

*April Lyrics.*

Of bees and sunshine what a tale  
Told in a moment's flowering!

How swift the flames of gold and blue  
Up from the glowing logs aspire!  
There yellowbird and bluebird flew,  
And oriole, each with wings of fire.

Now in the hearth-light — or the trees —  
Stirs something they and I have heard:  
Ah, is it not the summer breeze,  
Come back to us with sun and bird?

Poor summers, born again — to die!  
Quickly as they have come, they go.  
See, where the ashes smouldering lie,  
The orchard floor is white with snow.

*M. A. De Wolfe How*

## APRIL LYRICS.

## AN APRIL SUN-PICTURE.

With liquid pace, less heard than seen,  
The water glides along;  
The woods are all a mist of green,  
The air a sea of song.

Big clouds, in dazzling whiteness clad,  
Sail bravely through the blue,  
And all young things on earth are glad,  
And all old tales are true.

*Henry Johnstone*

## APRIL'S RETURN.

A FLUSH is on the woodland,  
A song is in the hedge,  
The meadow wan is fair again,  
For April keeps her pledge.

A thrill with every heartbeat,  
A rapture touched with sighs,  
New lustre on the soul of Life,  
Tears in my happy eyes.

*Grace Richardson.*

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is one remarkable quality of her late lamented Majesty Queen Victoria to which no one of her many eulogists appears to me to have done full justice. I refer to her practical sagacity in all civic matters, — her firm grasp of administrative detail, and her broad and often very luminous view of international relations. The London correspondent of the New York Nation called attention, in fitting terms, after her death, to the moral force of her example in loyally accepting, and assisting to define, the comparatively humble position of the sovereign under that new development of the British Constitution which began with the passage of the first Reform Bill, in 1832. He had little to say, on the other hand, of her own rare political intelligence, and the acknowledged worth of the advice, at perplexing crises, of her whom we shall long continue to call *the Queen*. Yet ever since the far-off days when the girlish Victoria sat, figuratively, at the feet of that invaluable first tutor of hers, Lord Melbourne, every great minister whom the duties of his office brought into intimate relations with her has testified not only to her clear understanding of a constitutional ruler's business, but to her strong common sense in all matters appertaining to *la haute politique*. Nor was hers, by any means, the mere flashing intuition, the curious felicity in *guessing*, which often enables a brilliant woman to hit the truth in matters of which she knows very little. Queen Victoria was not, in any sense of the word, a brilliant woman; and she was intensely, and, if it be not treason to say it of so plain and candid a nature, almost ostentatiously, a womanly one. But she showed what a single purpose, a high sense of the responsibilities of her place, and the unflinching endurance

of drudgery could do, by way of fitting even a moderately endowed woman to grapple vigorously with what are usually considered, in a very special sense, the affairs of men. She was, of course, trained from infancy, and most wisely trained, for her commanding position; but she never could have acquitted herself in it as bravely and successfully as she did for more than sixty years, if she had not early learned, in the discharge of her duties as the titular head of a strictly limited monarchy, to "scorn delights," deprecate all empty pageantry, and literally to "live laborious days."

Now, it must, I think, be due in no small degree to the example of her late Majesty that the average Englishwoman of good birth and education has so healthful an interest in English politics, and so thorough an acquaintance both with public events and issues, and the character and record of public men. No one who has seen much of the women of England's ruling class (I do not refer to the conspicuously fashionable, though it is true also of some of them) will dispute the fact; and it is quite as true of the many who do not desire, and might even disdain any participation in public affairs, beyond the display of colors and the distribution of smiles at a parliamentary election, as of the few who already sit on boards and address assemblies. They are brought up to regard national government as a science, and the one, of all others, which most concerns themselves and the men with whom they are identified; and they are just as well grounded in its first principles as in the four primary rules of arithmetic. Your average educated Englishwoman can therefore converse upon the questions of the hour, with a great statesman, should he chance to sit next her at dinner, without either feeling or