



NORMAN GATE AND ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR.

A NEW PATRIOTIC ANTHEM.

(The Sunbeam) (By the Editor.)

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Rose free from error's sinful chain,
The Christian charter of the land
In lovely accents breathed this strain:
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;
Whom Christ makes free shall never more be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Prostrate to idol gods still fall,
While those more blessed bend the knee
To God—Creator of them all.
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;
Whom Christ makes free, shall never more be slaves.

From north to south, from east to west;
Where'er thy banner is unfurl'd,
Be this henceforth thy great behest,
To spread the Gospel through the world.
Rise Britannia, and shine upon the waves;
Whom Christ makes free, shall never more be slaves.

EVERY INCH A QUEEN.

Queen Victoria's life at Balmoral is very simple and quiet. Her Majesty is always accompanied to the Highlands by her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice, whose devotion to her mother is a splendid example to every English, or, as the Queen would herself say every "British" daughter. Occasionally other members of the Royal Family visit the Queen. The Prince and Princess of Wales often come to Abergeldie, which is quite near Balmoral. Frequently her Majesty invites some of her friends to reside at Abergeldie Mains, and a visit to them there for an afternoon call or afternoon tea makes a pleasant drive. A lady in waiting, two young ladies, maids of honour—a cabinet minister, an equerry,

one of the Queen's secretaries, and the doctor may be said to make up the suite. Her Majesty here works very hard, and gives much of her time to the business of the nation, the management of her own estate, and the welfare of the people among whom she lives. She spends as much as possible of her time in the open air, reading and writing outside when the weather permits and sometimes breakfasting and taking tea in one of the summer houses, in walking about the lovely grounds, with a single attendant and one or more of her fine collie dogs, and in taking long drives to places

of interest and beauty in the neighbourhood and frequently honouring some of the neighbouring gentry with a visit. The



LOCK AT WINDSOR.

Queen also visits a great deal in the homes of the cotters, in many of which there are tokens, in the shape of photographs, pictures, books, and other valuable presents, of her Majesty's affection and regard for her humble subjects and friends. It is most touching to hear them speak of the Queen's kindness, and the interest they take in all the members of the Royal Family is very great. She frequently shares in their domestic joys by attending in their homes the "kirstnin" (christening) of a baby, and in their sorrows by being present at the short religious services performed by the minister on the occasion of a funeral.

A BOY WHO LIKED TO EAT.

We are indebted to our friend Mr. Will S. Gidley, of Brookfield, Mass., for the following, which reveals the experience of a real live boy, who is only one among the thousands of others of the same kind.

Little Robbie was a very restless youth, and he rarely sat down except at meal-times, and in fact his idea of sitting down seemed to be that it was only necessary to do so when there was something to be eaten. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that he was a trifle disappointed with the result of his first visit to Sunday-school, to which his mother allowed him to accompany the older children. In describing his experience upon his return he said: "O mamma, they forgot somethin' at Sunday-school to-day! We all set down in a row jest like we do at the table, an' the minister asked an awful long blessin', an' then they didn't bring us anything to eat!"

On another occasion Robbie accompanied his mother on an afternoon call to one of the neighbours. They remained several hours, and as Robbie's appetite began to grow somewhat clamorous and he saw no signs of any preparations for a meal, he finally sidled up to his mother, and asked in a stage whisper, perfectly audible to every one present: "Mamma! say, mamma! Do we eat while we're here?"

It was an embarrassing moment for Robbie's mother, but the hostess came promptly to the rescue by springing to her feet and exclaiming: "Why, certainly you eat while you are here, my little man! Don't apologise at all, Mrs. Jones! It is all right; I'm glad he spoke of it. It is after tea-time now, but I was so interested I forgot all about it. Sit right still, and I'll have it ready in a few minutes."

And the good-natured hostess flew around, with smiling tact and cheerfulness, and soon had the choicest viands her larder afforded arrayed invitingly on the table; and this time, at least, Master Robert did not have to go home disappointed.



WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM ETON.