



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXV. No. 3.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1890.

30 Cts. per An. Post-Paid.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

Our readers will be interested in the accompanying beautiful portrait of the Queen of Roumania and in the sketch of her life by the late John Eliot Bowen, Ph. D., of the *New York Independent*. It was Dr. Bowen's influence that first secured this royal author as a contributor to American publications. Both sketch and portrait are from the *Cosmopolitan*.

Every one has heard of the reigning queen in Europe, who writes poems, and novels. The story of her life, her work, her deeds, her sayings, have been written down in books, and have been the subject of many magazine articles and countless newspaper paragraphs. All the biographical sketches are founded upon the "Life of Carmen Sylva," by Natalie Freiin von Stackolberg. Herein we learn that Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, was born Princess of Weid on the 29th of December, 1843. Weid was a small principality on the bank of the Rhine, near Ehrenbreitstein, and Elizabeth's family was an old and honored one. She was brought up in a strict, studious fashion, and her childhood was solitary except for the companionship of an invalid brother. She was repressed in her play by a rigid decorum, and was punished on one occasion because she joined the village children at their school. Her training might naturally have dulled her sensibilities, but it seems only to have quickened her own resources. At her summer home she wandered in the forest, and made friends with the birds and flowers. When a mere child she developed a poetic taste and talent. She began to write at nine, and at sixteen she kept a book in which she secretly copied all her verses. At this time her tasks were long and severe. She studied history, the languages, — Latin, Italian, French, and English, — grammar, arithmetic, geometry, and literature, and read poetry, history, and the drama for recreation. She even read three newspapers daily, and applied herself to politics. From eighteen until twenty-four the princess studied, travelled, or taught the poor. She seemed to have both talent and inclination for the latter work, and she declared that she was going to prepare herself to become a teacher. Her marriage with the Prince of Roumania, however, prevented her from carrying out this plan.

Prince Charles of Hohenzollern was placed at the head of the state of Roumania in 1866. He was unmarried, but he had had a romantic adventure with a young German princess some five years before. He was ascending a palace stair at Berlin when a miss came tumbling down into his arms. He saved her from what might have been a serious fall, and now that he was Prince of Roumania he bethought himself of this fair young girl, who was none other than the Princess of Weid. He asked her to become the Princess of Roumania, and they were married in 1869. They have

had but one child, a girl, who died when four years old. In her great grief over her loss, the mother found her only solace in ceaseless work. She had already acquired a knowledge of the Roumanian language — which is a Latin, not a Slavic language — and she now devoted herself to her people. She organized all kinds of charitable institutions, and sought to develop and establish the national characteristics of the people by the improvement of native industries, the encouragement of the adoption of the national costume, etc.

At this time also she began to devote herself seriously to authorship. Though she had written from childhood, she knew

nothing of the art of composition. For the first time now she confessed to a few chosen friends that she sometimes wrote verses. Under their advice she applied herself to the study of composition. She worked zealously for two years, when the Turko-Russian war for a time put an end to her literary labors. Roumania was a battlefield, and the princess was in every camp of sick and wounded. The people called her the "mother of the wounded," and erected a statue to her at the close of the war. Her husband, Prince Charles, was as brave as she was merciful, and played a gallant part at the battle of Plevna. After the war, by the Treaty of Berlin Roumania

was recognized as an independent kingdom, and certain conditions having been fulfilled, Charles and Elizabeth were in 1881 crowned king and queen of Roumania.

When peace was established, Elizabeth again turned her attention to literary work. In 1880 she published her first book under the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva. It was a volume of translations from Roumanian into German verse. This was followed in less than a year by a book of original poems. Since that time the queen has published in German no less than five volumes of poetry, four novels or stories, and two collections of tales; she has translated a novel from the French into German; she has written a book of aphorisms in the French, which gained for her the medal of honor from the French Academy; and she has recently translated into both German and English, but not yet published, a collection of Roumanian folk-songs. Even this summary does not include all her work or fully measure her literary activity. The total of production is such as few writers have ever equalled; and when we reflect that Carmen Sylva is a sovereign as well as an author, and that she has a thousand and one interests unconnected with literature, we can have only admiration for her activity.

As to the quality of her productions, we can not always speak with equal enthusiasm. Her *Handwerkerlieder*, or "Songs of Toil," would be a credit to any author, even were she not a queen; but some of her poems and some of her stories have little more than average merit.

The beautiful portrait is from a photograph taken last winter and sent to me by her majesty. It represents her, not as the queen, but as the author. But although she has written "Carmen Sylva" upon it, she could not banish the queen from her face and figure. They reveal the majesty of the "mother of her people."



Carmen Sylva

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

"There may be some," said Mr. Moody in the recent Chicago Conference, "who will ask what this Conference is for. It is not to train men for the ministry. It is to train a class of people who are scared away from the ministry, but who have a passion to save souls. I believe there are a great many of those people who, with a little polish, can be made very useful. They would be good workers in a Sabbath-school — make good superintendents. They would be good helpers for ministers, and would find a large field in which to do work for the Master. I am not attacking the colleges or the theological seminaries. The rush into those cities is so enormous that we want a class of men who, with the help of God, can do the impossible things. We want men who can go into the saloons and gambling houses and preach the Gospel of Christ. Do not be afraid we are going to tear down; we are going to build up. "At the age of twenty-one years I found

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