

Our Queen.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN! Yes, from each loyal heart
Throughout the vast expanse of thy broad realm,
On which the sun ne'er sets, goes up the prayer
That God would save and bless our noble Queen.
'Tis not alone the might of the land,
Mighty in power, and wealth, and influence,
And noble lineage, and proud descent,
Who bask in royal smiles and circle round
Thy throne august, as planet round the sun,
From whose great heart goes up the earnest prayer;
But from the lowly ranks of daily toil
In all the lines of labor multiform,
Where mind, or muscle, or the two combined
In earnest effort wring the sweat-drops out;
From these, tho' stars of lesser magnitude,
(From social standpoint viewed) but heart as large
And sensibilities as keen as those,
Go up to heaven the self-same ardent prayer.
How is it that throughout the wide domain
Of Great and Greater Britain, and the isles,
And kingdoms, states, and continents, where fame
Of Britain's Queen has reached, she is revered,
And held by all the good in odor sweet?
It is as when you circling sun pursues
His annual journey through the zodiac,
And entering Aries, earthward turns and smiles;
And gentle spring through every nook and glen,
And sunny hill-side, and high mountain-top
Feels the glad thrill of joy that smile imparts;
And soon sweet incense rising through the air
Ascends in glad response to that sweet smile;
But not alone from roses many-hued,
And stately lilies, and carnations sweet,
And gorgeous floral gems of richest shade
And rarest perfume, born of crystal dew:
But from each lowly tenant of the vale
The meek-eyed daisy, primrose, violet,
Snow-drop, and daffodil, and buttercup,
And water-lily dancing on the wave.
Not these alone, but glad some vocal sounds
Of joy voiced birds from hedgerow, bush and dell,
And forest grand, and hum of insect life,
And rippling brook, and nature's myriad tongues
In rich glad melody express their joy.
And why this universal homage given
To our good Queen, by figure thus portrayed?
The secret lies in that deep love of hers
For all that's good, and pure, and lovable;
And not for these alone, but for the weak,
The suffering, the distressed, the sorrow stricken.
Her human heart, and human sympathy,
Touched by a spark from off the heavenly altar,
Glow forth in words and deeds of truest love,
Not to her people only, but the race.
Go back, and see her in her maidenhood,
'Ere regal crown adorned her queenly brow,
Gentle, and pure, and loving, she adorned
With graceful dignity her quiet sphere,
And doing all a daughter's duties well.
And what as wife, and mother? witness ye
Who long had access to the inner temple,
And knew the deep devotion of her heart,
And know it still, how brightly burned the flame
Of pure conjugal love, and holy joy;
And how her heart was riven at the loss
At once of Husband, Counsellor, and Friend,
And later loss of daughter, and of son,
And later still of grandson most beloved,
And other griefs which rent her widowed heart
(In all of which an Empire's tears were shed).
But her heart trusted in the living God,
And, like a bruised reed, or floweret crushed,
Gave sweeter notes and sweeter fragrance, too.
Witness the widows' hearths her feet have trod,
And humble dwellings of the sons of toil,
How she disdains false pride and arrogance:
Her sympathies are broad as human kind,
And reaches out to sorrow everywhere,
To single hearts, or nations in their grief.
As Queen, she well has filled the British throne,
Guiding with wisdom the affairs of State,
(Aided by counsels of the wise and good),
And adding lustre to her lengthened reign,
A reign begun with prayer for help divine;
A reign which evil men essayed to end,
But were with Royal clemency forgiven.
'What is the secret of your nation's greatness?'
Was asked of Britain's Queen by foreign Prince,
Through his ambassador. In quick response
She sent a copy of the *Book of Books*,
As fitting answer to the enquiry.

Now she has laid her earthly crown aside
To wear the crown immortal, and we mourn—
For her vast Empire loved her to the end,

And the wide world pays reverence to her worth,
And still will love her memory ages hence.
May her successor show his right to reign
By righteous rule:—so may "God Save the King"
Find joyous utterance from all hearts and lips
Throughout the British Empire—and the world.
We mourn departed worth:—*Long live the King!*
ROSS JOHNSTON.

WHITBY, ONT.

Three Queen Stories.

CROWNED QUEEN AFTER DEATH.—Inez, the dead wife of Pedro the Just, of Portugal, was seated upon a gorgeous throne, attired in royal robes, and crowned Queen of Portugal before an awed court summoned to witness the weird ceremony. Inez de Castro incurred the enmity of the old king of Portugal by a clandestine marriage with Don Pedro, the king's son. Her father-in-law brought about her assassination, but after Pedro succeeded to the throne, and to forestall Philip II. of Spain, who sought to prove Inez's marriage and issue illegal, and thus establish a claim to the throne of Portugal, the Portuguese ruler caused his dead consort's posthumous coronation.

A QUEEN WHO MARRIED HER BROTHERS.—At seventeen years of age, Cleopatra was married to her half-brother, Ptolemy Dionysus, who was then thirteen. This was because of the will of his father, who left him the throne on condition of the marriage with his sister. They reigned jointly, under the guardianship of the Romans, until Cleopatra became dissatisfied with her brother's attempt to gain sole power. She plotted against him, and obtaining the aid of Julius Cæsar, she brought about Ptolemy's death. Thereupon she married another brother, a boy of eleven, whom she later poisoned, assuming sole power 43 B.C. With her death (30 B.C.) ended the dynasty of Ptolemy in Egypt.

THE QUEEN WHO DRANK FROM HER FATHER'S SKULL.—The King of Lombardy, Albinus, after killing the German king, Cunimund, coerced the murdered king's daughter, Rosamond, to become his wife, and even went so far as to have her father's skull fashioned into a cup, from which poor Rosamond was forced to drink wine. The girl dissembled her feelings, but, waiting her opportunity, obtained the aid of two officers for her revenge. She admitted them to the king's apartment, where they assassinated him as he lay asleep in his bed, Rosamond afterward fleeing with one of the assassins to Ravenna.

The Cause of Sighing.

PROF. LUMSDEN says that sighing is but another name for oxygen starvation. The cause of sighing is most frequently worry. An interval of several seconds often follows moments of mental disquietude, during which time the chest walls remain rigid until the imperious demand is made for oxygen, thus causing the deep inhalation. It is the expression following the inspiration that is properly termed the sigh, and this sigh is simply an effort of the organism to obtain the necessary supply of oxygen. The remedy is to cease worrying. One may be anxious, but there is no rational reason for worrying. A little philosophy will banish worry at once. Worry will do no good; it will rob one of pleasures when blessings do come, as one will not be in a condition to enjoy them.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

HIS DEVICE

Written for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL BY S. Jean Walker.



He stood on a wooded hill, looking moodily across the river to where the McDonald farmhouse stood gleaming white among the trees.

In the adjoining field his plow rested in the unfinished furrow near a spreading maple, under whose welcome shade the horses rested and waited.

A peaceful, brooding calm was over all, and the stillness was broken only by the wild bird's melody, the monotonous hum of myriad bees, and the gentle murmur of the river; but nature in her early autumn beauty had no devotee that day in the sun-browned, stalwart man who stood there gazing across the river, unmindful of the picturesque scenery that stretched away like a vision of beauty before him.

In a moment his dark eyes brightened and the tense lines around his mouth broke into a smile as he stepped back quickly and stood in the friendly shadow of a fallen tree, still eagerly watching a young woman who had come out of the McDonald farmhouse, and hurried down the green slope to the river.

She had a book in her hand, but evidently did not purpose to read it on that side of the water, for she hastened to where a small boat was gently swaying on the current; then, freeing it from its fastenings, she took her book, and, stepping lightly into the boat, was soon rowing down and across the stream.

Creeping cautiously down the hillside, he covertly watched where she landed, and smiled meaningly when he saw her spring to the bank a few rods farther down, secure her boat from the pranks of the current, take her book, and go up the hillside into the woods.

The horses must have wondered what detained their young master that sultry September afternoon.

When he returned, he spoke softly, patted their necks with tender caress, unhitched them from the plow, and turned their heads homeward.

His mother, sewing by the window, was surprised when she saw him lead his horses to the watering-trough.

When he entered the kitchen, she asked anxiously, after waiting a moment hoping he might give her voluntarily the information she desired:

"Is anything wrong, Jack?"

"No, mother," he answered pleasantly, while a flush glowed on his sun-browned cheeks; "I am going down the road a piece to-night and so stopped early. I would like my supper before I go."

She vouchsafed no reply, for her heart was sore with a mother's jealousy and disappointment, while she said bitterly to herself: "He's after that city girl at McDonald's, when there are half a dozen good farmers' daughters who would jump at the chance of getting him; but he has taken the bit in his teeth, so I suppose we'll have to let him go. It is too bad when his father's heart is set on his marrying Miranda Adams, who'll have a hundred acres of land when her father dies."

She sighed heavily, and it was no wonder,