

## Beyond.

BY HARRY BURTON.

NEVER a word is said,  
But it trembles in the air,  
And the truant voice has sped,  
To vibrate everywhere;  
And perhaps far off in eternal years  
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done  
To wipe the weeping eyes,  
But, like flashes of the sun,  
They signal to the skies;  
And up above the angels read  
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given  
But it tones the after years,  
And it carries up to heaven  
Its sunshine or its tears;  
While the to-morrows stand and wait,  
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,  
And the stars are everywhere,  
And time is eternity,  
And the here is over there;  
For the common deeds of the common day  
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

## In War Time.

THIS picture shows the frightful ravages of war, or rather a single example, on a very small scale, of what those ravages are, multiplied by the thousand and on a gigantic scale. The Prussian armies have invaded France. The spiked helmets, by the hundred thousand, have swarmed over the Rhine, and by every highway and byway are streaming on to Paris. The battles of Worth and Gravelotte and Sedan have been fought—the capital itself is invested. A million of people have been shut up to endure hunger, cold, want of all things, and to be exposed to death and desolation from the Prussian shells. Amid such wholesale destruction as this, how trifling seems the pillage and plunder of one poor peasant's cottage! Scarce more than the destruction of a bird's nest or of the bird cage in the picture. Yet to the poor peasants and their little ones it means the loss of all, and, like the poor dog upon his upturned kennel, they doubtless moan their sorrow at the horrors of war. Thank God, we know nothing of them in Canada, and may the day be far distant when we shall.

## Stories from History.

## A LITTLE DUKE.

In the beautiful old Abbey of Westminster, London, among the tombs of illustrious men and women is a tablet inscribed to "William, Duke of Gloucester, the last surviving son of Queen Anne, together with seventeen of her other infant children."

This little boy was born in 1689, and great were the rejoicings thereat. His sponsors were King William and Queen Mary themselves; for having no children of their own, this royal couple looked upon this baby nephew as the future heir of all their greatness.

It is no slight thing, however, to be born a royal Prince, and this poor child, owing to ill health, had but a sorry time of it from the first. When he was five years old he was still supporting himself as he went up and down stairs by holding on to people's hands. This his father, burly Prince George of Denmark, declared was a shame and disgrace for any heir of England. Accordingly his mother, who had a tender heart, with a sigh, took her boy apart and tried to reason him out of what was thought to be only a stupid habit; but as this did no good, she put a birch

rod into her husband's hand, and he whipped his son till the little fellow from sheer pain was forced into running alone. After this he never asked any help when walking, but it seemed, if possible, as though he was oftener ill than ever.

So little was understood about disease in those early days that sometimes odd reasons were assigned for these attacks of the Prince. It had long been the custom of the English court to wear leeks on St. David's Day, out of compliment to the Welsh. One of silk and silver had been given Gloucester for his hat one year, but not satisfied, he insisted on seeing the real thing.

Now his tutor's name was Lewis Jenkins, and as he was a Welshman, Lewis was only too happy at the thought of showing off the famous plant of his country to his royal charge. A bunch of harmless leeks were at once procured, with which Gloucester amused himself for some time, tying them round the masts of a certain toy ship by which he and his boys were taught something of the great British fleet. But suddenly he threw himself down, and went to sleep.

When he awoke he was terribly ill, and it was many days before he could leave his bed. There was a great outcry in the palace, and you may think how poor Lewis Jenkins quaked in his shoes, for they said this illness was all the fault of the leeks!

Even while Gloucester was in bed, his father's system of education was being carried on, and the plays devised by his attendants were intended to be instructive as well as amusing.

Ever since he could walk the Duke had been the leader of a little company of boy soldiers. They were posted as sentinels at his door, tattoos were beat on the drum, while toy fortifications were built by his bed, and once there had nearly taken place a *bona-fide* fight over the little prostrate body, not laid down, I fancy, in Prince George's rule.

Mrs. Buss, the nurse, was the cause of the quarrel. Wishing to amuse the invalid, she sent by an unlucky Mr. Wetherby an automaton representing Prince Lewis of Baden fighting the Turks. "As the young Duke had given up toys since the preceding summer his attendants started the idea that the present was a great affront, and it was forthwith sentenced to be torn in pieces—an execution which was instantly performed by the Duke's small soldiers." Still not satisfied, however, they next declared that Mr. Wetherby himself ought to be punished for daring to bring such a thing as a doll to the heir of England.

Wetherby, getting an inkling of how matters stood, ran away, but only to be discovered, captured, and brought into the Duke's presence, who gravely pronounced his sentence. The unhappy man was then bound hand and foot, mounted on a wooden horse, and soused all over with water from enormous syringes and squirts. When nearly half drowned, he was again drawn on his horse into the royal bedroom, and I am sorry to find it on record that the young tyrant enjoyed the sight of the man's sorrowful condition immensely.

Still this little boy showed great kindness of heart. Like most mothers the Princess Anne was anxious that her son should use no vulgar expressions in conversation. She was much shocked one day to hear him say he was "confounded dry."

"Who taught you those words?" she asked.

"If I say Dick Drury, he will be sent down stairs," the child whispered to one of the court ladies standing by; then added aloud, "I invented them myself, mamma."

And so Dick Drury was saved from punishment for once in his life, it no more.

"Papa, I wish you and mamma unity, peace, and concord, not for a time, but forever," was Gloucester's grave address to his father and mother when celebrating one of the anniversaries of their wedding day.

"You made a fine compliment to their Royal Highnesses to-day, sir," said Lewis Jenkins, afterwards.

"Lewis," earnestly returned the boy, "it was no compliment—it was sincere."

After the death of Queen Mary, King William on one occasion paid a state visit to his little namesake, and was much gratified at being received by the child under arms, with all the military honours which a great field-marshal would pay to his sovereign.

"Have you any horses yet?" asked the King by way of opening conversation.

"Yes," was the answer, "I have one live one and two dead ones."

"But soldiers always bury their dead horses out of their sight," said His Majesty, laughing. That laugh could not be forgotten. The moment his visitor had gone, the boy insisted on burying his two dead horses (which, of course, were animals of wood) deep down in the ground. This was done amidst much pomp and ceremony, after which Gloucester wrote an epitaph upon his two poor lamented wooden beasts.

Young as he was, this little Duke seems to have known the value of loyalty and truth. Once when a plot was discovered against the King, and it was hard to tell who might not be a traitor at heart, Gloucester sent an address to his uncle which he made every member of his boy regiment and of his household also sign.

"We your Majesty's subjects will stand by you while we have a drop of blood," ran this royal address, upon which I doubt not King William ever after felt perfectly secure and at ease.

A great many stories are told of the battles, sieges, and adventures of the Duke and his boys, and the palace must have rung with their shouts. Still there was plenty of hard work as well as play.

When Gloucester was seven years old, his tutor, whom he loved, Lewis Jenkins, to the great grief of both was dismissed, and he was placed under the charge of a bishop. Four times a year, too, a strict examination was held by four learned lords of the realm to make sure Bishop Burnet was making his pupil as wise as they thought the future King of England ought to be. Poor child! his answers on jurisprudence, the Gothic laws, and the feudal system were marvels, we are assured; but for all his study, I am afraid he knew really very little about those abstruse subjects, while it is saddening to read how all his happy sprightliness faded away under this severe course.

While visiting one of the great college libraries in Oxford, I was much pleased to discover the quaint and most deliciously funny little composition given below. It had grown yellow with age, lying for so many years

stored away in its glass case, together with many other interesting bits of penmanship.

The writing, I am bound to confess, was beautifully clear and good. The composition was given both in Latin and English, while the corrections by Bishop Burnet could plainly be seen on the margin:

## "COMPOSITION OF WILLIAM, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

A Tyrant is a savage, hideous beast. Imagine that you saw a certain monster armed on all sides with 500 horns on all sides dreadful fatened with humane intrails, drunken with humane blood, this is the fatal mischiefe whom they call a Tyrant. "WILLIAM. "June 13, 1700."

The pen of this little scholar was soon after laid aside forever. After a short illness of five days, he died, July 30, 1700.—*Harper's Young People.*

## His Marriage Fee.

THERE is no end to the laughable stories that the clergy tell about the queer marriages that they solemnize, and the queer fees which they receive, or sometimes don't receive. One of the latest of these is told by the Rev. Dr. Samuel E. Appleton, of Philadelphia, and is to the following effect: A young couple called on him not long ago and asked him to marry them, which he did. The happy groom then walked reluctantly to him and asked, "Doctor, how much is your fee?" "I have no fixed price, but generally receive \$10," was the answer. The bright smile of the Jersey groom seemed to leave him then; but bracing himself, he said, "You see, doctor, I am a little short at the present, but would like very much to pay you. I am a bird fancier, and am importing a lot of educated parrots from London. Now, instead of paying you in cash, suppose I present you with one of these birds on their arrival?" "I should be glad to have a parrot," admitted the doctor. Well, it's agreed, then. I will send you one in a few days; but have you a cage to put the bird in?" "No, I have not. How much does a cage cost?" "O, you can get a good one for \$250," was the reply. Dr. Appleton handed the young man the amount required to buy the cage, and that was the last he ever saw of the groom, bride, parrot, cage or the \$250.

A TOUCHING story of a mother's devotion comes from Belgium. A few days ago the wife of a gateman on the line between Sottengem and Alost was attending to her husband's duty, when her little boy strayed in front of a fast train. Without a moment's hesitation the mother sprang across the rails, and seizing her child tossed it on to the bank the very second before she was caught by the locomotive and killed. It is well to know that this brave woman did not die in vain; the child escaped with a few bruises.

It would be difficult to spend a week or ten days at any Sunday school Assembly and not feel the thrill of a quickened interest in the Sunday-school work. That teacher must be hopelessly dull who will not be profited by the many-sided forms of instruction offered.

A HANDSOME floating church to traverse the Amazon river, propelled by steam, is now proposed by one of the Roman Catholic bishops.