



WHY am I glad? You ask me why.
 It is not that above the snow
 The crocus and the snowdrops grow.
 Or that on yonder hedge, hard by,
 The leaves are opening every one,
 To tell me wintry days are gone,
 And summer drawing nigh.

Why am I glad? You ask me why.
 It is not that the birds are gay,
 And that upon the birch-tree's spray
 They chirp and twitter merrily;
 Nor that the children, as they pass,
 Have found some daisies in the grass,
 For summer's drawing nigh.

Why am I glad? I'll tell you why.
 A letter came to me to-day,
 From one whose name I will not say;
 You cannot guess it if you try.
 A letter—oh! so kind and dear,
 With words meant only for my ear,
 And secrets sweet and shy.

So now you know the reason why.
 My love has sent a valentine;
 The brightness of new hope is mine,
 My heart is filled with joy!
 I little thought a year ago,
 When parting words were said in woe,
 Such sweetness could be nigh!

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.



THE Empress of Japan belongs to the noble family of Nijo, her personal name being Haruko, so that her full name is Nijo Haruko. The Japanese write the family or surname first, and the personal name, which we call the Christian name, second; an

order which we ourselves find it convenient to adopt in lists, official mentions, and other cases.

The Japanese seldom or never speak of their empress by her name; they use instead the title Kogo, or Kogo Sama. Kogo means "royal wife," or "princess consort." Sama is an honorific suffix, added also to the names

of gods. Shortened to San, it performs the functions among the Japanese of our Mr. and Mrs., but always follows the name of the person addressed or mentioned.

After their death the sovereigns of Japan are deified and receive a new name, by which they are known in history, to which is added, in the case of a male sovereign, the suffix Tenno, and that of Kogo in the case of a female sovereign. One of the most celebrated of the Japanese rulers was the Empress Jingo Kogo, who reigned in the third century, and signalled her rule by the conquest of Corea.

The present Empress of Japan seldom appears on public occasions or ceremonies, but she has the reputation of being well-educated, and wise and kind. She shows her interest in the welfare and advancement of her subjects by her patronage of the Normal School for Girls in Tokio, the capital of Japan, formerly called Yedo. In the summer of 1879 she visited the school in person, in order to be present at the annual ceremony of giving certificates to the most successful students, when the girls perform various exercises, and reports of their progress and of the efficiency of the

school are given. The education includes such subjects as chemistry, algebra, geometry, calisthenics, and European music, besides the more ordinary branches of reading, writing, geography, history, &c. The pupils are intended to become teachers in the schools now widely scattered over the country.

On New Year's Day the empress joins the emperor in holding a state reception of the foreigners occupying the higher posts in the various government departments for Education, the Navy, War, the Home and Foreign Offices, &c. Her example has been followed by the wife of the prime minister, Sanjo Saneyoshi, who, in 1879, joined her husband in issuing invitations to a large number of, Japanese and foreign, ladies and gentlemen to meet the Duke of Genoa at a *conversazione* in the fine hall of the Imperial Engineering College in Tokio, and was herself present to receive the company.

These are signs that the Oriental seclusion of Japanese ladies of rank is giving way to the influence of contact with European society.

C. J. T.

DAISY AND BUTTERCUP.

By the Author of "I Promised Father."

CHAPTER II.

NEXT day was Saturday, always a busy day at the doctor's house, where there were seven in family, and only two young and not very competent handmaidens to assist. It was a holiday from lessons for Katy, who was accustomed to make herself useful in the house in a hundred ways.

She helped to get her two older brothers off to school, finding their lesson books for them and wrapping up their luncheon to be eaten in recess; she helped to make the beds, dusted the drawing-room, nursed and amused baby Harold, and then, with apron and gloves on, she began to clean the silver. She had been too busy all morning to think much of Stella and her feelings of yesterday; but as she rubbed away at the spoons she found her thoughts flying once more to the hall, and as she began mentally to review all she had done the day before, all she had seen, and all she had listened to, the old discontented envious feelings began to reassert themselves.

"I won't!" she cried vigorously; "I won't give way to them. It's shameful and it's wicked! I will be content. I'll be a buttercup, and be glad to be one too!"

And to drive away unwelcome thoughts she began to sing a merry Scotch air, rubbing away vigorously meanwhile.

The silver cleaned and put away in its place, Katy's next duty was to take her mother's, market basket and set off to the village to make some purchases which were needed for the house. It was a glorious July afternoon, with the sun shining hot and bright, and Katy tripped lightly along, swinging her empty basket as she went.

She came back rather more soberly, for the basket was heavy; it was an up-hill walk from the village shop, and the sun beat rather too warmly upon her back.

Half way home she encountered Stella Branscombe mounted upon her new horse, a slim-legged, high-bred animal, with a black coat that shone like satin.

Stella drew rein when she met Katy, with a merry exclamation, "Is that you, Katy? Who would have thought of meeting you walking out on such a hot afternoon and carrying such a big basket!"

Katy flushed with annoyance at the rude little speech, and felt suddenly ashamed of her errand and the market basket. But Stella never noticed the effect of her careless words, and proceeded, "Look at Duke, Katy; you can see him to more advantage now than you could when he was in his stable. Is not he

shoulder and trotted away — a slim, girlish figure in her perfectly fitting blue habit, "chimney-pot" hat, snowy gloves, and tight coil of yellow hair.

Katy proceeded on her homeward way, but the basket seemed to have grown unaccountably heavier, the sun was unbearably hot, she was, oh! so tired, and it did feel so hard that she should have to go on errands like a servant and carry heavy baskets, while Stella had nothing in the world to do but amuse herself with riding a lovely horse in a beautiful riding-habit with a servant to attend her. It was all very well for mother to talk about daisies and buttercups, and each one filling its own place, but she had forgotten what it was like to be a girl and to want a hundred things she could not get.

It was a gloomy little face that Katy brought home with her that afternoon, but Mrs. Marston, who met her at the door, was too busy to take very particular notice. She relieved her of the heavy basket, saying as she did so, "You look tired, love; I am afraid you found it very hot walking up the hill. But run away and change your dress; the boys have come in and so has father, and tea will be ready in ten minutes. You will feel refreshed when you have had it, so don't be late."

So Katy had only time to run away to her little room and change her rather crushed and soiled cotton dress for a smooth clean muslin, and then trip downstairs again as the bell rang for tea, and found no further time for brooding over her troubles. Then they were such a merry party round the table that she

could not have indulged her discontent if she had chosen; and, indeed, very soon Katy was the gayest of all.

Saturday evening was always made a sort of little family festival at Dr. Marston's. The boys were home from school with no lessons to do; the doctor always made a special effort to be at home in time for the social meal, while Mrs. Marston and Katy made a point of working particularly hard on Saturday that they might feel more at leisure for the evening.

But on this Saturday the boys hurried over their meal rather more than they were accustomed to, for Harry had had a present of a



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a beauty? I am so proud of him, and he has got to know me already. Simpson," motioning towards the groom, who was riding at a respectful distance behind his little mistress, "wants to keep by my side. As if I would allow such a thing. It would be a very poor compliment to my horsemanship. I'm not an atom nervous, and don't see why I should be. I've ridden ever since I could sit upright. But I won't keep you now; I see you are in a hurry to get home with your precious basket, and I'm going for a long ride round by Warne's Wood. It will be deliciously cool coming back in the evening." And, waving an adieu to Katy, Stella touched her horse lightly on the