emblem of justice, loyalty and national perpetuity.

Did you ever hear of the curious throne Where the monarchs of Eagland are crowned,
Beneath whose seat is the stone of Scone,

Ancient and sacred and world renowned.

'Tis only a battered oaken chair, Massive and ugly, yet once it shone With colours and gilding, wondrous fair, And all because of the stone of Scone.

In the Abbey of Westminster it stands,
Four conchant lions its sturdy feet,
And treasure, and lives, and goodly lands
Were the price of the relic beneath its seat.

Plantagenet Edward, of his line The first and bravest, at Dunbar vanquished his Scottish foe, lang syndamic And the stone of Scone was the spoil of war.

And nearly six hundred years have sped, Since the chair in the Abbey's aisle found room

And the race of Edward all are dead—A pinch of dust in the sprig of bloom.

And where are the roses, red and white, the Tudor plumes, and the bonnet blue?

stalwart Cromwell, the Roundhead knight, And William of Orange, brave and true?

One by one in the centuries flown Siting a space in that ancient chair,
Over the sacred stone of Scone,
They have sworn to be leal to England
there.

and and commoner, side by side,
"And king and commoner, side by side,
"Ashes to ashes" have laid them down.

And still 'neath the minster's arches high Touched by the dim light strange and fair, or the kings that are coming by-and-bye Waits the stone of Scone, on the old oak chair. chair.

## ANNA MALANN.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.

111.

The good woman even attributed to these animals theological creeds of their own, or rather, perhaps, a therence to those of the particular sect to which their former masters ar sect to which their former masters rs belonged. "Don't say anything or owners belonged. "Don't say anything about Jews," she once whispered, as we drew near the control of a gaunt yellow cur. about Jews," she once whispered, as we drew near the rough kennel of a gaunt yellow cur; "he don't know any other religion: he's been with them all his days. I took him after family, and I don't want him to think we disapprove of their beliefs."

"I suppose I need not ask you," I said,

one day, "with your views of animals and their being like folks, if you think there's a To my surprise the old woman shook her moist. "No," she said, in a low, mournful Pve give it up. Lidd held to it as low, as I are the configuration. Voice, "I'm afraid there's no chance of that.

I've give it up. I did hold to it as long as I

could, and it 'most broke my heart to let it

go. But so many of the folks I look up to

tell me it is the low had to give up go. But so many of the folks I look up to that b'int. Even Elder Peters, that's so fond there wasn't any chance of meeting them anywhere in the next world; and Dr. Church that too; and good old Mis' Holcombe, that left money to take care of destitute cats.

They was all money to take care of destitute cats. they was all one way, proved it from the emptures, you know—that the beasts that They was all one way, proved to seriptures, you know—that the beasts that perish, and all that. They all say there ain't reasonable hope. There's most everything else spoke of as being there—folks and angels and manyyrs and saints and trees and flowers and fruit and streams and precious stones. But nothing about creatures, except—well, aud fruit and streams and precious stones. But nothing about creatures, except—well, sometimes I think there's a chance for white horses—instance.

Just a chance."
or white horses!" I exclaimed, in amazement.

s; in Revelation, speaking about heaven hid the saints, it tells about their being lorses. But there's another—a dreadful verse and book—I never like to think of it. in that After telling all the beautiful things that's inside of heaven, it says, 'But without are dogs,' Now ain't that a terrible mournful picture'? It's as if the other animals all give up when they was told there wasn't any place for them up there, and just died for good, instincts and all if you don't want to call them souls—but dogs, why, they just couldn't do it; they must follow on after their masters, room or no room. And so I always seem to see them hanging about the door, wasting see them hanging about the door, waiting and waiting, getting a peck in when it opens to let somebody go inside, and maybe catching sight of their masters—oh! I can't stand it, anyhow.

In vain I tried to show the poor woman In vain I tried to show the poor woman that the dog of Revelation, banished from bliss with murderers, idolators, and others of the wicked, was not one of her four footed friends. She had looked at the harrowing vision too long to be able to banish it at once.

once.
"But there's one thing I won't give in to,"
"But there's one thing I won't give in to," "But there's one thing I won't give in to," she said, "and that is that Scriptur' don't go to show that folks'd oughter be kind and mereiful to creaturs. It does.—I say it does. There's heaps and heaps of things that shows it. Of course there's that one about the righteous man regarding the life of his beast; but then some might say that was because he righteous man regarding the life of his heast; but then some might say that was because he ne-ded the heast and wanted its work. But there's lots of passages besides that. Why, how beautiful it always speaks about sheep and lambs! There ain't anything better it can find to liken God to than a shepherd, and the tenderest kind of one, too. Why, it says he

Scriptur's that way, to my thinking, even if it don't say up and down in big capitals, 'Don't beat your horses, or kick your dogs.'"

"It must be a sad thought," I said to her once. "that you will never see these animal friends in the next world." It was a cruel thing to say, under the circumstances, but I did not stop to think.

did not stop to think.

A mist clouded the soft dog-like brown eyes, as they met mine for an instant and then turned quickly away. "It's dreadful." she said, in a low, hushed tone—"dreadful. It's wicked, I know, to say so, but—I couldn't be happy up there and them outside. Me and all the real folks, that's had everything in this world—rights, and laws to protect their rights, and—and—souls—us all inside heaven, and them that's been put upon and worried and tortur'd all their days, them outside of it all, oh, I couldn't stand it—I know I couldn't! So—well—maybe I sha'n't be there myself." She went on hurriedly, as if in response to some expression she thought if in response to some expression she thought my face might wear: "Not that I'm giving up my religion. That's a sight of comfort to me my religion. That's a sight of comfort to me-moreu'n anything else, I guess. But, you see, folks generally are so busy saving their own souls and other people's - heathen's and all— they can't attend to righting the awful wrongs done to creaturs, and it's nat'ral, I know. But I've got a leaning that way, and I'm so made I seem to know how to help animals and coax folks to be good to them. So I just



JESUS ON THE CROSS.

gathers the lambs up in his arms and carries them in his boson; it tells how he makes them lay down in green past res, and leads them out beside the still waters. And the them out beside the still waters. And the them out beside the still waters the Good Master, too. He calls houself the Good Shepherd, and then explains to the folks what a good shepherd is, and how he has names for all his sheep and knows them all, and how they'll follow him all about and know his voice, And it says that he'll even know his voice, And it says that he'll even give his own life for his sheep, any good shepherd will, he sets so much by them. It stands to reason no one could treat sheep and lambs cruel anyway if they think much of the Bible.

the Bible.

"And telling people not to aggravate the while they're "And telling people not to aggravate the oxen by mazzling them up while they're threshing out the corn, and not to do such an unnatival, cruef kind of thing as to seethe a kid in its mother's milk. And where it tells you in case you come across a bird's nest on the ground or up in a tree, with the mother-bird setting on her ears or cuddling her young the ground or up in a tree, with the mother-bird setting on her eggs or enddling her young ones, to be sore and not hurt her, but let her go. And in talking so much about creaturs, how smart and how knowing, and how hands and how busy, and how bold and how handsome! There's Solomon, he can't say enough about the ants being so foreign a and laying up their food, and the conics building in the rocks, and the greyhound, which is so 'comely in going."

"And in Job it goes on about the fine looks and the strength and the high spirit of horses,

"And in Job it goes on about the fine looks and the strength and the high spirit of horses, pawing the gr und and smelling the battle, pawing the And I'm sure our Master when he and all. And I'm sure our Master when he had been loved the birds, and talked about them, and spoke of his Father feeding them and keeping count of the sperrous. And he them, and spoke of his Father feeding them and keeping count of the sparrows. And he said, however strict folks was about keeping said, however would help a creatur that fell Sunday, anyone would help a creatur that fell into a hole, or got hurt any way, that day or any other. Oh, I tell ye the whole gist of

tell God right out all about it-that I feel I tell God right out all about it—that I feel I must give up my whole life, day in and day out, to helping and comforting these creatures he's made, and made so like folks in everything but just not having souls. And I tell him "—she spoke softly and reverently—"I tell him I love him and want to serve him, and I'm on his side, and will be to my dying day. But I've got such a terrible aching and butning over the things done to these creaturs that I can't attend to the other things folks tell me is the highest, most imthings folks tell me is the highest, most im-

portant ones.
"I haven't got time for all the meetings—the sewing society and missionary concerts and temperance meetings and teachers' meetings temperance meetings and teachers' meetings and the anti-smoking society, and all those stated means, as they call them. I'm drove day and night, looking up suffering creaturs, fetching home them that's lost, nursing the sick, chirking up the lonesome and homesick. Why, you wouldn't believe how full my hands be. And so I tell him plain, but humble and respectful, that if he thinks best to say, because I gin up the work and duty of a professor, I must give up the rewards too, why, I've nothing to say. He knows best, understanding the whole case, and I know he'll do right. So I just go on with what I've got to do for these poor things as if I was just one of them, soul-lacking and all. And they think I am." ey think I am.

I told you I had no story, nothing but a picture—poorly drawn, I know—of one woman and her work and ways. I do not even point a moral. Maybe there is none. It is for you to say.

THE children of drunkards are in larger proportion more idiotic than others

## IN A QUEEN'S KITCHEN.

That imperial station is not wholly incompatible with proper attention to house-hold duties, is proved by many instances. hold duties, is proved by many instances. Probably the best queens have been those who were not so wholly taken up with the pomp and glitter attached to the ceremonial functions of their royal position, that they had no time to interest themselves in the training of their children, the conduct of their households, and the ordering of those housewifely tasks in which the true woman takes delight. Such belong to the class of noble women of whom it is said in the last chapter of Proverbs that "she seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands; she riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens. . . She looketh well to the ways of her household." Such women were the late Empress Augusta, of Germany, and ex-Empress Frederick. To the same illustrious category of royal housewives belong the present Empresses of Germany and Austria, the Dowager Queen of Holland, the Queens of Denmark and England, and long to the class of noble women of whom the Queens of Denmark and England, and, as correspondents have recently stated, the Empress of Japan. That the domestic as correspondents have recently stated, the Empress of Japan. That the domestic virtues, combined with works of charity and benevolence, are not inseparable from the most elevated station, the lives and daily experiences of these royal ladies have abundantly testified. And there are many other women, occupying high stations in public and social life in this and other lands, who are equally distinguished by the possession of those rare qualities that mark possession of those rare qualities that mark the "perfect housewife."

The royal kitchen at Windsor Castle is probably the most extensive and best equipped kitchen in all England, although no doubt less expensively fitted than those of Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. Here there is nothing for mere show but everything for use. The long lines of ranges and ovens, surmounted by rows of pots and saucepans, the substantial-looking carving-tables, and the active, bustling servants all go to make up the complement of a well-ordered, serviceable kitchen, where nothing is lacking, and nothing wasted and where there are no inefficients. Here are roasted the "royal barons of beef." for the great dinners that are given beef," for the great dinners that are given by her Majesty. The main freplace is a spacious one, with a dozen or more spits, and at times there are eight or ten roasts in front of the great fire at once, all suspended over a huge drip-pan. On festive occasions, "barons of beef," boar's head and game-pie are the famed products of the kitchen, but it is sometimes turned to other uses than the feeding of royalty and nobility. During the recent floods in the neighbourhood, which caused much distress, hundreds of gallons of soup were prepared in the royal kitchen by the Queen's order and given to the poor.

## A SECRET CHRISTIAN.

A Bengali woman, who was a pupil of mine, informed me that her husband called on a friend who was supposed to be an orthodox Hindu. The visitor was told by his servant that his master saw no one at that how and the days. that hour of the day. No reason was given except this, that his master shut himself up in his room every day for an hour, and strictly ordered the servants not to disturb

This excited the visitor's curiosity, and depending on their long established friendship, he gently pushed open the door, and what did he see? The Bible left open on the floor as if it had just been read, and the man on his knees engaged in earnest prayer. He was praying in an audible whisper so that the visitor could hear that his petit on a wors of man in the state of the s his petition: were offered in the name of the Lord Jesus. He stood ansized until his friend had finished, and then exclaimed: "What does this mean? While you are regular in the observance of religious duties and pass for a good Hindu, you are really a Christian." "Hush, hush," was the reply, 'now that you have seen it I cannot deny the fact to you, but I entreat you not to let it go further, for it will break my mother's heart."