

quer the ill-omened feelings by force of will. But the combat grew unequal. Bit by bit hope had to be exchanged for fear, and fear gave way to despair. His favourite hymn was "Rock of Ages."

He repeatedly addressed the Queen in German as "dear little wife." On December 14, with this expression on his faltering lips and his head resting on the Queen's shoulder, the fond husband and father, the enlightened statesman, and the sincere Christian sank into the slumber that knows no waking. Soon after, the many widows of England presented their widowed Queen with a Bible in token of special sympathy.

On a tall hill overlooking Balmoral is a granite monument with this inscription:

"TO THE BELOVED MEMORY
OF
ALBERT, THE GREAT AND GOOD
PRINCE CONSORT.

ERECTED BY HIS BROKEN-HEARTED WIDOW
VICTORIA R.
AUGUST 22, 1862."

A passage from the wisdom of Solomon, 4. 13, 14, follows.

A national monument erected in Hyde Park at a cost of \$550,000 is one of the sights of London. Singularly enough, the two members of the family who most resembled him in practical and intellectual ability—Alice and Leopold—have since passed away.

For thirty-four years this brave woman has devoted herself to carrying on the mission her lamented husband laid down, comforting anyone in sore trouble, and by wise reforms laying the foundation of the throne firmer in the affections of a well-governed people.

Authentic incidents which show her consideration and breadth of character abound. Thus, for instance, at court presentations, instead of seating herself on the throne and letting candidates ascend the steps to kiss hands, to the discomfort of those wearing trains, she stands in front of the steps while they file by.

She also set aside the old custom of retiring from royalty by walking backward for the more easy and natural fashion of departing as from the presence of any ordinary mortal.

When she came to the throne the practice prevailed of gentlemen at court remaining in the dining-room and often drinking to excess after the ladies had left the table. Her authority, however, succeeded in establishing another etiquette.

Her autograph letter to Mrs. Lincoln expressing her horror, pity, and sympathy at the assassination of President Lincoln, and her similar communication when President Garfield died, are tender evidences of her true womanhood.

Early in the present year the court band was summoned for a Sunday rehearsal in view of preparing for an approaching state dinner. Two German Methodists refused to play, on the ground of conscientious scruples, and were, therefore, dismissed. On leaving the castle on Monday they met the Bishop of London, to whom they stated their case. During the day the leader of the band was called before her Majesty, who ordered the men to be restored to their posts, bravely adding,

"I will have no man persecuted in my service for conscience's sake, and I will have no more Sunday rehearsals."

After fifty-seven years of toil she still adheres to the lesson learned in childhood, namely, "finish the work in hand," and without doubt "looks for a kingdom which cannot be moved."

As an embodiment of virtue in private life, and as England's most constitutional monarch, she has won fame. Her name will live in history and her example stimulate dreaming souls to find the way to glory in the path of duty. If so, leader and followers will have personal experience of the truth contained in these closing lines:

"And when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced hand will give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see.
Thou wilt not weep to wear that crown."

The only way to get some people to take a front seat in prayer-meeting is to move the pulpit.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 19, 1894.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

WE have pleasure in presenting herewith a special patriotic number of PLEASANT HOURS, commemorating Queen Victoria's seventy-fifth 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 dignity, 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.

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 hath passed. To these royalty affords no shield, the castle wall no bulwark. 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.

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!"

THE BRITISH NATIONAL BANNER.

BRITAIN owes its renowned Union Jack, as probably also its name, to King James the First. The flag of England was, previous to his reign, a red cross—that of St. George—on a white field; the flag of Scotland, a white diagonal cross—that of St. Andrew—on a blue field. That one flag might be formed for the united countries of England and Scotland, the King, in 1606, ordered the red cross of St. George, bordered with white to represent its white field, to be so placed on the flag of Scotland that the two crosses should have but one central point. This flag was first hoisted at sea on April 12, 1606, and was first used as a military flag by the troops of both nations on the ratification of the legislative union of England and Scotland, on May 1, 1607.

On the parliamentary union of Great Britain and Ireland the red diagonal cross of St. Patrick was placed side by side with the white cross of St. Andrew so as to form one cross, the white next to the mast being uppermost, and the red in the fly, while to it on the red side a narrow border of white was added to represent the white field of the flag of Ireland, and upon these was placed the border cross of St. George, as in the previous flag. The three crosses thus combined constitute the present Union Jack.

It's only a small bit of bunting—
It's only an old colour'd rag—
Yet thousands have died for its honour,
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,
Which of old Scotland's heroes had led;
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Join'd with these is the old English ensign—
St. George's Red Cross on white field,
Round which from King Richard to Wolsey,
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,
As free as the wind and the wave;
And the bondsman from shackles unloosen'd,
'Neath its shadow no longer a slave.

It floats over Malta and Cyprus—
Over Canada, India, Hong Kong,
And Britons, wherever their flag's flying,
Claim the rights that to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion
To our Queen, to our country and laws;
It's the outward but visible emblem
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may call it a small bit of bunting—
You may say it's an old colour'd rag—
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag.

HOW BESSIE SAW THE QUEEN.

"YES, I've seed the Queen once. I was in the park when she came along w' them fine gen'lmen on 'ossback a-banging away at the drums an' that; I s'pose them was the Parliament. I never was so far afore, an' I ain't been since, and I was werry tired, but I squeezed in among the folks. Some on 'em was swells, an' some on 'em was sich as shopkeepers.

"One hold feller says to me, says he, 'What do you want 'ere, my little gal?'
"I want to see the Queen an' Prince Halbert, an' the Parliament gen'lmen," says I.

"I am a Parliament gen'lman," says he, "but I ain't a goin' down to-day."
"But I worn't agoin' to let 'im think he could do me like that, for he worn't dressed nigh so smart as Wilson a-Sunday. 'You're chaffin', says I; 'why hain't you got a 'oss, and a goold coat an' summat to blow?'"

"Then he busted out 'arfin', fit to kill 'isself; and says he, 'Oh, you should 'ear me in Parl'ment a-blowin' my own trumpet, and see me a-ridin' the 'igh 'oss there.'"

"I think he was 'alf silly, but he was very good-natur'd—silly folks horften is. He 'fied me up right over the people's 'eads, and I see the Queen w' my hown 'eyes, as plain as I see you, sir, an' Prince Halbert, too, a-bowin' away like them him-ages in the grocers' winder. I thought it was humecommon queer to see the Queen a-bowin'. I'd 'spected that all on us would a-'ad to bob down as hif we was playin' "

'oney-pots when she come by. But there she was a-bowin' away to heverybody, and so was Prince Halbert. I knew 'im from the pictures, though he didn't seem 'alf so smart as the gen'lman that druv the 'oss. 'What a nice-lookin' gen'lman, though, that Prince Halbert is! I do believe that him-ages in the barber's winder in Bishopsgate, with the goold sheet on, ain't 'arf as 'ansome. Wisher may die hif he didn't bow to me! The queer old cove I seen a-settin' on, guv me 'is 'at to shake about like the other folks—law, 'ow they did shake their 'ats and their 'ankerchers, an' beller as if they'd bust theirselves! An' Prince Halbert grinned at me kind-like; an' then he gave the Queen a nudge, an' she grinned an' guv me a bow too, an' the folks all turned round to look at me an' I felt as hif I was a swell."

God Save the Queen.

(Jubilee Version.)

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious;
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

O'er land and waters wide,
Through changing time and tide,
Hear when we call;
Where'er our English tongue
To wind and wave have rung,
Still be our anthem sung;
God save us all.

God bless our native land!
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore!
May peace our power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And Britain's power depend
On war no more!

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our Queen,
Long may she reign!
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in the nation's love
Her throne maintain!

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore!
Let all the nat'om see
That men should brothers be,
And form one fam'ly
The wide earth o'er!

A QUEEN'S ADVICE TO A GIRL.

A YOUNG lady whose father held a high official position enjoyed the honor of a luncheon with Queen Victoria, previous to leaving for the East, where her father was going, as an ambassador. After the lunch the Queen, taking her hand, said, "You are of the same age that I was, when I was called to the duties of Queen of England. You are now going to take your dead mamma's place at the head of your father's household. I do not expect you at once to do all that your mother was able to do. I shall not advise you about this duty or that in detail. Knowledge will come with the every-day requirements of the position. But I wish you to carry out with you one suggestion from me which I hope you will not forget. You will meet many people whom you will not understand, and many whom you cannot love. Bury the bad in people and always seek for the good. Do this, and with the intelligence and good judgment which you have, England will honour you as she honoured your mother."

DRAPER: "Did you sell that line of old dress-goods to the lady who's just gone out, Jenkins?" Jenkins: "Yes, sir. I got her to take it by telling her it was quite a novelty. So it is, sir, in a way of speaking, for it's so old-fashioned that nobody wears it now." Draper: "That's right, Jenkins. Always combine truthfulness with business when you can."