

## HUBERTUSSTOCK CASTLE.

**H**IS 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 pavilion 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.