

GOOD DEEDS.

Think of something kind to do;
Never mind if it is small;
Little things are lost to view,
But God sees and blesses all.

Violets are modest flowers,
Hiding in their beds of green;
But their perfume fills the bowers,
Though they scarcely can be seen.

Prettier bluebells of the grove
Are than peonies more sweet;
Much their graceful look we love,
As they bloom about our feet.

So do little acts, we find,
Which at first we cannot see,
Leave the fragrance pure behind
Of abiding charity.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1901.

VICTORIA'S NOBLE LIFE.

The thought uppermost in the minds of most people just now is that of the long life spent in the blaze of publicity by England's noble Queen. The new King has been proclaimed in London according to mediæval custom, and loyal England has united in singing "God Save the King." All the same England is very sorrowful, and there are tears in many hearts and eyes for the woman who shed so many tears herself over the sad war in South Africa. For Queen Victoria more and more hated war and yearned for peace, and she was too old and too frail to endure the suspense, the tragedy, the bitterness and the bereavements of the fiercely waged conflict between Briton and Boer. The Queen's own personality from her youth up was gracious and kindly. She was a reverent Christian woman, who was actuated by high principle, who

feared God and kept his commandments. History will keep her memory green.

From her babyhood to her old age, her life has been an open book, to be read of all, and, like her august consort, it may be said of her that she has worn "the white flower of a blameless life." Her court has been austere in its morality, her own strict integrity has never condoned vice, and her private life has been simple, womanly and gracious. A Queen with armies all over the world, and with wars continually waged in some portion of her territory, she has been an advocate of peace. Her personal friendships have been many, and she has never failed in saying the fit word of condolence to those who needed sympathy when they were in sorrow.

The loss of Queen Victoria affects the civilized world. In every land, in a thousand quiet homes, by cabin hearths as in castle halls, there are those who grieve that an illustrious reign has ended, and that a great and good woman, full of days and of honours, has been gathered to her fathers. It is her proud distinction to have given the name to an era; and the Victorian age in art, in science, in literature, and in the missionary impulse of the last half-century, will always be remembered as splendid and glory-crowned. The reign of Victoria has been long and magnificent, and filled with great events and shining names. It has carried over into the new century, but it fiely belongs to the old, and its laurels will for ever garland the nineteenth century.

GOSPEL COMPULSION.

We have read of the duty of wearing zeal for a cloak, but to wear a cloak and to make somebody else wear it for zeal for soul-saving is a fine thing too.

It was about fifteen months ago that a few young men on their way from a prayer-meeting—held half an hour before service time—to the evening service in a Congregational chapel in Staffordshire, were accosted by a poor, miserable creature in need and trouble.

He wanted to speak to one of their number who had often been kind to him before.

"Mr. Bert," he said, "I have been on the booze for a week and more, and I am wretched and don't know what to do. Can you help me?"

"Help you? Yes. Come on along with us to chapel, man, and start a new and better life. Surely it's about time!"

"Oh, Mr. Bert, I can't go; see how ragged and dirty my clothes are. How can I go to chapel like this?"

"Bless you!" was the reply, "put this on, man!" and, suiting the action to the word, the zealous Christian brother in an instant slipped himself out of his comfortable cloak and put it on the shoulders of the unhappy sot.

"There, that will cover you—cover a multitude of sins in your clothing! Now then, come along!" and without another word the poor fellow, won and strength-

ened by the brave kindness shown to him, walked on among the group of happy workers to God's house.

It was the turning-point of that sad life. He found the Saviour.

To-day he is a zealous worker in the church. Pews full of men are to be counted, all of whom have been won by his brave labours.

The workers in the Christian Endeavour and other departments who have learnt to call young Mr. Bert "the bishop," now call this "Lazarus" of his "the curate" of the place.

Let nobody say, who has a cloak to lend, that he can do nothing for the Kingdom of God.

THE DOOR OF THE SEPULCHRE.

In the far-away land of Judæa,
On the first bright Easter Day,
Came a little band of sorrowing ones
To the place where their dear Lord lay;
But a bright One with shining garments
Sat within that home of the dead,
And gently whispered, "Thy Lord is not here,
He is risen, as he said.

"And the tomb wherein you laid him,
And to which you tearfully came,
Is the threshold of brightest promise
To you who believe on his name."
So to us, as to the disciples,
On this beautiful Easter Day,
Comes the promised resurrection,
And "the stone is rolled away."

We may look within the open tomb
As they did in days of old,
And to us will come the story
Which by angel lips was told
"He is not here; he is not here!"
For us he ascended on high,
And into his glorious presence
Will welcome us by and by."

THE STORM IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

There was not a bit happy time at Ned's school one morning for about ten minutes, and then all of a sudden the trouble was gone. It was Ned himself who brought that sudden black little storm-cloud into his schoolroom. It began by his not getting every one of his five sums right. His teacher scolded him then, you think, and spoiled the happy times. No, but Ned got mad, with himself, I suppose; anyhow, he threw his pencil down, and cried, and behaved just dreadfully. The lessons had to stop, and the teacher tried to show the little boy what trouble he was making. She was talking of punishment, too, when all of a sudden the storm just swept away. How, do you think? Why, that was little Ned's doings too; for he cried out and interrupted the teacher, but she didn't mind it a bit: "I'm so very sorry I've been naughty, I'm so very sorry." And the teacher said: "That's the very nicest thing Ned could have said; now we can all be happy again." And they were, even to little Ned with his two sums wrong.

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