



ZANZIBAR.

## Tim's Daisies.

He was only a little "street Arab!"  
Ragged and friendless! Ah, yes!

Unused to life's sunniest pathway,  
Unused to its love and caress;  
For she who had loved him—the mother  
Whose arms round him once, long ago,  
Had clasped themselves closely—all winter  
Had lain 'neath the beautiful snow.

But the months passed away, and the spring-time  
Came on with its bud and its bloom,  
And the zephyrs of May, softly blowing,  
Scattered far o'er the earth their perfume.  
And then came a day dawning brightly,  
When soldiers brought flowers to spread  
With love and with honour of loyal,  
O'er the graves of the hero dead.

And poor little Tim, sadly thinking  
Of his loved one, whose grave was unknown,  
Wandered there 'neath the pleasant spring sunshine,  
With tears in his eyes, all alone;  
And he gathered the pretty white daisies,  
For no other flower had he,  
And on the dear grave of his mother  
He scattered them tenderly.

Only the simple white daisies!  
Only the tears falling fast!  
Only a boy's sad heart yearning  
For mother-caresses long past!  
O, fair were the buds and the blossoms  
Laid over the soldier-dead!  
But as loyal and sweet were Tim's daisies  
Over his mother's low bed.

## Queen Victoria and Methodism.

BY THE REV. R. H. HOWARD.

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether I was the only one of the many readers of the *Northern Christian Advocate* who remembers that, according to the representations of the late Rev. H. Bleby, formerly a Wesleyan missionary in the West Indies, Queen Victoria is indebted for the eminently spiritual and earnest type of her religious character and life to Wesleyan Methodism; and not only so, but to a very humble, albeit faithful, representative of the same. The story is sufficiently romantic, and, as I remember, runs something like this:—

While yet a Princess, and not more than four-  
teen years of age, one of her attendants—the maid

of the bath—was a deeply pious Wesleyan Methodist girl. Bitterly persecuted, on account of her religion, by a vicious fellow-servant, her case finally attracted the attention of the Duchess, young Victoria's mother, and of Victoria herself. Upon due inquiry, her royal patroness, satisfied of the girl's genuine and unaffected piety, esteemed her highly, and in due time promoted her over the head of her wicked tormentor and rival.

Brought now into more intimate association with the Princess, who delighted to question the simple-hearted servant-girl relative to her religious faith and forms of religious worship, the girl returned such interesting and intelligent answers that the Princess became deeply interested therein. And especially while this humble, devoted servant-girl, in her heartfelt, artless way, gave an account of her own religious experience, and of the great joy that the dear Lord had, by his Spirit, put into her heart; unwittingly thus unfolding the elements of a truly spiritual religion, of a type of piety to which the Princess had herself been hitherto a total stranger.

Victoria was not only charmed—she was deeply and savingly moved, having been, it is said, hereby led eventually, on her own account, into the experience of a true spiritual life. And so, strangely, this young servant-girl became, in the providence of God, the religious teacher of one destined in the course of a few years to become her monarch—the Queen of the British empire.

Meantime, it is generally admitted, that the marked revival in the bosom of the Established Church in England during Victoria's reign of evangelical piety, as also the greatly improved religious tone during the same period of English Dissent, is to be attributed in no small degree to the positively earnest Christian character of the British Queen.

Is there not something very impressive in the thought that possibly this stupendous result may, in some measure, be assigned under God to the fidelity in her high position of that humble servant-girl—a mere child as it were! What more "royal," truly, than the loyalty of this girl, under the circumstances, to her Saviour! And how royally has God honoured the same! "And a little child shall

lead them." "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God ordains praise."

How forcibly is one hereby reminded of the conduct of the similarly situated and patriotic pious little captive Hebrew girl, in a strange land, in the palace of the great Syrian captive, with a like illustrious sequel! Besides, was there ever a more striking instance of a little bit of persecution for righteousness' sake being over-ruled to the glory of God? Surely—

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

Finally, how true it is that, like the sun, Methodism is always giving but never receiving! To the great Wesleyan movement, directly and indirectly, Great Britain is indebted more by far than to any other, and perhaps more than to all other, influences combined for its present moral and religious pre-eminence among the nations of the earth. But for all this immeasurable national benefit thus conferred, Wesleyan Methodism receives at the hand of the British Government not one solitary favour.

## How They Did It.

ONCE the dear older girls in our Japanese school, and indeed a great many of the younger ones too, prepared for a bazaar, for the articles were made mostly by the women of the Japanese church, who, not having money to contribute, desired in this way to raise funds for their native city missionary. It was their first attempt at anything of this kind, and they succeeded in clearing two hundred and fifty dollars, for they sought God's blessing upon it from the first. To show the spirit in which they undertook it, I will tell you what I overheard. Several of the girls, with Mr. Kumano, the native teacher, were in my room engaged in marking the articles and talking over the arrangements. One of them said, "We will have to go down to the rooms very early—at least by half-past seven in the morning—so as to have plenty of time for the prayer-meeting." This had been previously arranged, because they could not work without God's blessing.

## A Surprised Railway Porter.

A TRAIN was running into Glasgow from the south, one day lately, when a porter saw an old man on the line. He shouted to him to get out of the way, but the man was not within hearing. Then the porter, running to where he was, caught him by the coat, and roughly pulled him off the track.

As the train thundered past, the porter inquired, "Another minute later, and what then?"

The old man looked up into the porter's face, and, smiling, answered, "What then, do you ask? Then glory." Taking the hand of the young man, who looked much astonished, he asked, "If it had been you, what then?"

The porter thought for a moment—then turned away, without speaking. He knew that he could not say, "Glory," as the old man had done; but he determined that, without loss of time, he would become enabled to say that, whatever happened, he would be safe, and so forthwith he sought Christ.