

A Word from Bermuda.

A CORRESPONDENT in these beautiful islands writes as follows:

I am in receipt of your beautiful Magazine for June, and it is even, if anything, handsomer than any other; and the articles are replete with loyalty to our Gracious Sovereign. As stated, we "Methodists" are a truly loyal people, and in this insular and "old colonial possession" of Great Britain remarkable for such sentiments as are so well expressed in the ably written articles in this current number. As regards the illustrations, I have not seen any to equal those in the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for beauty. Our Church is flourishing in Bermuda, and we are steadily gaining ground, and our ministers take hold of the hearts of the people.

Copies of the Jubilee number of the Magazine can still be had at 20 cents each. Two beautifully illustrated articles, by Lady Brassey, will appear in early numbers of the Magazine.

Our correspondent contributes the following Jubilee poem, which has just fifty lines, one for each year of the Queen's reign:—

FIFTY YEARS.

FIFTY YEARS!

Fifty years of a noble life,—
As Queen, as Empress! beloved wife
Of one who parted with earth's strife
In the bloom of manhood's prime.
Hail Britain's monarch! Queen of hearts
As well as subjects,—from all parts
Of thy vast Empire,—from all parts
Of Commerce,—aye from every clime,

We yield obedience to thy sway,—
Gladly thy sovereign will obey,
And celebrate thy natal day—
In time or distant island home.
Tis the year of Jubilee! do hail
Queen of our empire's isle, each vale
And hill, and e'en the odorous gale
That from the Isles West Indian come.

To join our glad thanksgiving strain
Even to the distant Scottish main,
The Pacific mists in the refrain,
From far Vancouver's shore,
Girt with the iron band which brings
Thy distant Empire near, and sings
Each, every one,—The whole world rings
With the glad song,—Envo! Envo!

FIFTY YEARS!

Fifty years of a well spent life,—
A nation in and free from strife
With every blessing filled and rife
With happiness,—Tis due to thee
Our gracious Sovereign and Queen
Who half a century's reign has seen,
Oh, may thy life be evergreen
In the hearts of all who subjects be.

And oh, may choicest blessings rest
From God the Father ever bless'd,
Oh, may he grant our heart's request,
In this our year of Jubilee,—
From our old home,—from England dear,
To distant lands,—from far and near
We'll give one grand united cheer
For our loved Queen,—alone to thee.

And may God grant in coming years,
When nature tires of earthly cares,
When thy life the heavenly portal nears
And thy domain is wrapped in gloom,—
That in that brighter, happier land,
At his right hand forever stand,
The chosen of that glorious band,—
At rest in God's eternal home.

A. QUINCY, M.P.
Flatts Village, Bermuda.

A Sermon to Girls.

It shall be a short one. My pulpit shall be an easy chair. The sofa and cricket shall be my pews. You shall be my audience, my choir, my inspiration.

Come Bell, Eliza, Matt, and Dolin, let me look into your eager eyes while I talk. Listen to my text.

"That our daughters be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

It is a precious text to me. I want to make you love it also. It speaks to me of the Book I love, of the joys I have had, of the mistakes I have made, and it speaks in the gentle tones of my old Sunday-school teacher. Let me tell you what it says.

Girls, I want you to be corner-stones.

Corner-stones are the most important part of a palace. Sometimes they are very beautiful. They ought always to be strong, and durable and polished.

Are you, my girls, polished, strong and durable?

Are you the corner-stones in the palace of Jesus?

Are you polished?

I do not mean: are you beautiful? have you bright eyes, or shiny hair? have you lily complexion, or rosy cheeks? have you pearly teeth, or bewitching smiles, or graceful form? It is not of these things I speak, when I ask, Are you polished?

Is your heart polished?

Do your eyes shine with the thought of doing good to others? Do your cheeks flush with the consciousness of pleasure given to some one else?

Do you give your smiles to the unhappy, the unfortunate, the weak?

Does your whole face shine with the light of kindness and sympathy?

Are you strong?

Not, have you strong muscles? can you lift a heavy weight? can you practice octaves without weariness? can you walk a mile without aching limbs? can you sweep the carpets? can you wash? or can you churn the golden butter?

To be strong physically is desirable, but this is not the strength I am asking you about.

Are you strong to resist temptation as it pushes itself upon you?

Are you strong to walk the path of life? Are you willing to walk this road though it may be rough, up hill, and thorny?

Are you trying to induce others to walk with you, to give your strong arm to the weak one?

Are you willing to do not only that which is safe for you, but to walk always where it will be safe for your sister, your friend, your Sunday-school scholar, to follow your example?

Are you durable?

Not, have you firm health? do you inherit a strong constitution? do you expect to live a long life? Not, is your beauty enduring? will your cheeks

fade? your hair turn gray? your eyes lose their sparkle? Not, is your memory enduring? do you remember the books you read, the sermons you have heard, the songs you have sung, the pictures you have seen? Health, beauty, and memory are desirable, but I do not ask you of these to-night.

Is your character enduring? Is your hope founded on solid rock?

Do your thoughts of heaven grow bright? Does your joy in the service increase with the passing days? Do you feel eternal life springing up in your inmost soul? Are your words, your thoughts, your deeds filled with this principle of immortality?

Are my questions too hard? Is my sermon too personal?

Ah, my dear children, often I ask myself these same questions, and often I fear to answer.

Let us together ask God to help us answer them truly.—J. H. M., in *Golden Rule*.

Begin With God.

Begins the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

Sing thy first song to God!
Not to thy fellow-man;
Not to the creatures of his hand,
But to the Glorious One.

Awake, cold lips, and sing!
Arise, dull knees, and pray!
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes;
Brush slothfulness away.

Look up beyond these clouds;
Thither thy pathway lies;
Mount up, away, and linger not,
Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside!
Do battle with each sin;
Fight with the faithless world without,
The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God!
He is thy heavenly food!
Feed with him, on him; he with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Take thy first walk with God!
Let him go forth with thee;
By stream, or sea, or mountain path,
Seek still his company.

The first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all thy days be love.

—Bonar.

Suppose a man should establish a bakery in which, by the infusion of a poisonous drug into the dough, he would endanger the public health, how long would society hesitate before dealing with him? Would his business be considered a proper subject of legislation? And a proposition to tax or regulate or license it would be received with derision. And if from the bakeries poisoned bread should go out for a single day, and it was suspected that there was a mutual understanding among the bakers of the city to carry on a trade of that kind, what a storm of indignation would be aroused! If the command to stop that death-deal-

ing business were not instantly complied with, an outraged community would denounce every bakery in the unholy combination and utterly wipe it out. And yet when we propose to prohibit by law the sale of a poison that is destroying both the bodies and souls of men by the thousand, some people hold up their hands in horror and say that the best thing we can do is to "regulate" the accursed thing.

Seeing the Queen.

A little girl, badly burned, was taken to the London Hospital. One day she said:

"If I could see the Queen I should get well."

Shortly after, when the Queen visited the hospital, this remark was repeated to Her Majesty, who determined to gratify the child's innocent wish.

"My darling," said the Queen to the little girl, after she had seen her, "I hope you will be a little better now."

The pleasant thought of having seen the Queen might relieve the pain of a suffering child, but still no healing could really come from the sight.

But there is a King, the very sight of whom will heal disease and restore the failing life. And those who are faithful shall behold his face.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off. And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; and the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Isaiah xxxiii. 17, 24.—Sel.

What Jesus May Say.

Two young girls were walking leisurely home from school one pleasant day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Williams, what will the girls say when they hear that you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

"Ella, when mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggie a great deal beneath them because she was poor and her school-bills were paid by my father, and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible and read to me these words:—And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Then I saw my great mistake."

Ah, dear readers! never ask what this and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say on the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us.—Selected.

Blessed are they who go to Jesus and invite others to go with them.