

The Family Circle.

THE LOVE LIGHTS OF HOME.

The bird to the nest and the bee to the comb,
When the night from the heavens falls dreary,
And Love to the light in the windows of home—
The light of the love of my dearie.
And Love to the light, like a swallow in flight,
When the storm blows the stars from the blue of
the night;
And a kiss from the red rose, a smile from the
white,
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie!

The ships to the harbor from over the foam,
When the way has been stormy and weary,
And Love to the light in the windows of home—
The light of the love of my dearie.
And Love to the light, like the bloom from the
blight,
When the spring suns weave wonders of red and
of white,
And the darkness of winter is kissed to the bright
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie.

The bird to the nest and the bee to the comb,
And never a night shall fall dreary
While the lights in the beautiful windows of home
Are lit by the love of my dearie!
And Love to the light, like a bird from the night,
Where angels in lilies Love's litanies write,
And a kiss from the crimson, a smile from the
white,
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie!
—Frank L. Stanton, in *Harper's Bazar*.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN.

Mr. Smith, of Dickleborough, in the county of Norfolk, was a fine old Methodist farmer, and a simple-minded earnest Christian, who had lived through those glorious times for the British farmer, when Napoleon turned all Europe into one vast battlefield, and wheat was selling at from fifteen shillings to a pound a bushel. He was a genius, too, in his way, and invented a plough which was a great improvement on the cumbersome implement then in common use. His invention came under the notice of Prince Albert, who took great interest in agriculture, and he sent for him to explain certain matters connected with the plough. The old farmer accordingly journeyed to Windsor—no light undertaking in those days, when the only public conveyances were the postchaise, the stage-coach and the carrier's cart. He reached Windsor in the twilight of a summer's evening, and reported himself at the Castle. A gentleman of the household—a Colonel whose name we forget—came to him and told him that he would have to present himself at 10 o'clock on the following morning for his interview with the Prince.

"Yes, that's all right," said the farmer, "but what am I to do for a bed?"

"A bed!" said the Colonel, "O! you'd better go to an inn," and he mentioned one where he would be made very comfortable for the night, but Mr. Smith did not take kindly to the suggestion.

"Wu, there now, Cunnel," he said, "that dew seem mighty quare, that raly dew. 'Goo to in inn,' he say! That's very ill convenient and costly. I didn't come here because I wanted to come. I come because you axed me, and I had to come, and the laste you can dew is to give me a bed. If you was to come to Dickleborough my missus sho'd find you a bed, I know right well she would, specially if we'd axed you to come; and if you was as hungry as I be, I warrant she'd find you suffen to ate into the bargin."

Old Smith said this in a pleasant way and the Colonel was taken by storm. He brought him up to his own rooms, had a good supper put before him, and gave orders for his accommodation for the night. The two spent a very pleasant evening together.

"Arter I'd had suffen to ate," Mr. Smith used to say in telling the tale, "the Cunnel he axed me if I smoked tobacco. I said 'I dew,' and he offered me a cigar. But I told him I worn't used to them things, and could he find me a clay pipe? So he rung the bell and that was browt, and we had a rale pleasant talk. 'Tworn't long, however, afore I got sleepy; I was fair beat out with the jounce (jolting) of them stage cutches, and I wanted to go to bed. The Cunnel he say, 'I'll ring for your candle, Mr. Smith, and the man he'll show you to your room.'"

"'Thank'ee, Cunnel,' I made reply; 'but there's one thing I allys do aford goin' to bed—I have family prayer. I know my missus is havin' it at Dickleborough, and it won't do for her master not to have it because he happen to be away from home. Will you let's have yar Bible, if you please?'"

"The Cunnel he says, 'O, certainly, Mr. Smith!' and he put it on the table, and I say to him, 'Well, now, will you rade and I pray, or shall I rade and you pray?' He make answer and say, 'I think I'd better do the rading, Mr. Smith.' So he read a Psalm, he did—a beautiful Psalm that was tew, but that was one of the shortest in the book, and arter he'd done we knelt down, and I prayed, and I asked the Lord to bless him and the Queen, and the Prince of Wales, and the dear babes. He took the candle from the man when that was browt, and he showed me to my bedroom his own self, and a rare good grip he gave my hand when he bid me goodnight at the door.

"Well, in the morning I had a rare good breakfast, and at ten o'clock I was took to see the Prince. He shook hands with me quite friendly, and we got a talkin' about my plough, and I showed him how that worked. Arter we'd bin a talkin' for a bit, the door opened, and a big man with his head powdered and a uniform on, he say 'Her Majesty' in a loud voice, and in come the Queen. When I saw her come in I was right stammed (astounded). I thowt she'd have a goold sceptre in her hand, and her gowned all a trailin' ahind, same as we ser in the picters. But there she was, just a plain, simple woman, with a kind look on her face. She spoke to me quiet and friendly like, and said she was very glad to see me, and what a long way I had come to show them my plough, and she hadn't spoke oonly them words afore I was no more afrai' of her than I am of my nabor's wives—not half as much as I am o' some on 'em. She was just as simple and kind as if she warn't no more than nobody; there warn't no mock pride about her. But when I had to spake to her I let her see that I know'd who she was, and that I respected of her. She saw right well, she did, that John Smith o' Dickleborough warn't the man to take no liberty cause she was kind to him.

"Well, we had a right pleasant talk arter we'd done with the plough. The Queen she axed me a lot o' questions about the farmers in our parts, and the poor folk, what wages they got, were their cottages comfortable, did they go to church reglar, and all manner o' what, and I told her the best I could.

"By-an'-by I began to get a bit onnaisy. 'Smith, bor,' I say to myself, 'you're browt afore kings and princes, and you must testify.' I said, 'I ool,' and I looked to the Lord for an oopenin', and 'twarn't long afore 'I come. The Queen

she says to me, 'Mr. Smith,' she say, 'howivir did you come to think o' this clever invention o' yourn?'"

"'Well, your Majesty, mum,' says I, 'I had that in my head for a sight o' days afore that come straight. I see what was wanted plain enough, but I couldn't make out how to git at it. I thowt, an' I thowt, an' I better thowt, but that wouldn't come clear nohow. So at last I made it a matter o' prayer, an' one mornin' that come into my mind like a flash—just what you see in that there model.'"

"'Why, Mr. Smith,' she say, 'do you pray about your ploughs?'"

"'Wu, there now, your Majesty, mum,' says I, 'why shouldn't I? My Father in heaven He knowed I was in trouble about that, and why shouldn't I goo an' tell Him? I mind o' my boy Tom—he's a fine big man now, keepin' company along o' my nabor Stebbins' darter he is, an' a rare good gal I know she be—but when he was a teeny little mite of a boy I bowt him a whip, and rarely pleased he was with that. Well, he come to me one day cryin' as if his little heart was bruk. He'd bruk that whip, he had, an' he come to me with that. Well, now, your Majesty, mum, that whip that worn, nothin' to me—that only cost eighteen pence when 'twas new—but it was suffen to me to see the tears a runnin' down my boy's cheeks. So I took him up on my knee, and I wiped his eyes with my handkercher, and I kissed him, I did, and I comforted him. 'Wu, don't yow cry, Tom, bor,' says I. 'I'll mend that whipt I ool, so that'll crack as loud as iver, and I'll buy you a new one next market day.' 'Well, now, your Majesty, mum,' says I, 'don't you think our Father in heaven He care as much for me as I care for my boy Tom? My plough worn't o' much consequence to Him, but I know right well my trouble was.'"

"Well, now—would you believe it?—when I'd said that, the Prince he tained away, and he blowed his nose with his pocket-handkercher, and the Queen she had tears in her eyes, and I see one on 'em a rollin' down her cheek. 'You're a good man, Mr. Smith,' she say, 'and I'm thankful I have subjects such as you.' Them was her words! I'm proud on 'em; I have told my son Tom he's never to forget 'em; and he's to tache 'em to his children, if so be as God gives him a family. When the Queen say them words to me, I say to her, 'Your Majesty, mum,' I say, 'I hain't got nothing good about me but what comes from God,' and she say, 'No more hain't none on us, Mr. Smith.' The Prince he jiced in, and we had a rare good talk; 'twas for all the world just like a band-meetin'. Folks may say what they like, but it ain't no use o' them sayin' it to John Smith o' Dickleborough. He know, and he say to all the world, Queen Victoria is a right good godly woman, and Prince Albert he's another—leastways—well, you know what I mane.

"It was gettin' nigh on to noon by this time, and at last the Queen she say to me, 'Mr. Smith,' she say, 'you will find lunch provided for you, and the man who waits upon you will take you over the castle if you wish. There are some very fine paintings and other things yo might like to see.' 'Well, now, your Majesty, mum,' says I, 'I ain't much of a judge o' picters, but there is one thing I should rarely like to see.' 'What is it, Mr. Smith?' she say, and I say, 'If I

might see the dear babes!' The Queen she laughed, and she looked right tickled, and she say they was out a walkin' in the Park and someone should go with me and show me the way. So she bid me good-bye, and so did the Prince, and a man come and took me away."

Mr. Smith was taken to the Park, and met there the children who were then extant. His conductor "said suffen" to the lady in charge of them, doubtless telling her of Her Majesty's command, and the good old man talked to the children in his kindly way for a few minutes. Then he took off his wide-brimmed white beaver hat, and, standing bareheaded in the sunshine, he prayed that the blessing of God might be upon them and abide with them. Then he turned his face homeward, and went back to the simple every-day life of a Norfolk farmer.

Not long afterwards he received a box which had been brought from London by the carrier, and in it he found a most beautiful family Bible, with a note explaining that it was a present from the Queen and Prince Albert. Mr. Smith carefully packed it up again, and returned it with a letter to the Queen, asking her "if she would be so good as to write her name in it." The Bible came back in due time with the autograph signatures, not of Her Majesty only, but of the Prince also, and of all the children—even the babe's little hand had been guided to write its name—and under the signatures the Queen had written with her own hand, "A memento of the visit of a good man." Mr. Smith had a large glass case made to cover the Bible, and on certain days he used to show it to sightseers at threepence a head. The money thus earned was dropped into a missionary-box, together with the contributions of his family; and when the annual missionary meeting came round, the box and the story were always produced to the great satisfaction of the audience, who never grew tired of hearing the good old man tell the tale of his interview with the Queen.—*Exchange*.

A COSTLY THRONE.

At the time of the coronation of the Czar of Russia much was printed in the newspapers about the costly crown jewels and the magnificent imperial throne, but for all its magnificence and richness this nineteenth-century throne was nothing when compared to that of the Mogul Emperors of Delhi. This Indian throne was built in the reign of the Shah Jehan by a Frenchman who had been forced to seek an asylum in the Mogul empire. It was called the Peacock Throne, to distinguish it from other royal chairs, and because it was decorated with the figures of two huge peacocks. The throne was six feet long by four feet wide, and stood on six massive legs, which were of solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones. The tails of the peacocks were expanded fan-like behind the throne, and they too were inlaid with pearls, emeralds, and other gems of suitable coloring. The whole was surmounted by a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars likewise studded with diamonds and precious gems, the border of the canopy being made of a fringe of beautiful pearls. Between the two peacocks perched a life-sized parrot, which was carved out of a single emerald. The royal umbrellas, which are appendages to most Oriental thrones, were made