

Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be ;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea !

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow ;
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now ?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Stewn along our backward track !
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and by !

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown ;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone ;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air !

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day ;
And sweet words that freight our memory,
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path ;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff ;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

2. HOW THE QUEEN TRAVELS.

The Queen of England, writes an American in London, has so far yielded to the public pressure as to return somewhat to public life. She announced a series of drawing room levees, greatly to the satisfaction of London and the people. On Tuesday, she came in from Windsor castle to hold a levee. The whole pathway—about three miles—from the station to Buckingham palace, was lined with people anxious to catch a sight of the Queen. Notwithstanding the talk of the papers, she is immensely popular with the people. Her coming is hailed with great delight, and if she would put on the trappings of royalty and appear in public as of old, she would be received with demonstrations of enthusiasm such as never before marked her reign.

She is thoroughly a good woman. She is exceedingly liberal in her notions. Many of her personal attendants are dissenters, and she encourages their attendance at dissenting chapels to the great disgust of ultra churchmen. At Balmoral and Osborne, where the chapels are far away, she furnishes her domestics with coaches. The little time she spends in London she devotes to visiting hospitals and institutions for the infirm, sick and poor under her special charge. Then she has so much pluck that while the English people regret her withdrawal from public life, they respect her spirit in doing as she pleases.

She came from Windsor the other morning in fine style. About a dozen coaches moved out of Buckingham Palace, wound up Hyde Park, and met the Queen at the station. The Seventeenth Lancers, the finest corps in England, and the favorite, performed escort duty. The magnificent Horse Guards, with their scarlet uniforms and brass helmets and fountain plumes, on black horses, selected with great care from all parts of the world, were stationed at intervals on the road as sentinels. Her Majesty alone rides under the marble arch into Hyde Park, and through the Royal highway, over which none but royal wheels roll. The Triumphal Arch on which is the colossal statue of Wellington, has a gateway through which no carriage passes but the Queen's.

It is quite a royal sight to see the cortege move along. First

came two outriders, one before the other, in the scarlet uniform of the Queen—white breeches and topped boots, black stove-pipe hat with a cockade, and riding at an angle of forty-five degrees, as all Englishmen rides ; then a detachment of Lancers ; the Queen's carriage drawn by four horses, ridden by two postilions. The Lancers brought up the rear, the Horse Guards being on the right and left ; the inevitable Brown sitting on the box. The royal carriage was an open barouche. The Queen, Princess Louise and Beatrice and Prince Arthur were inside. Her Majesty looked uncommonly well.

Her face rather pale, than florid as usual ; her hair light, and in a condition of neglect, as is common to the Queen. She was dressed completely in black, but with more dress and less widowly than formerly. She has a court suit, which, while she maintains her mourning, and while the suit is perfectly black in material, the white ermine trimming, and the ornaments in which the Queen indulges, make her look even more regal than when in the tawdry robes of State. The ceremonial robes are very costly, but they are old-fashioned, do not fit, and give a bunched and uncomfortable and untidy appearance to the wearer, and are really outshone in richness and heavy embroidery by the robes worn by the coachmen, footmen, and lackeys of foreign ambassadors. But the new court dress of the Queen is very rich and tasteful, and becomes her Majesty well. Winterhalter has painted a portrait of the Queen in her new court robes. It is not completed and is in the Queen's private apartments at Windsor Castle. I saw it the other day, and it is one of the finest productions of that eminent artist. Princess Louise was dressed in fine taste in black. She is a very talented young lady, and has just executed a marble bust of her mother, which is on exhibition at the Royal Academy. Beatrice has more talent than any other member of the family.

3. ANECDOTE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

When the Princess Victoria was a child little was known about her more than that she was met, even on cold and windy days, dressed and in exercise in good pedestrian style—crossing a heath, perhaps, with her young companions, in thick shoes and stout duffle cloak—and that she was reared with as much honesty and care about money matters as any citizen's child. It became known at Tunbridge Wells that the Princess had been unable to buy a box at a bazaar, because she had spent her money. At this bazaar she had bought presents for almost all her relations, and had laid out her last shilling, when she remembered one cousin more, and saw a box, priced half a crown, which would suit him. The shop people, of course, placed the box with the other purchases, but the little lady's governess admonished them by saying, "No ; you perceive the Princess has not got the money, and therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box." This being perceived, the next offer was to lay by the box till it could be purchased, and the answer was, "Oh, well, if you be so good as to do that—," and the thing was done. On quarter day, before seven in the morning, the Princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase.—*Miss Martineau.*

4. THE QUEEN'S MODEL FARM.

Queen Victoria's model farm, situated about a mile from Windsor, is probably the most perfect, as it is the most expensive thing of the kind in the world. It is thus described by a gentleman writing from London to the *Philadelphia Bulletin* :—

"We entered a beautiful cottage, and were shown by one of the Queen's favourite servants into a room about thirty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble, with richly-carved capitals. The floors were of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with May blossoms, daisies, buttercups and primroses. The floors were lined with tiles of porcelain of a delicate blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the Queen, Prince Consort, and each of the children. Shields, monograms of the Royal family, and bas-reliefs of agricultural designs, representing the seasons, completed the ornamentation of this model dairy. All around the walls run a marble table, and through the centre two long ones, supported by marble posts, resting on basins, through which runs a perpetual stream of spring water. By this means the table slabs are always cold, and the temperature of the dairy is chill, while the white and gilt china milk and butter dishes resting on the tables are never placed in water. We drank the delicious milk just brought in in bright metal buckets, lined with porcelain, the Queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates on the covers. In the room where the butter was made, milk skimmed and strained, we feasted our eyes on the rows of metal porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the royal family even as far as Scotland ; so they always have good milk and butter. The churn was of metal also, and lined with porcelain, and made in two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder could have warm or cold water poured in to