

TWO SHADES OF GOLD.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

SAW in a mirror old and worn,
Her face so pale and fair,
Her eyes of the deepest blue of
morn,
And her golden waving hair.

FROM dawn till dark she toiled all
day,
And all for her sick mother spent.
For food and rent and doctor to pay,
And she saved for herself not a
cent.

HE never in all her life was dressed
In silk or velvet or lace;
Never a jewel on hand or breast
Gave charm to form or face.

NE jewel gleamed in her heart alone,
With divinely radiant light,
Love's purest gold, that dazzling
shone
In sorrow's setting so bright.

HE denied herself comfort's last
crumb,
That her mother in peace might
die;
Her gold of heart admired by none.
But the angels watching on high.

SAW another maiden fair
Before a mirror grand,
With a case of jewels costly rare
Half-open in her hand.

ER fairy feet on velvet flowers,
Disconsolate she stood,
As if were fading with the hours
Each darling earthly good.

OME 'twas a pitiful sight,
Her sad and weary face,
With pearls and diamonds gleaming
bright
From her silk and velvet and lace.

WOULDN'T be seen in these," she
said;
"I will never, never wear
Two shades of gold in my graceful
head,
I dox't care how costly or rare."

ER scornful words I chanced to hear.
Yes—two shades of gold, I
thought—
The gold that waves in that maid-
en's ear,
And the richer gold of heart.

ROYAL PREFERENCES.

It is not a slight matter of curiosity to know with reference to our future sovereign and his consort, in what direction lie their respective predilections. It so happens that we have had shown to us a copy of a "preference book," filled up by certain royal and distinguished guests at Belvoir Castle, on the 7th of April, 1865, just eight years ago, in which are three pages, placing on record the then "likes and dislikes" of the Princess Mary of Cambridge, now Princess and Duchess of Teck, and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. Princess Mary, in her answers on the delicate questions upon which she submits to be catechised, shows a spice of the sentimental and romantic character which is curiously mixed up with the domestic and homely tastes that are so well known

to belong to her. Her favorite king, for instance, is Charles I., her favorite queen is Mary Queen of Scots, her hero is Wellington, her poet Byron, her artist Sir Joshua Reynolds, her author Charles Dickens; her favorite virtue is charity—the same, we hope, "which never faileth;" her favorite color is blue, one which always looks well on a fair and fresh-colored blonde. Of all dishes she likes "a French tart;" of all flowers a rose—quite a correct taste for one in whose veins runs the blood of both the white and the red rose of York and Lancaster. There is no name which she likes so well as "Mary"—a very fortunate thing for her, considering that it is the name by which she was baptized. Her favorite occupation is that of "reading aloud"—one which it is to be hoped that her husband will appreciate when he gets old and infirm and wants a reader; and no one will accuse her of any great tendency to dissipation when we tell our readers that she finds her favorite amusement in "driving her ponies." She likes no better motto than the right regal one "Dieu et mon droit;" and as to dislikes, she candidly owns that she has "none." How different in this respect from her cousin, the Princess Charlotte, whose two special objects of aversion were "boiled mutton and her grandmamma." With her happy disposition and domestic tastes, it is not to be wondered at that Princess Mary of Teck finds "home" her favorite locality; and that, in spite of her fancy for driving her "ponies," the very first of all her "ambitions" is neither to be thought fast nor to be fast, in any sense of the term. Quite as pure, simple, and natural is the "preference paper" filled up by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. Her favorite king is the noble and chivalrous Richard Cœur de Lion; her favorite queen, her own historic Dagmar. With Marlborough as her favorite hero, Shakspeare as her favorite poet, Rubens as her prince of artists, and Charles Dickens standing first among her most beloved authors, we are not surprised to find that charity is her favorite virtue. In colors she likes "true blue;" among flowers, the forget-me-not; among dishes, a "Yorkshire pudding!" As to names, she likes none so well as Edward—from which we may infer that her royal husband, when he comes to reign over this country will be, not Albert, but Edward VII. As to localities, she naturally prefers to all Great Britain, the home of her adoption; and of all mottoes she loves that of the Order of the Garter, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." The simplicity of her tastes may be gathered from the fact that her favorite occupations and amusements are playing the piano and riding; her chief dislike is slander; and her highest ambition is "non-interference in other persons' business." We own that in these answers we discern the very best guarantee of the future popularity of the Princess Alexandra of Wales, whenever it may become her duty to sit on the throne of Great Britain and Ireland as Queen Consort. And lastly, as to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It is but natural that he should feel a deeper attachment to his mother's friend, the late King (Leopold) of the Belgians, than to any other sovereign, dead or alive. His favorite queen is Mary Queen of Scots; Nelson, Byron, Raphael, and Macaulay are his favorite hero, poet, painter, and author; his favorite virtue is honesty; his favorite color is "I Zingari" (whatever that may be). Among flowers he likes none so well as the rose; among names none so well

as Louise, though we should have fancied Alexandra more to his taste. If his favorite occupation be, as he says, the "improvement of his mind," we have here a happy augury for the future, not only of himself, but of this country too; and while his favorite amusement continues to be hunting, we may be quite sure that field sports will continue to hold their own in these islands, and will long be popular with English gentlemen. We are not surprised to find that the motto of his choice is that which he bears as Prince of Wales, "Ich dien," that is, "I serve"—a proof that he considers that he must live for others and for his future subjects, not for himself alone. We cordially echo back his opinion that the chief object of dislike to an Englishman should be cowardice and avarice, and his highest ambition that of "attaining fame without seeking it." But we must add one little word of wonder at the strange selection which his Royal Highness makes of his favorite locality; for what will our readers say when we tell them that it is not England, nor Scotland, nor Denmark, but the Sandwich Isles? Well "there is no accounting for tastes," we suppose; and that is all that can be said on the subject.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

THE children sung a song this Christ-
mas morn,
Mellow and clear, outside my cham-
ber door,
Waking me softly from my pleasant
dreaming
Of unforgotten Christmas days of
yore.

WEETLY they sung, my neighbor's
happy children,—
Two merry girls and one glad-
hearted boy,
Repeating oft their song's rejoicing
burden,—
"On Christmas morn the angels
sing for joy!"

WEETLY they sung; but ah! their
cheerful voices
Broke up my soul's deep founts of
hidden woe;
And pressing down my face against
the pillow,
I let the bitter torrent overflow.

MISSING the little child that warbled
softly
Two years ago to-day a song like
this,
And when the joyful melody was
ended,
Held up her sweet mouth for a
Christmas kiss,

SEE her little figure standing tip-
toe,
To hang her dainty stocking on the
wall:—
O sinless heart! O perfect faith of
childhood,
Believing everything and trusting
all!

PEACE, aching heart! O let me trust
entirely,
With faith and strength that noth-
ing can destroy,
That my sweet baby is among the
angels,
Who, on this Christmas morning,
sing for joy!

Diamonds of Thought.

LITTLE THINGS.—As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character.

GREAT POWERS and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessors so much as they impose duties.

FLOWER AND FRUIT.—It is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

KNOWING AND THINKING.—We must not speak all that we know (says Montaigne), that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery.

HURRY AND DESPATCH.—No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one.

ONE'S FRIEND.—Money can buy many things, good and evil. All the wealth of the world could not buy you a friend, nor pay you for the loss of one.

RICHES AND SUICIDE.—It is he who was born rich, not he who has made himself rich, that oftentimes commits suicide; on the other hand, it is not the poor man, but he who has become poor, that kills himself.

NOT ENOUGH.—How many toil on, disquiet, and harass themselves, as if desperately struggling against poverty, at the same time that they are surrounded with abundance; have not only enough, but more than enough—far more, in fact, than they actually enjoy.

Our Spice Box.

WHY is a dressing-gown the most lasting garment in a gentleman's wardrobe? Because he never wears it "out."

NEW NAME.—Crunsty says that the list of marriages in the newspapers ought to be put under the head of "Ring Frauds."

WHY is coal the most contradictory article known to commerce? Because when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, it goes to the cellar.

THE CAUSE.—"I wonder what causes my eyes to be so weak?" said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," replied the latter.

JOSH BILLINGS gives the following advice to young men: "Don't be discouraged if your mustach don't grow; it sometimes happens where a mustach duz the best, nothing else duz so well."

WATER-CURE.—The following hit at the water-cure was made by Charles Lamb, and none but himself could have made so quaint a conceit. "It is," said he, "neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the deluge, which, in my opinion, killed more than it cured."

CIVILIZED CANNIBALS.—"Why do they call the people that live in some of the South Sea Islands cannibals?" asked an old man of a sailor. "Because they live on other people," answered the sailor. "Then," said the old man, pensively, "my sons-in-law must be cannibals, for they live on me."