

she might naturally have interwoven with her reminiscences in the light of present events.

She began Court life at an early age, and started her career by mistaking the announcement of her appointment as governess to the Potsdam princes (which she had not sought) for a hoax, and in consequence did not reply till the Mistress of the Robes had written to enquire the reason of this unprecedented attitude.

Her impression of the Crown Prince was a favourable one. "He is my favourite in my heart. He is good looking, terribly excitable and sensitive, and though he does not give one the idea of thinking much of himself, yet with his brothers he is quite conscious of his rights. He is too fond of his own possessions, very affectionate, and essentially a gentleman at heart. So runs my diary; but if I shut my eyes and recall quite honestly scenes in that schoolroom I see him now, possibly in the light of recent events, as a disturber of the peace."

The young princes were trained in the habit of strict obedience and made it a point of honour to obey lawful commands. Some of the penalties of being a prince were the unsuitable gifts that were sent to them. It was truly hard for the young Crown Prince to sit down and write a long grateful letter in a foreign tongue for a huge volume of Ball's "Astronomy." "I inwardly sympathised with him when he said, 'Let's burn the beastly thing and forget all about it.'"

Miss Howard tells an incident of how she, being very short-sighted, gave an abrupt return to the salutation of an officer who rode up to her carriage. On her return home she was informed that it was the Kaiser who had addressed her. He was furious and said she had publicly insulted him. "I at once wrote a humble apology and no more notice was taken of the incident, except a command to carry lorgnettes on all State occasions. This was a great concession, as it was contrary to etiquette to look at Royalty through any kind of glass."

Most interesting are the descriptions given of State functions and the part the writer played in them. On one occasion her carriage got in front of Their Majesties'; the crowd thought it was the Imperial carriage and "cheered us all the way back to the Schloss. It was really very embarrassing."

Dress was a very great anxiety as her pocket was limited, and the jewellery was a still greater problem. On one occasion an officer enquired if the string of Venetian pearls she wore was an heirloom, and she was obliged to confess that it was not. Later she received an order for some function that pearls were to be worn, and only real stones allowed.

A vivid picture is given of the Christmas festivities so dear to the German heart, and makes one pause to consider the folly and madness which has so ruthlessly destroyed so much innocent content and gaiety.

The weeks previous to the festival were employed in making and distributing gifts to the

sick and poor. Christmas Eve was the festival of the home.

The little Princes were tremendously excited, for the long-expected moment dreamed of for so many weeks had come at last.

"Shall I ever forget that wondrous scene? Along the whole length of the hall was an imposing array of Christmas trees—ten in number." The largest one for the Emperor, and so on, diminishing in size till it reached that belonging to the little Princess.

Lit by a thousand candles glittering with hoarfrost. An angel with outspread wings surmounted each.

Miss Howard remarks: "I have been living so much in the past while writing this description that I awake to the present with a rude shock.

Can I picture their Christmas of 1916?

The trains which of old carried heavy freights of Christmas gifts are now laden with heavier and sadder burdens."

It has been a difficult task to select passages of interest from these pages, for every page contains so much that is fascinating. We should advise our readers to procure the volume for themselves. We feel sure that the uppermost feeling in every mind will be "The pity of it."

H. H.

FLOWER OF YOUTH.

Lest Heaven be thronged with greybeards hoary,

God, who made boys for His delight,
Stoops, in a day of grief and glory,

And calls them in, in from the night.
When they come trooping from the war
Our skies have many a new gold star.

Heaven's thronged with gay and careless faces,

New-waked from dreams of dreadful things.
They walk in green and pleasant places.

And by the crystal water-springs
Who dreamt of dying and the slain,
And the fierce thirst and the strong pain.

Dear boys! They shall be young for ever:

The Son of God was once a boy.

They run and leap by a clear river—

And of their youth they have great joy.
God, Who made boys so clean and good,
Smiles with the eyes of Fatherhood.

Now Heaven is by the young invaded;

Their laughter's in the House of God.

Stainless and simple as He made it

God keeps the heart o' the boy unflawed.
The old wise Saints look on and smile,
They are so young and without guile.

Oh, if the sonless mothers weeping,

And widowed girls, could see inside

The glory that hath them in keeping

Who went to the Great War and died,
They would rise and put their mourning off,
And say: "Thank God, he has enough!"

—Katharine Tynan.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)