

# OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

We have pleasure in presenting herewith a special patriotic number of Pleasant Hours commemorating Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday.

Methodists are everywhere characterized by their conspicuous devotion to the person and crown of their rightful ruler. Without reserve they recognize their duty to fear God and honour the king. This they did in troublous times, when their loyalty was sorely tried by civil and religious disabilities, by petty persecutions and groundless aspersions. This they do with an added zest and a more enthusiastic devotion when all disabilities are removed, and when the Sovereign is one whose private virtues and personal attributes, no less than her official destiny, are calculated to call forth the truest fealty of soul. And never was Sovereign more deserving to be loved, never had ruler stronger claim upon the loyal sympathies of her people than our revered and honoured widowed Queen. Of all the tributes to her character, none, we think, is nobler than that paid by the Laureate, well-nigh forty years ago, to which the passing years have only added emphasis and truth:

"Revered, beloved,—O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of brain or birth  
Could give the warrior kings of old . . .

"May you rule us long,  
And leave us rulers of your blood,  
As noble till the latest day!  
May children of our children say,  
She wrought her people lasting good.

Her court was pure, her life serene  
God gave her peace, her land reposed;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen."

But not the splendours of royal state  
Not the victories of arms, not even the  
conspicuous virtues of her life, are the  
chief claim upon our loving sympathies  
but rather the sorrows through which  
her woman's heart has passed. To these  
royalty affords no shield, the castle wall  
no bulwark. As the Roman moralist  
long since said, "Death knocks alike at  
royal palace and peasant's hovel."

With the meanest of her subjects the  
mistress of an empire is exposed to the  
shafts of bereavement and sorrow. This  
touch of nature makes us all akin. The  
undying devotion to the memory of the  
husband of her youth has touched the  
nation's heart as nothing else could have  
done.

And worthy was he to be loved. In  
a position of supreme delicacy and diffi-  
culty, how wisely he walked, what a pro-  
tecting presence, what a sympathizing  
friend to his Royal consort, what a godly  
example to his household, to the nation,  
to the world: Let Tennyson again re-  
cord his virtues:

"We see him as he moved,  
How modest, kindly, all accomplished,  
wise,

Not swaying to this faction nor to that  
Not making his high place the lawless  
perch

Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-  
ground

For pleasure: but thro' all this tract of  
years

Wearing the white flower of a blameless  
life,

Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
In that fierce light which beats upon a  
throne,

And blackens every blot; for where is he,  
Who dares foreshadow for an only son  
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd, than  
his?

Or how should England dreaming of his  
sons

Hope more for these than some inherit-  
ance

Of such a life, a better, a mind as thine,  
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be;  
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince in-  
deed,

Beyond all titles, and a household name,  
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the  
Good."

Can we wonder that his untimely death  
left the world forever poorer to the sor-  
rowing Queen; that the pageantry of  
State became irksome; that her heart  
pined for solitude and communion with  
the loved and lost, that for well-nigh a  
score of years she wore unrelieved her

widow's sombre weeds? Well might  
the Laureate say:

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still  
endure;

Break not, for thou art Royal, but en-  
dure,

Remembering all the beauty of that star  
Which shone so close beside thee, that  
ye made

One light together, but has passed and  
left

The crown a lonely splendour."

The Queen has ever shown herself the  
friend of peace, and by her earnest re-  
monstrances against war has not un-  
frequently won the beatitude of the  
peace-maker.

Her personal and womanly sympathies  
are another conspicuous characteristic.  
Her autograph letters to the bereaved



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widows of President Lincoln and Presi-  
dent Garfield smote chords of feeling  
that vibrated in the remotest hamlets  
of two continents. Nor are her sym-  
pathies restricted to the great. They  
extend alike to the humblest of her sub-  
jects. To the stricken wives of ship-  
wrecked mariners or fishermen, of death-  
doomed miners and pitmen, to the sick  
children in the hospitals and in homes  
of want her heart goes forth with lov-  
ing sympathy, her private purse is  
opened in generous aid. These are  
truer claims to a nation's love than the  
material splendour of a Semiramis or a  
Zenobia. And that love has not been  
withheld. Upon no human being have  
ever been converged so many prayers  
so many blessings and benedictions.  
Throughout the vast empire that with  
its forty colonies engirdles the world,  
wherever prayer is wont to be made, go  
up petitions for England's Queen. In  
Australian mining camps, in far Cana-  
dian lumber shanties, in the remotest  
hamlets, and in the fishing villages that  
line almost every sea, the patriotic de-  
votion of a loyal people finds utterance  
in the words, "God save the Queen!"

It is eminently fitting that the nation  
should rejoice and bring its thank-  
offering unto God for the bless-  
ings so bounteously vouchsafed. For  
our gracious sovereign we can offer no  
more fitting prayer than that voiced by  
the sweetest singer of her reign:

"May all love,

The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
The love of all thy daughters cherish  
thee,

The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
Till God's love set thee at his side at  
last."

## DAWSON CITY RELIGIOUS LIFE.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

There are now three churches and the  
Salvation Army at one end of the city,  
and a large Roman Catholic church at  
the other end, whilst during the week  
there are cottage prayer-meetings held  
in cabins at different parts of the town.  
The Catholic church has four priests,  
with a large hospital in connection. The  
Episcopalian (English Church), one min-  
ister; the Presbyterian, two ministers,  
one stationed at the fork of the El  
Dorado and Bonanza creeks; the Meth-  
odist, two ministers; and the Salvation  
Army, seven officers; four in connection

ing all this sin and wickedness, the  
Methodists have been having very suc-  
cessful revival services, and the boom  
of the old Army drum can be heard  
nearly every night on the streets, even  
at forty below zero, and the Salvation  
Army have the use of one of the notori-  
ous dance halls to hold a meeting in  
on Sunday evenings, for, thanks to the  
Canadian Government, these have to  
close every Saturday night at twelve  
o'clock. One of the greatest sights dur-  
ing the summer was the gigantic open-  
air meetings the army conducted, as it  
is daylight all night. It would remind  
one of a fair or the "Fourth of July"  
in the United States, so great were the  
crowds. Men from the ends of the  
world stood and listened. Besides the  
barracks, the Salvation Army has built  
a shelter, and in connection with that  
is a wood-yard and labour employment  
bureau. This latter agency is proving  
very satisfactory, in fact is booming.  
The wood-yard also is kept running  
nicely, as many men are "stranded," and  
the social work in Dawson city is likely  
to become a big thing. We do not get  
the "tough" element as a general rule,  
because it costs so much to get here;  
but on the other hand, there have been  
men sawing in the wood-yard who had  
families of their own outside, and prop-  
erty. One bright young fellow had  
graduated as B.A., from Cambridge,  
England. One would be surprised to  
find the number of Christians there are  
from all parts of the world, but none  
too many for the wickedness here.

"Papa," said a boy, "I know what  
makes people laugh in their sleeves."  
"Well, my son, what makes them?"  
"Cause that's where their funny-bones  
are."

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