

grandchildren—the most important of all being the grandson who comes to her in the glory of the Czar of All the Russias—her majesty indeed achieves remarkable distinction, having reigned 59 years and 111 days.

“Hitherto George III. had first place, he having reigned 59 years and 110 days, or from Oct. 25, 1760 to Jan. 29, 1820. But during the last few years of this long term the King was mentally incapable of governing, and a regency existed.

“Queen Victoria has lived an exemplary life—a pattern to her subjects—and to-day, in her 78th year, she enjoys good health and all her faculties.

“The third longest reign in the history of the United Kingdom was that of Henry III., who sat on the throne from Oct. 19, 1216, till Nov. 16, 1272. Edward III. reigned almost 50 years, and Queen Elizabeth 45 years. A large number of the other sovereigns reigned but for very short periods.

“In no previous reign were there chronicled so many changes for the better—so many advancements in arts, science, manufactures, and in the betterments of the common people—as have been recorded in the long and eventful reign of Victoria.

“May her Majesty enjoy the remaining years of her long life in peace and felicity!”

For everything that is taken something is given. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet; he has a fine Geneva watch, but cannot tell the hour by the sun.

The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend.

THE FLOWER AND THE SWORD.

“I am a sword of Damascus steel;
I'll fight or die, come woe or weal,
I love the sound of the battle's din,
And fame and glory I would win,
Aye to my master I'll be true;
Now tell me, comrade, who are you?”

“I am a blossom of low degree,
Kissed by the breeze from yonder sea;
Only a flower of no renown,
Growing alone on my native down,
To bless and cheer in my lowly way
The hearts of the men whom you would slay.”

WILLIAM EDWARDS CAMERON.

THE BURIAL OF SUMMER.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

You that were friends with the birds and the roses.

Now you may weep. We have buried the Summer

Gone is the singing-time, mown are the grasses,

All the vines gathered.

Gray groweth Earth, with her things that were golden;

Gray are the skies, and the grass is all dew-drenched;

Streams are complaining, winds are inplacable,

Stripping the branches.

Yet, splendid Summer, there's hope in our weeping,

Thine is a sepulcher named Resurrection.

Over it blooms, amid roses prophetic,
Lilies of promise.

Thou wilt come back again—back with thy beauty;

Birds will return—that reluctant went seaward;

Blossom and fruitage, the wheat and the honey.

Sunshine and plenty.

Comes to the heart any ransoming summer
For love that is slain and hopes beaten downward?

Can it redeem all its wasted affections,
Music, and laughter?

God shall redeem them; and for filling of graves

And wringing of hands, give love that's immortal;

Give beauty for ashes, pleasures unfading,
Summer eternal.