

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE BIBLE.

An African Prince once sent costly gifts to Queen Victoria, requesting her in return to tell him the secret of England's greatness. The Queen gave the ambassador a beautiful bound copy of the Bible, and said: "Tell the Prince that this is the secret of England's greatness."

**R**ICH gifts were borne from o'er the wave,  
Where Afric's summer smiles:  
A treasure rare the monarch gave  
The Queen of Britain's Isles.

He saw the stately palace walls,  
With pictured beauty rare,  
And stood within the royal halls  
A wondering stranger there.

"Oh! tell me how our wealth may change  
To splendors such as these,  
And I will bear the secret strange  
To lands beyond the seas.

"Our skies are fair—our mountain streams  
In golden ripples flow;  
Oh! bright the crystal current gleams  
When diamonds flash below!

"The sea-breeze wins a breath of balm  
In summer's sultry hours,  
When sweeping o'er the fragrant palm  
Or floating 'mid the flowers.

The cocoa shadows where we rest,  
The acacia and the vine—  
Oh! why is not our land as blest  
As this fair realm of thine?"

She counted not her armies o'er,  
Who, proud her rule to own,  
The English flag in triumph bore  
To honor and renown.

Nor her proud ships, whose spreading sails  
Swept ocean's farthest foam,  
While Southern winds and northern gales  
Were wafting treasures home;—

She held a volume richly bound,  
In golden clasps between,  
And thought not of the wealth around  
That shone for England's Queen.

"Take this: these precious leaves unfold,  
And find what gems are there;  
There's wealth beyond the purest gold  
Within its pages fair.

"'Tis this makes blest our English homes,  
Where peace and quiet reign;  
This is the star to him who roams  
Upon the land or main.

"This is the secret of our fame:  
To praise the King of kings,—  
Adoring this most holy Name.—  
Our land its homage brings.

"'Tis He who gives the wealth we win,  
This Word that makes us free—  
Our life and blessing it hath been—  
Thus may it be to thee."

VICTORIA OF GERMANY.

**S**HE has shown how one can love two countries, and be true to both—as she loves mother and husband," said Count Von Moltke, speaking of Victoria, the Princess Royal of England and the Crown Princess of Germany. The London Times thus describes the wedded life of Victoria's eldest child:

Eight children have been born to her, of whom six survive. Two of them are already married and have had children in their turns; what is more, the education of her sons and daughters has been to the Princess such an engrossing concern that it may be said her children have learned the best part of what they know from her. This is no mere conventional phrase.

The Princess Royal has always regarded lessons as a serious business—she could hardly do otherwise at a court which is itself as a first class in one vast national school—a court where no prince is suffered to be idle. Any one who has noticed the Crown

Prince at a review of troops may have perceived that he does not attend such parades only to show himself off in uniform.

He watches the step of every regiment as it passes, he knows every colonel; the evolutions favoured by different generals are so familiar to him that he could tell with his eyes closed, by the mere noise of columns marching and wheeling, what officer is in command.

The same attentiveness characterizes him in the pursuits of private life. He studies as if he were about to publish a book or pass a competitive examination.

When conversing with natives or strangers, with eminent men or non-entities, he is more anxious to listen than to advance opinions of his own.

Even at the concert, where he sits in a large central box exposed to the full view of the audience, he appears to be pondering over every note he hears, as though it would be his business to pass judgment on the performance by-and-by.

For all this, no man could be less of a pedant. A genial gentleman, with quiet, polished manners, and a fatherly smile for those who come to him in friendship, he has in his eyes that good-humored twinkle which reveals a shrewd knowledge of men as well as books.

The life of the Princess Royal at her homes at Potsdam and Berlin has been one of great simplicity. The Prussian court is like to no other in the primitive orderliness of its arrangements.

The early hours, which suit the convenience of princes having military duties, have enabled the Crown Princess to sit by her children daily while they took their morning lessons, to learn what they learned, and thus to master subjects beyond the ken of most ladies.

For her own amusement she paints, and paints well, listens to music, keeps herself acquainted with what goes on in England by reading English books and newspapers, and is not afraid to dip into revolutionary literature and try to find out what the Socialists of Germany definitely want.

The Princess's tolerance has in truth bred in her a vigorous antipathy to intolerance in others, which she displayed in a marked way when the court pastor, Adolphus Stocker, commenced the anti-Semitic agitation by a sermon.

The Princess, contrary to all court precedent, invited some leading members of the Jewish community to dinner. She also endeavoured to combat the anti-Semitic craze with the most effective weapon—that of ridicule.

This she used to do by relating very merrily a story of a jolter-headed Junker, who had rushed out in hot haste from Herr Stocker's sermon and commenced pommelling the first Jew whom he met in the street.

"That's for the affair with Judas, you know!" he shouted as he rained his blows.

"Well, but it occurred eighteen centuries ago!" screamed the Jew.

"No matter; I only heard of it just now!" cried the champion.

This trying to separate precept from example and preserve a good average can not be done.

DRINK OF THE GOSPEL.

**N**OTHING so counterworks the evangelistic agencies in operation, at home as well as abroad, as the vice of intemperance. It hardens the heart, steels the conscience, and deadens the soul to every religious feeling, and thus prevents the due influence of gospel truth on the community. Not only does this evil beast, lying ever in wait for the unwary, prevent men entering the Church of Christ; it also prowls around the fold, and snatches thousands yearly from its sheltering embrace. As "when the sons of God came together, Satan came also with them," so even among the ministrants at God's altar, ordained to the perpetual handling of holy things, this hideous vice appears, and the abomination of desolation is set up, even in the sacred places of the sanctuary. Universal testimony asserts that this is the most frequent cause of apostasy, both in the pulpit and the pew, the foul stain upon the snowy robe of Christianity, the chiefest blight upon her bloom. This vice seizes the children of our Sunday-schools, effaces the holy lessons written on their hearts, and changes them to a foul palimpsest, inscribed all over with the vile characters of sin. Many of them find their way to prison, and figure in the annals of crime. Of 1,050 boys in the Salford prison-school, 977 had attended Sunday-school. Of 10,361 inmates of the principal prisons and penitentiaries of Great Britain, no fewer than 6,572 had previously received instruction in Sabbath-schools.

"Give me the little children,"  
Cries Crime, with a wolfish grin,  
"Let me tram up the children  
In the pleasant paths of sin!"

Many are thus prevented from entering the Sunday-school at all. In forbidding the little children, the tender lambs of Christ, who are especially included in the covenant of grace, and for whom such careful provision is made in the Christian economy—to come to Christ, the traffic especially excites the indignation of the blessed Saviour who rebuked His own disciples for the same offence, saying, "Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Yet it is estimated from the statistics of intemperance, that an average of one boy in eight grows up to be a drunkard. Think of it, parents, as you look upon your household darlings—the olive branches around your board. On which of *your* boys shall fall this fearful doom; or, more dreadful still, which of *your girls* will you resign to this death-in-life, far worse than death itself? Would you not rather see them in their graves?

In the city of London alone,—the great heart of Christendom, from which go forth pulsing tides of holy effort which are felt to the ends of the earth,—are over a million of souls who never enter the house of God, nay, for most of whom there is no church accommodation even if they desired it. In Glasgow, the great industrial centre of pious Presbyterian Scotland, one-half, and in Edinburgh one-third of the population, attend no place of worship. Nor are other towns much better; and even throughout the rural districts the plague of irreligion and indifference has spread, till millions live and die heathens in the midst of Christendom.

In the words of Dr. Guthrie, that eloquent advocate of the outcast and the poor, "They know no Sabbath, read no Bible, enter no place of worship, and care neither for God nor man; bells might have been mute, and pulpits silent, and church doors shut for them. So far as they cared or were concerned, the cross, with its blessed bleeding burden, might never have stood on Calvary." It has been truly said that many parts of heathen lands, to which missionaries have been sent, are a paradise compared with many places in the very heart of London.

Such a scene is thus vividly described by Canon Kingsley, that champion of the rights of England's poor: "Go, scented Bignorians, and see what London is. Look! there is not a soul down that yard but is either beggar, drunkard, thief, or worse. Write ament that! Say how ye saw the mouth of hell, and the two pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side, and the gin palace at the other—two monstrous devils eating up men and women and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open, and open and swallow in another victim and another. Write ament that! . . . Are not they a mar damnable, man-devouring idol than any red hot statue of Moloch, or wicker Magog, wherein the wild Britons burnt their prisoners!" —*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

LOWLY DUTIES MADE SUBLIME.

**E**VEN the prosaic work of washing dishes may be varied in many ways. We think of the far countries in which the wares are made, and we talk with the children about them all, because they must be kept interested at all events. If we are alone, our thoughts grow personal and express themselves in homely verse.—

As piece by piece I wipe each dish,  
And note the gleaming white,  
My song bursts forth in this one wish,  
To be all pure and right.  
When in my hand I take each cup,  
I think who died for us,  
And how His last deep prayer went up,  
That bitter dregs might pass.

Then as the bread plate comes in turn,  
I pray for bread of life  
To feed me, that my soul may learn  
A perfect peace, not strife.  
I ask that sacred manna fall  
So it may nurture me,  
Until my life, my hopes, my all,  
Shall consecrated be.

Each silver piece I take to cleanse  
Reminds me of His gifts  
More precious far than earthly gems.  
The thought my soul uplifts,  
And silver mindeth me of old  
Of the city pure above,  
Who a base is gems, whose streets are gold,  
Whose greatest light is love.

The thirty-seven Methodist colleges in the United States have 2,786 students and \$400,000 income; the thirty-one Baptist Colleges, 4,609 students and \$491,000 income; the twenty-six Congregational colleges, 2,852 students and \$529,000 income, and the thirteen Presbyterian colleges, 1,477 students and \$212,000 income.

HAND in hand with angels,  
Through the world we go,  
Brighter eyes are on us  
Than we blind ones know.  
Tenderer voices cheer us  
Than we deaf will own;  
Nor, walking heavenward,  
Can we walk alone.

—Lucy Larom