



HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

### THE QUEEN AND THE GOVERNESS.

Grace Greenwood is our authority for the following beautiful and touching anecdote of Queen Victoria:

When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. The governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the Queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her Sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of most gentle sympathy:

"Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils."

The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. Then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirk-yard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowful heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious, womanly sympathy of the Queen—who came every day to her school-room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the first anniversary of her loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great household knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out

of mortal life that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies. Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in the pleasant crimson parlour looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school-room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave away, and, laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, "O, mother, mother!"

One after another the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling, and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming, "O, poor girl! it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school-room, where she found Miss—trying to regain her composure. "My poor child!" she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," placing on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death.

### WRONG SIDE OUT.

An object-lesson often implants a truth deeply in the childish mind. A small boy who was in the habit of occasionally revealing the "cross" side of his disposition in the morning, was sent back to his room by his mother, with orders to take off every article of his clothing, turn it

wrong side out, put it on again, and then come downstairs. The mother waited for a time, and the boy not having appeared, she went up to see what had become of him.

She found him standing before the looking-glass, so the story goes, a picture of despair. His clothes were on wrong side out, and there were seams and ravellings, raw edges and threads and rough spots. The boy presented a decidedly fantastic and "contrary" look.

"Well, my boy," said his mother, "how do you like it?"

"Oh, mother!" he gasped, "it's horrible! Can't I put them on right?"

"Yes," she said, "if you'll put your temper right side out, too, and promise to wear it that way. But remember, if you forget and put your temper on wrong side out, you will have to put your clothes on the same way."

The boy quickly restored his clothes to their normal arrangement, and came downstairs in good temper. He had learned the lesson and never

forgot it again.

### STILL WILL WE TRUST.

Still will we trust, though earth seem dark  
and dreary,  
And the heart faint beneath his chastening  
rod,  
Though rough and steep our pathway,  
worn and weary,  
Still will we trust in God!

Choose for us, God!—nor let our weak  
preferring  
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast  
designed:  
Choose for us, God!—thy wisdom is un-  
erring,  
And we are fools and blind.

Let us press on in patient self-denial;  
Accept the hardship, shrinking not from  
loss;  
Our guerdon lies beyond the hour of trial;  
Our crown, beyond the cross.

### SKIMMED MILK BUTTONS.

Skimmed milk is being used, according to an exchange, for making buttons, combs, backs of hair-brushes, billiard balls and similar articles. The milk is mixed with a substance the ingredients of which are, of course, the secret of the inventor. It is compressed, and at the end of three days is as solid as celluloid, and is ready to be cut and shaped in any way the manufacturer wishes.

At present a factory in Holland is engaged in fashioning the hardened milk into various articles, buttons being the chief. They can be coloured any colour by simply mixing the colouring matter with the milk before the hardening process begins, but are naturally a creamy white.