

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1898.

[No. 21.]

Victoria, Our Beloved Queen.

Old England calls upon her sons
To honour England's Queen;
Her sons respond, and daughters, too,
To keep her memory green.
With loyal heart and ready hand
The Empire's children stand,
Prepared to do, prepared to die,
For Queen and native land.

For sixty years our country's flag
Hath borne o'er earth and main
The name of Empress-Queen beloved,
With neither spot nor stain.
Long may it bear Victoria's name,
Long o'er us may she reign;
And for our Empire broad and grand
May she new honour gain.

Upon our Queen, our country, flag,
God's blessing ever rest;
With peace and plenty everywhere
Her people's homes be blest.
God save the Queen, her people pray,
From hearts sincere and free;
God save our loved Victoria,
And crown her jubilee.

THE QUEEN AND THE SICK CHILD.

Three or four years ago Her Majesty the Queen came to open a new wing of the London Hospital. For some days previously nothing else was talked about in the papers and on the streets, but Her Majesty's intended visit. There was a little orphan child lying in one of the wards of the hospital, and she too had heard that the Queen was coming. She said to the nurse, "Do you think the Queen will come and see me?"

"I am afraid not, darling," said the nurse; "she will have so many people to see, and so much to do."
"But I should so much like to see her," pleaded the little patient; "I should be so much better if I saw her;" and day after day the poor child was expressing her anxiety to see Her Majesty.

When the Queen came the governor told Her Majesty, and the Queen, with her large, kindly heart and motherly instinct, said; "I should like to see that dear child; would you just take me to the ward?" and Queen Victoria was conducted to the bedside of the orphan girl.

The little thing thought it was one of the women come in the crowd to see the opening of the hospital, and said: "Do you think the Queen will come and see me? I should like to see the Queen."
"I am the Queen," said her visitor. "I heard you were anxious to see me. I



QUEEN VICTORIA.

hope you will be so much better now;" and she stroked down her fevered, wasted, pale brow, gave some money to the nurse to get some nice things for the child, and went her way.

The child said, "I am ever so much better now that I have seen the Queen." A greater than the Queen is always near to praying souls, even the King of kings; and we would all be much better if by faith we realized his presence.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

The following testimony was given by a convert in a recent meeting: "Last night when I was about to retire my little three-year-old girl who happened to be awake, said to me: 'Papa, don't you say your prayers?' I told her lightly that mamma did the praying for both of us. Presently the little one said: 'Papa, don't you know how to pray?' I said, thoughtlessly, 'No.' In a moment she was by my bedside, saying:

'Poor papa, I will teach you how to pray.' Despite all my excuses she would not sleep until I arose, and kneeling by her side, repeated after her, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Then my little girl went back to bed, and in a few moments was in the land of dreams. I didn't sleep last night. God had spoken to me through my baby girl, and I felt that if I died before I waked, my soul was lost. All this day I have been miserable, but to-night I have found peace. I expect to pray that little prayer with my child to-night, and like her, to 'lay me down to sleep,' knowing that living or dying, I am the Lord's. Truly, 'a little child shall lead them.'"

A rich, but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

THE LAST SUPPER.

We present herewith a copy of the wonderful bas-relief by the self-taught English artist, George Tinworth, of whom we recently gave a short account in this paper. This picture of "The Last Supper," while it will not compare with Leonardo da Vinci's wonderful group, is still profoundly impressive. It is at the moment when our Lord utters the words, "One of you shall betray me, and they were exceeding sorrowful, and began, every one of them, to say unto him, 'Lord, is it I?'" The eager remonstrance is well shown in the action of the figures. The gentle heart of John cannot endure the thought and hides his face on his Lord's shoulder, while Judas clutches his bag, and seems to meditate his deed of arch-treachery.

"HE TOOK THE CUP, AND GAVE THANKS."

(Matt. 26. 27.)

BY CAROLINE L. SMITH.

But wherefore thanks? The hour draws nigh
Of keenest agony;
The Father turns his face away,
The Lamb of God must die!

He breaks the bread and blesses it,
"This is my body," "eat it;"
How soon the cruel nails will bruise
Those sacred hands and feet!

He takes the cup; come, "drink ye all,"
"For many" this "is shed;"
"This is my blood"—O ne'er before
Has guest such banquet spread!

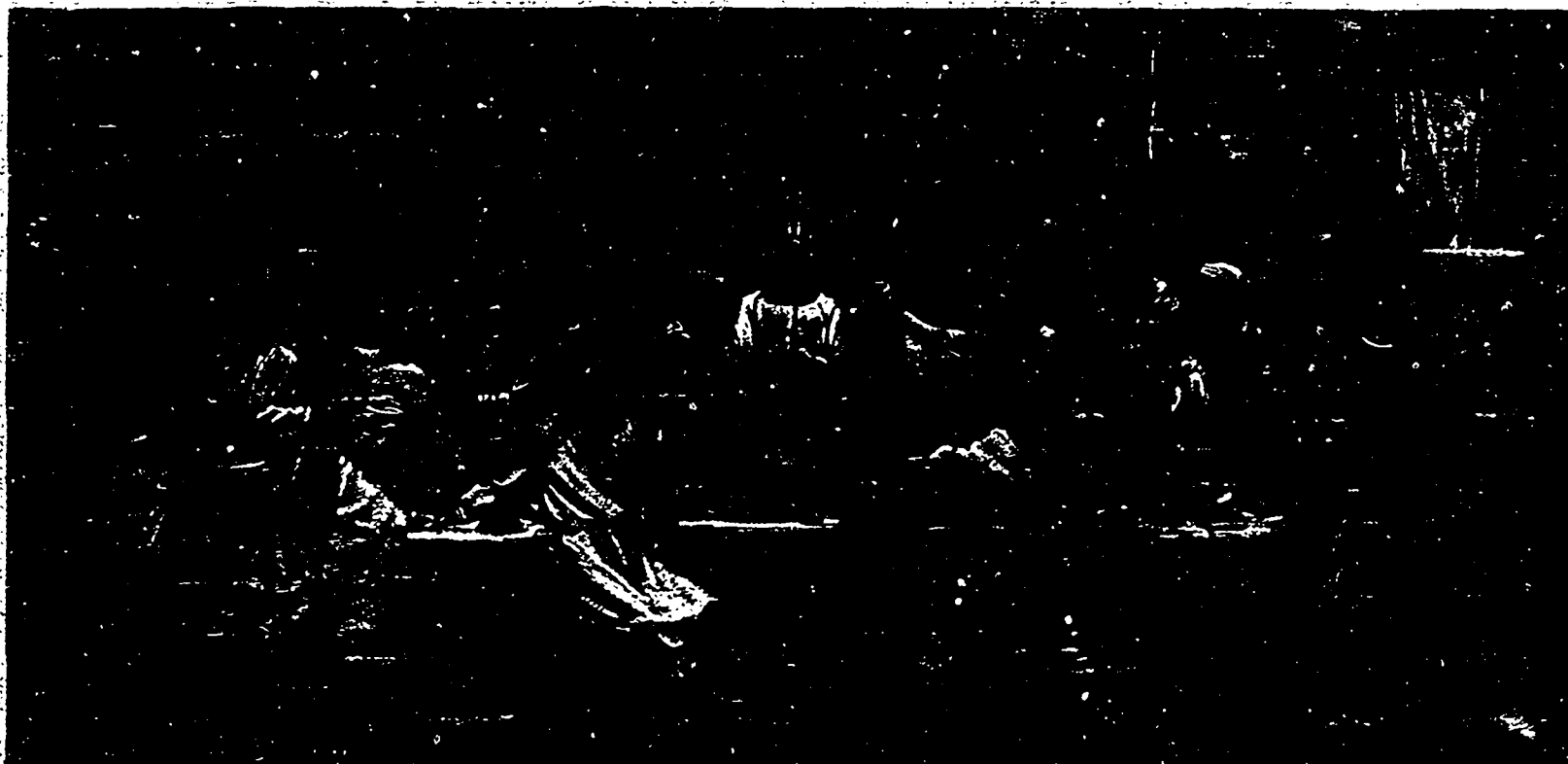
Still giving thanks that he may bear
For us a heavier woe
Than human thought can e'er conceive,
His blood will gladly flow.

Thanks for thine anguish, dearest Lord,
In that mysterious hour,
When thou, the sinless One, must feel
The curse of sin's fell power!

O melt our souls with living fire!
Kindle our tongues to sing
The glory of our suffering Lamb,
Our Saviour, Priest, and King!

An offering without recall
Our grateful hearts be given
To him who giveth thanks to die
That we may live in heaven!

—Christian Advocate.



THE LAST SUPPER.