

summer's day, just such a place as we can imagine the bard would love, and one which was doubtless one of his favourite resorts. Inside we find his tomb, within the communion-table railings, and on the slab above are the well-known lines—

“Good frend, for Iesus sake forbear,
To digg the dvst enclosed heare;
Bleste be y^e man y^t spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he y^t moves my bones.”

Probably but for these words Shakespeare would have now been lying at Westminster. Close by are the graves of his wife and daughter, and a short distance away are the monument and bust so often reproduced in photographs and engravings.

A mile away is Shottery, where stands the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife; and four miles away is Charlecote Park, where the deer was killed, and the poet was brought before Sir Thomas Lucy, said to be the original of Justice Shallow.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Among the wretched, where poverty's stings—
Expected with every morn that brings
Its sun—are felt with a new despair,
More pangs of hunger, more fervent prayer,
Sweet-voiced sisters are found to-day
Dispensing good in their chosen way—
The King's Daughters.

Where sad ones lie with sunken eyes,
Fated never on earth to rise;
Whose souls are weary and hearts are sore,
Grieving and wishing their days were o'er,
With words of hope and solace sweet,
There the comforting one we meets—
The King's Daughters.

When time on earth shall have been past
And Gabriel blows his final blast;
Commanding all to leave the sod,
The lakes, the seas, to meet their God,
No brighter forms will wing their flight
Above to glory and heaven's light,
Than those who, while in the flesh, have done
Charity's labours from sun to sun—
The King's Daughters.