

yet his turn had come. Miss Munck, though undeniably charming, was no fit consort for his son.

She was dismissed from the Court, and Prince Oscar travelled. On his return it happened that the Queen was taken seriously ill with an old malady to which she had been a victim almost ever since the King came to the Throne. Her recovery was doubtful, and in any case an operation was imperative. In submitting to it she extracted a promise from the King that should she recover he would give his consent to the marriage of Prince Oscar with Ebba Munck. The Queen did recover, and when she was convalescent sent for her former maid-of-honour to enjoy her company again. It was Christmas evening, and all were sitting in the invalid's room, Miss Munck singing a poem of the King's that had been set to music, and which, we are told, pleaded, appropriately to the moment, for the rights due to love.

When the song was ended all eyes turned upon the King. The crucial moment had come. His Majesty rose, approached his son, and, taking his hand, laid it silently in that of Miss Munck.

The marriage was celebrated very quietly at Bournemouth, Queen Sophie journeying over to England expressly for the purpose of attending the ceremony. The bridegroom, who was before that known as Prince Oscar, Duke of Gotland, is now simple Prince Bernadotte, or Count Wisborg.

The Queen is very fond of her daughter-in-law, the Crown Prince's wife, the two royal ladies being one in aims and sympathies. By all about the Court Queen Sophie is idolized, her gentleness, sweetness, tact, and simplicity, her love of little children and devotion to the King and her sons being qualities which only her personal friends and those in the immediate Court *entourage*, are able to appreciate to their full value.

IN SUMMER RAIN

HOW vividly in summer rain
The commonest of tints are seen,
The robin is a scarlet stain
Against the shining evergreen.

The last scant strawberries, a score
That hid behind the redd'ning leaves,
Rain-flushed, wind-tossed, are waiting for
Red-lipped or redder-breasted thieves.

The willows, pallid in the sun
Are sunny in the rainy dark ;
A deeper brown the streamlets run
And deeply black the orchard bark.

And yet, although the clouds are gray,
These freshening tints of every hue
Would intimate a rain at play,
Or at the worst a storm of dew.

The quality of mercy flows
Upon the meadow's thirsty brood,
And every bright'ning grass-blade shows
The quality of gratitude.

Ethelwyn Wetherald