

already fringed with seaweed. I could see him and Flurry carrying the big jelly-fishes, and floating them carefully. They had left their spades and buckets at home, out of respect for the sacredness of the day; but neither Flurry's clean white frock nor Dot's new suit hindered them from scooping out the sand with their hands, and making rough and ready ramparts to keep in their prey.

Mr. Lucas used to lie on the beach with his straw hat over his eyes, and watch their play, and pet Flossy. When he was tired of inaction he used to call to the children, and walk slowly and thoughtfully on. Flurry used to run after him.

"Oh, do wait for Dot, father," she would plead; nothing would induce her to leave her infirm and halting little play-fellow. One day when Mr. Lucas was impatient of his slow progress, I saw him shoulder him, crutches and all, and march off with him, Dot clapping his hands and shouting with delight. That was the only time I followed them, but I was so afraid Dot was a hindrance, and wanted to capture him, I walked quite a mile before I met them coming back.

Mr. Lucas was still carrying Dot, Flurry was trotting beside him, and pretending to use Dot's crutches.

"We have been ever so far, Essie," screamed Dot when he caught sight of me. "We have seen lots of seagulls, and a great cave where the smugglers used to hide."

"Oh, Dot, you must not let Mr. Lucas carry you," I said, holding out my arms to relieve him of his burden. "You must stay with me, and I will tell you a story."

"He is happier up here, aren't you, Frankie boy?" returned Mr. Lucas, cheerfully.

"Oh, but he will tire you," I faltered.

"Tire me, this little bundle of bones!" peeping at Dot over his shoulder; "why, I could walk miles with him. Don't trouble yourself about him, Miss Esther. We understand each other perfectly."

And then he left me, walking with long, easy strides over the uneven ground, with Flurry running to keep up with him.

They used to go on the downs after tea, and sit on the little green beach, while Miss Ruth and I went to church.

Miss Ruth never would use her pony carriage on Sunday. A boy used to draw her in a wheel chair. She never stayed at home unless she was compelled to do so. I never knew anyone enjoy the service more, or enter more fully into it.

No matter how out of tune the singing might be, she always joined in it with a fervour that quite surprised me. "Depend upon it, Esther," she used to say, "it is not the quality of our singing that matters, but how much our heart joins with the choir. Perfect praise and perfect music cannot be expected here; but I like to think old Betty's cracked voice, when she joins in the hymns, is as sweet to angels' ears as our younger notes."

The children always waited up for us on Sunday evening, and afterwards

Miss Ruth would sing with them; sometimes Mr. Lucas would walk up and down the gravel paths listening to them, but oftener I could catch the red light of his cigar from the cliff seat.

I wonder what sad thoughts came to him as the voices floated out to him, mixed up with the low ripple of waves on the sand.

"Where loyal hearts and true"—they were singing that, I remember; Flurry in her childish treble. And Flurry's mother, lying in her quiet grave—did the mother in paradise, I wonder, look down from her starry place on her little daughter singing her baby hymn, and on that lonely man, listening from the cliff seat in the darkness?

(To be continued.)

## KINGLY NICKNAMES.



FROM the days when a king first reigned over men, the subjects of a monarch have been fond of attaching to his title some epithet descriptive of his appearance, disposition, or habits, complimentary, or, occasionally, the reverse. Our English royal saints are few—but two—or, to speak more accurately, one and a-half, grace all the long list of our royalty—Edmund, King of the East Angles, who died for the faith at the hands of the Norsemen; and Edward the Confessor, who ranks a grade below saintship, and has had a large amount of veneration bestowed on his memory. To this day Romanists flock around his tomb in the Abbey on his special festival, and invoke his aid. A noble epithet was that of "Truth-teller," bestowed on Alfred the Great. Canute deserved his distinguishing adjective for skill in fight and council, though his physical stature belied it. The Unready and the Elder explain themselves, and the Martyr shares his title with Charles Stuart, "The White King." Emma, the Flower of Normandy, won two crowns by her beauty; the Conqueror and the Red King, Beauclerc and "the good" Queen Maud deserve their names; while Richard and John are well distinguished as Lionheart and Lackland. Eleanor the Faithful is well known as true wife and very woman, her story being one of the strands of our national history that is never dropped. We have many a "fair" queen—Isabel, whom a later age knows as "She-wolf of France"; Katherine, the Victor of Agincourt's "Sweet Kate"; Alix, the second spouse of Henry I., and Eleanor, the lovely Provençal Queen of Henry III. Elizabeth of York was another "good" lady; but Bluff King Hal was too gentle a name for the royal bluebeard, her son. Bloody Queen Mary would, perchance, never have won such a title had not fate sent her into the world three centuries too late; and "Good Queen Bess's" virtue is not dazzling when viewed close. Another English Elizabeth fairly won her sovereignty as "Queen of Hearts," though she lost her more substantial state in Bohemia. The Merry Monarch was the favourite gloss of a character that was very worthless, but lovable through all; and good Queen Anne demonstrates the power of genuine amiability, unbacked by any sort of mental

power. Farmer George is kindly thought of yet among his granddaughter's subjects; and we fear we have heard an irreverent generation describe his worthy consort as "Snuffy."

In France two royal saints claim notice—St. Louis, soul of chivalry, and the gentle Ste. Jeanne de Valois, the cruelly repudiated wife of the Father of his People, Louis XII. "So ill-favoured," says a preacher at her death, "that her husband cast her off; so well-favoured that she was the bride of Christ." Charlemagne, whom the Germans equally claim as Karl der Grosse, gains French veneration even in these days; but the Gallic mind usually found more scope in terms describing the personal peculiarities rather than the moral attributes of the sovereigns, as the Fat, the Bald, the Stammerer, and occasionally the not more flattering epithets of Peevish and Simple. Louis le Grand and Louis le Bien Aimé sadly belie their names; while Louis le Juste and Jean Sans Peur are more truly represented. The Victorieux little merited a title really belonging to the Shepherdess of Domremy; and the Lion was a very mild roaring specimen of his race. Louis le Désiré was not very ardently prized when he did return; and le roi bourgeois, "Napoleon de la Paix," in spite of the boasted attachment for his subjects, ended his days as an exile at Claremont.

In Germany the cognomens of Fowler and Redbeard testified to the habits and appearance of two of the Kaisers. Maximilian, "Ritter Theurdank," was known as the Last of the Knights; and Luther's protector, the far-seeing Elector, was fitly honoured as Friedrich der Weise.

In other countries and kingdoms the habit of ticketing their lords by some easily-recognisable title was widely practised. Norway boasted a Saint, a King Blue Tooth, and a Harold the Fair-Haired; Russia, an Ivan the Terrible, a Peter the Great, and an Elizabeth the Clement; Spain, a Pedro the Cruel, an Isabel the Catholic, and a Juana la Loca; Normandy had a Fearless Duke and a Good, also a ruler whom his subjects politely termed the Devil, and a luckless lord whose want of symmetry led to his sobriquet of Courthose; Florence had its Magnificent, and Holland its Silent Prince. In Scotland, our English Saint Margaret stands pre-eminent, with her husband of the Big Head, and James II. was known as Fiery Face, from a mark on his cheek. Their descendant, first King of Great Britain, rejoiced in the designation of British Solomon. Perhaps the prettiest sobriquet ever given was that bestowed on a certain Dorothea, princess of a small German State, who was known to her people as the Darling Dorel. Hardly less flattering is the title of Smile of Italy, given to la Margherita, though her husband can scarcely be equally pleased at being distinguished as the Frown—not so flattering a distinction as the Ré Galantuomo of his father.

Of all the many epithets bestowed on royal personages it may well be said that none is more thoroughly true of its object than that given by the Poet Laureate to that true gentleman, "his own ideal knight," Albert the Good. After years will link with his the name of his loyal wife, as Model Queen and high-hearted woman, blessed through all her sorrow with the great gift of loving—a blessing greater even than to be beloved.

