

From the "Westminster Gazette."

THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN.

With arms reversed and muzzled drums
The flower of the Army comes
Mourning their Queen. Upon the dead
Imperial purples are outspread,
Ermines not whiter than her name,
Fringes of crystal as her fame
Hardly so clear; and the great crown
Whose weight she lays for ever down.

The ship she loved, for the last time
Has borne her over waves that climb
As if they fain would look once more
Upon their Queen. All music o'er
A knell beats down, but cannot stay
The drums that at her passing say
"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust—
Shall we not reap who sow in trust?"

Yea, we shall reap who sow in tears;
Peace we shall pluck from clash of spears,
Rest we shall take that laboured long.
At last all sorrow makes a song,
And queenly heart and queenly hand
Shall be a legend in the land,
So that who says Victoria saith
The whitest name e'er said by death.

NORA HOPPER.

From The "Daily Mail."

THE QUEEN'S LAST RIDE.

The Queen is taking a drive to-day,
They have hung with purple the carriage-way,
They have dressed with purple the royal track,
Where the Queen goes forth and ne'er comes back.

Let no man labour as she goes by
On her last appearance to mortal eye.
With heads uncovered let all men wait
For the Queen to pass in her regal state.

Army and Navy shall lead the way
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day.
Kings and Princes and Lords of the land
Shall ride behind her, a humble band,
And over the city and over the world
Shall the Flags of all nations be half-mast furled.

For the silent lady of royal birth
Who is riding away from the courts of earth;
Riding away from the world's unrest
To a mystical goal on a secret quest.

Tho' in Royal splendour she drives through the town,
Her robes are simple, she wears no crown,
And yet she wears one, for widowed no more,
She is crowned with the love that has gone before,
And crowned with the love she has left behind
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind.

Bow low you heads—lift your hearts on high—
The Queen in silence is driving by!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX,
(An American Poetess).

A Book of the Week.

THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX.*

Strictly speaking this is not a book of the week. But I need offer no apology to my readers for bringing it to their notice, except for the fact that it did not sooner come under mine.

It is a perfect little gem. Everybody should read it, for its grace and charm, both of which are wholly original, and belong to it as the fragrance of the lilac belongs to it and it alone.

Peter Marchdale, the altogether charming hero, has been in the diplomatic service. He has lately taken to writing novels, which he is convinced are good, though very few people are found to agree with him. He takes a little villa in a remote part of Italy, for the better maturing of his literary plans.

Now Peter is in the condition of having seen, from afar, the woman who realizes his ideal of all a woman should be.

He has never spoken to her, but he has dreamed of her, worshipped her in his heart, and written a book about her. To his unspeakable and bewildering delight, the lady of his fancy turns out to be his neighbour, mistress of the great estate of Ventirose and landlady of the little villa he is occupying. They meet, and are mutually charmed, as well they may be, for each has a talent for conversation which does infinite credit to Mr. Henry Harland, and both are so witty that it is an unspeakable pleasure to be in their company even for a few minutes. The lady writes to a friend in England to inquire if Mr. Peter Marchdale is a person whom one may suffer oneself to know. This strikes one as weakminded. A woman of so much discrimination as the Duchessa might surely have ventured to back her own opinion. The friend, in reply, lets her into the secret of Peter's novels, and she at once procures and reads the one of which she herself is the heroine. There is one of the most purely delicate and delightful scenes in fiction, in which she tells Peter, who imagines her perfectly ignorant of the fact that he wrote the book, that his heroine is too impossibly delightful, and that there never could have existed such a woman in real life. The man is torn between the desire to reveal all and the terror lest that smiling and sweet friendliness, that delicious intercourse, might be prematurely broken off by such a daring disclosure. He assures her that his friend, the author of the book, did in reality meet the heroine afterwards, and that she not only came up to, but exceeded his expectations. Then she innocently urges that it was his duty to tell her how the thought of her had inspired him. But her interest in the whole thing is so evidently unconscious and impersonal that he hesitates in an agony of indecision.

It is a master-hand. Mr. Harland lives in the memory as the whilom editor of the "Yellow Book," but there is no flavour of Yellow Book in this entrancing little idyll.

The old Cardinal Udeschini is a simply and perfectly lovable being. Peter joins the Church of Rome for no better reason than that at least one of her cardinals is a saint. After all, what more natural? The influence of a pure life cannot be exaggerated; it is the most convincing of all argu-

* By Henry Harland. John Lane.

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