

PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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The Queen's Birthday.

The following song has been written and set to music by Mr. F. H. Torrington, Toronto:

Old England calls upon her sons
To honour England's Queen;
Her sons respond, and daughters too,
To keep her mem'ry green.
With loyal hearts and ready hands
The Empire's children stand
Prepared to do, prepared to die
For Queen and native land.

For fifty years our country's flag
Hath borne o'er earth and main
The name of Empress, Queen beloved,
With neither spot nor stain.
Long may it bear Victoria's name,
Long o'er us may she reign,
And for our Empire, broad and grand,
May she new honour gain.

Upon our Queen—our country—flag—
God's blessing ever rest,
With peace and plenty everywhere
Her people's homes be blest.
God save the Queen, her people pray
From hearts sincere and free,
God save our loved Victoria
And crown her Jubilee.

CHORUS.

Victoria! our Queen beloved
With loyal heart and hand,
Thy colonies and Fatherland
United by thee stand.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

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 repose;
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

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 inheritance
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,

Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and left
The crown a lonely splendour.

The Queen has ever shown herself the friend of peace, and by her earnest remonstrance against war has not unfrequently won the beatitude of the peace-maker.

Her personal and womanly sympathies are another conspicuous characteristic. Her autograph letters to the bereaved widows of President Lincoln and President Garfield smote chords of feeling that vibrated in the remotest hamlets of two continents. Nor are her sympathies restricted to the great. They extend alike to the humblest of her subjects. To the stricken wives of shipwrecked 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 loving 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 Canadian lumber shanties, in the remotest hamlets, and in the fishing villages that line almost every sea, the patriotic devotion 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 blessings 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.

A GOOD CURE.

ADDISON tells, in the *Spectator*, an old story of an emperor who had dyspepsia, and his doctor ordered a hole bored in an axe-handle and some medicine poured into it instead of into his mouth. Then the emperor was ordered to use the axe in chopping till his hands became moist with sweat. This, it was said, would cause them to absorb the drug and produce a cure. The story goes that the prescription succeeded, and that his Majesty became sound and well once more in his digestive organs.

FOND mother: "How do you like your new governess, Arthur?" Arthur: "Oh, I like her ever so much!" "I'm so glad my little boy has a nice teacher at last." "Oh she's awful nice! She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not so long as father pays her salary."



QUEEN VICTORIA

nation's heart as nothing else could have done.

And worthy was he to be loved. In a position of supreme delicacy and difficulty how wisely he walked; what a protecting presence; what a sympathizing friend to his Royal consort; what a goodly example to his household, to the nation, to the world! Let Tennyson again record his virtues:

We see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all accomplished, wise,
Not awaying to this faction nor to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground

Then noble Father of her Kings to be;
Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
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 sorrowing 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 ascore 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 endure,