

ONE OF THE QUEEN'S SUBJECTS.

Here is the picture of an aged Indian woman and some of her descendants, on Mistawassis' Reserve, one of our missions in the North West. Her name is too long and knotty to pronounce, so I will not trouble you with it.

How unlike, in many ways, has been the life of this aged woman, to that of the other aged woman whom the world delights



to honor, and whose "Diamond Jubilee" is making such a stir.

The one was born in royal surroundings, the other a pagan savage. All through life one has held earth's loftiest place, the other a very lowly one, and she only knew of her queen as the "Great White Mother."

How great the knowledge and power of the one. How ignorant the other.

But though so far apart, how like to each other in God's sight. Both are children of

His, and He loves them both. Both are sinners and need His forgiveness; and the Gospel which has helped to make the Queen the noble woman that she is, has blessed the other life too, and lifted it out of its poor dark paganism, and made her too a queen, the daughter of a king. And when by and by the two good women, lofty queen and lowly subject, meet in that better life, they will both join in the song,— "To Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood."

What a wonderful Saviour is He who can take such poor, dark, ignorant, and lowly ones and make them "queens and priestesses" unto God.

And what a grand work for young people to do, to send the knowledge of that Saviour to such poor dark ignorant ones.

HOW TO CURE A BAD HABIT.

"How shall I a habit break?"

As you did that habit make.

As you gathered, you must lose;

As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread the strands we twist

Till they bind us neck and wrist,

Thread by thread the patient hand

Must untwine ere free we stand.

As we builded, stone by stone,

We must toil in taking down,

Till the wall is overthrown.

But, remember, as we try,

Lighter every test goes by;

Wading in, the stream grows deep

Toward the centre's downward sweep.

Backward turn, each step ashore

Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste

Levelling what we raised in haste:

Doing what must be undone,

Ere content or love be won!

First across the gulf we cast

Kite-borne threads till lines are passed,

And habit builds the bridge at last.