

Secret of England's Greatness and Glory.

Written expressly for the Anglo-Saxon.

At England's Court, where princes grand and ladies fair are
A dark-skinned chief from heathen land sought audience
of the Queen.

A costly present from his king he spread upon the ground
Then rose with happy wondering smile to gaze on all around.

There everything that met the eye bespoke the cultured
The ministers that waited nigh were tutored and refined.

How civilisations favoured ones contrast with nature's
The gaudy dress the chieftain wore was picturesque and wild.

His dusky form was rendered gay with paint and feathers
His warlike weapons touched with gold, shone glarish in the light.

His showy robe a leopard's skin was bedizened o'er,
And heavy were the rings of gold that arm and ankle wore.

In all his native grandeur bright, with being far from rude
A noble he in Nature's right amongst England's nobles stood.

He near the throne, his head bowed low, his hand upon his breast,
And then in short emphatic speech, the Island Queen addressed:—

"My king has heard, in our far land, of England many a story;
He bids me learn the secret of her greatness and her glory."

With swelling heart Victoria hears, then sweetly bent her eyes,
Where on a stand beside her hand the Holy Bible lies.

Her holy eye one moment roams o'er many a landscape fair
The blessings of an open Bible meet her everywhere;

The vision swells, like wave on wave that laves her native shore;
"Ah! would," she said, with wistful sigh, "My people read it more."

"Oh blessed, blessed Book of books, my grandsires' wish
That every one may read and know thy precepts all divine;

Not one of all her palace doors she bids them go unfold;
She dazzles not the simple eye with wealth of gems or gold.

Unheeded all her treasures lie in many a glittering heap;
The long stored gifts of England's kings remain in Castle keep;

She speaks not of her army's might in many a bloody field,
Or how her sons victorious fight, who sword and bayonet wield.

She points not to the ocean where her navies sweep the main,
Nor boasts what British prowess wins her valour can maintain.

She raised the Bible, bade him look on—England's Charter too;
With awe-filled soul and wistful eye the savage bent his knee.

With yearning glance Victoria scanned the earnest speaking face;
Then placed the Bible in his hand with reverential grace.

"His Book," she said, "Whose throne is fixed eternal in the skies;
Your monarch tell to read it well—'tis there the secret lies."

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"Grigsby"

By James Russell Wilson.

Grigsby is a cynic. He is young, handsome, has a little money and a good position; but he entertains some queer notions about women. Otherwise he is a fine enough fellow.

To those who do not know him or have only a superficial acquaintance with him, he is sometimes embarrassing, as in the case of the young man who occupies a seat at the third table, between two very pretty young women. He did not know of Grigsby's cynical disposition in respect to women, and called on Grigsby one evening to ask him if he would help him out of a fix by accompanying one of the young ladies to the skating rink. The young man came out of Grigsby's room very suddenly, followed by a volume by someone, on "Woman Suffrage" and also Grigsby's bust. To say that the young man was astonished would only express the state of his feelings very mildly. He was more than astonished, and there grew a large lump behind his right ear, where he had become acquainted with the volume by someone, on "Woman Suffrage." Grigsby says he never knew there was so much weight and force in the arguments against Woman Suffrage, contained in that book. The young man also has a proper appreciation of Woman Suffrage, now.

Grigsby would be very humorous if he were not such a cynical, that's what we tell him about once a day, at least. But his cynical tone always puts his humour of its own.

We were all at the supper table the other evening. We have meals in the good, old style at our boarding house you know—the pretty, young lady who sits by me on the right, was telling very graphically, how a noted divine, who was holding revival meetings then, had been speaking very impressively and loudly, where we would all be to, if we did not change our ways, and that soon. Inadvertently she happened to say, "Yes, he has a tongue of his own in his head."

Grigsby caught her up. "You see," he said "that is difference between all men and most women; men have tongues of their own in their heads, while women have tongues in their heads, but they seem to belong to everyone in general and no one in particular, by the way they keep wagging."

This might have been funny, only Grigsby said it with all the cynicism of which he is master, and besides, the pretty young lady who sits by me, on the right, wouldn't speak to me for nearly three days— as if I had anything to do with what Grigsby said.

Grigsby is forever drawing comparisons between women and— Oh, anything else he happens to meet and about things he doesn't meet.

One day, while he and I were spending our vacations together, in the country, last summer, we were perching on a cart-wheel around by the road-side, just because that happened to be a couple of pretty, young lady visitors of our hostess', out in our barnyard, beneath the only shade-tree in the garden. We were watching the antics of a cat that had two bones, about eight feet apart. She would go to this bone first, gnaw awhile, then lazily around, then run back to the first. This she did two or three times. It was evident that she liked both bones equally well and that she was not satisfied with one, but was doubtful that while she was at one bone, the other bone would grow away. While she was meandering around in this meaningless way, Bruno our host's brown collie came round the corner of the shed, took the situation into his mind and both bones into his mouth and walked off with them all.