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**PRINCE VICTOR OF WALES.**

The portrait of His Royal Highness Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is here given in his peer's robes as he took the oath and his seat in the House of Lords and subscribed the roll on his creation to hold the honors and dignities of Earl of Athlone, and Duke of Clarence and Avondale on the 23rd of June. The young prince was introduced by the Prince of Wales and his uncle the Duke of Edinburgh. The ceremony was a striking one but space forbids details. The Princess of Wales, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales were present in the Royal Gallery, and a number of ladies were present in the Peers' Gallery. A message was read from Her Majesty declaring it her pleasure that the new Duke of Clarence and Avondale should take precedence next after the Duke of Connaught and before the Duke of Albany. In connection with this it will be remembered that special provision was made in the case of the late Prince Consort to enable him to sit beside Her Majesty on the throne on state occasions.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age that it was the childhood of immortality.—  
*Pindar.*



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

**THE GIRL WITHOUT A TALENT.**

BY J. M. BINGHAM.

The sermon that day had been about service—"Go work to-day in my vineyard"—and here Dora found herself trying to settle down to a Sunday afternoon nap on the parlor sofa, with those words persistently ringing in her ears. She shut her eyes and waited patiently for a drowse. It could not be induced even with favoring conditions.

"If it isn't just like a minister to get one all stirred up, and then not tell them what to do! I surely can't be a missionary, and never yet succeeded in holding a Sunday-school class. Here I am peering through the pickets into the vineyard much as Adam and Eve might have peered into Paradise. Deary me!" and she rose from the sofa and took a seat on the little uncomfortable hair-cloth stool by way of penance. She resolutely settled down to a meditation.

"I know," she declared to herself: "I'll just ask him what to do." And she did that very evening. To him she announced, in her frank way:

"It's a stubborn fact that all this afternoon I have lighted a candle and searched diligently, and can't find a single available gift or grace; so, if you please, sir, if you