

"THE QUEEN'S GIFT."

By Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

Where English daisies blossom
And English robins sing,
Where all the land was fragrant
Beneath the feet of Spring,
Two little sisters wandered
Together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway,
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.

'Twas not a childish sorrow
That filled their eyes with tears,
Their little hearts were burdened
With grief beyond their years.

The bright-eyed daisies blossomed
In valley and in glen;
The robins sang their sweetest—
Spring smiled—but not for them

Beneath the trees of Whitehall,
Within their shadow brown;
From the royal palace
The Queen came walking down.

She saw the children standing
Together, side by side,
And, gazing down with pity,
She asked them why they cried.

"Dear lady," said the eldest,
"My little sister Bess
And I have come together
A hundred miles, I guess.

"Sometimes the roads were dusty,
And sometimes they were green,
We're very tired and hungry—
We want to see the Queen.

"For mother's sick, dear lady,
She cries 'most all the day;
We hear her telling Jesus
When she thinks we're at play.

"She tells him all about it—
How, when King James was
King,
We were so rich and happy,
And had 'most everything.

"We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames;
But father went to battle
Because he loved King James.

"And then things were so differ-
ent—
I cannot tell you how.
We haven't any father,
Nor any nice things now.

"Last night our mother told us
They'd take our home away,
And leave us without any
Because she couldn't pay.

"So then we came together,
Right through the meadow
green,
And prayed for God to help us,
And take us to the Queen.

"Because mamma once told us
That many years ago
The Queen was James's little girl,
And, lady, if 'twas so—

"I know she'd let us keep it—
Our home beside the Thames;
Nor we have come to ask her,
And father loved King James.

"And if we have to leave it,
I'm sure mamma would die,
For there's no place to go to—
No place but in the sky."

Here the simple story finished,
She gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady
With tear drops in her eyes.

And when the English robins
Had sought each downy nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies,
Dew-damp, had gone to rest,

A carriage, such as never
Had passed that way before,
Set down two little children
Beside the widow's door.

They brought the weeping mother
A package from the Queen—
Her royal seal was on it,
And folded in between

A slip of paper, saying:
"The daughter of King James
Gives to these little children
Their home beside the Thames."

THE EDITOR'S BRIEF
NOTES FOR JULY

July 4—We are glad we have come to our senses in trying to avoid fires and loss of life on this holiday. All workers need a quiet rest day and now here it is, a real present without noisy racket and rumpus and the fire alarm. As for cannon, we don't like to hear them at any time. We like bells and the flags floating over the town, never too many.

It is a pity we have no peal of bells in Honolulu, no chimes. The Catholic church is rich enough for a good peal, so is Central Union, and also St. Andrew's, likely the Methodist.

How delightful to hear hymns and the National anthems on the

bells! At twilight, for instance. The Germans could have a chime, why not?

Oh, let us do without something else if needs must, and have a beautiful chime in Honolulu; at least, one. "When last I heard that soothing chime."

"That editor is a good hand to spend money for us."

What's money for, my friend? It would be nice to be able to say: "I made music to float over the city from the church of my choice."

Sunday morning and evening, those bells peal forth of God and Heaven and man must listen to the sermon they preach.

July 5—Engineer Gere says there will be several thousand spent on school-houses, repairing, during the vacation.

Judge Perry does not think it at all beneath his dignity to attend to smallest matters, and put himself out to look after them that no one else shall have to wait. It is a trait of superior minds to attend often to the odds and ends—the almost insignificant things of life, when bunched, may signify much.

Strange paradox.

Prof. Alexander has done a giant's work in this Territory, as we all know, and in doing it all has not aged too fast—th esplendid mind has kept the body young and vigorous and alert.

We are glad to note the Golden Wedding of Prof. and Mrs. Alexander and may God bless them all, bless us all, relatives and friends.

July 7—We saw Mrs. Foster this morning; she said she had been the other side of Oahu and that all was beautiful and she looked very well and happy to be in Honolulu again. We like to meet the lady, for her face is kind and friendly to all the world.

A friend gave us a lot of rarest pansies; some were coal black, others snow white—wonderful pansies they were in beauty and oddity.

Oh, yes, as Dr. Jordan says, there must be ever Sobriety and Peace in order to advance in civilization. And, every community, yea every man and woman, must be willing to contribute his and her quota of the goods. And every true Christian will and does.

Without temperance and sobriety in all things, there can be