

The Queen's Jubilee Prize Poem.

"In Hoc Signo Vincet."

From west to east,—from east to west,—
The glad bells ring, across the sea,
They echo o'er the ocean's breast,
With sound of song and minstrelsy;
Wide as our world-wide empire, swells
The mellow music of the bells
That ring Victoria's Jubilee!

Back through the mists of fifty years,
They bid the lingering fancy stray,
Through all their changing hopes and fears,
Through summers green and winters gray;
And, looking both ways o'er the stream
Of Time, we see, as in a dream,
The vision of a gala day!

A chapel royal, through whose vaulted height
Deep organ tones majestic music pour,
While, through embellished panes, the rain-
bow light
Falls, in soft colours, on the marble floor,
On Britain's chivalry, on ladies bright—
And effigies of kings and knights of yore,
And a young princess, on whose sunny hair
A crown imperial rests—too stern a weight
of care!

In the dim splendour of that ancient shrine,
Again the maiden stands,—but not alone;
Love's snowy blossoms with her jewel's
twine;—
A dearer kingdom,—a more fitting throne,
The crown of womanhood the most divine,
This fairer pageant gives her for her own;
And onward now, in love's sweet strength,
shall walk with firmer tread,—the woman
and the queen.

So ran its course, through many a peaceful
year,
The happy idyl of a royal love,
Rich with all blessings human hearts hold
dear;
Not set, in lonely majesty, above
All lowly lives,—but, with its radiance clear
Brooding o'er all the nation, like a dove,
Till fate came sudden,—dead to prayers and
tears;
And cut in twain the current of the tranquil
years!

The woman's heart—clung, mourning, to the
grave,
The queen must brace herself alone to bear
The burden of her station,—and how brave
The heart that bore so well its load of care
And bitter grief—He knows alone who gave
The balm to sorrow, and the strength to
prayer;—
Whose unseen guidance, through the light
and dark,
Guides men and nations to the appointed
mark!

So must the stream of human progress flow
Through light and shadow, to the brighter
day,
Now seeming backward on its course to go,
While lingering evil smites us with dismay,
—Wrong and oppression,—dumb beasts
helpless woe,
The hurjens men upon their fellows lay,—
While, yet, through all the turnings, all the
strife,
Still, through our Empire flows a tide of
freshening life!

The Hindu, with his sheltering palm
Covers to muse on those dim shadowy days
Of mystic contemplation, and like calm
That brooded o'er the cradle of our race,—
Lose, in music of the Christian psalm,
The farring tones of conquest and disgrace,
Till he, too, catch the nobler impulse high,
And hope and progress radiate in his passive
eye!

In the far islands, north the Austral skies,
Where the dark, low-browed savage chased
his prey,
But fifty years ago,—great cities rise,

And a new empire, at the gates of day,
Owns, as the moulder of its destinies
The sea-queen isle, of northern waters grey;
While,—where the sun burns hot on Africa's
sands,
Now peoples wake to life, and stretch to it
their hands.

Our fair Dominion spreads, from sea to sea,
Her pine-clad mountains, prairies, streams,
and lakes;
Where late the hardy Indian wandered free,
The throbbing life of a young nation
wakes,—
A greater Britain of the West, to be,—
While yet no link of happy concord breaks
With the dear land from whence our fathers
brought
Heir-looks of high tradition, poesy, and
thought!

And when another fifty year have sped,
May the old red-cross flag still float on
high,—
The sacred sign of evil phantoms fled,—
Of broken power, of wrong and tyranny,—
Where'er its free-born standard-bearers
tread,
No'er may the weak for rescue vainly cry,
No voice of brother's blood for vengeance rise,
Nor smoke of ruined homes defile the clear
blue skies!

First in the files of Progress may it be,
First in the march of Science, Freedom,
Peace,
Bearing the truth that shall make all men
free,—
The brotherhood of man, whose blest in-
crease
Shall merge in it, as rivers in the sea
All hearts in love, till every discord cease,
And every warring symbol shall be furl'd
Before the ensign of a Federated World!

So let the bells ring o'er the sea,
From west to east, from east to west,
Bearing the anthem of the free
Across the ocean's azure breast;—
A world-wide song of love and liberty;—
VICTORIA—in this symbol bless the brighter
age to be!
—*Agnes Maule Machar (Fidelis), in the
Week.*

Religious Scenes in China.

A PICTURESQUE CHURCH-BEGGAR—
CARRYING OUT A DREAD-
FUL THREAT.

"CHURCH-BEGGING" is very common
in China. The temples advertise their
wants by posting on walls in the
neighbourhood square pieces of yellow
paper, wherein is the exact Chinese
equivalent of the scriptural, "Ask and
ye shall receive," together with the
name and location of the Temple where
prayers are always answered.

But there are also moral personal
forms of begging. The writer of an
article in *The Youth's Companion* has
seen in Peking a priest whose cheeks
had been pierced, and the teeth knocked
out so that an iron rod, as large as
one's middle finger, could pass through,
to project an inch or two beyond either
cheek. An iron half-circle was hinged
to each end of this, and passed around
the back of the priest's head. Attached
to the half-circle was an iron chain,
which was so long as to drag on the
ground several feet behind him.

His business was to go from house
to house, beating a small drum, asking
help to repair a temple. Sympathy
would be wasted on him. He was a
"professional church-debt lifter," who
had monthly wages and a commission

on his collections—and the rod and
chain were his stock in trade.

There was another way, still more
peculiar. A priest stands in a small
box-like structure, placed in front of
a temple, through the boards of which
spikes had been driven, so that the
imprisoned priest can move no part
of his body, except his right arm, with-
out being pricked by a spike. With
his right hand he rings a bell to draw
attention to his pitiable condition.
Charitable persons give so much for
the privilege of drawing out a spike.

The highest-priced spikes are those
which point at the vital parts of the
body. The priest is supposed to stand
in his kernel day and night until all
the spikes are bought or drawn, but
no one believes that he really does so.

A single incident will show how
much hardship and self-inflicted suffer-
ing some of these heathen will under-
go to fulfil a religious vow. One tolerably
hot and dusty afternoon in 1871 the
writer was resting at a wayside tea
house to the southwest of Peking and
saw approaching a man and a woman.
The man would first take one long step,
then bring his other foot up and
measure his whole length in the road.

Having knocked his head three times
on the ground, he rose, took another
step, and again prostrated himself.
The woman was his wife, and was
waiting upon him. In answer to
questions, he said that he had made a
vow that if Buddha would restore to
health his son, who was desperately
sick, he would make a pilgrimage to
Wu-fai-shan and home again, a step
and a prostration all the way.

Not more than three miles could be
made in a day. He had travelled
about 600 of the 2,000 miles of his
double journey, and would be two
years longer in completing his vow. As
he was 78 years old, and almost worn
out, it was easy to see that he would
not live to fulfil it. A callous lump as
large as an egg projected from his fore-
head, raised by his knocking his head
upon the dusty road. Yet this man
was shocked and angry at a suggestion
that he should abandon his useless
pilgrimage, and passed out of sight
measuring the road with his infirm
body.

Methodist Jubilee Song.

"AWAKE! Arise!" The shout was heard
"deliverance is nigh!"
When first the sons of Wesley flung their
banners to the sky
The world, for Christ their watchword, and
this their battle cry;—
The Lord is marching on?
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
The Lord is marching on.

At once arose a shout of joy, from England's
sunny dales
That while the sleeping echoes all through
Scotland's hills and vales,
And rang in stirring clarion tones, from all
the peaks of Wales,
The Lord is marching on.

The rugged Cornish miners heard the song
of jubilee,
The Channel Islands caught the strain and
sang it glad and free,

It burst in pealing chorus from the boilers
of the sea,
The Lord is marching on.

The sons of Erin started when they heard
the joyful song,
Across the ocean billows, on glad winds borne
along,
And a thousand sturdy voices swelled the
anthem clear and strong,
The Lord is marching on.

So swift to east and so swift to west, the
Gospel signal sped,
Until a mighty army had risen from the dead,
Shouting with glory in each soul, and joy
upon each head,
The Lord is marching on.

Then with a start and with a cry, with blood
red flag unfurled,
Upon the ranks of evil the bannered host
was hurled
For the spreading of the Kingdom, for the
conquest of the world,
The Lord is marching on.

No more the sin-cursed sons of men shall
mourn the sinner's dearth,
For time has never blighted the hopes that
then had birth,
A hundred years of victory and glory fills the
earth,
The Lord is marching on.

Oh! brothers, while your hearts are swelling,
start the old-time song,
Sing it with a vigour that shall roll the world
along,
Sing it as we ought to sing it, twenty millions
strong,
The Lord is marching on.

The coming of the kingdom. Oh! the glory
it will bring,
Oh! through the vaulted Heaven let our
praises peal and ring,
For a glorious day is dawning, 'tis the coming
of the King.

The Queen's Thanks.

THE Home Secretary has received
the following letter from the Queen:—
"I am anxious to express to my people
my warm thanks for the kind—more
than kind—reception I met with going
to and returning from Westminster
Abbey with all my children and grand-
children. The enthusiastic reception
I met with then, as well as on all these
eventful days in London, as well as
at Windsor, on the occasion of the
Jubilee, touched me most deeply. It
has shown that the labour and anxiety
of 50 long years, 22 of which were
spent in untroubled happiness, shared
and cheered by my beloved husband,
and while an equal number were full
of sorrow and trials borne without his
sheltering arm and wise help, have
been appreciated by my people. This
feeling and a sense of duty towards
my dear country and my subjects who
are so inseparably bound up with my life,
will encourage me in my task, often a
very difficult and arduous one, during
the remainder of my life. The wonder-
ful order preserved on this occasion,
and the good behaviour of the enor-
mous multitude assembled, merits my
highest admiration. That God may
protect and abundantly bless my
country is my fervent prayer."

It is estimated that nine hundred
millions of the inhabitants of the globe
are tobacco-users.