

Hereafter.

BY REV. R. M. OXFORD.

A GLORIOUS hereafter,
My soul, there is to be,
Where light and life and laughter
Shall reign eternally,
Where songs shall be for sighing,
Where God's hand stays the crying;
Where there shall be no dying;
But ceaseless jubilee.

And though the way be weary
That leads thee to that shore,
And though the heart be dreary
And smitten oft and sore;
Though countless foes surrounding,
Though troubles still abounding,
Though perils most astounding,
Press onward evermore.

Though darkness deep beset thee
And earthly comforts fail,
Though mortal friends forget thee,
And hell itself assail;
Though low thy lot and humble,
Though oft thy feet may stumble,
Though loud the thunders rumble,
Let not thy fears prevail.

That land of joy and gladness,
Thy home that is to be,
Shall give for grief and sadness
Eternal ecstasy.
Cease, then, all thy repining,
E'en now its glory shining,
Doth set with golden lining
The cloud that covers thee.

—N. Y. Observer.

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TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1885.

Prince and Premier.

The following correspondence passed between Prime Minister Gladstone, of England, and the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, on the latter's attainment of his majority. The Premier's letter is noble and worthy of him, and the Prince's reply is exceedingly creditable.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, Jan. 7, 1885.

SIR:—As the oldest among the confidential servants of her Majesty, I cannot allow the anniversary to pass without notice which will to-morrow bring your Royal Highness to full age, and thus mark an important epoch in your life.

The hopes and intentions of those whose lives lie, like mine, in the past, are of little moment, but they have seen much, and what they have seen suggests much for the future.

There lies before your Royal Highness in prospect the occupation, I trust, at a distant date of a throne which to me at least appears the most

illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, from its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people and from the unparalleled opportunities it gives, in so many ways and in so many regions, of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England.

I fervently desire and pray, and there cannot be a more animating prayer, that your Royal Highness may ever grow in the principles of conduct and may be adorned with all the qualities which correspond with this great and noble vocation.

And, Sir, if sovereignty has been relieved by our modern institutions of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period of the world's history at which successors to the monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties, and by a bright example to the country. This result we have happily been permitted to see, and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew.

Heartily desiring that in the life of your Royal Highness every private and personal may be joined with every public blessing, I have the honour to remain, Sir, your Royal Highness's most dutiful and faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

H. R. H. Prince ALBERT VICTOR, etc.

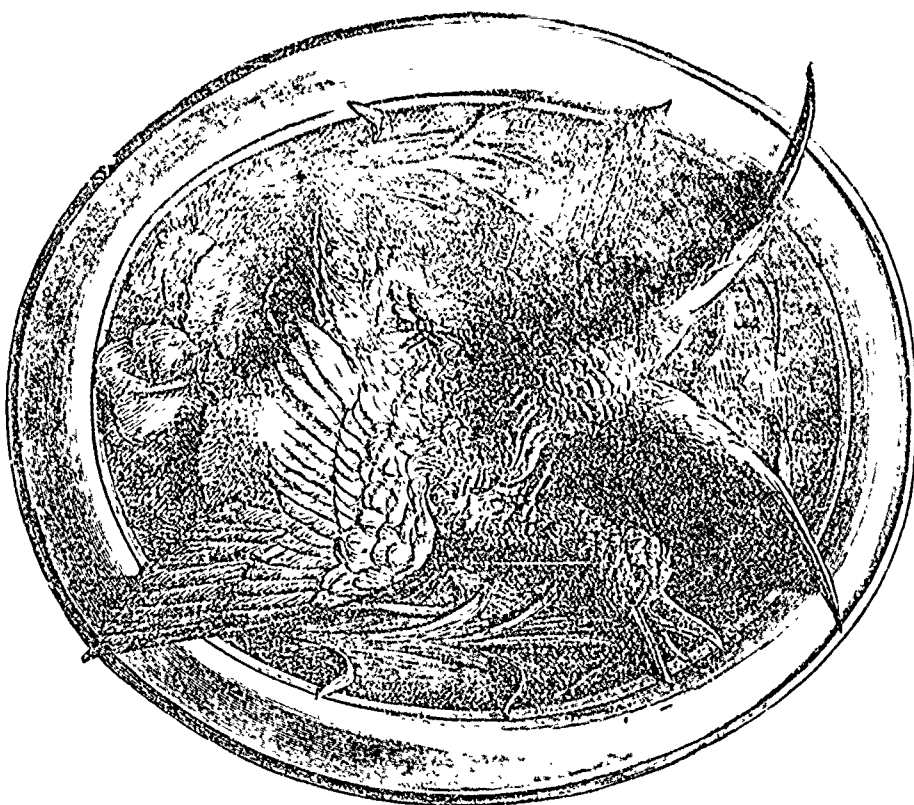
Mr Gladstone has received the following letter from Prince Albert Victor, with permission to publish it:

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK, Jan. '85.

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE:—I wish I were better able to answer your very kind letter, conveying, as it does, not only the best of good wishes, but carrying with them reflections on the past and advice for the future, for which I wish to thank you. I assure you the letter shall have that attention which words from your self must deserve. It admirably describes much which demands my most earnest thought on this, perhaps the most important birthday of my life. Believe me, I am very grateful for your remembrance of me this day, and that among the many offerings which have reached me I prize nothing more than the letter you have so kindly written, for which pray accept my most sincere thanks. I am glad to believe that your health is restored, and I trust your many friends will have no cause for renewed anxiety on your behalf. With my most kind remembrances to Mrs. Gladstone, believe me, yours very sincerely,

ALBERT VICTOR.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending February 14th and 21st, contain Prince Bismarck, *London Quarterly*; Sydney Smith, *British Quarterly*; English Character and Manners as Portrayed by Anthony Trollope, *Westminster*; Caesarism, *Nineteenth Century*; Dr. Johnson, *Contemporary*; Della Crusca and Anna Matilda: an Episode in English Literature, *National Review*; The Summer Palace, Peking, *Belgravia*; Whitty, *Good Words*; The Religion of Hamlet, *Month*; Outside London, *Chambers'*; Coptic Monas-



THE MURDEROUS EAGLE.

The Murderous Eagle.

WHAT mingled savagery and terror is in our picture here! See how murderous is the look on the eagle's face, what a triumphant gleam is in his eyes as he fixes deep his talons into the poor screaming and terrified duck's back. I am very sure the sympathy of all our young readers will be with the poor duck, who will soon be torn in pieces. And whilst there are birds of prey who live by plunder and murder, we would like our young people never to forget that Satan has murderous designs on them, and will try to put them into execution. He does not always pounce down suddenly and swiftly on a young person, but takes a longer time about it, in that way often working surer work, and bringing sad havoc into many lives. The sly way in which he comes to the youthful mind is often a blind to them, and many are unconsciously being steadily drawn down towards eternal ruin by him in this way.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has recently finished two stories, "*The Countess Almara's Murder*," and "*The Trial of Gideon*." The scenes in the plot of the former are in New York City, and of the latter near the hills of Moab, in pre-historic times. Both stories will be published in one volume. (Funk & Wagnalls)

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS have in press a new and revised edition of "*A Library of Religious Poetry*," edited by the eminent scholar and teacher, Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., and Arthur Gilman, A.M. The work covers over 1,000 pages, and warrants popular favour. This edition will be ready in April.

"*The Stars and Constellations*," by Royal Hill, is the name of a work about to be issued from the press of Funk & Wagnalls. It is something wholly new, being a complete chart of the heavens, doing away with "star maps," and making the location of every important star and constellation easy without instruments or globes. It is intended both for private use, and for use in Schools, Academies and Colleges.

WE should not forget that "the kingdom of heaven is within;" that it is the state and affections of the soul, the answer of a good conscience, the sense of harmony with God, a condition of time as well as of eternity.—*Whittier.*

So, boys and girls, you must watch, be sober and vigilant, else he will take advantage of you and destroy your life's usefulness and happiness. The best men are the most watchful and prayerful, and the men and women whose lives are partially a failure are those who are subjects of carelessness and allow evil influences like birds of prey to entrap and destroy them. Therefore, dear young readers, look above to God for help and deliverance, and you will get along safely and well.

A CURIOUS thing connected with the Servian army is the manner in which nearly all the regiments carry the big drum. Instead of being slung in front of the man who plays it, this instrument is put upon a small two-wheeled cart drawn by a large dog, the latter being so trained that he keeps his place even through the longest marches. The drummer walks behind the cart and performs on the instrument as he goes along. A correspondent says that each regiment has two or three drums, but that there is not a single band in the whole army.