

Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

Rise Canadians, leal and loyal,
Sons of leal and loyal sires,
Also and grandly greet the Royal
Ruler of our hearts and lyres!

Herald her across the ocean,
Mid the universal glee,
Loving reverence and devotion
On her joyful Jubilee.

Greet her as the Queen of Britain,
As the Empress of the East,
She upon whose shields is written—
Power by virtue is increased.

Empress, whose dominions measure
More than Caesar could conceive,
And whose people at their pleasure
Wealth from wildernesses weave;

Whose renown as Queen and woman,
Wise, sagacious, good and great,
Rings and rolls wherever human
Songs or sighs reverberate

While she's held the mighty sceptre,
Ne'er by her to evil lent,
God, the King of kings, has kept her
People prosperous and content.

While she reigns no foe or faction
E'er can hope to shake her throne;
While she lives, in aim and action,
British hearts will be her own.

Who in history can match her?
Or to what high soul serene
Can historians attach her
Peerless record as a Queen?

As a woman, wife and mother—
All that renders home divine—
Who can point to such another
In an earthly royal line?

Call from gracious Heaven upon her
All that she may still require
To maintain the Empire's honour
Gainst revolt or foreign fire.

Nor let this be e'er forgotten,
Mid our charges and our cheers,
That the fields our fathers fought on—
Fought and won—in bygone years,

With their fame in song and story,
And the love which they allured,
Still are ours, with all the glory
And the greatness they secured.

This remembering, let Canadians,
English, Irish, Scotch and all,
Still united stand with radiance
Though the starry heavens should fall.

While Britannia's glorious banner
Floats supreme o'er soil and sea,
Proud Canada's, in like manner,
Shall forever flourish free.

Long may our loved Queen reign o'er us!
And with loyal hearts may we
Bravely face whate'er before us
Till the eternal Jubilee!

HAMILTON. —William Murray.

LITTLE TOMMY has a very perverse disposition—a fact which the doctor, who was called to prescribe a course of treatment for him, recently, seems to have taken fully into account. When the doctor called, two weeks after he had told Tommy what to do in order to get well, he found the boy plainly much better. "Well, how are you, Tommy?" the doctor asked. "O, I'm all cured, now," said Tommy, with a grin. "That's very good, I'm sure." "Yes; but I didn't do a single one of the things you told me to, doctor!" "Of course you didn't. I knew you wouldn't, and that's the reason I told you to do them," said the doctor.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

VIII.

It was a bright future that seemed to spread out before us when poor Dr. Spencer died. We had so many plans, Hugh and I, for getting at every cottage in the parish, and ministering to the sick and aged, and collecting the children to teach them, and inducing the men and women to come to church. I pictured the old church full of earnest, attentive faces, such as we had seen at Gwennap Pit, drinking in the "words of this life" from Hugh's lips, and "in their eagerness and affection ready to eat the preacher," as Mr. Wesley said.

And mother there too, and father, and by-and-bye Jack—all in the old pew Sunday after Sunday, receiving help and comfort from Hugh's words.

But I must not think of it now. It is a great blessing mother does not think so badly of the Methodists as she used, or it would have been a terrible sorrow to her to know that Hugh had lost the living because the patron had heard that he had "a dangerous leaning to the Methodists."

Cousin Evelyn is especially indignant because the clergyman appointed instead of Hugh is her great uncle, the Fellow of Brazenose, who has exchanged a living in the east of London for this. She says he is a mere dry scholar, and only looks on human beings in general as a necessary but very objectionable interruption to books.

Men and women, she says, begin to be interesting to him when they have been dead about one thousand years, and his sermons will probably be either elementary treatises on the impropriety and danger of stealing and resisting magistrates, or acute dissections of the controversies of the ante-Nicene centuries, which Betty will have to apply as best she can.

Hugh told me first of this appointment when we were alone. We had walked to our own dear old cave; and as we paced up and down there, Hugh told me of the change which makes all our future uncertain, and of his desire to go as an evangelist to America.

I have told Evelyn. She talks beautifully of the wonderful joy of teaching the truth that makes the heart free to the poor slaves in the West Indies, and of preaching the life-giving Gospel to the American colonists, who have never, perhaps, heard of it except as a faint echo of what their forefathers were taught. There are scarcely twenty clergymen, she says, in all the southern colonies, and many of those are men who have taken refuge there because their characters were too bad for them to remain in England any longer. And then, she says, there are the convicts working out their sentences beside the negroes in the plantations.

"How they must want the consolation of the truth," she said; "and what a glorious destiny to carry it to them!"

I have told mother Hugh's purpose to become a missionary, and she is not displeased. She says she has often wondered how it was that the kingdom of Christ has not seemed to spread for so many years; that it should be limited to one quarter of the world when all the rest are still lying in darkness. She even said that she would have thought it her greatest glory that a son of hers should have gone on such an errand to the out-casts, and wretched, and lost.

Cousin Evelyn has been urging much that we should all return with her to London. She says dear mother has a very delicate and suffering look, and she feels sure that some of the learned physicians Aunt Beauchamp knows could restore her to health, since there seems to be nothing dangerous the matter. Moreover, change of air, she says, works wonders, especially with a little troublesome, unconquerable cough, such as mother has.

Betty, on the other hand, is very much opposed to the move. She says it is a plain flying in the face of Providence. The Almighty, she says, knows what is the matter with Missis, and he can cure her if she is to be cured; and if not, all the journeys, from one end of the world to the other, will do nothing but wear out her strength the sooner. Least of all should she expect any good thing to come out of London, which she considers a very wicked place, where people dress in purple and scarlet, and fare sumptuously every day.

She knows, indeed, sure enough (this in answer to my humble remonstrances), that we are to "use the means;" but she will never believe that it is using the means to fly all over the country, like anything mazed, after the doctors. There is peppermint and horehound, and a sight more wholesome herbs, which the Almighty has set at our doors; and there's a doctor at Falmouth who has bled, leeches, and blistered all the folks for fifty years, and if the folks haven't all got better, there's some folks that never will get better, if you bled and blistered them forever. She says, also, that there is plenty against doctors in the Bible, and nothing for them that ever she saw. King Asa got no good by seeking after them; and the poor, foolish woman, in the Gospels, spent all her living on them, and was nothing better, but rather worse. She hopes it may not be the same with Missis; although if it were, she adds significantly, it is not Missis she should blame, poor, dear, easy soul!

Nevertheless, Evelyn has carried her point, and in a week we are to start.

To-day Hugh and I went to bid Widow Trellry good-bye. She was out; but we found Toby cowering over the fire in much the same hope-

less attitude as Evelyn and I had found his mother. He had been to the justices, he said, and given up the purse, but he was no better.

"Master Hugh," he said, in a hollow, dry voice, which made me think of the words, "All my moisture is turned into the drought of summer;" "Master Hugh! I do believe that poor hand that clutched the purse was dead! They say dead hands do clutch fast like that; but yet, I'd give the world to have that poor lad's body on the sands again, just to bring it up to the fire and chafe it, as mother did father's, when he was brought home drowned. All her chafing and wailing never brought father's eyes to open again; and t' mightn't that poor lad's. Oh, Master Hugh! the devils may say what they will, but I do think it wouldn't. But, oh, I'd give the world to try."

"Toby," said Hugh, very gently, stooping down, taking both his hands, so that his face was uncovered, and he looked up—"Toby, you will never see that poor lad's face on the sands again."

"Don't I know that, Master Hugh!" said Toby, with almost a sob of agony.

"Suppose that poor lad *was* not quite dead," Hugh continued, "and you *might* have brought him to life, what would your crime be?"

"Oh, don't make me say the word, Master Hugh," said the poor fellow. "I can't, I can't, though the devils seem yelling it in my ears all night."

"It would have been *murder!*" said Hugh, very distinctly and slowly, in a solemn tone.

Toby trembled in every limb, his eyes were fixed, and he opened his lips, but could not bring out a word. Convulsively he sought to pull his hands from Hugh's grasp, as if to hide his face from our gaze; but Hugh held him fast, and he looked at him with steadfast, kind eyes.

"It would have been murder," he repeated; "but there is pardon even for murder. The thief on the cross had committed murder, I have no doubt, for he felt crucifixion no more than he deserved. King David had committed murder, and meant to do it. Listen how David prayed when he felt as you do."

And Hugh repeated the 51st Psalm. As he spoke, the fixed look passed from Toby's face. He was listening, the words were penetrating. When Hugh came to the verse, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow," he said, "The hyssop was an herb with which the blood of the slain sacrifices was sprinkled on the guilty. That prayer is clearer to us, Toby, than it was to King David; for since then the Lord Jesus has really offered himself up for us, and his blood cleanseth us from *all* sin, and cleanses us whiter than snow, so that we may start afresh once more." And then he repeated on to the end of the psalm.