

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands.")

CHAPTER V.—(Continued)

In the autumn of 1878, the Grand Duchess came with her husband and children to visit her royal mother, and afterwards to stay by the seaside at Eastbourne. There she left a shining track behind her. Ever desirous to learn more and better the way to do good, she would accompany the clergyman in his visits to the poor and with the humility of a little child, this gifted Princess brought her young daughter to the Sunday school, and sitting beside the children, asked the lady who was giving the Gospel lesson to allow them to be amongst the learners.

Soon after the return of this happy family to the Palace at Hesse-Darmstadt, the young Princess Victoria was attacked with diphtheria. The infection spread through the family with terrific rapidity, until only the Grand Duchess and one of her daughters remained untouched by it. Our Princess Alice was a ministering angel to her husband and children, nursing them with the greatest devotion. And even when the lovely eyes of her youngest born closed in death, the bereaved mother, stifling the anguish of her heart, kept faithful watch by the precious survivors.

But just at the moment that those devoted efforts had been crowned with success, the thunderbolt fell which smote the centre of all joy in that home.

With admirable self-restraint, the Princess had, by the urgent advice of the physicians, refrained from embracing the beloved sufferers; but when it became her lot to break to her son the death of the little sister to whom he was tenderly attached, "and the boy, overcome with misery, threw himself upon her bosom, the mother clasped him in her arms, and thus received the kiss of death."*

At the first alarm, the Queen sent off her own physician, Sir William Jenner, to do all that human skill could suggest to save the life of the daughter who was at once her child, her comforter, and her friend. But all was of no avail, for on the 14th of December—the death-day of her father, so nearly the death-day of her brother—the summons came for the Princess Alice to leave sorrow and death behind her for ever and to enter into the presence of the King Eternal.

The sadly true saying that "living is out-living" has often been the experience of our beloved Queen, as one after another of her tried and trusted friends and counsellors have been called away from the battle of life. Amongst these were Lady Augusta Stanley, and her husband the highly gifted Dean of Westminster, who had been chosen by the Queen to accompany the Prince of Wales during his tour in the Holy Land, and to whom she had also given many other proofs of her confidence. Fresh

* Speech of the Premier, in announcing the event to the House of Lords.

blanks were made by the deaths of the brilliant and generous-minded Charles Kingsley, one of Her Majesty's chaplains, whose name remains a household word; the Dean of Windsor, Gerald Wellesley, whose office it was to read family prayers daily at Windsor Castle, and whose loss was sorely felt by the Royal Family; and of the beautiful Countess of Gainsborough, one of Her Majesty's most devoted Ladies-in-Waiting, whose consistent Christian life was one of the brightest ornaments of the Court. Statesmen, whose counsels had guided Her Majesty, have passed away. There were those who had attained to old age, like Viscount Palmerston, the genial and popular Premier, the firmness of whose foreign policy made England ever respected amongst the nations; and the Earl of Beaconsfield, with his far sighted sagacity and unswerving

health, and the child's mournful cry, "I want my mother; take me to my mother," when the news of his bereavement was broken to him, showed where his affections were centred, and how he depended for comfort on that mother's tender care and love. He attained to man's estate with a fair degree of health. His character and his talents in many respects resembled those of his illustrious father, and he had already endeared himself to the English people. The Duke of Albany's happy marriage with the Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont in the spring of 1882 was alas! only to be of short duration. Two years later, Prince Leopold, who had been ordered to the south of France for his health, died almost suddenly when just upon the eve of his return home. The Queen's grief for her son was only equalled by her tender sympathy for

foster-mother, became so bitter that in the spring of 1882 he was given a place as door-keeper in one of our chapels, 130 miles from Canton, receiving for his services \$2.50 a month. In the autumn of the same year he received a letter, from an elder of the Third Church, advising him not to return to Canton, as his foster mother and brothers had brought a charge against him of being unfilial, which in China is a very serious crime. Their object was to get him discharged from his position as a bannerman. Instead, however, of remaining away from Canton, he at once returned, saying that he would go himself and meet the charge. He found on arriving that all his property—one shop and three dwelling-houses—had been sold for \$1,400. He was brought before a military officer and ordered to light

three sticks of incense and place them before an idol. He was told that if he obeyed, the draft for \$1,400, lying on the table, would be restored to him; if he refused he would not only lose that, but also his monthly allowance of \$4.20 would be taken from him (at six percent representing a capital of \$840), and his betrothal, which had cost him \$300, would be null and void; forfeiting in all \$2,240 and his betrothal—that is, for a Chinaman, a comfortable and permanent livelihood. Sign and save, refuse and lose. He refused, and was cast out penniless. He entered the training school, and after three years of faithful study was appointed to preach. He is now doing a useful and encouraging work 300 miles from Canton, at Sam Kong, near Lien Chow.

Until near the close of last year this man's relatives refused to have anything to do with him, when, much to his delight, a great change took place. They became not only willing to welcome him home, but to hear him make known the gospel. It came about in this way; one of his brothers, at a tea-shop, had seen a member of the Third Church, also a bannerman, telling the people about Jesus. One of the company in anger struck him a blow in the face, telling him that he need not come there to preach to them. He smiled and went on with his discourse.

Ng-Hin-ki's brother was much surprised.

He knew the speaker was naturally high-tempered, was physically strong and was no coward. In fact he knew perfectly well that what prevented the bannerman from striking back was not fear, but principle.

This won his admiration for the man and respect, at least, for his message, and was the occasion of bringing about in his family the change of feeling mentioned above.—N. V. Noyes, in *The Church Abroad*

ONE GOOD THING about Mohammedanism—and who can deny that it presents some good features among heaps of rubbish?—is its fierce hostility to gambling. Dice, cards, betting, etc., are rigorously proscribed and considered so wicked that a gambler's testimony is invalid in a court of law. I have never known a Mussulman to be addicted to gambling; but, alas! how many a Christian I have known corrupted by this degrading vice!—*Indian Witness*.



PRINCESS ALICE, GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE-DARMSTADT.

devotion to the Throne; and there were others who have been cut off in the meridian of their day, like the astute and able Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel; and Earl Cairns, the great Lord Chancellor, of colossal intellect, and deep, practical Christianity; with others, no less loyal or distinguished, too numerous to be mentioned in this slight sketch.

But with a deeper pang, and a keener sorrow than even the loss of faithful friends, the royal mother's heart was about to be pierced again. Her youngest son, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, had from his childhood shown great delicacy of constitution. At the time of the Prince Consort's death, Prince Leopold was abroad for his

his young widow, called to pass through this crushing sorrow in the first bloom of her life.

(To be Continued.)

THE PERSECUTED BANNERMAN.

Ng-Hin-ki, a young man of more than usual ability and energy, joined the Third Presbyterian Church, Canton, in September, 1881. His foster-mother was bitterly enraged at him for so doing, and all his brothers were greatly displeased. They made strenuous efforts to prevent him from attending the church and from performing his religious duties, but without success. Their persecution, especially that of his