

December 29, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO.

DEAR SIRS,—I have received the watch and am satisfied with it. I thank you very much for it, and I will try and do the best I can to get a few more subscribers, and I hope you will have a happy new year.

Yours truly, CHARLES EMMERICH.

EAST LINTON, Dec. 21, 1900.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I write to let you know that I received the prizes to-night, and also the general prize some time ago. I am getting the JOURNAL regularly and am very well pleased with it. Wishing you success, I remain,

Yours truly, DEBRA TARTER.

BELLE RIVER, Jan. 3, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your HOME JOURNAL and the prize. I am very satisfied with it.

MME. LOUIS DUCHARME.

LINDEN VALLEY, Jan. 2, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I received the shirt waist set and think they are very nice. With many thanks, and I am highly pleased with the JOURNAL.

Yours truly, (Miss) F. A. JEWELL.

PICKERING, Jan. 5, 1901.

THE J. S. ROBERTSON CO., Publishers.

I received the box of Odorama and the lady's blouse set all O.K. Am well pleased with them. Also the JOURNAL. Wishing you every success with your paper,

Gratefully yours, MINNIE HANCOCK.

Perfumes of Queens and Empresses.

THANKS to an assiduous French journalist, the world now knows the perfumes which the queens and empresses of Europe prefer.

Young Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, uses nothing but eau de cologne and English soap of white heliotrope.

The Empress of Russia has on her dressing table only the following French essences: Jonquil, jasmine, frangipani, violet, creme duchesse and lavender water.

The Empress of Germany prefers the perfume of new mown hay to any other.

The Dowager Queen of Italy shows her patriotism by invariably using Palermo soap and Roman cream.

The Empress Frederick, like Queen Wilhelmina, thinks that there is no perfume in the world which equals that of the best eau de cologne.

Queen Alexandra is more eclectic. Not a perfume, cream, dentifrice or toilet set is put on the market which is not carefully examined for her by a specialist. Otherwise she has no preference, but, like the bee, flits from flower to flower.

Queen Victoria's choice of perfumes was made long ago, and future historians will cite as a notable example of courtesy the fact that for half a century she remained faithful to patchouli.

The Leper.

THE treatment of lepers is a subject which always appeals to the humane. Mr. Stapleton, writing to the *Temple Magazine* on Mission work among lepers, makes the following appalling statements: "India has about half a million, China probably as many, and Japan two hundred thousand registered cases. The moment leprosy appears in a man, woman, or child, banishment is irrevocably decreed. There is no pity or compassion, for lepers young or old, are turned adrift as unclean things on the highways and byways, and are dependent for subsistence on the casual doles of food thrown to them. In India the leper loses caste, which is regarded the worst doom.

In Japan he is treated with the greatest cruelty. The same is true in China. The leper there is often put to death by fire without compunction, and religion has not a ray of hope for him in the next world."

Sara Wray.

A Worker in the Slums.—One Possessed of Exceptional Gifts as a Public Speaker.

PERHAPS no woman has stood on a Canadian platform in many years who so thoroughly won the appreciation and sympathy of her audience as Miss Sara Wray, who spent some ten days in Toronto during the present season as the guest of the Canadian Temperance League, addressing two immense audiences in Massey Hall, and speaking from various other platforms throughout the city.

Miss Wray was born in Otley, Yorkshire, England, and owing to the death of her father spent the years of her childhood in the home of her grandparents. Being the only daughter, everything was done to increase her enjoyment and advantages of education and social position. As a member of the Church of England, she was confirmed at the age of fourteen. But a deeper religious im-



SARA WRAY.

pression was made on her mind, when, one evening, hearing sweet singing in the street, her attention and curiosity were aroused, and mixing with the crowd of onlookers, she found it was a Salvation Army meeting. She was influenced by the speaking of a young girl of the army, and from that time on she became deeply impressed with the thought that she was called upon to help others.

Her first attempt at public speaking was but a few broken words. She has always been of a retiring and modest disposition. She entered a public training home for some time, and after that engaged in slum work in Whitechapel, the famous and notorious resort for outlaws. In company with a young friend, they settled down there for work, and visited hour after hour "thieves' kitchens," houses of infamy, garrets and dives of every description.

Illustrating the character of the people among whom these young girls worked, Miss Wray tells the following story of her experience: "Just after nightfall one day, they stepped down and entered a low cellar. Knocking at the door a gruff voice answered, 'Come in.' They did so and found themselves in an old, dilapidated room, containing only one table and two chairs. Two desperate-looking men sat at the table. The girls spoke of the love of God, and the men became much annoyed. Suddenly one of them arose, saying,

'Did anyone see you come in?' 'No,' said the girl, without thinking. 'Then no one will be the wiser if you never go out.' So saying, he knocked on the floor with his heel and disclosed a trap-door. The courage of the girls wavered for a moment, but Miss Wray seemed to hear the assuring words, 'Fear not,' and immediately exclaimed, 'You dare not put a finger on us, God wouldn't let you.' He quailed, and flinging the door open, said, 'Go, while you are safe.' They gladly obeyed the command, and lost no time in getting out on the street."

In 1890, Miss Wray visited the United States and engaged in gospel work there, where she has labored to a large extent ever since, visiting the old country about every two years. In New York she was for some time associated with Col. Hadley, who was then superintendent of St. Bartholomew's Mission. She is at present engaged with Miss Agnew in the management of a mission on Eighth Avenue, New York.

Miss Wray has good Quaker blood in her veins, a maternal ancestor being "accredited minister," which somewhat accounts for her quiet but intense spiritual fervor and love for souls.

Victoria's Tears.

THE following verses, written by Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning on "Victoria's Tears" on learning the news of her accession to the throne of England, are very beautiful, particularly in the note of prophecy in the last verse which has been fulfilled during the last few days:

"O maiden! heir of kings!
A King has left his place,
The majesty of Death has swept
All other from his face!
And thou upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory from the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best!"
She heard and wept—
She wept to wear a crown!

They decked her courtly halls,
They reined her hundred steeds,
They shouted at her palace gate
"A noble Queen succeeds!"
Her name has stirred the mountains' sleep,
Her praise has filled the town!
And mourners God had stricken deep
Looked up, and hearkening, did not weep.
Alone she wept
Who wept, to wear a crown!

She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while her heralds played the part,
For nation shouts to drown,
She heard through all her beating heart
And turned and wept—
She wept, to wear a crown!

"God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see
That tyrants cannot own,—
The love that guardeth liberties,
Strange blessing on the nation lies,
Whose sovereign wept—
Yes! wept, to wear its crown!"

God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessing more divine!
And fill with happier love than earth's
That tender heart of thine!
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A pierced hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see
Thou wilt not weep.
To wear that heavenly crown!

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.