

they did in the days of His flesh, when from Jerusalem, and Judea, and Galilee, and the regions round about, they gathered to hear the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth. He is certainly, though not visibly, present with His Church and people now as He was then, and the lifting of His cross and its atonement to-day or in the future, will draw all men unto Him, and fill the churches that are now empty."

\* \* \* \* \*

THOUGHTFUL consideration and kindly courtesy for the members of our own households, the loved ones in our own home, are things most of us need to cultivate. How pleasant it is to see the kindly thoughtfulness of a lover for his beloved; every wish is anticipated and desire sought to be fulfilled, and yet how often, after the wedding-ring has been placed upon the finger, and the marriage service that makes them one gone through with, do we see carelessness in their conduct one to the other; little acts of thoughtful love are left undone, kindly words are unsaid, and pleasant looks and happy smiles that used to cheer so much are seen but seldom.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHY is this? It is not, perhaps, that there is less love. Sickness or separation or death come and reveal the depth of real affection that exists. Husband and wife have only grown careless in the manifesting of the courtesies that do so much to sweeten and bless family life. This ought not to be so. Read the words of the wife of Charles Kingsley as she closes a loving memoir of her husband: "The outside world must judge him as an author, a preacher, a member of society; but those only who lived with him in the intimacy of everyday life at home can tell what he was as a man. Over the real romance of his life, and over the tenderest passages in his private letters a veil must be thrown, but it will not be lifting it too far to say that if in the highest, closest of earthly relationships a love that never failed—pure, patient, passionate—for six-and-thirty years; a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish

act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the age of chivalry has not passed away for ever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a 'most true and perfect knight' to the one woman blest with that love in time and to eternity. To eternity, for such love is eternal, and he is not dead. He himself, the man, the lover, husband, father, friend—he still lives in God, Who is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Should not the record of such a life be an inspiration to many of us to go and do likewise?

\* \* \* \* \*

A WRITER in *Life and Work*, speaking of Christians thinking it is not their duty to carry the Gospel to the heathen multitudes, says: "It is as if some loving hero, during this dreadful Indian famine, had, through horrors of darkness, suffering, and pain unspeakable, procured for the starving people bread enough for all, and just had strength before he died to say to the few famished ones near him, this is for you and for all the people; take it, and tell them I got it for them. And it is as if then these few favoured ones had eaten and rejoiced, but kept it to themselves! If such a case as this occurred, would not every heart beat with indignation, and every voice call 'shame!' And yet this—only how far worse!—is what we do when we keep the Gospel to ourselves."

\* \* \* \* \*

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I. H. N." are the letters inscribed on the little Maltese cross worn by the "King's Daughters," and I would like to tell of an incident which came to my notice not long ago: A young lady of a very shrinking and retiring disposition went to a neighboring city, to one of the wholesale houses, in order to gain a little experience in millinery, where there were about fifty other young women employed, all of them strangers to her. For the first few days she found it exceedingly trying, for nobody had taken any notice of her, excepting to give directions, when one morning a lady, for whom she had done a good deal of work, suddenly bent over her and said,

"Why, how do you do. I am so glad to meet you." The young girl looked up in astonishment at this sudden overture, and noticed that the lady held in her hand her King's Daughter Cross, and, of course, this explained her action. This was the beginning of many sociable chats, and the elder lady promised to do all in her power to find a position for the younger. This is only *one* of many instances where the little cross has done good service. A true "King's Daughter" should never let slip an opportunity of speaking a kind word to a stranger "In His Name."

\* \* \* \* \*

WE are hearing so much about woman's subjection and her need of emancipation, that the following words by the late F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, will have more than a passing interest: "Woman subjected? What say you to this? Obedient, a servant—*wherefore* God also hath highly exalted Him. Methinks a thoughtful, high-minded woman would scarce feel degraded by a lot which assimilates her to the divinest Man. He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. I have always conceived that you had learned to count that ministry the sublimest life which the world has seen, and its humiliation and subjection precisely the features that were most divine. A noble woman, laying on herself the duties of her sex, while fit for higher things, the world has nothing to show more like the Son of Man than that."

#### THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

—

ALL over the British Empire there is rejoicing this month in the completion of the sixtieth year of Her Gracious Majesty's reign. We have reason to thank God that a *woman* has been at the head of the state during this long period. She is the sixth sovereign of her house to rule in Great Britain. When she came to the throne the standard of morals was vastly different from what it is now. Intemperance and impurity were to be seen openly in high social circles in a manner that to-day would not be tolerated. Corruption in politics was practised by men highly