

THE MAIDS OF HONOR TO MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THEY were allowed one gallon of wine, among them all, two rolls of bread each, and the same diet as their royal mistress, which on flesh days consisted of four sorts of soup, and four *entrées*, a piece of boiled beef, boiled loin of mutton, and a boiled capon. The second course was of roast meats, one joint of mutton, one capon, three pullets or pigeons, three leverets or rabbits, and two pieces of bacon. No sweet dishes are enumerated. The dessert consisted of seven dishes of fruit and preserves, and one dish of chiccory paste.

Supper, which was served at four o'clock in the afternoon, was a repetition of the same viands as at dinner—good, plain, substantial fare, with nothing fanciful. Neither tea, coffee, nor chocolate was known in the sixteenth century; milk, whey, and *eau sucrée* were the light beverages which supplied the place of those luxuries with Mary Stuart and her maids of honor. Each of these ladies had a manservant and a maid. The men dined with an officer called the Usher of the Ladies and the *passementier*, an ingenious needleman who worked the borders of dresses and beds, and designed patterns.

Their maids dined at a separate table with the wife of one of the queen's butlers, and one of her female drolls, or fools, called *La Jardinière*. There were several of these in Queen Mary's establishment, who were dressed in the royal livery—scarlet and yellow. Mary Fleming and her three associate Maries were allowed half a pound of candles between them every night, from the 1st of November till the last of March, and, besides this, a *bougie* of yellow wax, weighing an ounce, each.

Their salaries on their return to Scotland were 200 livres de Tournois, which would be about the rate of twenty pounds a year; but then they were clothed at the queen's expense, and that very sumptuously. On the anniversary of the death of Francis II. of France, the lamented consort of their royal mistress, black velvet was delivered from her wardrobe stores to each of the four Maries for their second mourning; also black cloth for their riding-cloaks and hoods when the court was going on a progress into the country; and there were tailors in the royal household who made their dresses—no greater impropriety than the employment of male habit-makers in modern times. They had received much higher salaries when Mary was Queen Consort of France, but con-

siderable reductions were necessarily made in the wages of both her Scotch and French ladies on her return to Scotland, where the strictest economy was practised in the queen's household, in order not to exceed her reduced income.

THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Pearl the Fifth.—May.

O SWEETEST month of all the year!
All nature with a welcome waits
To greet you as you pass the gates
That open to this mundane sphere.

Thy sister April, coy and chill,
(Like a chaste virgin, love forsorn,
Scarce yielded daisies for the lawn,
Or a green mantle for the hill.

But thou! whose genial bosom glows
With all a lover's ardor—thou!
With radiance streaming from thy brow;
With cheeks the color of the rose—

With steps whose touch to bloom gives birth;
With lips whose breath yields odors rare—
Thou comest, bidding all to share
The glories born to mother Earth.

All day the birds thy praises sing;
All day the roses yield perfume;
And even night discards her gown
To fold thee 'neath her starry wing.

The farmer at his daily task,
The merchant at his ledger leaves,
The schoolboy binding wisdom's sheaves,
Children, who in thy sunshine bask,

Bless thee in various word and way,
And feel the impulse of thy spell,
While even old age loves to dwell
Upon the memories of May.

Hope—the bright Phosphor of youth's sky—
Points forward unto coming Mays,
Within whose wealth of winning ways
The endless charms of pleasure lie.

While Memory, whose horizon
Holds Hesper—star of life's decline—
To old age teaches, line by line,
The lessons she from Time hath won.

O sweetest month of all the year!
Of lightness, brightness, bliss, and bloom,
Of song, of sunshine, of perfume,
Of all that human hearts hold dear—

All hail! and may thy blessings stay
About our daily paths, to yield
The treasures of a harvest-field
White with the memories of May!

VANITY is the fruit of ignorance, which thrives best in subterranean places, where the air of heaven and the light of the sun cannot reach it.