

our noble Queen, and those who accompanied her, than we got. The expression of the face seemed to indicate pleasure and gratification, and we thought she had good reason to feel pleased with the result of the brilliant affair which had just terminated. Next came the Shah on his milk-white charger, a beautiful creature, that seemed proud of the burden it bore, and which won our admiration as it moved on with the cavalcade, gently curveting and prancing. After the Shah came his attendants, among whom was one who bore a silver stove, in which was a fire to heat the golden teapot, which another attendant had charge of, or to light the mixture used by the Shah when he smokes a pipe.

All was now over. The grand pageant moved on through the gates of the castle and disappeared. Hurrying away as fast as possible to the station, and thinking ourselves fortunate to get a place to stand in the guard's van, we are soon moving on towards the city, which is reached in due course. At nine we are seated in our hotel, highly pleased with our day at Windsor.

TORONTO, Ont.

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## THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

THE mighty angel of the wind passed by,  
And with his iron wings the rocks were cleft ;  
An earthquake rent the mountain right and left,  
Then through the opening rift the flames leaped high ;  
But God was not in all that met the eye.  
Then Nature seemed of every sound bereft,  
And through the tissues of the warp and weft  
Of silken silence breathed a voice so nigh—  
It was the voice of God,—its gentle tone,  
Like to a benediction bathed in love.  
Elijah thought that he was all alone,  
But there were thousands numbered, sealed above ;  
A seed for God, reserved in Israel,  
Who had not kissed, or bowed the knee to Bel,

HAMILTON, Ontario.