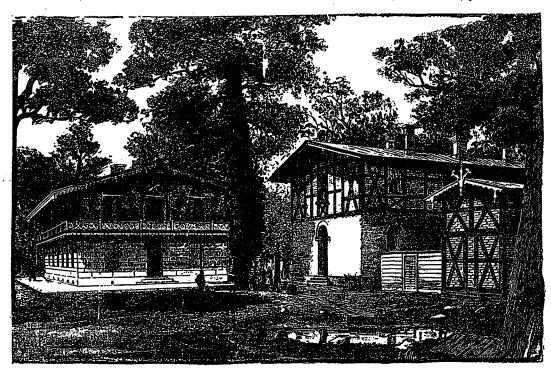
TORONTO, CANADA.

HUBERTUSSTOCK CASTLE.

HIS favorite hunting seat of the Prussian Monarchs, where the Emperor William recently spent some time, to recover from an attack of influenza, is situated in the province of Brandenburg, ten to twelve miles from Berlin. The buildings, as they appear in our illustration, were erected only about thirty years ago, in the Swiss chalet style. The front side of the Royal pavillion is ornamented above the balcony, which runs round the building, with trophies of the chase, some splendidly antlered stags' heads amongst them. The interior can accommodate about thirty guests, and most of the Crowned Heads and Royal Princes were at one time or the other invited to Hubertusstock to take part in the hunting parties, for which the place was famous, especially in the lifetime of the old Emperor William. In the surrounding pine and birch forests red deer abound, and are strictly preserved.



HUBERTUSSTOCK, THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S HUNTING LODGE.

Written for THE QUEEN.

ANTICIPATION.

BY SISTER ELLEN.

Once almost fainting 'neath the noontide heat, As on I trudged with slow, 'reluctant feet, A passing breeze swept over cheek and brow And bro't relief; I cannot tell you how Or why, but wafted on its silent wing Came vision soft of a refreshing spring Half hidden in the rocks; of shady bowers A velvet sward and nodding, sweet wild flowers. No more the tiresome path seemed lone and drear, For rising grandly like a mirage clear That vision fair of stream and sylvan shade In a sweet foretaste all my toil repaid. With strength renewed I sped the way along With joyful heart and lips that breathed a song, The haven reached at last seemed scarce more fair Than the fond hopes that lured my footsteps there. Even so a heart o'erwearied in the strife With helpless longing for a nobler life May catch sometime a passing meed of balm Wafted afar from Heaven's mysterious calm. Song could not utter, nor the spirit teach Its peace profound in any form of speech, Yet 'tis abiding, and it lifts the soul Beyond the ravages of time's control, Brings a sweet foretaste of the joys in store When earth and its vain cares shall vex no more. Until at last the weary traveller shall see The mighty bulwarks of eternity, And looking backward o'er life's pathway know Its transient gleam was heaven begun below.