

The National Anthem.

(Jubilee Version.)

God bless our native land !
 May Heaven's protecting hand
 Still guard our shore !
 May Peace her power extend,
 For be transformed to friend,
 And Britain's power depend
 On war no more !

Through every changing scene,
 O Lord, preserve our Queen,
 Long may she reign !
 Her heart inspire and move
 With wisdom from above,
 And in the nation's love
 Her throne maintain !

May just and prudent laws,
 Uphold the public cause,
 And bless our Isle '
 Home of the brave and free,
 The land of liberty,
 We pray that still on thee
 Kind Heaven may smile !

And not this land alone,
 But be thy mercies known
 From shore to shore !
 Let all the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family
 The wide earth o'er !



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Home and School

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1887.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Jubilee Address to the Queen.

THE following is the Jubilee address of the Methodist Church in Canada to the Queen on the completion of the Jubilee year of her reign :

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY :

The General Conference, the highest representative court of the Methodist Church in the Dominion of Canada, the Island of Newfoundland, and the Bermuda Islands, desires to extend to Your Majesty its loyal congratulations on the auspicious completion of the Jubilee Year of Your Majesty's reign—an eminence of the favour of Heaven

such as is reached by very few of earthly sovereigns. In behalf of a million of Your Majesty's most faithful and devoted subjects, members and adherents of the Methodist Church in these lands, we beg to convey our assurance of unabated attachment to Your Majesty's person and throne, and of our joy and pride in the unity of the great empire under whose care, in the providence of God, we have had so abundant liberty and prosperity. We thank God for the loving-kindness by which, during half a century of the cares of State and duties of royalty, Your Majesty's life has been preserved and your throne established in righteousness and strength.

We rejoice at the spread of power and influence of Your Majesty's empire throughout the world—a power and influence which everywhere make for peace and prosperity and the uplifting of mankind. We magnify the grace of God which has enabled Your Majesty, in the high place to which Divine Providence has called you, to set such a pious and godly example, as has marked your life, of those Christian graces and virtues which alone can dignify and ennoble character in Sovereign or subject.

We pray that in largest measure the blessings of Almighty God may rest upon Your Majesty; that you may long live to reign over a free, loving, and happy people in righteousness and truth; and that when you lay aside an earthly crown it may be to receive a crown of life which shall never fade away.

(SIGNED)

JAMES C. AIRINS,)
 JAMES FERRIER,) Committee.
 W. H. WITHROW,)

This is to be handsomely engrossed and signed by the General Superintendents and forwarded to the Queen.

The Queen and the Governess.

GRACE GREENWOOD is our authority for the following beautiful and touching anecdote of Queen Victoria :

When I was in England I heard several pleasant anecdotes of the Queen and her family from a lady who had received them from her friend, the governess of the royal children. This governess, a very interesting young lady, was the orphan daughter of a Scottish clergyman. During the first year of her residence at Windsor her mother died. When she first received the news of her mother's serious illness, she applied to the Queen to be allowed to resign her situation, feeling that to her mother she owed even a more sacred duty than to her Sovereign. The Queen, who had been much pleased with her, would not hear of her making this sacrifice, but said, in a tone of most gentle sympathy :

"Go at once to your mother, child; stay with her as long as she needs you, and then come back to us. Prince Albert and I will hear the children's lessons; so in any event let your mind be at rest in regard to your pupils."

The governess went, and had several weeks of sweet, mournful communion with her dying mother. Then, when she had seen that dear form laid to sleep under the daisies in the old kirkyard, she returned to the palace, where the loneliness of royal grandeur would have oppressed her sorrowful heart beyond endurance had it not been for the gracious, womanly sympathy of the Queen—who came every day to her school room—and the considerate kindness of her young pupils.

A year went by, the first anniversary of her loss dawned upon her, and she was overwhelmed as never before by the utter loneliness of her grief. She felt that no one in all that great house-

hold knew how much goodness and sweetness passed out of mortal life that day a year ago, or could give one tear, one thought, to that grave under the Scottish daisies. Every morning before breakfast, which the elder children took with their father and mother in the pleasant crimson parlor looking out on the terrace at Windsor, her pupils came to the school-room for a brief religious exercise. This morning the voice of the governess trembled in reading the Scriptures of the day. Some words of Divine tenderness were too much for her poor, lonely, grieving heart—her strength gave away, and, laying her head on the desk before her, she burst into tears, murmuring, "O, mother, mother!"

One after another the children stole out of the room, and went to their mother to tell her how sadly their governess was feeling, and that kind-hearted monarch, exclaiming, "O, poor girl! it is the anniversary of her mother's death," hurried to the school-room, where she found Miss — trying to regain her composure. "My poor child!" she said, "I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I meant to have given orders that you should have this day entirely to yourself. Take it as a sad and sacred holiday—I will hear the lessons of the children." And then she added, "To show you that I have not forgotten this mournful anniversary, I bring you this gift," placing on her arm a beautiful mourning bracelet, with a locket for her mother's hair, marked with the date of her mother's death.

THE Christian who fails to exercise forbearance when real opportunity comes to him, takes a step backward. But only a true Christian recognizes such an opportunity.