



WHEN THE KING SHALL COME TO HIS OWN AGAIN.

BY WILLIAM WATERFIELD.

The lilies are set in the garden high,
 They hold up their heads to watch the sky,
 They stand at their post through storm and rain
 Till the King shall come to his own again.
 The lilies are withering, one by one,
 But buds shall awake for the next year's sun,
 They shall open their hearts with never a stain,
 And the King shall come to his own again.

I am but weak, with no arms to fight;
 Great is their strength who withstand the right;
 How can I aid to burst the chain,
 That the King may come to his own again?
 I can but watch, I can but pray,
 I can but look for a brighter day;
 But I know that evil shall cease to reign
 And the King shall come to his own again.

The years may be long and I be dead;
 There shall stand up worthier in my stead;
 Worthy at last to join the train,
 When the King shall come to his own again.
 O day of days! O day most bright!
 White as my lilies' hearts are white;
 There shall be neither care nor pain,
 When the King shall come to his own again.

PRINCESS VICTORIA AND THE TRAMP

R. A. T. Story vouches for the truth of the following incident of the Queen's childhood which he narrates in the London "Quiver." She was at the time but seven or eight years of age, and her heart was set on a certain doll which she had seen in a shop window. She had to wait,

however, until she could save the price, six shillings out of her pocket-money. At last the day came and the coveted doll was paid for and received. The story proceeds as follows:

"And now, the precious treasure upon her arm, the little lady bade the shopkeeper good-afternoon, and was about to step from the door, when a poor, miserable-looking object of a man met her eye. He was standing but a couple of feet away, and seemed as though he was going to speak to her, attracted doubtless by the innocent kindness of her expression and the tenderness of her blue eyes. But though his lips moved, no sound came from them.

"He stood aside to let her pass, a mute, agonized appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering chin.

"'Did you wish to speak to me?' asked the little lady, staying her steps.

"Encouraged by her winning voice, the poor tramp—for such he was—said, in trembling accents:

"'I am very hungry. I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger.'

"He looked famine from his eyes.

"'I am sorry; I have no money or else—'

"His lips trembled forth a humble 'Thank you, lady,' then he shuffled on his way.

"'Stay!' murmured the little owner of the new doll. There was a quiver in her childish voice and a moisture in her eyes as she spoke. "Wait a minute, please."

"She stepped back into the shop, approached the lady behind the counter, and said:

"Oh, please, do you mind taking the doll back and keeping it for me for a few day longer?"

"Certainly I will," replied the shop-keeper; "and you wish me to return you the money?"