

Victoria the Good.

Queen Victoria was one of the best rulers who ever lived. She had a very kind heart, and was always glad to do what she could for the good of her people. She often gave sums of money to those who were very poor, and she would write kind letters to those who were sick or in trouble.

One of her letters was written to Miss Nightingale during the Crimean War. In it she says: "I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell the poor noble wounded and sick men that no one feels more for their sufferings than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops."

Another of these letters was sent to some poor women who had lost their husbands in a dreadful accident in a coal-pit in the north of England. It told them how the heart of the good Queen was sad at their great loss, and the letter helped them to bear that loss with braver hearts.

Queen Victoria had many sorrows of her own, the greatest of which was the loss of her good husband, the Prince Consort, who died after twenty-one years of married life. The whole nation wept with the widowed Queen.

Even in her great sorrow the Queen did not forget the sorrow of others. Not long after the death of Prince Albert she went to her castle in Scotland. One of the women of the village near the castle had also lost her husband, and the Queen went at once to comfort her. She often paid visits to the poor people about the castle and took many dainty things to the sick. In one cottage the Queen once found an old sick woman left quite alone. The rest of the family had gone out, the woman said, to see the Queen. "Tell them," said the visitor, after talking kindly for some time to the poor woman who did not know her, "that while they have been to see the Queen, the Queen has been to see you."

The planets in the western sky in early May evenings present an interesting sight. Nearest the horizon is Venus, higher up is Jupiter, while between them is Mars. They are all moving eastward, but Venus goes fastest, and overtakes Mars on the 6th, forming a remarkable conjunction with that planet, the two being so near together that they can scarcely be separated by the naked eye. As this happens at nine o'clock in the morning we cannot observe it, but on the preceding and following evenings their apparent distance apart will be less than half the moon's diameter. Venus overtakes Jupiter on the 11th, and Mars overtakes him on the 18th.

A Canadian Wheat Field.

We have taken the liberty to change the title of this selection from "Dacotah" to "Canadian."

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,
A marvel of yellow and russet and green,
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,
With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen,
That play in the golden hair of a girl,
A ripple of amber—a flare
Of light sweeping after—a curl
In the hollows like swirling feet
Of fairy waltzers, the colors run
To the western sun
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.
Broad as the fleckless, soaring sky,
Mysterious, fair as the moon-led sea,
The vast plane flames on the dazzled eye
Under the fierce sun's alchemy.
The slow hawk stoops
To his prey in the deeps;
The sunflower droops
To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps.
Then all in dazzling links and loops,
A riot of shadow and shine,
A glory of olive and amber and wine,
To the westering sun the colors run
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

O glorious land! My Western land,
Outspread beneath the setting sun!
Once more amid your swells I stand,
And cross your sod lands dry and dun.
I hear the jocund calls of men
Who sweep amid the ripened grain
With swift, stern reapers, once again,
The evening splendor floods the plain.
The cricket's chime
Makes pauseless rhyme,
And towards the sun
The splendid colors ramp and run
Before the winds feet
In the wheat.

—Hamlin Garland.

The Sculptor Boy.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls, uncarved, before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
It's heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

—Bishop Doane.