman who was unwillingly acting as model, "smile. If you don't look pleasant I'll not pay you."

"No use," grumbled the washerman. "If Chinaman feelee ugly all the time, he lookee ugly," which is true of every other man and woman in the world as well as John Chinaman.

Hawthorne's weird fancy that our secret weakness or sin should hang like a black veil over our faces between us and other men, is true in fact.

TRUTHFULNESS.

TWO country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God, and man also; I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have

earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruits and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbour. Thus the season passed, the gentleman, finding he could always get a good article of Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition, and when the winter came on, the gentleman wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honoured partner in the firm.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LATIN VERSION OF TOPLADY'S "ROCK OF AGES."

[This fine Latin version of the "Rock of Ages," almost an impromptu, we believe, by Mr. Gladstone, was first published about twenty-five years ago in the *Guardian*; but as it has often since been asked for, our readers will, we are sure, thank us for republishing it, which we do with the author's permission.—Ed. *Spectator*.]

IESUS, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus:
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu, per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.

Coram Te nec justus forem
Quamvis tota vi laborem;
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso:
Tibi soli tantum munus,
Salva Tu, Salvator unus.

Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus Crucem gero:
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro,
Fontem Christi quaero immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.

Dum hos artus vita regit,
Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
Mortuos cum stare jubes,
Sedens Judex inter nubes,
Jesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra Tuum latus.

ADVICE TO A BOY.

GET away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself, ascertaining from original source if you are really the manner of man people say you are, find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business dealing; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and, believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.