



The Family Circle.

TRUE FAITH.

"You tell me that your child is dead,
And yet you greet me with a smile,
And let the sunshine flood your rooms,
And with a song your grief beguile!"

"And why not smile? If she had gone
To dwell in sunny Italy,
To gaze upon those palaced slopes,
And wander by that summer sea,

Would I not joy to follow her
In thought beneath those classic skies?
To note with every changing scene
The rapture in her glad young eyes?

Yet with my winging joy, alas!
Always a brooding fear would mate,
Not knowing when along the way
Some nameless woe might lie in wait.

But now for her, with love enshpered,
No evil thing can work its spell;
Safe talismaned from ill she treads
The fields where living fountains well.

Then why not smile and open wide
My windows to the blessed light,
Since she forever more abides
In that fair land that knows no night?"

—Mary B. Sleight.

THE QUEEN'S HOME LIFE.

Of the many pleasant glimpses we get here and there of the home life of the Queen few are more charming than that given by the great musical composer Mendelssohn, in a letter to his mother dated July 19th 1842, about two years after her marriage:—

"I must tell you," he writes, "all the details of my last visit to Buckingham Palace. It is as E. says, the one really pleasant and thoroughly comfortable English house where one feels at his ease. Of course I do know a few others, but still, on the whole, I agree with him. Joking apart, Prince Albert had asked me to go to him on Saturday at two o'clock, so that I might try his organ before I left England; I found him alone, and as we were talking the Queen came in also, alone, in a simple morning dress. She said she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour; and then suddenly interrupting herself, exclaimed, 'But, goodness, what a confusion!' for the wind had littered the whole room, and even the pedals of the organ (which, by-the-way, made a very pretty feature in the room), with leaves of music from a large portfolio which lay open. As she spoke she knelt down and began picking up the music. Prince Albert helped, and I, too, was not idle. Then Prince Albert proceeded to explain the stops to me, and she said that she would meanwhile make things straight. I begged that the Prince would first play over something, so that, as I said, I might boast about it in Germany; and he played a chorale by heart with the pedals, so charmingly and clearly and correctly that it would have done credit to any professional; and the Queen having finished her work, came and sat by him and listened, and looked pleased. Then it was my turn, and I began my chorus from St. Paul, 'How lovely are the messengers.' Before I got to the end of the first verse they both joined in the chorus, and all the time Prince Albert managed the stops for me so cleverly—first a flute, at the *forte* the great organ, at the D major part the whole, then he made a lovely *diminuendo* with the stops, and so on to the end of the piece, and all by heart—that I really was quite enchanted.

"Then the young Prince of Gotha came in, and there was more chatting; and the Queen asked if I had written any new songs, and said she was very fond of singing my published ones. 'You should sing one to him,' said Prince Albert; and, after a little begging, she said she would try the *Fruhling*—slid in B flat, 'if it is still here,' she added; 'for all my music is packed up for Claremont.' Prince Albert went to look for it, but came back, saying it was already packed At last the Queen went herself, and while she was gone, Prince Albert said to me, 'She begs you will accept this present as a remembrance,' and gave me a little case with a beautiful ring, on which is engraved 'V.R., 1842.'

"Then the Queen came back, and said, 'Lady — is gone, and has taken all my things with her. It really is most annoying.' I then begged that I might not be made to suffer for the accident, and hoped she would sing another song. After some consultation with her husband, he said, 'She will sing you something of Gluck's.' Meantime the Princess of Gotha had come in, and we five proceeded through various corridors and rooms to the Queen's sitting-room. The Duchess of Kent came in, too; and while they were all talking, I rummaged about among the music, and soon discovered my first set of songs. So, of course, I begged her rather to sing one of these than the Gluck, to which she very kindly consented; and which did she choose? 'Schoner und schoner schminkt, sick!' sung it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. But, with the exception of one little mistake, it was really charming; and the last long G I have never heard better, or purer, or more natural from an amateur. Then I was obliged to confess that Fanny had written the song

always like that with me when I want it to do well, and then I should have gone away vexed with the whole morning. But just as if I was to keep nothing but the pleasantest, most charming recollection of it, I never improvised better, I was in the best mood for it, and played a long time, and enjoyed it myself; so that besides the two themes, I brought in the songs the Queen had sung naturally enough; and it all went off so easily that I would gladly not have stopped; and they followed me with so much intelligence and attention, that I felt more at my ease than I ever did in improvising to an audience. The Queen said several times she hoped I would soon come to England again and pay them a visit. And then I took leave; and down below I saw the beautiful carriages waiting with their scarlet outriders; and in a quarter of an hour the flag was lowered, and the *Court Circular* announced 'Her Majesty left the Palace at twenty minutes past three.'

The Queen's journal reveals the quiet simple life of the Royal family at Balmoral



THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF TWELVE YEARS.

(which I found very hard; but pride must have a fall), and to beg her to sing one of my own also. If I would give plenty of help she would gladly try, she said; and then she sang the Pilgerspruch 'Das dich mir,' really quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression. I thought to myself one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times; upon which she said, 'Oh, if only I had not been so frightened; generally I have such long breath!' Then I praised her humility, and with the best conscience in the world; for just that part with the long G at the end she had done so well, taking the three following and connecting notes in the same breath, as one seldom hears it done; and, therefore, it amused me doubly that she, herself, should have begun about it.

"After this Prince Albert sung the Aendertlied, 'Es ist ein Schnitter' and then he said I must play him something before I went, and gave me as themes the chorale which he had played on the organ, and the song he had just sung. If everything had gone on as usual, I ought to have improvised most dreadfully badly; for it is almost

in the beloved Highlands of Scotland and at Osborne in the Isle of Wight. She alludes to her 'Island Home' where all were 'wholly given up to the enjoyment of the warm summer weather,' and she gives a little picture of 'the children catching butterflies and Victoria (the Princess Royal) sitting under the trees.' In the Highlands there are 'pony rides' and 'luncheons and picnics among the hills,' where mishaps occur at times, as when 'poor Vickey sat down upon a wasp's nest, and the poor child suffered so severely that I (the Queen) could not bear to be with her.' Both Osborne and Balmoral were planned and beautified under the personal supervision of the Prince and are therefore doubly dear to the Queen, who spends most of her time at these country houses. The Queen's care for 'her children' is shown all through her journals. 'It is already a hard case for me,' she writes during the early life of the Princess Victoria, 'that my occupations prevent me from being with her when she says her prayers.' The influence of the Queen's household upon the home life of England cannot be over-estimated.

JOHNNY'S WAY.

Papa asked Johnny to weed the flower-plot one morning, but at night he had forgotten it. Mamma asked him to please stay in the house with Mattie, Wednesday afternoon, because she had a cold and couldn't go out, and at night he said he didn't stay in because he didn't feel like it, and mamma didn't say he must.

Then papa asked him another morning to weed out the flower-bed, and at night when he asked why it had not been done, he replied, 'Cause you didn't say I must, and I didn't want to.'

Papa went into the house without saying a word, and Johnny felt uneasy. He followed papa around, and watched him closely.

Just after supper, papa remarked quietly: 'I had a letter from your uncle Fred this morning, Johnny, and your cousins, Will and Joe, have a birthday party to-night. They have invited you.'

Johnny's eyes surely would have made anyone laugh to see how widely a boy's eyes could open, then he fairly gasped in astonishment:—

"Why—papa, why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, I didn't feel like it," fretted papa.

"But I'm invited to the party," cried Johnny, "and I must go. I wouldn't miss one of those parties for the world."

"Well," said papa indifferently, "yes, they invited you if I chose to let you go, but they didn't say I must, and I don't want to."

Well, it was a hard lesson, but nothing except a lesson was going to make any lasting impression on Johnny's mind, or help him to overcome his faults. Uncle Fred's house could be reached by a ride in the horse-cars, and nothing could be more enjoyable than the birthday parties the cousins, Will and Joe, were often allowed to give. Johnny had attended two or three, staying all night afterwards, and always thought them the most delightful occasions imaginable.

In vain he coaxed, and cried, and promised; all he could get papa or mamma to say was, that they didn't feel like letting him go, or didn't want to. Kind-hearted little Mattie tried to persuade papa to forgive Johnny, "just this once," but papa laughed, and said Johnny had been forgiven "just this once" so many times, he should feel it was wicked to forgive him again. Besides, mamma didn't feel like dressing him for a party.

But poor Johnny grew so thoroughly disgusted with a miserable rule which could only work two ways in such a wretched, disappointing way, that he finally grew wise enough to make up his mind to have nothing to do with such rules.—Presbyterian Messenger.

ILL MANNERS OF CHILDHOOD.

Short sighted indulgence is responsible for many high crimes and misdemeanors against social law. "Why fret a child about mere trifles?" cries Mrs. Easy-going. "He will lay aside these little ways when he sees that others do not behave so, and will learn good manners instinctively as he grows older." When he is older, alas! the mischief is done, and nothing can undo it. The habits of years are not to be uprooted in a day, and the boorish tricks of the boy are too apt to cling to the man. But there is another penalty for the ill manners of childhood, even when repressed by later painstaking. It is a fact not generally known that the little peculiarities of early youth are sure to return with advancing years. Though in middle life they seem fully eradicated, they re-assert their sway as old age appears. This is a reason why mothers should exercise unceasing vigilance. A boy who slips his hands into his pockets is readily excused, but how painful to see a grown man who cannot rise to offer prayer without plunging his hands into the convenient receptacle! Ten-year-old Jack, ravenous with hunger, uses knife instead of fork, swallows his glass of water at one draught, and sets down the goblet with a loud snort. All this is pardoned in hungry Jack. Will it be as easily condoned when John, M.C., or L.L.D., sits among the eminent men of the country fifty years from now? Many of the laughable eccentricities of elderly people are nothing more or less than the juvenile misdeeds which a too-indulgent mother laughed at as "cunning," or winked at as "of no consequence."—Patch-man.