



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

## A NEW PATRIOTIC ANTHEM.

(Tune, "Rule Britannia.")

When Britain first at Heaven's command

Rose free from error's sinful chain,

The Christian charter of the land  
In lovely accents breathed this strain:

Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;

Whom Christ makes free shall never more be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee—  
Prostrate to idol gods still fall;

While those more blessed bend the knee

To God—Creator of them all.

Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;

Whom Christ makes free, shall never more be slaves.

From north to south, from east to west;

Where'er thy banner is unfurled,

Be this henceforth thy great behest,

To spread the Gospel through the world.

Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;

Whom Christ makes free, shall never more be slaves.

## THE MISSING SMILE.

Some one has said that the best portion of a good man's life consists of his little, nameless, unremembered acts of love and kindness; but sometimes the deeds which seem trivial to the doer, and pass from his mind altogether, sink deep into some grateful heart, where memory holds them fast. A pathetic instance of such loving remembrance is given below:

There was no crape upon the door, although the angel of death had entered the home the night before. A bow of white ribbon and a cluster of pale, fragrant lilies took the place of that symbol of gloom and sorrow. There could be no real mourning in the hearts of those who had loved the patient sufferer, and had known how she longed for her release.

All day friends came and went with grave faces and bowed heads. Late in the afternoon a ragged boy climbed the steps hesitatingly. His eyes were red, as with much weeping, and his voice hardly above a whisper, as he asked: "Say, can't I see her? I won't stay but just a minute."

"How did you come to know her?" some one asked, strangely drawn toward the little waif by the bond of a common sorrow.

The answer was slow in coming, but a little patient questioning drew it out at last: "You see, she used to lie there by the window, an' I'd see her when I went by. If 'twas



LOOK AT WINDSOR.

cold or rainy, she'd look at me sorrylike, an' after awhile she got to smilin' when she saw me, an' wavin' her hand. On real bad days she used to have 'em call me in, so I could warm up by the fire; an' once she knit me a pair of mittens—good, thick ones, too—but 'tain't them things I care so much about," concluded the boy, chokingly. "I kin stan' the cold all right, but seems though I shouldn't never get used to missin' that smile."

They took him into the room where she was lying, with the radiance of heavenly peace on her still face. He looked at her lovingly and longingly, then turned away. His little body was shaken by sobs as he went out into the world that would hence-

forth be colder and more desolate, because it lacked the sunshine of a smile.

## WHAT ROYAL CHILDREN DO.

The education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren was conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort introduced into her family. They had to rise early and retire early. During the day they had to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. The time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon was devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Their meals consisted of simple dishes, of which they had their choice, without being permitted to ask for a substitute, if what was placed before them did not suit. Between meals they were not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys were placed in their hands; and the princesses dressed themselves without the aid of waiting-maids.

## A PRETTY PET.

Mary and Donald have a tame robin for a pet. At first he only came to the window-sill to pick up the crumbs they scattered for him. But when he became better acquainted he ventured nearer, until the three were fast friends. The moment they open the door Bobby hops down to them, and is often at their feet while they are looking all around for him.

As soon as the severe winter weather comes, he taps at the window, and directly they open it he hops in, and very often lives in the nursery day and night for a week or ten days without going out. If he does venture out, and it is still cold, he comes back again very soon. At Christmas-time, when the evergreens are up, he seems even more at home, and likes to sit on them and sing.

One morning they heard him making a great noise. They went to see what was the matter and found that the snow was gone.

They opened the window, and he soon flew out; but he always says good-bye before he goes, by turning round and giving a chirp.



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM ETON.